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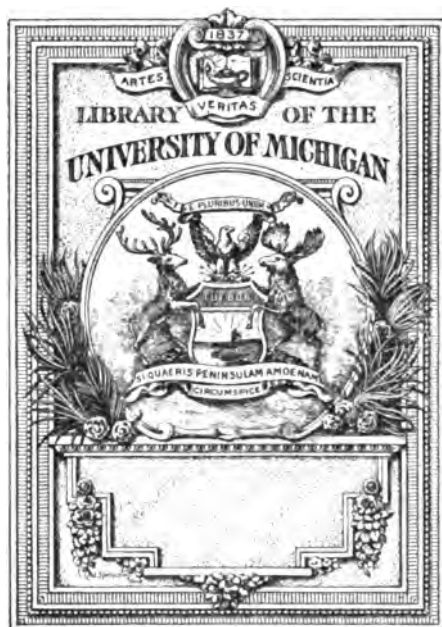
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BLACKWOOD'S

12439

Edinburgh

MAGAZINE.

VOL. CXVIII.



JULY—DECEMBER, 1875.



AMERICAN EDITION—VOLUME LXXXI.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
41 BARCLAY STREET.

—
1875.

S. W. GREEN.
PRINTER.
16 and 18 Jacob Street,
New-York.

U. M.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXVII.

JULY 1875.

Vol. CXVIII.

THE DILEMMA.

PART III.—CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW days had passed after the Grand Mustaphabad Steeplechase, during which Yorke was casting about in vain to discover some opportunity for obtaining a glimpse of the one person who now made up his world, uneasy and restless at getting no news of her, yet not venturing to present himself at the Residency lest he should be thought to be presuming too much on the sympathy Miss Cunningham had shown on that occasion; when one morning Mr. Spragge, returning from the mess a little later than his chum, came across the little garden towards the veranda where Yorke was sitting in his easy-chair, waving a piece of paper in his hand, and calling out, "Don't you wish you were me, my boy! Here's a start!" handed the paper to Yorke to read. It ran as follows:—

"BRIGADE OFFICE, February ———"

"The 76th N.I. will furnish a detachment of one European officer and 80 sepoy to receive charge of treasure from the detachment —th

N.I. which arrived at the station this morning, and to convey the same to the Residency. The officer to report himself at the Brigade Office for instructions at 3 P.M.

"By order.

"ADJUTANT'S OFFICE, 76th N.I.

"With reference to the foregoing extract from Brigade Orders, Ensign Spragge is directed to take charge of the detachment, which will be furnished by Nos. 3 and 4 companies in equal proportions, and will parade at 3 P.M.

"By order.

"J. POYNTER,

"Lt. and Adjutant."

"What do you think of that, my boy, for an opportunity for making the running?" said Spragge, while the other read the extract with eager face; "cut you out, old fellow, and no mistake. No, no, Arty, it's only my chaff," he continued, seeing that Yorke's eye glared on him with a ferocious expression quite unusual to it. "I shan't aspire to the lady herself,

you know; I shall make up to the little French girl — Mademoiselle Justine, isn't her name? I shouldn't know a bit what to say to the mistress; never was a lady's man. I wish I knew a little French, though. I couldn't make love in English, if you paid me for it; but I feel as if I could do the thing in French at a tremendous pace, if I only knew how to talk it."

"You are very glib with your anticipations," said Yorke, who had risen from his chair and was pacing up and down the veranda; "but you won't have too much time to display your accomplishments. I suppose you will be back again to-night?"

"Back to-night! not a bit of it. It's the Nawab's stipend, don't you see, that's come from the lower provinces. It has to be made over to his people, and there will be counting, and weighing, and receipt-taking, and what not, which will take a precious lot of time. Sure to be kept waiting one day, if not two. Oh yes, I hope to punish the Commissioner's champagne at dinner to-night, and no mistake. But I say," he continued, noticing Yorke's eager, anxious face, "I had forgotten about you all the time. What a selfish chap I am, to be sure. Now, you needn't look so fierce, Arty; of course I've got eyes in my head, even if I can't see through a stone wall; why shouldn't you go instead of me? No, I don't want to go a bit, I was only humbugging about the little French girl—in fact I'd much rather stay at home. The thing's done in a moment. I'll just step over and tell the adjutant that I have a particular engagement, and ask him to alter the roster. So I have, I want a game of rackets this evening most particular;" and so saying the good-natured fellow set off on his errand, hardly waiting to hear his friend's hearty—"I declare, Jerry,

you are the best fellow that ever lived."

The detachment of the 76th duly marched into the Residency grounds a little before sunset, the senior native officer with drawn sword leading the little column, the tumbrils with the treasure in the midst, Yorke on horseback in the rear. They were met at the entrance gate by one of the Commissioner's red-coated servants, who led the way to a clump of trees on the right just within the enclosure wall, which was to be the site for their encampment. In answer to Yorke's inquiry why the tent he had sent on in advance was not pitched and ready, the man explained that the Commissioner had ordered the officer's things to be taken to the house, where a room was prepared for him, and his servant was now waiting; and while the man was speaking, Yorke descried the Commissioner and his daughter advancing from the house towards him. Yorke had never seen Miss Cunningham on foot, except when close by in a room, or surrounded by people: as she now came across the lawn, attired in a light muslin dress—for the days were getting warm—he had time to notice the grace of her light step, the easy movement of her tall figure; while from her dainty boots to her broad-brimmed garden hat, every thing about her seemed equally tasteful and refined. The very parasol she carried, he thought, was like the wand borne by a goddess to enchant and subdue mortals.

The Commissioner, after greetings, explained that he had taken the liberty of assuming that Yorke would be their guest while at the Residency, and so had ordered his baggage to the house; and when the latter objected, with sore misgivings lest he should be taken at his word, that duty required him to sleep with the men by the trea-

sure, Mr. Cunningham relieved his mind by explaining that his duty had in fact ended with the delivery of the treasure at the Residency. Strictly speaking, the Commissioner ought then and there to take over the money from him, but it would be simpler to have it made over direct to the Nawab's people from the tumbrils, and so save a double transfer, the Commissioner meanwhile being responsible for its safe custody. Thus Yorke could accept the invitation without any qualms of conscience. He would actually spend a whole day and sleep under the same roof with his beloved. It was like a vision of paradise opening before him.

"And so here is the poor horse that fell with you," said Miss Cunningham, turning towards Devotion, which during the conversation had been standing peacefully a little behind its master in charge of the barelegged groom. "None the worse, I see. How nice the poor fellow looks!" she added, moving up and patting its neck. "Will he eat bread, Mr. Yorke? if so, we must give him some presently, when the man brings it for Selim. I am so glad to see it has got off without harm as well as its master. You must have thought it so unkind of us," she added, turning to him, "never to have sent to inquire after you; but Colonel Tartar was calling here, and said you had been dining with him the evening before, and gave a very good account of you." And the pang of jealousy that Yorke felt at hearing of Colonel Tartar's visit was sufficiently allayed by the reflection that Miss Cunningham had been thinking and talking about him. Stopping first to post his sentries, he then with elated heart followed his hosts in their visit to the stables, where the young lady fed her Arab with bread and lucerne grass, reserving, however, some

morsels for Devotion, while Yorke looked on in an ecstasy of pride. Thence they strolled into the garden, and wandered about till it was dusk and time to dress for dinner.

The house, flat-roofed, formed a great square block, one story high, the floors raised about four feet from the ground, the public rooms in the centre, the sleeping-rooms opening to the spacious veranda which extended round the house. Yorke's room, which seemed big enough to take in the whole of his bungalow, was entered from the east veranda by two enormous doors, which served also as windows; a door on the opposite side communicated with the drawing-room. Miss Cunningham's own rooms, no doubt, would be on the west side, and she thought that she was occupying the same house made the whole building seem sacred; and the young man dressed himself for dinner with a sort of pious awe.

On entering the drawing-room, now dimly illuminated—for it required a great wealth of lamps and candles to light up this great *salon* properly, an expenditure reserved for large parties—Yorke made out that there was another person present, who proved on closer acquaintance to be Captain Sparrow. That gentleman received him with languid affability, observing that he supposed there was a good deal of duty in the way of treasure-escort and work of that sort, which must be an agreeable relief from the monotony of cantonment life. Then presently Miss Cunningham entered in a dinner dress of silk, for the evenings were still chilly. Surely, thought Yorke, each change of toilet is more becoming than the last. Then came the Commissioner—Colonel Falkland had returned to his own province—and dinner being announced, they repaired to the breakfast-room, always used for

small parties or when the family were alone, and which with its small round table, well lighted up, looked bright and cheerful by contrast with the dim drawing-room, —Captain Sparrow conducting the lady, Yorke and the Commissioner following.

The dinner was very quiet: the Commissioner was taciturn, according to his wont; while Yorke was almost too happy for conversation, nor did the brilliant epigrammatic turns of speech which would alone have been worthy of utterance in the presence of the beautiful hostess, come readily uppermost. Sparrow, however, in his languid way was talkative enough, and Yorke observed with secret complacency that Miss Cunningham was evidently amused at his harmless vanity and his affectation of refinement. The same sense of humour, he thought, was apparent in the earnestness with which, after their return to the drawing-room, she pressed him to sing, going to the piano and beginning the accompaniment of one of his songs; when the captain, nothing loath, stood up beside her and warbled forth a ditty in his approved style. His song ended, the Commissioner led him away to the adjoining billiard-room, and then followed for Yorke a blissful half-hour, while Miss Cunningham sang to him, on his pressing her, one song after another; and as the young man stood by her side, watching her face, the one point of light in the great dim chamber, they seemed so entirely alone, and he was so borne along on the tide of emotion aroused by the tender accents of her voice, and the nearness of her person, that his humility and bashfulness for once forsook him. Surely, he thought, all this hope cannot be born altogether of delusion. In that gentle breast there needs must be some respon-

sive sympathy with so much devotion, which only awaits an appeal to be called forth: and in another moment Yorke might have fallen at her feet to pour out his tale of love, his hopes, his fears, his sense of unworthiness to aspire to the priceless reward he sought for, when a voice was heard at the other end of the room, that of Mr. Cunningham, asking them to come and join in a four-game, repressing the ecstasy of passion which was on the point of finding utterance. And the words which were rushing to his lips remained unspoken.

The glare of the billiard-room, with its unromantic accessories of settees and cigars, acted like a disenchantment to recall our subaltern to the prosaic realities of everyday life; but he found some compensation for the descent on its being settled that he was to be Miss Cunningham's partner. In billiards, at any rate, he could be her master (although he thought with an introspective sneer that it was a contemptible thing to excel in such a matter), for he was much the best player of the four, while the lady was only a beginner; and to give confidential advice about each stroke, to be even allowed to touch her hand and adjust the taper fingers so as to form a proper rest for the cue, this was a new form of bliss.

But the happiest hour must have an end. The second game finished, Miss Cunningham, placing her fair arms on her father's shoulders, greeted him with a kiss on either cheek, and holding out her hand graciously to each guest, retired from the room. Captain Sparrow followed her example; and then the Commissioner, proposing an early ride in the morning, wished his visitor good-night, and the gentlemen repaired to their respective rooms. Then Yorke, lighting a

cigar, strolled across the park to visit his guards, wandering afterwards about the lawn on his side of the house. He would fain have carried his steps to the other side, when perchance some light might indicate at a distance the shrine which guarded his mistress; but although the watchman and some of the numerous servants of the household had passed that way on their various errands, and he knew therefore that her chamber must be closed, a sense of delicacy restrained him. But at last, tired out with walking, he sought his room, stumbling over his bearer asleep in the veranda, and fell asleep himself while recalling the minutes that had been passed, the voice, the gestures, the words of his beloved.

Next morning, his late hours of the previous night notwithstanding, Yorke was up with the first grey light of dawn, although not sooner than the Commissioner, who was a regular old Indian as regards early rising; but it was with a pang of disappointment that he found only one riding-horse besides Devotion was standing saddled under the portico. Selim was not there. His daughter, Mr. Cunningham said, was not going to ride that morning, but would have some tea ready for them when they returned; and accordingly, they rode through the city, which Yorke had never seen before, and where he had the opportunity of contrasting the deferential salaams accorded to the great man on his way through the streets, with the air of insolent curiosity with which any unknown subaltern performing the journey alone would be regarded. The Commissioner had various duties in the town—a new tank in course of excavation to visit, the widening of a new street in progress, the scene of a late robbery to examine, and so forth—and the sun had mounted

high before they returned to the Residency, when, as they entered the park, Yorke's quick eye discovered Miss Cunningham sitting by a tea equipage under the shade of an awning spread by some trees on the western side, whither directing their horses they dismounted. Limited though was his visiting acquaintance, Yorke had often noticed that the Indian habit of a second toilet tended somewhat to impair the early appearance of such of the fair sex as took exercise in the morning. Ladies who came out at mid-day or evening in elaborate costumes, and with hair carefully dressed, would sometimes dispense with these feminine graces when attiring themselves for the early ride or drive, and would appear with careless, not to say dishevelled locks, and appearance generally suggestive of repairs needful to be effected afterwards. No such remissness could be detected in the young lady who now, after morning greetings, began to pour out the tea. Her rich brown hair, though folded in simple braids, was fit, the young man thought, to grace a coronation; the light morning robe was crisp and fresh; in each aspect, he thought, she seemed more noble-looking, more delicate, and more refined. And, see, facing him across the lawn as he sits down, is the shrine from which his goddess has issued. The wide doors in the west veranda thrown open to catch the morning air reveal some mysteries of a chamber within—the dressing-glass trimmed with dainty muslin and ribbons, the wardrobe where rest the garments which have the happy duty of enshrining their sweet mistress.

Soon the little party was joined by another horseman, Dr. Mackenzie Maxwell, the civil surgeon, who lived about half a mile from the Residency, and had charge of the jail, the hospital, and the Residency

establishments—a benevolent-looking, middle-aged man. Yorke had scarcely ever met him before, for Dr. Maxwell lived very much by himself, and had almost forgotten his existence as a member of the Residency circle; and for a moment, on observing the warm greeting accorded to the new-comer, he was disposed to feel jealous, when he remembered having heard that Maxwell was a widower; but this feeling was soon allayed on perceiving the sort of fatherly way in which the doctor addressed his hostess, and the absence of embarrassment between the two. Soon the doctor and the Commissioner rose and strolled into the garden, leaving Miss Cunningham and Yorke alone. But although the latter, fully impressed with the importance of the occasion, was in an agony of suspense as the brief moments flew by, he could not manage to rise in his conversation beyond the level of commonplace; and when the others returned he had only the consolation of there being still a long day before him, during which the Commissioner must be absent in court, and then, perhaps, a word or hint, or even some glance exchanged, might tell him that his case was understood, and not hopeless, and embolden him to pour out his tale of love.

"I have been telling the Commissioner," said the doctor, addressing that gentleman's daughter, "that I think your plan a very good one. What he wants just now is a little rest and change. I daresay a month at Patánpoor may do all that is needed; at any rate it will be time to think of a season in the hills if this little trip fails to set him up. On what day do you think of going away?"

"Going away!" exclaimed Yorke, and in a tone of such unfeigned concern that the other two gentlemen could not help smiling; and Miss

Cunningham, with a little blush, explained that they were thinking of paying Colonel Falkland a visit for three or four weeks before the hot weather set in. Her father had been out of sorts for some time, but they hoped this change and the holiday might be sufficient to set him to rights again, and prevent the necessity for taking leave to the hills. "Papa dreads the idea of spending a whole hot season away from his beloved cutchery. You know he has never been to the hills all his life."

"Yes," broke in her father, "and I hope I never shall go; a season of Simla lounging would finish me off, I believe, if I went up ill in the first instance."

"And you?" said Yorke, turning to his daughter,—*"what are your feelings in the matter?"* But I need not ask," he added, with a shade of bitterness in his voice. "Of course you must want to go. Simla is the gayest place in India." And the subaltern's heart sank within him as he pictured to himself for the moment its beautiful mistress treading the round of mountain dissipation, surrounded by all the male butterflies who flutter about that favourite resort.

"Of course I should like to see the hills," she replied; "it is impossible to watch the distant peaks lighted up of a morning from here without longing to explore them; but I am a domestic creature," she added, smiling, "although you may not suppose so, and I think I should like to spend my first year at any rate quietly here. I have been wandering all my life, and it seems really wrong to begin moving about again just when I am settled in a home at last. But I hope," she added, looking anxiously towards her father, "that it may not be necessary."

This little speech filled Yorke with a transport of delight. This

desire to remain here, knowing as she must his feelings, might he not fairly interpret it to mean encouragement? Could she indeed have said more, without departing from proper maidenly reserve? And as she threw that glance of filial anxiety towards her father he thought she had never looked so beautiful before.

"Papa," said the young lady presently, who was employed on some embroidery work, "you have given Dr. Maxwell a cigar, but you have not offered one to Mr. Yorke."

"I did not know that Mr. Yorke smoked," replied her father, hastening to supply the omission by handing him his case; "he refused the offer of one last night in the billiard-room."

Yorke said, looking a little sheepish as he accepted the proffered cheroot, that he thought perhaps Miss Cunningham might not like the smell of tobacco.

"If she does not," said her father, "then she must be in perpetual discomfort, for I smoke all day long, and in every room in the house, I think. But I offered to give up the practice when first she came, and to keep my smoke to my own room—didn't I, Olivia?"

"You dear old papa! You must have had your old bachelor ways and comforts sufficiently broken in upon by my invasion, without my depriving you of your last remaining solace. Besides," she added, laughingly, "there was some real selfishness at the bottom of my request after all, for I did not want you to banish me to solitude in empty rooms. You are at home little enough as it is. It would be dreadful if you were to keep to your own room in order to enjoy your cigars there. Women should put up with smoking nowadays when it has become such a regular habit. Gentlemen seem to smoke as much here as they do in Italy. Colonel Falkland

is the only person I have met who does not smoke."

"But then," said Yorke, "if smoking is discomfort to other people, surely it is better the sacrifice should be on the side of giving up what is after all an artificial want. Some ladies declare they can't bear the smell of tobacco even in the open air."

"Don't you think some ladies are a little affected? Could anybody pretend to smell the cigars you gentlemen are smoking now? Even in the house the rooms are so big and curtainless that no smell hangs about them. Besides, even in the open air, gentlemen would never sit quietly in their chairs like this, if they were not allowed to smoke. We women have our fancy-work to keep us from the fidgets. So you see," she added, looking at Yorke archly, "selfishness is at the bottom of one's amiability after all. But gentlemen seem so much more domestic in this country, they deserve to be spoilt a little."

"Perhaps it is because they are petted at home that they are so domestic," observed Yorke. Adorable creature, he thought, perfect in every aspect, if ever woman lived who might insist on those about her dispensing with tobacco and the small vulgarities of life, surely it is you. Yet you make no terms for your beauty and your grace. Your mind is as simple as a child's, despite the lovely frame it is set in!

The doctor, his cheroot finished, now rose to go, summoning his groom and horse from the shelter of a neighbouring tree; and a red-coated messenger bringing the Commissioner a bundle of official vernacular reports, he lighted another cigar and departed for his own room. Miss Cunningham retired into the recesses of the western veranda; and Yorke repaired to his own side of the building to receive

the reports of his native officers, and then to spend the time till breakfast in pretence of reading—really to live the last half-hour over again, recalling each look and word.

The little party met together for breakfast at ten o'clock, but were now reinforced by Justine, the French maid or companion, who came in and took her place silently at the table, retiring on the conclusion of the meal. The Commissioner also got up then to go, observing that the Nawab's people were ordered to come for the treasure at four o'clock, but that it was quite possible they would be unpunctual after their fashion, and arrive too late to take it over that evening, "in which case," he added, "I must ask you to stay with us till Monday, for the transfer ought not to be made to-morrow, being Sunday. You will excuse my running away; but I must leave my daughter to entertain you." The infatuated young man with difficulty concealed his delight at this prospect of his visit being extended, and went across the grounds to Captain Sparrow's house. He could not well be at the Residency without paying him a call, so he would get it over as soon as possible, and then have the long day alone with his beloved.

On returning to the big house, Yorke found Miss Cunningham in the drawing-room engaged upon a water-colour drawing. He hurried to her side, and looked over the paper—a sketch of trees taken in the garden, that she was finishing.

"What! do you paint, as well as play and sing?" cried the young man with admiration. "Where is the end to all your accomplishments?"

"One can't play and sing for ever, you know," said the young lady, laughingly, "and one gets

tired of reading; so it is fortunate I am able to draw a little, or else time might hang heavily sometimes, with these long days spent alone."

Ah! thought the young man with admiration, looking down on the graceful head that was bending over the work—then you too feel the want of a companion! He said aloud, "You talk of drawing a little: why, a regular artist could not do better than this."

"You would not think much of this," she answered, "if you had seen any good work;" then, seeing that the young man looked distressed at her rebuke, she added, kindly, "but perhaps you draw yourself also: it must be a very useful accomplishment for a military man."

"No," answered the young fellow, humbly; "my education, such as it has been, is devoid of accomplishments of any sort."

"But there are better things than accomplishments," she continued, with earnestness, "and you have been busy mastering the solid acquirements needed in your profession. You have quite a reputation in that way among your brother officers."

"Acquirements are comparative. Most of our fellows are very lazy about these things, and so they exaggerate the smattering of knowledge others may pick up."

"But Colonel Falkland would not exaggerate, and he does not speak of your knowledge as a smattering."

"Colonel Falkland has a kind word to say of everybody; but, after all, if one does know something of his profession, what is the good of it? If there are seven officers away from your regiment already, all the education in the world won't get a fellow on to the Staff. I beg your pardon," he added; "of course

this technical shop is like gibberish to you. What I mean, is that there is a fixed limit to the number of absentees from a regiment, and my turn has not come. Besides, there is Captain Braddon come back to regimental duty, a splendid officer, who ought by rights to be served first. Not that rights have much to do with it," he added, bitterly; "a little interest is worth any amount of brains in these times."

"You mustn't say that," replied his companion; "Colonel Falkland said only the other day that he was certain that you would rise to something brilliant whenever the opportunity came."

That she should have been discussing his character and prospects with their common friend, and in such sympathising terms, sent a flush of pride and pleasure to the young man's face; but he replied, perhaps with a dimly-conceived desire to invite still further praise, "But when will opportunity come? The days of opportunity have gone by. For us young men there is nothing left but to grow old in the humdrum monotony of a subaltern's duties." Then he stopped, feeling that he was hardly giving himself a fair chance in thus running down his own position and prospects. And yet honesty forbade that he should make out his case better than it really was. But Miss Cunningham replied—

"Colonel Falkland says that every man in India gets his opportunity, if he only knows how to make use of it. He himself says he had never seen a shot fired (isn't that the expression?) till he had been ever so many years in the army; so you see there is still a margin of time available for you, before you enter the road to fame and fortune."

There was a pause, while Yorke

determined that the morning should not pass away with all its unlooked-for opportunities, without his asking her whether he might venture to hope to gain, at some future time, a greater and more valued prize than fame or fortune, and the young lady for her part plied her brush, as he stood by her side, hopeful yet uncertain, hardly daring yet longing to speak—when the door leading from her apartment opened, and Justine, the French maid, entering quietly, her work in hand, took a seat at a little distance from the table, and began silently to ply her needle.

Here was frustration of hopes. It was evident that Justine was destined to act as duenna, and that there would be no more *tête-à-tête* conversations for that day, unless he could contrive some device for getting rid of her. A happy thought occurred to him. Looking through the portfolio which lay on the table, he observed—

"What a number of drawings you have made already—and all sketches from life apparently! These are groups of the different servants, I suppose; and there is your pretty Selim, and the Commissioner's horse too. How industrious you must have been to have done so many!"

"Yes; but few of them are finished. I have been in a hurry to collect subjects for working up when the hot season comes, and when, they tell me, it will be impossible to draw out of doors."

"Why not try a sketch of my encampment this morning, with the tents, and the bullocks and carts, and the sepoy standing about in various attitudes? It is still quite cool out of doors."

"That is a capital idea; it would make a charming subject. This is a bad time of the day for sketching, when the sun is so high; but the trees will make light and shade. Suppose we start at once. But

“then we may be interrupted by callers?”

“Can not you be ‘not at home,’ just for this one day?”

“But is it not a shame to give people the trouble of coming all the way out along that hot dusty road from the cantonment, merely to go back again without stopping to rest? I am sure I never drive into cantonments myself in the day-time without bringing a headache back.”

“But this amount of heat and dust is like the Arctic regions compared with what we are going to have by-and-by. Besides, are you always so considerate? I have heard of people coming out along that hot dusty road to find the Residency doors closed, and that not so very long ago.”

“Ah, I deserve your reproaches, and, will you believe me, I felt very penitent when I saw your card. But we really did not expect anybody that day, and papa was unwell, and I was keeping him company in his room. However, I owe you amends; so will you please give the order about our not being at home, and we will have chairs taken out under the trees.”

The young man, enraptured at the success of his scheme, gave the needful order; and but that, with a dozen servants at hand, it would have been a perfectly useless excess of zeal, he would have carried out the chairs and camp-table himself. As it was, he was fain to content himself with taking charge of the young lady's sketching-block and colour-box, while she went to get her garden-hat. The day was one of those towards the end of an Indian winter when the climate is perfect; the chill air of the cold weather had passed away, but the season for high winds, heat, and dust had not arrived; and as Yorke arranged the chairs under a tree from which a good view could be

obtained of the little encampment, and where the fair artist would, while enjoying the light genial air, be protected from the bright sun overhead, and also be concealed from sight of any visitors driving up to the portico, he thought with an unwonted exaltation of feeling that in this long morning passed together the opportunity must surely arise, in some encouragement let fall, or some understanding expressed, for the avowal of his love. Alas! on returning from the encampment, where he had been grouping the men according to the artist's instructions, he saw a servant in the act of placing a third chair by side of the other two, to be occupied a few moments later by the inevitable Justine, armed with enough embroidery to last through the day—silent herself, and the cause of silence in others. The opportunity, then, was gone, although there still remained the long morning to be passed in this sweet companionship, becoming each moment, as he felt, more friendly. “And I should be an ungrateful brute to find fault with my lot,” thought Yorke to himself. “I might have lived for a dozen years in the cantonment and not have become so intimate with her as the luck of this treasure-party, following the steeple-chase, has made me already. And if she seemed charming and gracious before, when I had scarcely spoken to her, how much more admirable and perfect does she not appear to my better knowledge now! With all her beauty and accomplishments, how modest and humble-minded she is! and yet there is no want of humorous appreciation of character. She is shrewd enough to see through people, yet without any ill-nature in her remarks. Can she have failed,” he added, “to have seen through me and my secret?”

Thus thought the lover to him-

self, as the Commissioner, who had come over for a few minutes from the court-house, led the way to the house for a late luncheon. The meal ended, they were again about to resume the morning's occupation, when a messenger announced the arrival of the Nawab's guard to take over the treasure, thus shattering the hope which Yorke had cherished of spending Sunday at the Residency. Putting on his uniform, he repaired to the spot where the detachment was encamped. The transfer of the money was a tedious affair; and when finished it was time for the detachment to set off on its march back to cantonments, and Yorke despatched them accordingly, returning to the house to pay his adieus.

He found the Commissioner in his study smoking a cigar, and his daughter sitting by him, reading a book; while the open carriage drawn up outside announced that they were about to take their evening drive. Already, thought Yorke with bitter heart, and yet ashamed of himself for harbouring such a feeling, they have their occupations and plans in which I hold no share.

"Good-bye!" said the Commissioner, holding out his hand, but without rising; "it was unfortunate the Nawab was so punctual—we should have been glad if you could have stayed till Monday. But cannot we drive you down to cantonments? we may as well go that way as anywhere else."

Yorke would fain have clutched at even this brief respite, but he had to explain that his horse was waiting, and he must overtake his detachment presently and accompany it on foot into cantonments.

"Good-bye!" said Miss Cunningham, who had risen, holding out her hand; "it is so provoking of the Nawab to cut short your visit,

you must——" What she was going to say he could not tell, for something in the expression of his earnest gaze caused her to drop her eyes, and with a slight blush withdraw her hand.

On the following Monday Yorke would have ridden out to the Residency, notwithstanding the shortness of the interval since he had last been there; a call after a dinner being proper, much more he argued should one be proper after a day's visit; but an order reached him in the morning to proceed on court-martial duty to a neighbouring station some fifty miles off, where officers were scarce, and he was fain to express his thanks in a note, which it is needless to say consumed a quantity of best paper before it got itself written to his satisfaction; the expression that the Friday and Saturday spent at the Residency had been the happiest moments of his life being eventually toned down to the effect that this had been the pleasantest visit he had ever paid.

The court-martial lasted for several days. When it was ended, Yorke determined to return by easy marches, stopping for a few days to shoot on the road, the plains round Mustaphabad being fairly supplied with game. In this way he would kill time till the month's absence of the Commissioner and his daughter should be completed, every day of which had been ticked off as it passed, for he felt that life in cantonments would be insupportable till their return. Thus spinning out the time allowed for his own return, he pitched his camp for the last day at a village about eight miles from Mustaphabad, and walking off his impatience by a long morning and evening tramp with his gun through the surrounding country, slept the sound sleep of fatigue in his little tent, and rode

into cantonments early the next morning.

Spragge was away in the lines at the orderly room when he reached the bungalow; so, calling for tea, and throwing off his coat, for the days were now getting hot, he sat down in the veranda till his chum should return.

That gentleman soon came into view cantering into the compound, his long legs upheld at a short distance from the ground by his diminutive pony; and after bestowing a few cuffs and blessings on that animal's patient attendant for some faults of omission and commission, greeted his friend in his usual hearty manner.

The first topic of conversation was, of course, the amount of Yorke's bag; next followed Yorke's inquiry what the news was.

"News? there never is any news in this blessed place, except that it's getting infernally hot already, which you can find out for yourself. A lot of fellows have gone off to the hills for six months' leave, and almost all the ladies have started; I should like to have gone off myself, but can't afford it; and now we are in for the regular hot-weather dulness. Nothing but billiards and rackets left for a fellow to do. But I say, you ought to have been here, my boy, to come in for the goings-on of my cousin Ted while officiating commissioner. He has been doing

the big official in tremendously set—bachelor parties, ladies' parties, handing in mother Polwheedle to dinner, and all the rest of it; hermetically-sealed soups and claret-cup poured out like water. Ted's been going it, and no mistake. Pity he's got such a short tether of the office!"

"Yes, indeed," said Yorke, trying to assume an air of indifference; "the Commissioner is to be back again this week, isn't he?"

"Comes back to-morrow, but only for a few days, you know; and I think they might have given Ted the acting appointment."

"Acting appointment!" said Yorke, starting up, and at once thrown off his guard, "what do you mean?"

"Why, bless me!" replied Spragge, "you don't mean to say you haven't heard the news? Why, it's been in all the papers a week ago. I thought, of course, you must have seen it. The Commissioner has been very unwell—liver gone wrong, I believe—and has been ordered home sharp, and Colonel Falkland is appointed to succeed him."

"Colonel Falkland!" cried Yorke, feeling suddenly as if something more remained to be told.

"Yes, of course," answered his friend; "he is engaged to Miss Cunningham, you know. They are to be married in a fortnight."

CHAPTER XIV.

When Mr. Cunningham lost his young wife, which event happened just twenty-one years before the time at which this history begins, and within a year of his marriage, he was left with a little daughter on whom the poor mother had scarcely time to bestow a parting kiss before she died. The friendly wife

of a brother civilian, who was present on the occasion, proposed to carry off the infant to her house and bring it up for the time with her own children; but the young widower was averse to parting with the charge, and the lady was fain to be content with coming over daily to bestow an occasional super-

intendence on his nursery establishment. A still more frequent supervision over the child's welfare was given by his friend, Lieutenant Falkland, who, although he declined the young widower's proposal that he should give up his bungalow in cantonments, and share the other's more comfortable house in the civil lines, spent almost as much time there as if he had been a permanent occupant of it. The subaltern had plenty of leisure; and his friend's servants were never sure during their master's long absence in court at what moment they might not receive a visit from Falkland, and even if they had been disposed to neglect the child would have been prevented by his vigilance. But indifference to their master's children is not a fault of Indian servants; their weakness is rather in the way of too much petting and indulgence. In the case of a baby, however, there was not much room for injudicious kindness; the little Olivia's wants were sufficiently ministered to by the stout young mussalmáni woman who had been engaged from a neighbouring village to fulfil the office of wet-nurse; and the young civil surgeon of the station, Dr. Mackenzie Maxwell, declared in his daily visits that no child could be better cared for, or more thriving. As the little Olivia grew out of babyhood, almost the first person she came to recognise after her nurse and the old bearer who was appointed her special attendant, was the young officer; and the child would hold out her little arms to greet him as he came up the avenue of an evening while she was taking her walk in the old man's arms, attended by the nurse and another female, while a tall office-messenger with a red belt, brass plate, and gigantic umbrella brought up the rear. Long before she could understand the use of them, the

self-appointed guardian began to pour in consignments of toys, which soon littered the young civilian's house; Benares lacquered bricks, little wooden elephants and camels, cups and saucers, and tea equipages; a swing to be hung up in the veranda; with a rocking-horse as large as a Burmah pony. A visitor to Mr. Cunningham's house in those days of a morning would generally find the same group assembled there: the father, in an easy-chair smoking his cheroot; his friend sitting more erect, as became a man with strict military ideas, and not smoking,—the two watching the child and the old bearer on the floor together, engaged in the joint task of erecting a tower, which, from the number of bricks strewed about the room, promised to assume the proportions of a very Babel.

Thus passed the child's earliest years, when just as she was beginning to prattle freely, and had been advanced to the dignity of a seat on a raised chair at her father's breakfast-table, a disruption took place of the small commonwealth which had conducted the government of the little Olivia's household. Falkland was appointed to the staff of the army on the frontier, and the good doctor was transferred to another station; while the advent of his successor was heralded by a reputation for his power of subduing the strongest constitutions of adults, and a perfectly ogre-like capacity for the massacre of children; such as escaped the first onslaught of his calomel, it was rumoured, invariably succumbed to the subsequent treatment. The arrival of this terrible official caused a general panic in the station. Mrs. Spangle, the wife of the brother civilian already referred to, determined to anticipate by a year or two the time fixed for the inevitable homeward voyage; and Cunningham, thus left without his friends, accepted her

offer to take his little daughter to England with her own children, to be made over on arrival to the charge of his only sister.

To Mrs. Maitland, Cunningham's sister, who had no children of her own, the arrival of her little niece was a very welcome event; she soon came to love the child as her own, and Olivia found in her house a happy home, where even the dimmest recollections of India soon faded away. Nor were the father's letters calculated to recall them. Cunningham did not possess the sort of literary power which alone could have enabled those unacquainted with the scenes among which it was spent to realise his mode of life; and, under the feeling that his letters had no real interest for the reader when they passed beyond mere personal topics, his correspondence, though still affectionate, gradually became brief and infrequent. His sister's letters were longer and more regular, for all home allusions could be understood by the parent, and full accounts of his daughter, her health, progress, and occupation, made up an interesting letter; and as soon as the child was able to write herself, each mail carried a letter from her to her unknown father, all to be carefully filed by the Indian exile, and containing a complete record of progress, beginning with the uncertain link-tracings over her aunt's pencilled outlines, and so through the large round-hand and short stiff sentences of childhood and all the various developments of girlish hands, to the easy writing and ready expression of the accomplished young woman.

When Olivia was about twelve years old her uncle died, and his widow was shortly afterwards ordered for her health to the south of France; and having now no ties with England, and finding con-

tinental life and climate to her taste Mrs. Maitland had continued from that time to reside with her niece in various parts of the south of Europe. Meanwhile Cunningham remained in India; although not a brilliant man, his industry, temper, and judgment had gained for him a considerable reputation in his service, and whenever he was on the point of taking a furlough, the transfer to some new employment had always happened to prevent his doing so; now a neglected district to be brought into proper form; now a newly-annexed province to be reduced to order,—some call in the way of preferment appealing to his sense of duty and the love of distinction, and tempting him to stay in the country. Thus year after year passed away without the intended furlough being taken; till at last, when Olivia was arrived at womanhood, and the question arose whether instead of his going home the daughter should not rejoin her father in India, he was invited by the Government to assume charge of the province ceded by the Nawab of Mustaphabad, and to introduce the blessings of British rule into the districts so long misgoverned by that unfortunate prince. Such a request could not be refused; and Cunningham, feeling that his daughter was more at home with the aunt who had been a mother to her for so many years, than she could be with the father who had now become little more than a name, and being, it must be confessed, now quite reconciled to his solitary life, had just proposed a scheme for completing his new task and eventually retiring on the pension which he had now earned to join his sister and daughter in Italy, when the plan was upset by the news that Mrs. Maitland had accepted the offer of marriage from an Italian nobleman. To Cunningham

the idea of such a connection seemed thoroughly repulsive; for although the Count was reported to be unexceptionable in every respect save that he was a good deal younger than his intended bride, Cunningham's Indian experiences were not calculated to remove the insular prejudices of an Englishman; and notwithstanding that his sister wrote to him that her marriage should make no difference to Olivia, for that her future husband was equally desirous with herself that she should continue to make her home with them till her father returned from India, a sudden anxiety now possessed him lest his daughter, living in a foreign household, should also fall in love with a foreigner and so be altogether lost to him. He determined, therefore, that she should join him for the remainder of his service; and, writing to express his decision in terms so peremptory as seemed to the kind aunt a poor requital of the many years of loving care bestowed on his child, he knew scarcely an easy moment till he heard in reply that his instructions would be acted on at once. Mrs. Maitland and Olivia made a speedy visit to England, in order that the latter might be placed in charge of the wife of a brother civilian returning to India; and after a brief interval occupied in the preparation of Olivia's outfit, aunt and niece parted at Southampton with mutual tears and sorrowings, each to enter on a new life. The Count had followed his intended bride to London, and the marriage was to take place immediately after Olivia's departure, when the married pair would return to live in Italy. "Farewell, my darling child!" she said, folding her niece to her breast in the little cabin of the steamer, as it lay on the parting morning alongside of the quay in Southampton Docks; "farewell, and

for ever! even if you don't marry in India, your father will never let you come to me again." Olivia could only reply through her tears by returning the embrace; nor was there time for further words, for just at that moment rang the warning-bell, summoning those who were not passengers to leave the vessel.

Thus was Olivia launched upon her new life, of the personages moving around which she had as yet had only two slight glimpses. Some eight years before, Colonel Falkland, returning to England to recover from a wound, had paid a visit to Florence to see his god-daughter, then just entering on girlhood. He stayed there for some weeks, living at an hotel in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Maitland's apartments, and passing the greater part of each day with his friends; and visitors in those days to the picture-galleries in that city could not but notice with interest the two sight-seers—the bronzed soldier-like man, who walked lame, and with the aid of a stick, accompanied by the slight young girl; surely not his daughter, they thought, he seemed too courteous and deferential in manner, and she, though deferential in turn and striving to tend him with care, yet did not evince the familiarity of a child with a parent. The young lady acted as guide and interpreter, while her companion, whose life had been spent in camps or the dull routine of an Indian official, was never tired of pursuing his first acquaintance with art under such auspices; and when his young companion would bring him before some favourite masterpiece, his eyes would often turn involuntarily from the beautiful saint or madonna on canvas to the still more beautiful face, as he thought, lighted up with the rays of innocence and youthful enthusiasm.

In such companionship it seemed

to Falkland as if a vision of his youth had come back again, unalloyed by the sadness and sorrow which marked that episode of earlier days. It is her mother come back to earth again, he said to himself; God grant she may be spared to grace it longer! Olivia and her aunt on their part had been prepared to receive their new acquaintance with warmth, as one holding the highest place in Mr. Cunningham's esteem. The greatest friend I have in the world, he wrote to his daughter, and the finest soldier in the Indian army. "And the most perfect gentleman," declared Olivia's aunt with enthusiasm, after he had paid his first visit. "I thought Indian officers would be mere soldiers, with uncouth manners; but our colonel might be a prince, although I hope he will dress better when he gets to England, and take to wearing shirt-collars. Poor man! he seems to suffer a good deal from his wound, although he never complains. I think on the mornings when he comes in late, and won't take any breakfast, that he must have had a bad night." As for Olivia, who had never before met any gentleman, young or old, on intimate terms, and from whose girlish mind the germs of any tenderer emotions were absent, her godfather seemed the impersonation of all that was noble and dignified and kind. She would fain have asked him about the wars in which he had taken part, as the little party sate together of an afternoon or evening at Mrs. Maitland's lodgings, or rested by the wayside after a drive to some spot of interest in the neighbourhood; but Falkland was not a man to talk much about himself, or indeed to talk much about anything, and the conversation usually turned upon the travels and experiences of the ladies, Mrs. Maitland

taking the principal share, and the colonel merely throwing in an occasional question or remark by way of fuel to keep the fire alight. Or if Falkland and Olivia were alone, their talk would mostly revolve about Olivia's pursuits and half-formed thoughts; for her new friend, while reserved about himself, was yet of a sympathetic nature, which invited the confidence of others, although there was no want of humour or even a certain playful yet subdued sarcasm in his conversation. And had Olivia been capable of such analysis, she might have discovered that while she had opened to her new companion all the recesses of her young mind, she knew little about him save that he was kind, gentle, and unselfish, bent chiefly on ministering to the happiness of those around him. That the young girl should have endowed him with every noble attribute was a natural consequence of her being at the age of hero-worship. Thus when at last Falkland was obliged to bring his visit to an end, and to continue his journey towards England, the parting left Olivia with a new ideal of perfection to add to the gallery of saints and madonnas enshrined in the respect of her fervent young heart; while Falkland, although no definite ideas for the future yet possessed him, went off with a new interest in life awakened. The leave-taking was provisional only; for the plan was discussed of a meeting in the autumn on the Lake of Como, when, said Falkland in his low voice, looking into her ingenuous young face with a kindly smile, as he held her hand at parting, his young mistress should go on with her course of instruction in Italian. But when autumn arrived, he was summoned to India to take up the important appointment which he now held;

and the letter from the Governor-General himself containing the offer, was a form of application for his services which a zealous public servant could not refuse to obey. So their next meeting was deferred till seven years later, when Olivia arrived at Mustaphabad, and the child-girl had developed into the beautiful young woman.

One other Indian acquaintance was made by Olivia, four years later, when Rupert Kirke, a lieutenant in the Bengal army, arrived at Venice, where Mrs. Maitland and her niece were then staying, also, like Falkland, on his way home. Kirke was first cousin to Cunningham and his sister, and brought an introduction from the former. "A clever fellow," said the brother, in his letter, "and a first-rate soldier, with a great future before him, if he only keeps straight." And indeed Rupert Kirke looked every inch a soldier, and although not the least a lady's man, as the term is understood, was found to be excellent company; well-mannered, well-dressed, well-read, and apparently both good-natured and good-tempered. Olivia took a great liking to her new-found relative, while Kirke for his part did not conceal his gratification in her society, nor, although he made little pretence of caring for pictures or churches, his enjoyment of the sight-seeing excursions made under her guidance—excursions, however, in which Mrs. Maitland invariably joined, for Olivia was no longer a child. And after he had passed on to England, a correspondence was maintained between the two, when Kirke's clever letters came to be very interesting to the fair recipient. The elder lady, however, did not respond with warmth to the feelings of her companion about the letters and their writer. Without being a keen

judge of character, there appeared something of hardness and apparent unscrupulousness about Kirke which instinctively repelled her; and Olivia perceiving that her aunt did not share her admiration for him, did not seek to exchange confidences with her on the subject.

Kirke too, as well as Falkland, expressed the intention when leaving Italy of paying his relatives another visit, but was diverted from carrying it into effect by the outbreak of the Crimean war, at the first rumour of which he set out for Constantinople, seeking employment as a volunteer with the Turkish army. In this capacity he seemed on the road to enhance his military reputation, when he was unfortunately tempted to accept a commission in the Turkish contingent, and thereby found himself shelved from active service during the remainder of the war, on the termination of which he was obliged to return to India.

To Olivia Cunningham, sailing for India, the change of life was even more complete than to the other young ladies who were borne in the same steamer with her out of Southampton Docks. They, for the most part, though leaving friends and homes behind them, had been brought up to regard England as a temporary resting-place, and the voyage to India as the culminating point in their girlhood. To Olivia this departure for that country came as the result of a sudden resolve, made necessary by the breaking up of European ties. Nor had she ever known the meaning of home as that term is understood. For her it had not meant sisters and brothers, and home interests, and a settled dwelling-place. Her home, so far as she had been able to realise the idea, had been a suite of apartments at Florence, succeeded by a suite of apartments at Rome or Naples; her friends had

been passing visitors, acquaintances, foreigners and English, met and dropped; and although the relation between her aunt and herself had been based on mutual love and affection, her heart could not but whisper when the former announced her coming change of life, involving a new and absorbing interest of her own, apart from her niece, that after all there must be a difference be-

tween a mother and even the kindest aunt; henceforward at any rate, their lives must run apart. Her father, on the other hand, had so far been a sort of shadowy providence watching over her from a distance, whose manifestations were mainly associated with punctual remittances, handsome presents, and brief, infrequent letters; and whose very form and features were as yet unknown.

CHAPTER XV.

So much as to the antecedents of the maiden who had arrived at Mustaphabad at the opening of our story, fancy free, although with two more or less dim ideals of the hero type in her imagination, looking with eagerness, but without much emotion, to the meeting with her father. As to Mr. Cunningham, he was a man too much occupied with official duties and the business of the hour to practise mental analysis; but probably his feelings on the occasion were of a mixed nature, compounded of a pleasurable excitement at the expectation of greeting his beautiful young daughter, and a sense of dismay at the prospect of this invasion of his leisure and enforced alteration of his old-bachelor habits.

The first meeting between two persons who, though nearly related, are yet virtually strangers, ignorant of each other's thoughts, feelings, and tastes, even of each other's past life—whose intercourse has consisted in the exchange of brief and formal letters, and who have had, so far, nothing in common but the interest and the affection born of a sense of duty—must needs be attended with more or less of restraint and embarrassment; but Mr. Cunningham's anxiety lest the first greetings should partake of the nature of a scene was at once dispelled by the tact and good taste of his daughter; even the

dust and fatigue of the journey could not do much to impair the charm of her appearance; and as she stepped out of the carriage at the roadside station, whither he had gone to meet her, as already described, her father found her even more graceful and beautiful than the forerunning accounts had led him to expect; and as Olivia, putting her arms round his neck, and kissing him, said, "So here we are at last! it has been such a long journey;" and then, turning to her maid who was alighting from the carriage behind, added, "Justine, this is my papa, who has come all this way to meet us,"—Cunningham felt that the scene of which he had been in dread had been escaped. And when, soon after they had started in the camel-carriage for the last stage of her long journey, Olivia took his hand fondly, and leaning on his shoulder, said, "Papa, you look so young, it must seem quite odd to have a great big daughter like me,"—her father, responding warmly to the embrace, began to feel that it was not so dreadful a thing to have his daughter back after all. Arrived at Mustaphabad, Olivia expressed herself as delighted with the Residency and all about it. The apartments which her aunt had at Florence were very large and fine, but they were nothing like the reception-rooms at the Resi-

dency—while her own rooms were charming; every want and comfort had been thought of and provided, and her father was able to say with satisfaction that all this had been newly arranged for her especial benefit. She was equally pleased with the gardens; the leaves in mid-winter, the multitude of squirrels and strange birds, even the familiar crows hopping about the edge of society with a view to pick up the stray crumbs left at the early breakfast taken in the veranda—all these novelties appeared full of interest for her, and her father experienced a sense of deep relief to find that his fears had been groundless lest she should prove to be a fine lady, spoilt for Indian life by foreign travel. A silent man himself, and restrained from expressing much interest in her former life by a sense of indignation at what he considered his sister's misalliance, his shyness was soon dissipated by his daughter's sympathetic ways, as she thus rapidly identified herself with his interests and her new home. The Commissioner soon found that the cheerful breakfast-table with his daughter opposite to him was a great improvement on the solitary meal, dawdled over with a book, to which he had been accustomed, still more when on his proposing to retire into another room before lighting his cigar afterwards, Olivia insisted on his smoking without rising. The obligatory dinner-parties which he used to dread seemed no longer the same dreary infliction. With his beautiful daughter acting as hostess, these solemn ordeals became comparatively lively; the guests no longer appeared to be insufferably bored. The morning ride too, with her for a companion, was in pleasing contrast to the lonely ramble on horseback to which he had been accustomed; he now got into the way of coming over from the court-

house for luncheon, and even went the length of taking an occasional evening drive with Olivia in the now barouche which had arrived for her use, a mode of amusement which no one had ever seen him indulge in before.

Such, then, was Olivia's new home, which, if it offered nothing that was not in unison with her gentle disposition, yet was not of a sort to develop the warmer feelings of her nature. Her life had been so far a happy one; she had never known disappointment or sorrow, and so it continued to be; but it was a life of chastened affection and without sentiment; and at an age when most English girls in India are wives and mothers, the great romance of life had not even yet presented itself. With her, life had been made up of the study of art and the pursuit of amusement in sober fashion; the graces more than the affections had been cultivated; and so far the transfer to an Indian home had not caused a change. The relations between father and daughter were those of mutual respect and calm affection; and a looker-on might have said that Miss Cunningham's disposition was one in which the effect of amiable temper was enhanced by polished manner, rather than one of deep feeling. Once only did her father step out of his usual reserve; one day when his daughter was in his room standing over him while he wrote a letter, he unlocked a drawer of his writing-table and took out a little picture-frame. "You may like to see that, my dear," he said, with face still turned downwards on his letter, and put it into her hands. It was the portrait of her mother, a poorly-executed affair in the stiff drawing of a native artist, but giving the impression of being a faithful likeness. "You are the very image of her," he said, after a short pause, in a low

voice, while Olivia stood looking silently at the portrait, and then taking the case from her hands put it back again in the drawer. Olivia stooped down and kissed him on the forehead: he went on with his writing, and she left the room.

On one occasion only did her father show much animation on domestic matters. It happened a few days after she arrived. They were just rising from the breakfast-table, and Justine, who always took that meal with them, had left the room, when Olivia said, "I have had a letter this morning from cousin Rupert, papa."

"Cousin Rupert!" said her father with surprise; "what do you know of *cousin* Rupert?" laying emphasis on the cousin.

"Why, papa, of course I know him very well; don't you remember that he came to Venice on his way home, when my aunt and I were staying there, and that you wrote to us about him?"

"True," replied the father, "I had forgotten that for the moment; but things have altered since then. I certainly did not think he would venture to write to you after what has happened. But it is just like him."

"What has happened, papa? Poor fellow! he speaks of being in trouble, but does not say what is the cause of it."

"I would rather not go into the story, my dear. It is a long business, and not a very pleasant one, where relationship is concerned; but I have given up all communication with him. However, it does not appear that he has acquainted you with the fact;" and Mr. Cunningham spoke in a sarcastic tone, unlike his usual manner.

"But, papa," said Olivia, after a pause, "may there not be some misunderstanding which could be

cleared up? So honourable a man as my cousin Rupert——"

"You are begging the question, Olivia. It is because I don't think your cousin Rupert is an honourable man that our intimacy is broken off. You seem to think I have been hard on him," continued her father, seeing that Olivia looked unconvinced; "but I think you may give me credit for not having formed my opinion lightly. And if," he added in a lower voice, and turning away, "I am to suppose that he has taken advantage of your trustfulness to create a feeling for him which he knows I should disapprove, I should think still less favourably of him than I do already."

"Then, papa," said Olivia, looking down and blushing slightly, as he was moving from the room, "do you wish me not to send any answer to this?" and she held out the letter in her hand. "Will you not read it yourself, and see what he says?"

"No, my dear, thank you; I have no wish to see it, nor to dictate to you what you should do in regard to it. I am sure I may rely implicitly on your good sense and judgment in this as in all matters." And so saying, her father left the room.

Thus appealed to, Olivia had virtually no choice, and her cousin's letter remained unanswered; but it was with a sad heart that she tried to reconcile her duty to her father's wishes with this neglect of her relative, and the struggle might have betrayed to herself the degree of interest with which he had inspired her. Till this time she had hardly been sensible how much of the pleasurable anticipations with which she had set out for India had been due to the prospect of meeting her cousin. And now to think that Rupert,

who had always seemed in her young imagination the type of the noble, honourable soldier, should be as one whose name even was hardly to be spoken of. Some dreadful fault he must have committed for her father, usually so kind, to be thus sternly disposed towards him. Might it not be, however, that he had been misjudged? He said he had enemies who were bent on traducing his character. There must be some mistake! And yet her father spoke so positively, and he seemed kind and just in everything else. Thinking sadly over this, Olivia strove to stifle the romantic interest with which her cousin had inspired her; and what might readily have become a warmer feeling, if opportunity had been propitious, was now succeeded by a sentiment of pity.

The unanswered letter was as follows:—

“MY DEAR COUSIN,—It is so long since any letters have passed between us, that I ought not to be surprised if you did not recognise the handwriting of this one. Not that I judge by my own feelings in this respect, for I don't think I should fail to know yours wherever I might come across it; but we have both passed through many scenes since we met at Venice, and although my memory naturally clings to those pleasant hours, I could scarcely complain if you had forgotten them, especially as you were so much younger then—quite a girl, in fact! I suppose you must be a good deal altered—young people do change fast, don't they?—but at any rate it can be only in one direction. I wish I knew when there would be a chance of my being able to renew our acquaintance; but I have been in some trouble lately, and want to put myself right first with the world,

especially with those whose good opinion I value most. It is a slanderous world, and I hope my cousin will not listen to the evil tales she may hear of one whose fault it has been to make enemies of those who can't bear that a younger man should understand his profession better than they do, and who values her good opinion before everything else. I hope you will meet our mutual friend Colonel Falkland before long. He at any rate is the soul of honour; and, standing well with him, who knows the facts of the case, I can afford to despise the slanders of those who repeat the scandals at second-hand of things they know nothing about.

“This is an egotistical letter, but if I begin writing about Olivia herself, I should never know when to stop asking questions. She will, I hope, anticipate my anxiety on this head, by giving me full particulars about herself, whenever she can find time to devote a few minutes to her old friend and relative.

“Pray give my remembrances to your father, if he cares to receive them, and believe me, my dear Olivia, always your affectionate cousin,
RUPERT KIRKE.”

Then came the recognition at the ball, when Kirke wanted to make his way towards Olivia, and her father stopped him. To Olivia, witnessing the scene, there came up a reproach from her conscience that she was failing in her duty to her cousin; a sense of wrong done in thus abandoning him replaced for the moment the feeling till then uppermost, that he was an unhappy man who was to be pitied for his fall through some unspeakable crime, and she thought with a penitent heart that she had been cowardly in not asking Colonel Falkland's aid on her cousin's behalf. The latter had spoken of Falkland as the one friend who still stood by

him, and believed in his innocence. To him she would appeal to set her unfortunate cousin right.

These reflections, and no response to the emotion which had stirred poor Yorke's heart to its depths, as the foolish young fellow had fondly imagined, occupied Olivia's thoughts before she fell asleep on the night of the ball; and the opportunity for carrying out her purpose soon arrived. She meant to speak to Falkland during the day, after her father had gone to his court; but the subject came up at breakfast, being opened by Falkland himself, who said, addressing the Commissioner, just as Justine was quitting the room after despatching her share of the meal, "I forgot to mention that I had a letter from your cousin, Rupert Kirke, yesterday. He is coming to Mustaphabad immediately."

"He has arrived," replied Mr. Cunningham, coldly; "I thought you might have seen him at the ball last night."

Falkland looked surprised and as if awaiting further explanation, while Olivia with changed colour sat expectant. Her father, after a slight pause, went on, "He left the room at my instance, I believe. I said to him that as I had declined to have any further intimacy or communication with him, it would be better that he should not renew his acquaintance with Olivia; and I must say so much for him that he had the good taste to act on my advice. But what brought him here I don't understand, knowing my sentiments."

"He comes to Mustaphabad to see the great man, while his camp is here, with a view to getting his case reopened."

"Did you advise the attempt, knowing the facts of his case?"

"I cannot say that I actually advised him to do so; he had let the

proper time go by for the only appeal he ought to have insisted on. My own opinion would have been for letting time have its effect, now that it is too late to demand a court-martial; but I did not say anything to dissuade him from making this personal appeal at once."

"Oh, Colonel Falkland," broke in Olivia, eagerly, "do say that you do not think so hardly of my cousin as papa does. He values your good opinion above everything, I know. It does seem a dreadful thing for the poor fellow to be cast off even by his friends in his troubles."

Falkland looked with surprise at the fair speaker, as she waited anxiously for his answer, for he did not know till then that she had thought at all about the matter. Then he said gravely, but with a kind smile—

"Your cousin has been very careless, no doubt, and there have been irregularities in this business which ought not to have occurred, and which no doubt bear a very unfavourable appearance; but I should think much worse of human nature than I do if I could believe that so gallant a soldier as Rupert Kirke were guilty of anything positively dishonourable."

"Oh, thank you for saying that!" cried Olivia, with fervour. "But why is it that he cannot get justice, poor fellow? Is there no way in which he can set himself right with the world?"

"A very sensible question, my dear, although you know nothing about the matter," observed her father, lighting his cigar, which a servant had just brought, and looking up at the ceiling as he leant back in his chair. "Yes, he had the means of clearing himself, no doubt, by demanding a court-martial. If he was so highly honourable a man, and had nothing

to fear from publicity, why did he not insist upon one being held upon him?"

"It was a grave error of judgment, no doubt," observed Falkland, slowly; "he should not have left the decision in the matter to the Government; but having once made the mistake, it was perhaps too late to rectify it."

"Well," said the Commissioner, rising from the table, "I am very glad that Olivia should have some grounds for taking a more charitable view of the matter than I am able to do, and I am quite willing both you and she should think I am unreasonably hard about it;" and so saying he went to his own room, adding to himself—"but I believe I know a good deal more about some points of the affair than even you do, Falkland."

"I am just going down to the cantonments," said Falkland to Olivia, when they were left alone, "and shall see your cousin this morning. In fact I am going there on purpose to see him. Shall I give him any message from you if he asks after you?"

"Thank you," she replied, warmly; "please say how heartily I grieve about this. But, no——" she continued, correcting herself, "it would hardly be proper to send him messages while papa's house is closed against him, would it?" and she looked up in his face asking for a reply.

"You are right, Olivia, in this as in everything; but I may at least say for you that he has your full sympathy in his troubles."

"Oh yes, please say all that, and my heartfelt wishes for happier days for him, poor fellow!" The love that might have been had now turned all to pity.

"She has grace and beauty enough to furnish twenty women," said the colonel to himself, as he stepped into

his carriage, "and withal is as guileless and simple as a child."

"I have seen Kirke to-day," said Falkland in the evening, as the occupants of the Residency were strolling in the garden, "and his Excellency gave him an interview, at which I was present. I am sorry to say the result was not satisfactory. The former holds out no prospect of reinstating him. Kirke returns to-night to his own station." No more passed on the subject.

This was the beginning of Falkland's brief and successful courtship. When, shortly after Olivia's arrival, he came to pay a promised visit of greeting to his godchild, his feelings were merely those of kindly interest, and curiosity to see how far she might have fulfilled the promise of her young girlhood. She, for her part, had merely an uncertain recollection of a person associated in her mind with middle age, whom she knew to be kind and good, and on whose friendship her father set a high value. Middle-aged he was, but the difference between them seemed no longer what it was when the slight girl in the broad-brimmed straw hat had led the grave soldier over the picture-galleries of Florence. Falkland was still grave and somewhat taciturn, although not without humour, but there was nothing of the old man about him. Erect, active, and soldier-like in habit, spare in diet, a student of books, and yet a busy public man, he had outlived the egotism of youth without acquiring the hardness of age, while his unselfishness and sympathy for others rendered his society fascinating alike to old and young. With natives he was as popular as with Europeans. His servants plundered him freely after the fashion of their kind, and would have followed him to death. Young men sought his advice in trouble. Children found him out and took to

him at once wherever he went. And after a two months' courtship, Olivia had accepted him for a husband.

The love was at first all on his side, and for some time he battled with the feeling, asking himself now and again if a weather-beaten old bachelor such as he, was fitted to make this beautiful and brilliant young creature happy; whether he would not be acting a wiser and less selfish part to withdraw from all competition for her hand, and leave her to find a mate among younger men. He had practised self-denial of the kind before and outlived the effort. Should he be less unselfish now that he was grown old? Olivia, for her part, made no secret of her liking for him, but her affection did not take the form of that young love which comes at some time to most women. There were no restless misgivings, no anxious recallings of spoken words, no impatient waiting for the beloved one's return. In place of the tumultuous emotions that make up the first days of ordinary courtship—the doubts and hopes chasing each other through the heart—there was merely a feeling of confidence and admiration. His society made everything seem bright; whatever he said and did seemed best and wisest; with him she felt always more at ease than even with her father. Withal she could not but be affected by the unconscious flattery implied in the footing of equality on which so distinguished a man placed her. Yet all this was not love; and up to the time when Olivia and her father paid their visit to Falkland, shortly after his return to his own station, she had at most but dimly discerned the coming prospect; and when Falkland, one day when they were pacing his garden together, revealed an episode in his early life, telling her how in years gone by he had nourished a passionate affection for her

mother, but, seeing that her heart was given elsewhere, had till now kept the secret of his love, so that not even the object of it had suspected its existence; and since she could not be his had remained unwedded, till now the daughter seemed the mother of his youth come back to life in almost more than her own sweetness and grace; and then, so much disclosed, asked, would that daughter entrust the keeping of her happiness to an old fellow like himself, young in heart if old in face?—when Falkland spoke thus, the avowal took Olivia by surprise, although, had she analysed her feelings, she must have known that their intimacy had gone beyond the bounds of mere friendship. But her answer was given without doubt or misgiving, for it seemed called from her by feelings of admiration and respect for him, mingled with the humility which marked her character. Placing her hand in his she turned on him a glance of her sweet face, and with a trustful smile said she would endeavour to deserve and return his love.

The Commissioner, when the news was announced to him the same evening, was equally surprised and delighted, and it at once determined him to a resolve which he had been thinking of making for some days past—namely, to take leave to Europe at once, instead of trying to patch up his failing health by a visit to the hills. Nor would he hear of Olivia returning with him, as she proposed to do, indefinitely postponing the time of her marriage. "He was not so ill as to require nursing," he said; adding jocosely, "that his old friend had been a bachelor so long he could not afford to be kept waiting any longer." Truth to say, Cunningham rather preferred the idea of travelling home comfortably alone, stopping

and moving as he pleased, with no one to consider but himself, to being accompanied even by his daughter, so that his determination involved less sacrifice than she supposed.

Official changes are soon arranged in India when brought about by sickness. The same post which carried to Cunningham the sanction of Government for leave to Europe on medical certificate, conveyed also the notification of Falkland's appointment to officiate as Commissioner of Mustaphabad during his absence—an announcement which, while shattering the hopes Captain Sparrow had indulged in of obtaining the preferment, was received with general satisfaction by the official world, Falkland being universally recognised as the fittest man to succeed to this important and lucrative post. Cunningham and his daughter returned forthwith to Mustaphabad to make the needful arrangements for their respective changes in life—arrangements easily accomplished, for Falkland took over the Residency furniture, carriage, and horses in block, and Miss Cunningham's ample outfit, still in its first freshness, rendered the need but small for a special *bridal trousseau*. The hot winds were now setting in apace, and it behoved Cunningham to start as soon as possible for Calcutta, if he would escape ill consequences from the journey. Accordingly, one day in April, Falkland arrived at Mustaphabad and took up his quarters for the night at the house of his old friend Mackenzie Maxwell, the civil surgeon. The following morning he received charge of the Commissioner's office, and the day was passed by the two friends at the court-house, in the matter-of-fact occupation of discussing the various business matters of the duty to be taken over, and sign-

ing the needful transfer papers. Towards sunset the wedding took place at the cantonment church, after which the newly-married couple and the guests invited to witness the ceremony, comprising all the residents of the station who had not gone off for the summer to the hills, repaired to Brigadier Polwheedle's house, the Residency being too far off for the purpose, and there partook of ices and champagne, according to approved custom. At dusk, Mr. Cunningham set off on his long journey, the Nawab's camel-carriage being again put in requisition for the first part of it; while Falkland and his bride drove home to the Residency.

Thus was our sweet Olivia mated, and all her friends and acquaintance pronounced it a happy marriage on both sides. And indeed with a husband gallant, clever, and unselfish, gentle and kind in his ways, and whose devotion and solicitude were evinced in every word and action, how could the young wife help being happy? And must not she love dearly in return a husband so good and noble, a husband of whom any woman might be proud? And yet—had she asked herself, is this really love? it would have been difficult to frame a true reply. She was always happy in his presence; no doubts or regrets came up to disturb the first placid days of wedded life; but the well-known footstep sounding in the hall raised no responsive throb in Olivia's gentle bosom, nor did the hours of enforced absence pass with weary longings for return. Olivia had been accustomed to spend many hours of the day alone; and now with Justine for company—Justine who had returned to the Residency after a short visit to Mrs. Polwheedle—she could still employ the long mornings happily till her husband returned from his duties at the

court-house. At times, indeed, would come up unbidden questionings whether another fate might not have been hers, and a sorrowful regret that her cousin should be cast off and forsaken, undeserving of affection though he might be; but any gentle doubts of this sort were dismissed whenever they arose, as unworthy tenants of her thoughts.

To the residents of Mustaphabad feeling a pleasurable interest in or indifference about Miss Cunningham's marriage, it needs hardly be said that there was one exception. And, crushed down by the sudden destruction of the hopes which the foolish young fellow had allowed himself to build on utterly unsubstantial foundation, poor Yorke had not even the bitter consolation of feeling that he had been the victim of heartless coquetry. He could not carry his self-deception so far as to delude himself into the belief that Miss Cunningham had knowingly jilted him. He now saw plainly enough that her supposed encouragement of his love had existed only in his own imagination. Calling up over and over again each moment of the brief interviews which made up his acquaintance with Olivia, his sense of truthfulness and natural humility now brought him to see clearly enough that her feelings towards him had been free throughout from the emotions they caused in him, that her kind manner was dictated merely by a kind heart. There had been no eagerness, no shyness in Miss Cunningham's greetings. All the heart-flutterings had been on one side only. So much the young man had learnt of the language of love. And amid the despair he felt at the downfall of his hopes, he could not but admit to himself that the choice she had made was, after all, a more natural and proper one. What right had

he, an obscure penniless subaltern, to aspire to gain that peerless creature for a wife? And for all his being a few years older, he felt as if he must always have looked up to her, and she down to him. Now Falkland was one whom every woman as well as every man must look up to; and her proper place would be as mistress of a great household. Fool that he was, to dream that she could ever come to share his lowly home! And yet, Falkland could never love her as he had loved her; she would never know as his wife the passionate devotion of which she deserved to be the object.

But from one disaster, at least, he had been spared. He had never, with all his folly, been fool enough to make his infatuation public. None of their acquaintance except Spragge could have a suspicion of it; and Jerry, though a harebrained fellow, was a staunch friend who would not peach. Even Olivia herself did not know his secret. But no! surely, he thought, she must have guessed his devotion, expressed in every way but speech. At least, however, he had been spared the humiliation of a confession rejected. And yet, he thought, it would have been sweeter to have been refused by her, than that she should never know my love, my love now to remain a secret for ever.

But although the young man had strength of will to hide his grief, and unselfishness enough to feel no anger with the woman who had made such wild work with his heart, life for the time seemed utterly intolerable, especially while the coming wedding was the universal topic of conversation throughout the station. To listen to this was more than he could bear; and obtaining a month's leave, Yorke set out with his tent to pass the time in wandering about the district. The shoot-

ing season and the time for camp-life was over; the harvest had been gathered in, leaving the bare sandy fields a desert; the hot winds blew clouds of stifling dust from morning to sunset, till his tent was like a furnace, and chairs, table, and bed, and even his food, were covered with the loose grit that filled the air; and the antelope which he pursued over the open plains were shy and wild; but he could at any rate tire himself out with walking; the nights in the open air were still cool, and sleep could be courted by sheer force of fatigue. Thus passed the weary time. Fain would he have taken leave for the whole hot season, and spent it wandering amid cool air and new scenes in the Himalayas; but with certain obligations already mentioned to be met shortly, he could not afford to give up the allowance of the two companies which he commanded. Hill stations and pleasant places, he thought bitterly, were not meant for such as he. More fitting that he should nurse his sorrow in bodily discomfort.

But even in the solitude of his little camp he could not altogether escape contact with the outer world.

The occasional messenger who came out from cantonments with his letters, brought a newspaper one evening, and spelling through this after his frugal dinner, beginning with the advertisements, as is the wont of solitary travellers in the East, he came upon the following announcement:—

“April 15th, at Mustaphabad, by the Rev. J. Wharton, M.A., Colonel Robert Falkland, C.B., to Olivia, daughter of Archibald Cunningham, Esquire, Civil Service.”

So, then, even the last despairing hope must be surrendered which had found a place in his foolish heart during these solitary days, that the whole story of the engagement might prove to be a horrid dream, or that something might happen at the last moment to break off the marriage. {Life must now be faced under its new conditions, and it would be mere cowardice to shirk it any longer. So determining, the young man returned to cantonments next morning without waiting for the expiration of his leave, and resumed his place in the regiment.

PAULO-POST-MORTEM.

(GHOST LOQUITUR.)

JUNE:—so I used to call it, as I think,—
 What time the merry Earth keeps carnival,
 Green-masked and garlanded, and jewel-pranked
 With lily-pearl, carnation-carbuncle,
 The sapphire that the Iris steals from Heaven,
 Laburnum's topaz, lilac's amethyst,
 Rose-ruby, and all gems her casket holds.
 Methinks she wears them with a difference now,
 A glory something fainter. Is the change
 In these or me, the seer or the seen?
 Or does that fond false artist Memory
 Trick them with livelier hues than e'er they wore?
 I know not,—but all colour seems a-cold.
 I recollect the time when such a Sun,
 As that which blazes high in Heaven to-day,
 Would send me sweltering to my summer-seat
 Beneath the broad fan-branches of the limes
 That fringe my lawn;—it doesn't warm me now!
 I seem to miss the old-accustomed wraps
 Of flesh and skin;—I shall get used to it
 In time, I doubt not; but it's strange, as yet,
 To feel the light airs blow me through and through
 Uncharged with sense of coolness or of warmth,
 Nor more disturb me now than I disturb
 One leaflet of the rose-bush that, untrimmed,
 In wanton wild luxuriance all but bars
 The garden-porch with block of bud and flower.
 Curious—this gliding noiseless, like a thief,
 In to one's own;—no playful tap at pane
 Startling the twilight gossip round the hearth,—
 No tingle of the bell,—no rat-tat-tat
 Of the black lion's nose-ring on the door,—
 No eager bark of recognising Tray,—
 Poor beast! he couldn't jump upon me now
 If he were here!—I miss him though:—how long,
 How many evenings did he watch to hear
 At the old hour the old footstep?—Is he dead
 Like me? I've read, what time I took delight
 In books, of dogs that pined and died of grief
 For loss of those they loved. (Philosophers
 Have held it doubtful whether such disease
 Made ever Ghost of Man.) There's Puss, at least,
 That ever, with her velvet back on-arch,
 Would rub a purring welcome round my legs,
 Soon as I sate:—she's got small notion now
 That here I am i' the midst. They used to set

My arm-chair ready ;—'t isn't in its place ?
 Ah ! there it lurks i' the corner thrust aside,
 With one leg lacking, just a hospital
 For all the children's maimed and mangled pets,
 Noah's leaky ark, the Patriarch and his wife,
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet, all the sequent beasts
 Emptied pell-mell, the lion with the lamb,
 And jostled amid wreck of broken drums,
 And trunks of long-decapitated dolls !

Somehow I lose of late my count of time :—
 How many of the spaces men call days
 Have dawned and darkened, registered, ticked off,
 In that old unconsulted almanac
 Wherein Time keeps the count of all the Past,
 Some day to meet its audit ?—Is't a week,
 A month—it cannot sure be more—since I,
 Since *it*, I mean (how the old habit clings !)
 The case, the shell, the husk, that held me once,
 Was carried with more pomp and circumstance,
 More numerous tendance, and more lavish cost
 Than e'er was spent upon it in the flesh,
 Into the narrow house that, every week,
 The parson warned me I must tenant soon ?
 Pooh ! *It* is there—not I !—The parson preached ;
 Some truth, no doubt ;—according to his lights
 Most honest ;—but you can't get blood from stones,
 Or out of Parsons more than Parsons know.

I wonder—after *It* was borne away—
 How long they looked at that old chair, and left
 Its seat untenanted,—how long they talked
 With bated breath of him who filled it once,
 As though the cheerier tone of natural speech
 Might shock the delicate ear of Death and mar
 The new scarce-tasted quiet of the grave ?—
 That topic's talked out now, if I can judge ;
 That fear is lost. I see black broadcloth still,
 And ells voluminous of bombasine
 At hearth and board ; but small abiding sense
 Of what they signify. There's a new song
 Spread out—a vulgar darling of the Halls
 Misnamed of Music—o'er the ivory keys ;—
 There's a new novel on the window sill ;—
 And from its leaves methinks I scent a whiff
 Foul, stale, of that abominable weed
 Whose filthy use I never brooked indoors.
 I count enough familiar things,—and yet
 How all seems other than it used to seem !
 A chilly, vague, uncomfortable sense
 Of novelty hangs over all things old,
 And some are changed in place :—and some I miss.
 Where have they put that sketch that used to hang
 Beside my corner ?—prized for her dear sake

Who pencilled it long since,—a simple thing,
 A cottage, tree, and streamlet,—short perhaps
 Of academic excellence, but Hers,
 Hers, whom I lost ere these were old enough
 To know their share in such a loss more great
 E'en than mine own :—I'd like to rend and burn
 That chromo-lithograph that fills its place !

Ah me ! new lords, new ways !—They're young, I know ;
 It's natural, I suppose ;—but in *my* time
 Long since, when I succeeded, did I hold
 Lightly as these the favourites of the Dead ?
 I think I'm glad they cannot know I'm here
 Among them—glad I cannot speak to them.
 I dare not guess what welcome I should get
 Could I declare my presence. I was pleased
 At thought of coming ; now I'm glad to go.
 They're well and happy,—that should be enough
 To satisfy a reasonable ghost.

May they long live so ! Farewell ! I depart !

Some other way, though—not by that front door
 Through which I saw them bear *It* out, feet first
 That morn when half the village blinds were down,
 And all the children out to see the show.
 Back, by the postern, through the offices
 I can slip out,—no footfall to betray
 The master's prying presence. I forget !
 What babble I of lord and master now ?
 I shall not scare the idle scullery wench,
 That lounges, giggling with the idle groom,
 Beside the stable door, the while, unfed,
 My old grey pony stands at empty rack
 And manger, looking patient for the oats
 His due an hour ago. The garden gate !
 The kitchen garden, where my arbour bench,
 With honeysuckle roofed and clematis,
 Looked through espaliered rows of plum and pear
 Glistening with diamond dew of summer morns,
 Down to the walnut at the orchard end,
 Set by the grandame whom I never knew ;—
 My beds, my shrubs, my fruit-trees,—I may look
 Once more on these, at least, and find no change.
 There's the old pond, and on its turfy slope
 The old dial, and the sleepy old gold-fish
 Among the water-lilies. Hah ! what's that ?—
 That bald red line of brick that cuts the sky !
 Is that dismantled block my garden wall ?
 I think, when I was heir, I would have cleft
 My right hand from its socket, ere I lopped
 One twig that owed its planting to my sire !
 I know Dick never loved those ivy stems
 It cost me years to train from base to crown,
 Till all the country couldn't show their match.

He used to sneer, and call them alms-houses
 For slugs and snails. It might be; but I know
 I never lacked a peach at autumn-tide:
 There always was enough for slug, and snail,
 Me, Richard, and the rest. He might have spared
 His father's hobby for a year or two.
 Or—there's a gardener's face that's new to me—
 'Twas he, no doubt, not Richard, that despoiled
 My walls of that luxuriant coronal
 I wreathed upon their brows. I trimmed their locks
 I' the garden-side,—but 'twas a sight to see
 How outwardly they bourgeoned, how they flung
 Their dark, dense, sun-defying canopy
 Of shoot, and leaf, and cluster, o'er the path
 That wound beneath it up the skirting lane!
 'Tis best I go no further,—I would keep
 Some pleasant memories yet, and dare not risk
 To prove them cheats. I will depart and come
 No more. I had thought often to return,
 To see old faces, hear old voices. No!
 That dream is dreamed! What feeble whine was that?
 What moan, as of a dumb thing, sore in pain,
 Comes from the corner where the stables dwarf
 To byre and sty? There was no creature there,
 In my time, but was happy. Ah! my God!
 Who was it that did this? My Tray, my dog,
 My friend, who loved me as a child might love
 Its father; whom I loved—Heaven pardon me!
 Almost as might a father love his child,
 Turned out, uncared-for, banished, kenneled, chained!
 And I—I cannot loose him! Savages,
 That slew the hound upon his owner's grave,
 And deemed that to the happier hunting-grounds
 They sent him partner of his master's chase,
 Had kinder hearts! And I must slink away,
 Ashamed, in silence, like a guilty thing,
 And but be thankful that he cannot know
 My presence, or with piteous mute appeal
 Of eye upbraid me that I leave him thus!
 Ah me! I looked to see some change, for change,
 I know, is death's successor,—some disuse
 Most like of trivial ordinance,—some touch
 Perchance of new improvement,—but not this!
 Poor Tray! thy heart is broken!—so is mine!
 * * * * *

"Les Revenants!"—so the Frenchman calls us ghosts:—
 "The Comers-back,"—no more; no touch, no hint
 Of reverence or affection,—just a plain
 Prosaic recognition of a fact:—
 The Comers-back.—Would God *I* had not come!

II. K.

UNDER THE MASK.

CHAPTER I.—THE COT OF CHRYSIPPUS.

JOHN STRONG was attentively regarding his little son, who was building a house on the floor.

"There is too much of his mother in the face," he muttered. Now, the unprejudiced observer, who had looked at Mr. Strong (and everybody looked at him once) would have probably concluded that the more the face of the late Mrs. Strong was represented in that of her child, the better for him; and yet the voice of the father, when he uttered the above comment, expressed anything but satisfaction.

"Mobile, sensitive, almost effeminate," he grumbled, with the corners of his mouth drawn down, and his eyebrows drawn stiffly upwards. "Perhaps I might do it," he continued, after a long pause: "such a skin as that must be always delicate, and the winds from every quarter are rough enough in these days, heaven knows." As he concluded the sentence, a strange twitch distorted his face for a moment. "Bah! am I a fool?" he grunted.

Mr. John Strong did not enjoy an enviable reputation in the neighbourhood. The village in which he lived was out of the world, and still cherished many monstrous superstitions, of which not the least monstrous was that this worthy man had sold himself to the devil. The origin of the legend was wrapped in darkness; but there was one old dame, who remembered well that at his birth a star with fiery tail had appeared in the heavens; and that on his twenty-first birthday a swart man on a black horse had been seen in the village, who might or might not be the attorney from the neighbouring town. And though

this old lady was herself suspected of many a frolic on broomstick, yet she had long since sown her wild oats, and her testimony was credited by all.

It may be believed, therefore, that when Mr. Strong wooed, won, and wedded in a single week little Molly Davis, who was both pretty and poor, and whose father was said to owe untold sums to the ill-omened bridegroom, the villagers were much annoyed. Indeed they so far emerged from their local lethargy as to murmur at old Davis, who went about smiling so pitifully, that a flood of tears would have been comparatively exhilarating; and the ale-house oracle, who had a remarkable mastery of a chain of reasoning, openly expressed a doubt, whether to sell your daughter to a man who had already sold himself, were not tantamount to a delivery to the ultimate purchaser. Few of his hearers were able to follow the argument; but it is recorded that more heads were shaken at The Odd Horse-Shoe on the day of the wedding, than on any previous occasion. Molly, however, who was at least as silly as pretty, accepted her fate with apparent resignation, and with the last smile of her girlhood on her lips, entered the dark house, which seemed to shrink away from the village street. When a year was ended, and her boy was born, she felt a strange return of her old gaiety one summer morning, and with the first smile of her married life on her lips quietly passed away. The boy, whom she left to his stern sire's care, was Chrysippus.

Mr. John Strong sat in his high-backed chair, staring at his son and

debating with himself, until it began to grow dark. At last he slowly and distinctly observed, "I will do it."

"Do what?" sharply inquired Mrs. Banyan, who was dusting the furniture, as indeed she was always dusting it when there was no more pressing business on hand.

"Do as you are bid," said her master without turning his head. "Put Chrysippus's cot by the side of my bed. He shall sleep in my room to-night."

Mrs. Banyan, though a woman of great experience, was genuinely surprised. "Sleep in your room!" she exclaimed.

"The part of my speech, which it were well for you to remark, was, 'Put Chrysippus's cot by the side of my bed.' Go and put it."

"Thank you kindly, sir. I am very well aware that I must pay for the pleasure of serving you by doing as I am bid; but if it were not for that motherless babe, and fatherless too, or worse — but there!" and with this incomplete but pregnant sentence, the good dame vanished. Neither the raised voice, the last flick of the duster, nor the slammed door, produced the slightest effect on Mr. John Strong. When his servant had gone, he took from his pocket a key of antique shape, and opened an old cabinet which stood behind his chair. From a mass of old clothes, old papers, old sticks of divers sizes, old weapons of divers shapes, he drew out a rusty hammer, and after a long search, a piece of iron beaten thin, which, battered as it was, still bore a far-off likeness to the cast of a human face. Whilst he examined the latter object with the greatest care, he wore a look which in any other man would be held to denote fear. Perhaps it was only the moonlight which made his cheek so pale; perhaps in the moon's

vague glimmer the powerful hands which held that pliant metal only seemed to tremble. "It is long since it was used in this brute shape," he muttered. "Shall I use it now, and can I change it as I wish?" He was roused from his deliberation by a little hand which was pulling his coat-tail. His infant son, after making for a time a new plaything of the moonbeams, had suddenly been frightened by the growing darkness, and crept up from the floor to claim his father's protection. John Strong looked down, and saw a little face with high forehead, delicate cheek wet with tears, and trembling lip, appealing to him for pity. His hesitation was at an end. "It will save him a great deal of pain," he said; "and perhaps wear off if he ever can do without it," he added after a moment. He thrust his hand once more into the cupboard, and drew from a shelf at the back a flask of quaint workmanship, which sent a drowsy perfume through the room. Then with flask, hammer, and battered iron in his grasp, and carrying Chrysippus under his arm, he went slowly upstairs to his bedroom and locked himself in with his son.

Mrs. Banyan having vented her natural annoyance by bumping the cot of Chrysippus against every corner of the passage, and planting it with a final bang by the sombre bed of his father, donned her night-cap and prepared herself for that repose which her innocence deserved. But her perturbed spirit was not so easily lulled to rest as usual. She fell into a broken slumber and dreamed of her master. She saw him as a bird of ashen plumage and flaming tail, who with a long sharp bill tapped on the metal plate of a coffin. Still asleep, she was angry with herself for being troubled about so unworthy

a person; and in her efforts to dismiss him from her mind she awoke as the clock was striking one. When the sharp note of the old timepiece had passed from her ear, the tapping, which the weird fowl had made in dreamland, was distinctly audible to the awakened sense. "Drat the man!" said Mrs. Banyan, "why can't he sleep and let sleep, instead of hammering nails into his boots at this time of night? I'd hammer him if I had my way." This good lady was the only inhabitant of the village who did not quake before Mr. John Strong. Had all the clocks in clock-land cried one with voices of every degree of awe, she had not stirred her blanket. Nay, if her master himself had come riding into the window on a flash of lightning, she would have knocked him down with the shovel, and put him to bed in poultices. She had no belief in his supernatural alliances. She knew too much about him. If she gave him damp sheets, did he not have a cold in the nose like other people? And, indeed, the notion of a wizard calling in muffled tones on "Bephistopheles" to warm his bed is ludicrous enough. If his dinner was tepid, did he not grumble, and was not such grumbling inconsistent with the friendship of one who could heat the dish at a word? In short, whether it be true or not that no man is a hero to his lackey, it is certain that no man is a wizard to his cook. The pulse of Mrs. Banyan beat with its wonted regularity as she listened to the mysterious rapping in the next room; and when it ceased, her ample night-cap sank upon the pillow, the sigh of satisfaction became more guttural in character, and she slept. But not for long. As the clock struck two, she was wide awake and somewhat angry. Sounds as of some foreign language came from

the next room, and ever and anon deep pants and groans as of some one striving wearily at a task beyond his strength. "The sufferings that poor man undergoes from nightmare nobody would believe," was the comment of Mrs. Banyan. The night was very still, and the voice of John Strong was clearly heard in the darkness, but so changed that his very servant doubted if it were his. In its tones might have been detected by a more subtle hearer a strange mixture of authority and dismay. The man was talking nonsense with terrible earnestness, and the effect was disagreeable. But Mrs. Banyan was not to be disturbed by another's nightmare. She had learned from experience that to bang the wall with a poker or to shout through the keyhole gained nothing but a flood of undesirable eloquence. So, determined to treat the sounds as a lullaby, she again laid her night-cap on the swelling pillow and in a few moments slept. On that night, however, not the strongest will joined with the easiest conscience could insure repose. The cranky clock upon the stairs struck three, as the night-cap, now sadly ruffled and cocked defiantly, parted from the pillow. In that ear which was not obscured by frills was a babel of noises. Doors and windows were flying open; a fresh wind howled in the chimney; distinct amid the hubbub rose the cry of a human voice, and dying away in the distance a sound like mocking laughter. "Drat the owl!" said Mrs. Banyan. "And drat the wind!" she added after a pause, with the manner of one who fulfils a solemn duty. But the time had come for action. Since the window in the next room was blown in, and the door blown out, it was clear that Chrysippus must be in a draught, and of draught his nurse had a horror. Hastily

rising and attiring herself in an antique robe, which fell in bold curves from her chin to her feet, she groped her way along the passage. "How that fire has been smoking, to be sure!" she said, as she gained the open door of Mr. Strong's chamber. On the threshold she paused, as much amazed as a woman of such character could be. The wind had played strange pranks in the apartment. The blind was streaming inward like a banner. On either side the heavy curtains waving to and fro made moving shadows. On the floor lay a broken bottle, and from it oozed a slow thick liquor, whose perfume mingled with the blinding smoke which choked the place. Midway between the window and the door a chalk circle was half traced half smudged. The moon was hurrying by, but could not pass the room. Her unwilling rays turned the thickened air into silver, till the cot of Chrysippus seemed a sheeny boat lulled on a murky stream. "He has been at his chemicals again," said Mrs. Banyan, "and it is a mercy if he has not blown himself up this time." She looked around anxiously. A few deep oaths from a dark corner would have been a positive luxury. There was no sound. She explored the room carefully. Her master was not therein: "Sleep-walking again,"

said Mrs. Banyan: "perhaps in the well by this time; and if so, nobody will set eyes on him again in this world." She was naturally indignant with Mr. John Strong for walking in his sleep, and leaving his concoctions to explode in his absence. If he had fallen down the old well, it served him right; but the thought that, if her surmise were correct, it would be impossible to find the body and inter it with the fitting pageantry of plumes and dyed horses was inexpressibly melancholy. She shook her night-cap, and its strings trembled. But Mrs. Banyan was not "passion's slave," to waste her time in speculations on the unknown future or regrets for the vanished past. She was ready to do the work which lay nearest to her hand; which lay on this occasion in the cot of Chrysippus. Bathed in white moonlight, beneath a passing wind, noise, smoke, and dust about him, the child lay sleeping in unnatural calm. For the first time that night the woman felt a flutter at her heart, as she looked on his pale face. She touched the wrist which lay upon the counterpane. The pulse was firm, and she heaved a deep sigh of relief. Leaning in a motherly fashion over the little rail which hedged him in, she laid a great kiss upon the boy's cheek. How cold and hard it was!

CHAPTER II.

"The child that's father to the man, methinks
Must be his grandam's grandsire, and should teach
The docile dame each dear domestic art."

The disappearance of Mr. John Strong was to the rustics amid whom he had dwelt at least a nine years' wonder. After that time other topics slowly usurped its place as the chief subject of ale-house conversation; and when another six

years had passed away with prophecy and fulfilment of harvest, courtships, marriages, and deaths, keen interest in the rector's chronic influenza, and faint rumours of European wars, it was only remembered by those who chanced to pass,

with vacant mind, the house where Chrysippus and his female guardian still lived. About this dismal mansion were gathered the old fables and the old fears. No children would play in its shadow; young maidens tested their courage by passing slowly in the dusk, with eyes fixed upon that window which the legend had severed from all windows for ever. Even the elders shunned the place, encouraged in their prejudice by the arrogant conduct of Mrs. Banyan, who, as soon as possible after the catastrophe, had given a bit of her mind to every adult in the village. When this good woman became aware that, according to the accepted version of that strange night's tale, her late master had summoned a Netherlandish spirit for some unholy purpose, and having failed to make himself safe, had been snatched from the magic circle by his own familiar, she expressed herself so freely on the subject of the parish intellect, that those substantial neighbours, whose savings should have insured respect for their opinion, felt that society was in danger. When a few men bolder than the rest assembled before the house, and expressed an intention of visiting the scene of the catastrophe, and Mrs. Banyan, finding the vials of wrath unavailing, had emptied a water-jug upon them from an upper window, a coldness ensued which time seemed unable to determine. Mrs. Banyan's belief that John Strong, while walking in his sleep, had fallen into the long-disused and unfathomable well at the bottom of the garden, was as strong as knowledge; and this theory she imparted as a fact to her young charge.

The boyhood of Chrysippus was singularly lonely. He had no playfellows, and did not know how to play. Once when he stood blinking in the sunny street like a young

owl, on a sudden boys and girls came tumbling out of the village school. Moved by an unusual impulse he drew nearer, when to his amazement they broke and fled with lively symptoms of alarm. The sound of children's voices was unknown to him, save when strained to hail him from a safe distance as "Young Brazen-face," or "Dismal Sippy." The population had a strong though unformulated belief in hereditary genius, and expected with some awe the manifestation in Mr. Strong junior of diabolical ingenuity and a bad heart. Yet the boy seemed in no way affected by neglect or dislike, and indeed to be free from emotion of every kind. Finding that he was not popular abroad, he remained at home; and since he knew no sports, he gave himself wholly to study. Very early in life he discovered the mass of books and papers which his father had left in the cabinet behind the high-backed chair. Among the papers was a slip of foolscap headed with the words, "Scheme for the education of my son." This scheme the boy, encouraged by his trusty servant and guardian, who had a great respect for parental authority, accepted as a guide, and thenceforth his aim in life was to form himself according to his father's will.

In the course of study proposed by Mr. John Strong was a remarkable omission. There was no mention of religion. Mrs. Banyan, concluding that this branch was left to her judgment, made early efforts to instil into the boy her own simple creed, but was met by such subtle questions and led into such dangerous pitfalls, that she desisted in much perturbation and betook herself to prayer. Left to himself, Chrysippus inaugurated a strange cereinonial. Dreaming of the author of his being and of his education, he imagined him wholly wise and

good. Wandering in the dark neglected garden he pictured this great being as a dweller in the unfathomable well. Often the little child stole out in the first light of dawn, or through the shadows of the unkempt shrubbery at evening to place a small cake or piece of bread at the well's mouth. If this offering were taken, he knew that his father was contented with him; if not, he appeased him by doubling his hours of study. Perhaps the little birds were priests of this religion; and it is said that many a priest has been enriched by gifts intended for his god. So on one side of an old wall Mr. John Strong was held a colleague of the powers of darkness, on the other was worshipped as a deity. Only Mrs. Banyan, stalwart believer in the golden mean, knew him to have been a very faulty man, and so dismissed him.

The religion of Chrysippus, though modified as the years went by, survived even till his eighteenth birthday. All his reverence, which was not very great, was reserved for his father, and for himself as the intellectual erection built on his father's lines. For all other people he felt a calm contempt, caused in part by the fact that in the paternal writings they were always used as a dramatic contrast with ideal humanity. Mr. John Strong had preferred men of his own making. At the age of eighteen Chrysippus was master of much learning, which was neatly gathered under the widest possible propositions, and was divided and subdivided with exquisite discrimination. Philosopher, logician, economist, and historian, he stood five feet eight inches in his stockings, and turned a refined but curiously immobile countenance to the world, which he surveyed from his garden through a wall of unusual thickness. If to be

satisfied with one's self is happiness, he was happy; for he felt that the education which he owed to the wisdom of a faultless sire, must have placed him, however poor his natural gifts, far above his fellows. One care remained. To the neglected beings around him he had a duty to perform, a duty which it was not sufficient to explain. His circle of acquaintances was small, and he shrank from the effort to extend it; but there close by was one whom he could teach, Mrs. Banyan. The thought was delightful. She, too, should gain a share of that store of knowledge which he enjoyed. She, too, should be wise and good; and so the quickening influence of Mr. John Strong, finding new channels as the days went by, should slowly fertilise the world. With such benevolent purpose in his mind, the youth one morning addressed his cook, housekeeper, washerwoman, and quondam nurse as follows:—

"Banyan, I want to educate you."

"Educate your grandmother," said Mrs. Banyan.

"But, Banyan, I know so much; and what shall I do with all my knowledge? I can go on teaching myself, but that is only one. Now, if I taught you and myself, there would be two. Do you follow me?"

"I think a blind donkey could follow you so far," replied the dame, polishing a chair.

"And I don't know anybody but you and myself," said he.

"That is true enough, poor boy!" said she, pausing with the duster in her hand, and fixing her motherly eyes on his face; "and what with your heathenish name, and your not being able to play at anything, and the odd look——" and here she checked herself on a sudden, and fell to rubbing the furniture with quite unnecessary violence.

"What look do you mean?" asked Chrysippus; "have I an odd look?"

"Bless you, no!" said she, with her eyes carefully averted.

"But you said——"

"Never mind what I said," she cried in a great heat; "and if you want to teach me," she added, "begin at once, before I get through my dusting. I like to be usefully employed when I am learning anything."

"But you are usefully employed when you are learning what is useful."

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Banyan.

When Mrs. Banyan made use of this expressive monosyllable, it was a sign that any further discussion would be offensive to her. So Chrysippus, who was secretly surprised at gaining his pupil with such ease, thought it well to begin her higher education at once, before she had time to cool. Having opened the old cabinet, he extracted from a shelf of manuscripts a page of note-paper, which was adorned by the solid characters of his late parent. With this precious relic between his finger and thumb, the youth seated himself with professorial dignity in his high-backed chair, and fixing his calm eyes on his former nurse, addressed her as follows: "The best course of education, my dear Banyan, begins by impressing on the pupil certain universal laws, from which dissent is impossible, and which explain all the phenomena of the universe, physical, mental, moral, and social. This paper, which I hold in my hand, explains the world."

"And neither him nor his father ever beyond the parish!" was the comment of Mrs. Banyan. "And how do you know all this?" she asked.

"You very properly bring me back," he said, "to the preliminary

question. You must ask, 'Of what have I knowledge?' and I reply, 'You know nothing, and can know nothing, but your own sensations.' For instance, when you say, 'I know that there will be flowers in the spring,' you mean that after the lapse of a certain time (of the origin of the idea of time I shall speak presently) you will experience sensations of sight, touch, and scent, which when associated in a special manner you distinguish as flowers."

This language was not altogether new to the pupil, who had often heard her young instructor discouraging with himself to the same effect and in the same style. On this occasion she was content to observe with a sniff, "Then, if anything goes wrong with my nose, there will be no spring next year."

Chrysippus was not alarmed by this criticism. "The connection," he continued, "between the limitation of knowledge to the sensations of the individual, and the certainty of the universal physical laws, by which we are warranted in asserting that winter will be followed by spring, is a subject too difficult for you at present. Leaving this for a future occasion, we will now pass from the fundamental law of the nature of knowledge to the corresponding law of human action. The motive of action is the pleasure to be gained or the pain to be avoided by the action; and this is true of the action of every man."

"Well, I never did think well of men," said the pupil.

"And of every woman," added the inexorable logician.

This was too much. "You horrid little scamp!" cried Mrs. Banyan, positively standing idle in her amazement. "Do you suppose," she went on, with growing indignation, "that I took charge of you all these years to please myself?"

"Why did you then?" asked he, calmly.

"Because I chose," cried the unwary dame.

"Precisely!" he said, "because you chose—that is, because you wished—that is, to please yourself."

"Please myself, indeed!" she exclaimed, now thoroughly angry. "I tell you that I stayed here because I wished; and I wished, because it's not right to leave a wretched orphan to take care of himself; and nobody else in the village would ever take such a place. And as for any pleasure which I have had in this house, or any satisfaction in you, since that awful night"—and here she checked herself, as was her wont, just half a minute too late.

"What awful night?" he asked.

There was a strange contrast between tutor and pupil at this moment. In her face was clearly shown the struggle between temper and the desire to curb it, and her voice had a sharp sound, which, for all its fierceness, was not far from tears. In his cheek there was no flush, in his lips and fingers no movement of excitement. If the woman had aroused in him either sympathy or irritation, there was no outward sign of either. His words were clearly uttered in their usual tone, and his voice had a judicial calmness, with no trace of curiosity, when he asked, "What awful night?"

"The night your poor father died," she answered, after a minute's pause.

"Did you admire him so much?"

"Of course," she said; "heaven forgive me!" she mentally added.

"And in what way have I been less satisfactory since that particular date?"

"Drat the boy!" cried Mrs. Banyan, "he's a perfect questioning machine! But you may do your answering for yourself," she

continued, turning to Chrysippus; "and as for your teaching, if you must muddle your head with such rubbish, don't muddle mine—no, nor Margaret's either."

"Who is Margaret?" he asked.

"There, there! and I meant to see if I could not surprise you for once, though it's my opinion that nothing under an earthquake would make you move an eyelash."

"But who is Margaret?"

"Well, if you must know, she's my niece, and I've sent for her to help me to take care of the house; for I am not so young as I was, and, do what I can, I can't keep the place clean." And here she fell to rubbing the furniture, as if she had just found it, and was shocked by its neglected state.

"Do you like her?" he asked.

"I have not seen her since she was a little girl," she answered, "but she promised well, and they say she's fond of work. Besides, she is not afraid to come, and that's something."

"But why should she be afraid?"

"Now, I won't answer another question," said Mrs. Banyan, firmly; "but one thing I will say, my niece has had too much schooling to please me; so don't you get talking to her any of that nonsense which you were talking to me just now."

"But it is not nonsense."

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Banyan.

Some days after this conversation, Chrysippus, returning from the garden to his books, found a young girl actively rubbing the old cabinet which stood behind his chair. The cupboard creaked and groaned; but careless of the expostulations, she hummed a little song like a bee at work among the flowers. It was an evil day for the venerable confidant of Mr. John Strong's secrets. When the outside had been polished to the verge of agony, the doors were turned upon their wheezy

linges, and the shelves within laid bare. The cabinet, which even Mrs. Banyan had so far respected, that only the tender touch of a feather-brush had visited it, was at the mercy of this young adventurer, and all its treasures of tomes and papers were face to face with the iconoclastic duster. But the imminence of the danger roused Chrysippus from his surprise.

"Oh, pray don't touch my father's books!" he cried. Perhaps it was his earnestness which brought the smile to her lips. She was smiling, as she closed the old doors, and turned to him.

"How do you do, sir?" said she.

"How do you do? Margaret," said he; and having said it, he felt a little awkward, and blushed slightly.

CHAPTER III.

"Woman less free than welcome! Can it be
She were to us less welcome if more free?"

Was no birth of light so fair since the world's first dawn, as on that morning. During the few weeks, which had gone by since the old house was made bright by the footsteps of Margaret, there had been cloud and shower, shower and cloud: now, on a sudden, was a day for the fairies. Chrysippus had never heard the sheep-bell on the distant slope so clearly, nor the nearer babble of children's voices in the village street. The wind of heaven had never stirred the hair about his temples so softly, nor borne so freshly the smell of rich soil, of growing crops, of flowers that filled the earth and air. The student was amazed at the strange acuteness of his senses; but somehow as he thought of his new emotion it was gone, and the charm of the world passed by. He was a little impatient with himself. Was he, who understood nature to its deepest depth, to be cheated by whispers of Nymph from stream or wood? Was he an idle fellow who must meditate poetry, because, forsooth, there was more oxygen about than yesterday? Why, it was his pastime to watch the earth together with more important planets come into being, because for a time in

the aggregate of atoms the force of attraction was greater than that of repulsion. He would mark, how with a sweet simplicity the same undiminished matter gathered into mountain, river, tree, and flower, then packed closer still in fish and bird, in beast and man. He had only to pursue the same train of thought, until the dividing force was everywhere in excess; and lo! man, beast, bird, fish, flower, tree, river, mountain, and the round earth itself, became once more a loose group of like atoms drawing nearer to the sun. One who could imagine all this at eighteen years of age, was not to be tickled in the nose and ear by the spirit of summer. A closely-packed bundle of dissimilar parts, he stood outside the universe, and watched it through the glasses perched upon his delicate nose, with a kindly patronage. Its infinite variety was to him an inevitable heterogeneity.

He felt that he must get to work; so he took down a volume, and sharpened a pencil for marginal annotations. But his occupation was not satisfactory. He knew all that was in the book, and his attention wandered. Men and women were gossiping in the road, and

their voices disturbed him. Being unable to banish them, he determined to accept and explain them, but it was stupid work. After mentally taking to pieces and putting together the chief speaker, he could only repeat the same process until the whole group was exhausted. The student of psychology yawned. Men and women are so painfully alike, and brains and spinal columns are all of one pattern. While he was languidly dissolving the village butcher, there suddenly rose from the garden a song as artless, frank, and sweet as the morning. In a moment he was ashamed of the work on which he was engaged. It was presumptuous—nay, more, it was indecent; there was no word for it but vile. No difference in human beings indeed! Who could sing like Meg? If their throats were of the same fashion, why could not they use them? Her movements in the daily work were made to music. She was like the great composition of a master, which was yet full of simple melodies. She was snow in sunlight, grass in dew, dawn in untrodden meadows, fresh roses, fresh lilies, fresh daisies, fresh lettuce, fresh cream. She was fair, and sweet, and good. She was princess and dairymaid, cook and fairy, star alone in heaven, and candle in the cottage window. Who could describe the flood of fancies which poured through the mind of this young man so suddenly gone mad? Through all those days, while maid Margaret put the house in order, the stream had been rising higher, and the deluded youth had been unaware. With the song heard at that disturbing hour, the first ripple had gleamed above his outworks; and a moment after, the whole broad flood poured in. How his paper embankments went down! Books freighted with the most ponderous words were of no avail. On

the stream came back the light-footed breeze, bright with sounds of birds, sheep-bells, and children, fragrant with earth and growing crops and blooming flowers. The whole morning, which he had so carefully shut out, was back upon him, as if the garden song were the summons of a fairy. Chrysippus, who was now stark mad, thought it was. He looked at the distant hills, gave a great sigh, snatched up his hat, and put it on. That hat, which was wont to cover as cool a brain as could be found, was for the first time slightly on one side. As he made for the door, it opened, and Mrs. Banyan appeared on the threshold. She stared in amazement. She rubbed her eyes, and looked again. She was not dreaming; and there certainly was a faint flush in his cheek.

"Meg must go to the hills with me," he said, eagerly. If he had asked for the moon, or for a work of fiction, Mrs. Banyan could not have been more surprised.

"But she has got her work to do," she objected.

"It is a shame," he cried, "that she should work so hard. She has no time for books nor country walks, no holidays, no pleasure."

"No pleasure!" exclaimed she rather tartly. "Suppose that it is her pleasure to work, what then?" Chrysippus could not think of the right answer at the moment; and she continued—

"If the girl was idle, she would be wretched; but there! I suppose that it's one of your fads to have people happy in your way instead of their own."

"But I say that it is a shame that Meg should work so hard, and I sit idle. Because we men are stronger, we make women slaves. The position of woman is degraded, and not to be endured."

"You have endured seeing me

work for a good many years," observed Mrs. Banyan, drily.

"O Banyan," he entreated, "let me ask her to come! You have no right to prevent her," he added, hotly; "she ought to do whatever she likes. All men and women should do what they like."

"Even when it is wrong?" asked she.

"How can you say what is right or wrong? Nobody should show even by a look that he disapproves of another's act. It is gross tyranny."

"Well," observed Mrs. Banyan, "I never have smiled at a thief, and I never will."

"O Banyan, do let her come!" begged the youth, coming down with great rapidity from the elevation of the lawgiver. "I feel as if I should live, if she would take me away to the blue hills."

The good dame was softened. Had Margaret meditated a walk with any other young man, she had been under lock and key in no time; but Chrysippus was so comically unlike other young men that it was hard to find a reason for refusing his request. Besides, deep in Mrs. Banyan's soul was amazement at the change in Chrysippus. For the first time, since he was three years old, she saw in him the signs of strong emotion. She felt as if something had given way in him. She seemed nearer to him than she had ever been since he was a little child. Her motherly heart went out towards him, she smiled on him without consciousness of a previous intention to smile. The smile almost widened to a laugh, and her face beamed like the sun at noon, as she said—

"There, there! go and enjoy yourself."

Maid Margaret needed no persuasion to woo her from the narrow

garden. Each moment she had been glancing at the sky with half a sigh, and had followed with her eyes each bird that darted with a thrill of pleasure over the wall. Besides, since in her youth she was more sanguine than her aunt, the wish of Chrysippus seemed to change him in a moment to a wholly new person. Every day she had learned to pity him more and more. He was so unable to be young, even so unconscious of the possibility of youth, so cold in taking kindness, so mercilessly just to himself and others, that his presence had already begun to chill her glad spirits, and to make her sigh at odd moments with a new appreciation of pathos. Now, instead of this lifeless thinker, suddenly through the tangled sweets of the garden came a boy with flush and blush and eager prayer; and with no doubt she put her hand in his to lead him out of the shadows. It was a summer day's miracle, and the whole duty of woman was to prevent a reaction.

For a time they went in silence. Her thoughts were a half-formed hymn of thanksgiving for the beauty of the time, and the joy of her companion. He followed where she led, filled with an emotion of delight, with a strange wonder that all things were so fair; perceiving the earth and air, song of birds, and charm of the girl beside him, as vivid parts of one boundless beauty; making no effort to distinguish the pleasure gained from each, but for the first time, [since he was a little child, glad. He was tired first, as was natural. They had just reached the edge of the downs, and, descending a little, she chose a seat where the grass was deepened and wrinkled about the roots of an old tree. Away on the left the sun was already moving towards the west, and the rays spread downward like a fan, touching the low-lying hills from end to

end. Before them the land swept downward in full curves, till it sank into the meadows below. Fields of grass or growing corn stretched to the grey willows, which marked the winding path of the river, where it did not reveal itself by catching the sunlight at its curves. Over all was the luminous shadow of a mist, which was lost in the blue distance. Chrysippus felt the charm throughout him, and read emotions like his own in all the scene. The sun loved the cool hillside; the haze was too languid to rise from the strong earth; the wheat longed to be all gold; the river lingered because the place was fair, and laughed where he caught the rays. Margaret watched her pupil and was full of hope. She would have sung, had she not feared to disturb a mood which she did not try to understand, but felt to be healthy. Whenever he glanced at her with a pathetic appeal for sympathy, she answered with a smile.

But her state of satisfaction was rudely shattered by a request so strange, that her heart stopped beating for a moment. "Will you kiss me, Meg?" asked Chrysippus. She looked at him in wonder. Had there been the glimmer of a smile in his eyes, or the slightest tone of the lover in his voice; had there even appeared in him the consciousness that his request was surprising, she would have felt herself insulted, and left him in his egoism to kiss his own hands when he pleased. But he spoke as a child might ask his nurse, or pray to an angel. "No-

body has kissed me as long as I can remember myself," he said. "Poor boy!" she murmured, and touched his cheek with her lips. And now it was impossible to sit quiet in this spot, which would for ever have a quaint sanctity for her. She was beginning to blush, and the awful question flashed upon her whether she must tell her aunt. She leapt to her feet like a young Artemis, and pointed toward the village. "Meg," asked he, "is all the world so beautiful?" "Yes," she answered, with all the certainty of youth. She had seen a few miles of earth.

"Then the day must come," he said, looking toward the setting sun, "when men and women are fit to dwell therein; you must help me to make them better."

"Everybody can do something."

"We can do much."

"We can praise God for all good, and try to do right," she said, simply.

"Meg," said he, after a pause, as they went down the slope, "you must help me to be good."

She put her hand in his, and so they went home.

Maid Margaret could not keep her guilty secret. When she confessed to her aunt that night, she was amazed at the reception of the news. Mrs. Banyan asked with symptoms of excitement, if his face was soft. The next morning when Chrysippus came cheerfully down to breakfast, the good dame dashed in with her cap awry, caught him in her arms, and kissed him on both cheeks. They were soft as a girl's.

A SKETCH OF CANADA AS IT NOW IS.

THE world is living so fast, remarkable events follow each other with such rapidity, whilst the facilities of communication permit of the concentration of intelligence from all parts on each succeeding day, that there is danger lest, amongst the glitter of startling occurrences, the steady growth of history in a portion even of our own empire may be overlooked or but slightly regarded. Yet there is little doubt but that great changes have taken and are taking place in the most important of our colonial possessions. The colonies included in our North American empire, and since 1867 united together under the name of the Dominion of Canada, whence the writer has recently returned after a lengthened residence, are laying deep the foundations of a history whose later development may depend in no slight degree on the present action and opinions of those who are labouring in the work, and of those who are looking on from the mother country.

The wonderful progress, the ceaseless activity, and the almost obtrusive self-assertion of her great neighbour, have attracted men's attention from the slower but perhaps steadier growth of Canada; and it is a matter of remark, not perhaps unaccompanied with a slight ingredient of bitterness, that ten lines in the most important of the English newspapers are devoted to Canadian affairs, while several columns are allotted to those of the United States. The growth of the oak may be less interesting to watch than that of the pine, but its durability is more permanent; and not to attempt to prophesy, it may be remarked that the teaching of history has shown on more than one occasion that

power and strength have come from the north, and that the stern features of nature, whilst impeding the advance to maturity, have strengthened the constitution of nations that have been born amidst the rigours of a severe climate.

The picture presented by the Dominion of Canada is, however, even now striking enough to excite the imagination, as well as to rouse the interest of thinking men. A population, consisting for the most part of English, French, and Scotch, and amounting in numbers to little if any more than that comprised within the area of London, occupies with greater or less density—leaving at present vast and fertile regions in their pristine solitude—a country stretching over 70 degrees of longitude, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. This vast territory is united under one government, is ruled (stating the case broadly) by similar laws, and guided by precedents founded on English history. A nation is, in fact, progressing gradually to maturity imbued with English sentiments, attached to English forms of government, and desirous of passing from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, by gradually modifying the connection, but without severing the links that bind it to the mother country. The formation of this nation dates from the year 1867, when, by a peaceful but important revolution, the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, yielding their separate identities, united themselves with Upper and Lower Canada, and formed the present Dominion, into which British Columbia, Manitoba, and Prince Edward Island soon after gravitated, the last not until the end of the

year 1873. This junction of two provinces was a bold project, wisely and judiciously carried out. Upper and Lower Canada had for many years been united under one government; but the diversity in nationality and religion, which divided Ontario from Quebec, engendered such a complete difference in regard to all great questions, that constitutional government had almost arrived at a dead lock; fresh blood was necessary; and disregarding the vast distances that separated the several provinces, and the still greater difficulties of intercommunication, the premier of the day, the present Sir John Macdonald, carried the Act constituting what is now called the Dominion. Much patience and many sacrifices were required; the jealousies of the provinces had to be appeased, their strong local patriotism modified, and the love of the old country, which led some of them to cling to direct union with England rather than to seek to create a fresh nationality, diverted into a new channel. Much credit is due to those who guided the helm in such troublous waters, and to those who, sacrificing local interests and narrower aims, decided to form of the North American colonies a Dominion worthy to be England's proudest offspring. What, therefore, is the picture which Canada now presents? A country governed in all essential respects on the model of England; the Governor-General representing the Queen — and their two Houses of Parliament, the Senate and the House of Commons, possessing powers corresponding to those of their prototypes in Great Britain. Provincial matters are left to the provincial governments, in each of which a Lieut.-Governor and two Houses of legislature, "except in Ontario and Manitoba, where one is considered sufficient," exer-

cise functions in regard to local affairs similar to those which the Parliament at Ottawa possesses in respect to the larger interests of the Dominion.

The capital of the Dominion, the result of a compromise, selected on grounds somewhat similar to those that led to the choice of Washington, stands on the Ottawa, whose name it bears, and whose waters flow beneath the cliffs on which the city is built, in breadth and volume exceeding those of the largest rivers of Europe. Few more beautiful sites could have been selected. The Grand River, as the Ottawa is locally termed, after forming a wide lake ten miles above the city, pours in a succession of rapids through countless islands, until leaping over the Chaudiere Falls it sweeps through a narrow gorge, and then widens out to receive into its bosom the rapid stream of the Gatineau. The Parliament buildings, comprising also the Government offices, and consisting of a group of three Gothic edifices, crown the highest cliff, their towers and spires overlooking the city, the great river, its tributaries the Rideau and the Gatineau, and beyond them the Laurentian range and the forests stretching northwards to Hudson Bay. The city lies extended at their feet, pushing its suburbs across the Ottawa and the Rideau, to where a bank of woods half conceals the Governor-General's residence, a temporary building, which will probably be replaced by one more suitable in closer vicinity to the Houses of Parliament. Ottawa is at present in a state of transition from the pleasant county town of Bytown to the capital of the Dominion, and being in this condition does not possess all the conveniences of a finished town; but if, as the day is closing in, the first sight of its beautiful buildings standing out against the

evening sky, is caught by the traveller as he emerges from the surrounding forests, he will be irresistibly reminded of Tennyson's description of the towers of Camelot.

This union of the aspects of a new country with the Gothic buildings of medieval Europe affords a fitting type of the society and form of government in Canada. There the vigour of the New World is steadied and tempered by the traditions of the Old, and men advance without cutting themselves off from the experiences of their forefathers. A good instance of this attachment to the customs of the old country may be seen on the day in which Parliament opens. The Governor-General in his sleigh drawn by four horses, escorted by volunteer hussars, drives up under a salute of artillery to the Houses of Parliament. There a guard of honour, in uniform resembling that of the Foot Guards, receives him, and, preceded by the usher of the black rod, and attended by his staff, he walks in procession to his throne in the Senate-chamber. The Gothic hall, in addition to the grave senators, is thronged with ladies in full dress, and soon the Commons, summoned by Black Rod, and headed by the Speaker with the mace borne before him, make their appearance at the bar. The speech is then read, first in English, then in French; after which, in the same order as he entered, the Governor-General leaves the House, and the business of the session commences. The types and forms of the English Parliament are carefully preserved, and precedents are quoted reaching far back in England's history. The intermixture of the French tongue is a striking feature in the proceedings of the Houses; and the manner in which the French members, whilst occasionally speaking in their own language, adhere closely to the English parliamentary practice, is

an indication of the feelings of the population, which, whilst clinging to their individuality, and proud of their descent from old France, have yet frankly, freely, and loyally accepted English laws and English government.

The session usually extends to about two months, during which time the members receive pay. The time is fully occupied, especially of the Lower House, which holds a somewhat preponderating power in regard to the Upper Chamber. The debates are often of great length, displaying considerable eloquence on the part of the speakers, and remarkable patience on that of the hearers; whilst the work in committee is energetically performed. Indeed Ottawa presents few opportunities of distraction to those who come there for business; and the members, who are seldom accompanied by their families, are content to work hard whilst engaged in their parliamentary duties. The great party, termed Conservatives, who followed Sir John Macdonald, and held office for nearly sixteen years, fell on the question of the Pacific Railway; and the Liberals, or Grits, under the leadership of the Hon. A. Mackenzie, succeeded them in power. The policy of the Government has, however, but slightly changed: questions which formerly divided the nation into opposite camps have been set at rest; and the material interests of a new country, especially as regards works of construction for developing its resources, naturally engage attention rather than more abstract political questions. In fact, local matters are to a great majority of the members the objects of their greatest solicitude; and it not unfrequently happens that a man may be a Liberal at Ottawa but a Conservative in his own province, or *vice versa*—party names having but slight mean-

ing, and the constituencies caring little if their representative can obtain for them the advantages which the Dominion Government have frequently the power to dispense. The recent alterations in regard to the elections of members for the English Parliament have been followed in Canada, where the courts for the trial of election petitions have performed their work severely and impartially—a fact which many unseated members can vouch for. The qualifications for voters differ in the different provinces, but the basis is sufficiently wide to insure the representation of the greater majority of the people, and, as a rule, to secure to the House of Commons the talent and respectability of the country.

The Upper House being the creation of the Crown—which, in fact, means the appointment to the Senate of those who may be recommended by the minister of the day—somewhat fails in power and weight. Without a doubt it contains many of the leading men of Canada; but it is a place of rest, and the very fact that after a change of Government the Senate may be in antagonism with the House of Commons renders its members extremely cautious, and somewhat diminishes the salutary check which it should furnish on the energy of the Lower House. To obtain an entry into the Senate is an object of ambition; but instances not unfrequently occur of active politicians resigning its honours to re-engage in the more exciting arena of the Lower House. In fact, the constitution of an Upper Chamber presents difficulties in Canada similar to those met with in other countries, where it has not grown with the growth of the nation; and possibly some modification in its present organisation may in course of time be deemed desirable.

The civil service of the Dominion stands deservedly high in the ap-

preciation of the people. As in England, the permanent officials are not directly, and but little indirectly, affected by a change in government, the example of the United States in this particular affording a warning which even the excitement of political strife seldom tempts a minister to disregard. Each separate department is represented in the Cabinet, which consists of thirteen members, eleven of whom are in the House of Commons. The actual business of the country, from the smallest appointment in the civil service, up to the most important national work, is conducted by the Privy Council, the whole of whose proceedings are brought before the Governor-General for approval, thus enabling him to watch the course of government through the whole length and breadth of the Dominion, and to exercise a salutary check on any hasty or inconsiderate act. In almost all the departments will be found the energy which might be expected from a young and growing country. The administration of justice is deservedly respected; the laws are administered justly, firmly, and severely, and crime is light. The marine department has provided for the commercial needs of the maritime population; and the manner in which the exclusive sea and lake coasts are lighted, and the rivers and harbours buoyed, furnishes proofs of untiring energy and care. The postal communication, often conducted under great difficulties, owing to the rigour of the climate, and to the want of communication, and in which the primitive dog-sleigh of the Indian supplements in the remote districts the rail and the steamer, merits high praise; whilst the departments which have charge of the finance, the excise and the customs, and the arrangements for emigration, are not wanting in zeal and effi-

ency. The militia department labours under the difficulty which is felt by those who strive to prepare means of defence in a community which believes but little in the possibility of war, and which grudges money that does not directly bring in a corresponding return. The organisation of the force on paper is good, but for even a meagre efficiency much requires to be done. The talent, the military feeling, and the patriotism exist; but the sinews of war, and the belief which results in deeds, are in some measure wanting. Recently steps in the right direction have been taken. An able officer, General Selby Smyth, has been appointed to the command of the militia, and a military college for the education of officers is about to be established at Kingston; still the organisation for national defence is scarcely on a par with the steady increase of the country. The management of emigration matters has recently been more concentrated in the hands of the central government, and promises increased development. The difficulty connected with Government aid lies in the facility with which emigrants can pass over the border to the States, using Canada merely as a stepping-stone; but the present depression in the labour market in many of the cities and States of the Union, together with the advantageous offers which Western Canada presents, will draw the tide of emigration to the more fertile districts of the Dominion.

Here, perhaps, a few words in reference to the prospects of the emigrant may not be out of place, as many erroneous opinions are held in England on the subject. First, as to the class of emigrants most needed. Farm-labourers are in much request, but they must not come to Canada with the idea that work is to be less, or life at first any easier than at home. They

should be prepared, on arrival, to hire themselves out to farms, often to put up with hardships which may appear strange to them, and to be content if they can provide dwellings for themselves and family, with enough to eat and to wear, rough as all these necessities may probably be. If a man work and save, which he can easily do, for the first year or two, and if he adapt himself to the country, he may take a bush-farm. His savings will enable him to live until his crops grow; and then, if he has chosen his land well, and if he is sober and healthy, the way to competence, and possibly to wealth and position, lies open before him—and the more numerous his family, the better he will prosper. Many a man who now stands in the foremost rank in Canada, has laboured, and laboured, hard at manual work. Gentlemen farmers are, as a rule, not the best class of emigrants; small farmers, with a capital, which they should put aside for investment after they have acquired a knowledge of the country, are more likely to succeed; and they will find a better return for their money in the settled districts of Canada than they can expect in England. These men should follow the pioneers of civilisation, as those who have cleared the forests move westwards, impelled by motives and habits which prevent them from welcoming the approach of a denser population: the farmer could then buy their roughly-cultivated farms; convert their log shanties into timber houses, their snake fences into palings, and their fields, disfigured with still-standing stumps, into smooth, well-tilled arable and meadow land. Mechanics are doubtless required; but the man to succeed should not only be good at his especial art, but should have a wider knowledge. As a natural result in a country where civilisa-

tion has not yet clearly divided men into classes and trades, the mechanic is, as a rule, less skilful than his fellow in England in some particular *τεκνῆ*, but more ready to turn his hand to the various branches of his trade. The legal and medical professions are filled, and more than filled; but a clever man who would succeed in England, and has been trained under the more accurate discipline of English schools, will succeed perhaps more quickly in Canada than if he remained at home. The young cub, sent to make his way in the world without any especial training, but with the manners and prejudices of a gentleman, is even less required in Canada than in most countries; he drifts about, and often sinks below his proper level. Lads of sixteen or seventeen, who will enter the large wholesale establishments, who will take any work, whatever it may be, and who keep steady, have a good future before them. In fact, in Canada, as in other places, energy and talent will succeed; but labour of the hands bears at present a higher proportionate value than labour of the head.

Emigration is gradually moving westwards, although perhaps not quite so rapidly as was expected. Manitoba, which five years ago was a wild region, whose capital, "Fort Garry," was merely a Hudson Bay station, is now a well-constituted and comparatively fertile province, governed by a Lieut.-Governor and a house of representatives. Emigrants are arriving there from Ontario by the Dawson route, which, by means of road and steamer, connects Prince Arthur's landing, at the head of Lake Superior, with the Red River; and others are crossing over from the adjoining States of the Union to seek a home on its fertile prairie-lands. From

Russia considerable numbers of Muscovites, flying from prospective conscription, have arrived, and their ready adaptation to a severe climate, where fuel is scarce, has excited the admiration of those who have watched their first settlements. The care of their cattle precedes that given to themselves and their families, and the stables rise before the houses; whilst a preparation of manure and straw supplements the wood which in a prairie country is only found along the beds of the streams and rivers. To Manitoba many a well-to-do Ontario farmer is hastening, having sold his cleared bush-farm in the older province, and with the proceeds prepared to purchase land sufficient to maintain homesteads for his numerous children. Even beyond Manitoba civilisation is extending itself. Law and order have been enforced by the presence of the mounted police, of whom an expeditionary force of three hundred men under Lieut-Col. French has marched to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, clearing out the illicit whisky-traders, who, having crossed the frontier, defy the laws of the United States, as well as those of Canada. The Indian chiefs appreciate this effort to protect them from a temptation which they are unable to resist, and respect the scarlet uniforms of *King George's men*, traditions of whom have long existed among the tribes.

So fearful had some of the Black-foot chiefs become of the whisky-traders, that they had given orders to their young warriors to fire on them directly they appeared. Only a year ago a missionary approached the wigwams of a party of this tribe, and found himself surrounded by horsemen, who threatened him with menacing gestures; happily he displayed the English flag, when he was brought to the tent of the chief, who explained to him, that under

the belief that he was a whisky-trader, and knowing that utter ruin would result to his tribe if spirits were sold, he had given orders to his young men to prevent his approach. On the mistake being discovered he was hospitably received and entertained. The slaughter of the buffaloes to provide means of purchasing intoxicating drinks has recently been very great, although the Indians believe and avow that they themselves will disappear with the animals which provide them with food, with clothing, and with shelter.

To return from this digression to the settled provinces, whose present position it may not be uninteresting to glance at. First in wealth and in importance is Ontario, whose still undefined boundaries, depending on the interpretation of old French treaties drawn up in the time of Cardinal Richelieu, stretch beyond the head of Lake Superior, but whose real wealth and population occupy the peninsula formed by Lakes Huron, St. Clair, Erie, and Ontario. In this fertile district, a new England with features greatly resembling those of the old country is rapidly rising in prosperity and importance. A fruitful soil, a genial climate—especially along the shores of Lake Erie, where the vine well repays the care bestowed upon its cultivation—and an energetic population calling England home, and embracing with its loyal sentiments the German colonies, who, whilst retaining their affection for the Fatherland, respect and love the country of their adoption,—present conditions which all must recognise as favourable for the future wellbeing of the Dominion. No one can return from visiting the prosperous towns, with populations of from six to ten thousand, which are interspersed throughout Ontario,

without receiving a vivid impression of its wellbeing. Each town believes itself to excel its neighbour, and vies with it in works for the public benefit. The churches are numerous, and generally of much architectural beauty, the Gothic style being usually adopted by all denominations. The schools are plentiful in number, and good in regard to their system of education. The universal school rate is applicable to all but the Roman Catholics, who have been permitted by this sensible and matter-of-fact population to provide for their own schools, with the result that religious disputes have been avoided, and that gradually the sectional schools are giving place to the national establishments. There are no poorhouses; the hospitals, the lunatic asylums, and the establishments for the blind and deaf and dumb, are well supported, the jails only being small and nearly empty. The forests are giving place to fertile arable fields, and the second growth shown in the single trees or small groups that dot the fields give the earlier settlements the appearance of England. The earth yields salt and oil—the minerals, such as iron and copper, being mostly confined to the Laurentian range and the borders of Lakes Huron and Superior. Coal only is wanting—the extremities of the Dominion, on the banks of the Saskatchewan and in Nova Scotia, alone producing it.

A visitor to the yearly district agricultural shows would form a high opinion of the agricultural wealth of the country. The horses and cattle are excellent, and the fruits and vegetables cannot be excelled in the most favoured countries of Europe. In the towns, manufactories on a small scale are commencing; but the wealth of the country is, for the most part, com-

prised in its agricultural products. Railways intersect the province in all directions, and are pushing forward branches northwards to the shore of Georgian Bay, in conjunction with the steamers which navigate the interior line of lakes. These beautiful sheets of water are little known beyond their immediate neighbourhoods; they extend in an almost unbroken chain from Georgian Bay to Rice Lake, which is only a few miles distant from, and is connected with, the eastern end of Lake Ontario. Along this route, in days gone by, the Hurons were accustomed to make incursions on the Irrequois, coming down in canoes from the borders of Lake Huron, coasting along Lake Ontario, and crossing it at its narrowest end near Kingston. Now the inhabitants of the larger cities seek relief from the heat of July and August on their wooded banks. Hotels are springing up in the forests round Lake Conchiching, St. Joseph, and Muskow, and large parties of excursionists are in the habit of camping on the islands which dot their surfaces. This method of passing a summer holiday is prevalent both in the United States and in Canada, and the thousand islands on the St. Lawrence are favorite resorts of pleasure-seekers from all parts of North America.

To return to graver subjects. The local government of the province of Ontario is entirely in the hands of the tax-payers, who elect Reeves—"an old name revived"—for the management of the smaller districts or townships: these and their deputies compose the county councils, a member of whom is frequently sent as the representative of the county to the local parliament which assembles at Toronto. Purely local matters are in the hands of the Reeves; more extended works require the sanction of the

county councils; whilst affairs in which the interest of the province is involved are considered in the provincial parliament. In the assessment of the township a double motive influences the assessors and the tax-payers: of course the latter are anxious not to be assessed too high; but, on the other hand, their anxiety for the credit of their own neighbourhood leads them not to underrate its wealth. As has been already remarked, this wealth is chiefly agricultural; but on the tributaries of the Ottawa, and on those of the inland lakes, the lumber or timber trade is carried on with great vigour—serving the double purpose of procuring timber and of gradually opening up the back districts to civilisation. As winter approaches, vast stores of provisions and gangs of men will be seen travelling in sleighs along the roads which lead northwards from Ottawa and from other large cities, proceeding to the shanties hundreds of miles up the great tributaries of the St. Lawrence, where the men will pass the winter in felling and squaring the red and white pines, which, when the freshet or spring arrives, will be floated down the streams, formed into cribs on the smaller rivers, piloted with difficulty, and not a little danger, down the frequent rapids, and made into rafts to be navigated slowly down to Quebec. Sometimes two years elapse before the trees felled on the upper waters of the Ottawa reach their destination; the lumberers returning home during the summer months, excepting those who cultivate the farms formed for the purpose of furnishing fodder for the numerous horses and cattle required for the work. The men are highly paid, and the work, although hard, is popular: the provisions supplied are plentiful and good in quality, but no liquor stronger than tea is allowed. There

are few pleasanter sights than on a calm evening on the Ottawa to watch the numerous rafts floating down from below the Chaudiere Falls, or from the rapids of the Gati-neau, and to hear the old French *voyageurs'* songs of the men returning homewards from their winter toil.

To leave Ontario without a passing glance at its capital, Toronto, would never be forgiven by those who are engaged in advancing the prosperity of the most energetic of the provinces of the Dominion. Comprising the seat of the local government, the law courts, and the university, as well as being the centre of provincial commerce, Toronto is rapidly increasing in wealth and general prosperity, whilst the tone of its society is more literary, and perhaps more genial, than that of cities wholly given to the production of wealth. As the population is entirely English, the community is not, as in Montreal and Quebec, separated into two languages and religions, but is united and active in thought and deed, although possibly a little too much inclined to consider Ontario as Canada, and to view questions in a light not acceptable to the other provinces. For instance, the new party, the offspring of the generous ideas of young and energetic men, termed the *Canada first party*, although professing much that all well-wishers of Canada would desire—viz., an increased national feeling, and a desire to show that the country has advanced beyond the stage of youth and pupillage—is yet inclined to forget the small numbers of the population, and the only recent and scarcely completed ties that bind together the several provinces of the Dominion. In fact, they measure the strength of Canada by that of its most prosperous community.

This energy and activity, which might lead a young nation to extremes, is balanced by the qualities which have made the province of Quebec the seat of a contented and happy population. There the colonists from old France, mostly from Brittany and Normandy, still preserve many of the customs, habits of thought, and manners of France before the Revolution. The seigniorial rights have only recently disappeared, but many of the old families still live on the lands granted to them by the kings of France; whilst the clergy exercise a preponderating, but, on the whole, beneficial influence over the people. The villages bordering the St. Lawrence present a not incorrect picture of their interior organisation. The clean comfortable cottages adorned with bright colouring, the small fields cultivated in a primitive manner, and the absence of modern agricultural improvements, the frequent sound of music, and, above all, the large well-built churches and convents, their metal roofs shining like silver in the bright sun or clear moonlight, are evidences of a well-doing but not wealthy population, who worship God after the manner of their forefathers, and respect the clergy, who, represented by the *curé*, regulate the affairs of each small community. But even here the effect of modern ideas shows itself; the young men frequently seek occupation during winter in the United States, and there, freed from the restraining influence of the clergy, and like children exposed to the temptations incident to a free-thinking population, too often lapse into infidelity, bringing back with increased wealth opinions at variance with the religious tone of their parents. The Canadian Church has hitherto been singularly free from the excesses of Ultramontanism, and the elder clergy are said to

be opposed to the obtrusive power of Rome; but it is to be feared that the younger ecclesiastics may be inclined to support more ultra opinions, and may thus bring themselves into collision with the liberal party among the French population who are struggling against the autocratic power of the Church. The French population is increasing, and is gradually taking the place of the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the eastern townships, even pushing offshoots across the borders into the State of Maine. Few of them, however, settle at long distance from their homes; but the place of the emigrants to the west is gradually being taken in the province of Quebec by the French, whose numbers are augmenting in the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The former of these important towns is the commercial capital of the Dominion, and being at the head of ocean navigation, will probably grow year by year in wealth and importance.

Its large public buildings, fine churches, and wide well-built streets, will bear comparison with almost any city of the American continent; whilst few can boast of a situation more strikingly suitable for the commercial centre of a rising nation. Stretching along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, its varied edifices of French and English architecture reflected in the clear blue waters, and backed by the wooded hill termed, *par excellence*, the Mountain, which overlooks the city, Montreal can boast of a truly beautiful site; whilst, as the outlet of Canada to the sea, and fed by the railways and canals which bring down the products of the fertile west, she may look forward to a bright and prosperous future. Her merchants are energetic, and desirous of forwarding every great work of national importance; and consequently all schemes for the extension of com-

merce find a ready welcome from her leading men.

As yet the canals of the St. Lawrence have not been sufficiently enlarged to accommodate ocean vessels of any considerable burden; and although the Welland Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario is now being increased in width and depth—and many advocate its still further enlargement—yet the general opinion prevails that the produce of the west will, as a rule, be transhipped into barges at Kingston, the time lost by large ocean vessels in the passage up canals more than compensating for the convenience of not transferring cargoes, even if the movement of grain (one of the principal exports) be not an actual advantage.

Quebec still maintains many of its ancient features, although efforts are being made, by men ignorant of their value, to remove these landmarks of history, and, as far as possible, to reduce the old capital of Canada to the level of an ordinary American city. Happily Lord Dufferin has interfered to prevent this sacrilege; and there is a prospect that, as in some of the old towns of England, the picturesque features of the past may be preserved without sacrificing the conveniences which modern ideas have rendered necessary. Quebec at first suffered greatly from the withdrawal of the troops; but fresh industries have sprung up, and the city shows signs of activity and life. The lumber-trade is its principal source of wealth, and many of the richest firms have their central offices in the lower town. The seat of an archbishopric, of a college, of many convents, it exercises an important influence over the religious and educational prospects of the surrounding population; whilst the effort now being made to connect it with Montreal by a railway along

the northern banks of the St. Lawrence will still further open up its markets to the fertile districts which border on that river.

The old citadel still retains a small garrison, under the guise of being one of the schools of gunnery,—the other being at Kingston—and men who would compare favourably with any battery of the Royal Artillery mount sentry on its walls. The forts on the south side, of modern construction and destined to form a portion of the *enceinte* of Quebec, are unarmed and ungarrisoned, the Government with some difficulty finding money to keep them from falling into disrepair, through the effects of the severe frosts of a Canadian winter.

Until the last few years, owing to the deficiency of communication between Quebec and the adjacent provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there was less intercourse than with England: there was little community of interest between their inhabitants, and no feeling of a common nationality, the very name of Canada being only applicable to the two provinces now called Quebec and Ontario. The difficulties in the government of the country, owing to the different manner of regarding important questions in these two provinces, was one cause that led to the formation of the Dominion, by their union with the maritime provinces; and consequently New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island form an element of no little importance in the political scale. Their interests are in many respects identical; the long extent of their coasts, and the seafaring habits of their population, create mutual needs which will gradually lead to the breaking down of local prejudices, and to closer connection in working out their future policy. The intercolonial railway, in process of

construction, will do much to connect them more closely with the seat of Government, and will obviate in great measure the inconvenience arising from the absence of any communication during the winter months except through the United States. The presence of coal-fields in Nova Scotia is a source of much wealth; whilst the shipbuilding trade—at one time threatened by the introduction into the mercantile marine of iron vessels—has perceptibly revived. Far up the rivers flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy, ships of considerable size are built; and the combination of farming, of shipbuilding, and of fishing, is a curious element in the social life of the population of the maritime provinces. The admission of the United States fishermen to the Canadian waters is, however, producing a change in some of these respects; their large schooners, well manned and well provided, threaten to swamp the efforts of the village fishermen, and will necessitate an alteration in the method of conducting business. Even now the fishing establishments of the Jersey houses are almost as much occupied in supplying the needs of the American fishermen as in pushing their own operations.

The last province added to the Dominion, although small in extent, is no mean acquisition to her territory. Prince Edward Island has been likened to the Isle of Wight; and her fertile fields and smiling homesteads may challenge comparison with that favoured spot. Happy in her direct connection with England, and imbued with the feelings of all small communities, the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island were for some time loath to merge themselves into the population of the Dominion; but in the end the advantages of consolidation were seen, and good terms in respect to assist-

ance in regard to the railway which intersects the island having been offered, she entered the confederation in 1873. Close as the island is to the mainland, the winter passage across the strait, half frozen, and nearly blocked with floating ice, presents difficulties of communication not unaccompanied with danger; and one of the first results of the necessity of more frequent communication will be the endeavor to establish a steam-ferry sufficiently strong and powerful to force a passage during the winter frosts.

On all sides the effect of the consolidation of the provinces under a central government is seen in the impetus given to works of national importance. Besides the intercolonial railway, the project of connecting the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy has been much canvassed, and plans have been prepared for a channel, termed the Bay Route Canal, across the narrow isthmus which connects Nova Scotia with New Brunswick. A more speedy route to England than that now taken by the Allan steam-ships is also the subject of much consideration. St. John's, Newfoundland, is spoken of as the port for passenger steamers from Liverpool,—a railway along the southern shore, in conjunction with steamers to Spifigan, a port on the north-east corner of New Brunswick connected with the intercolonial railway, being, in the opinion of many, the most direct route between Europe and the American continent. Others, however, advocate Louisburg, the ancient French military port in Cape Breton Island, the passage of the Gut of Canso being effected by a steam-ferry, or, as traffic increases, by a tunnel under its narrow waters. Some think that a suitable port might be found at or near St. Andrews, in New Brunswick; but, whatever may be the result, the

attention paid to this important subject is an evidence of the energy and breadth of view of those who are the leaders of Canadian society. Of the cities of the maritime provinces, Halifax stands first in population, a portion of its prosperity arising from the presence of a naval and military force, and to the vast works in course of construction for the defence of its harbour. St. John, the chief town of New Brunswick, nearly equals it in population, although the honour of being the seat of government belongs to Fredrikston, a pleasant English-looking town on the St. John River, whose cathedral might take a high place among the most beautiful of the ecclesiastical buildings of the old country.

Having thus endeavoured in rough outlines to present a sketch of the Dominion as it now is, and to draw attention to the more important objects which, in the last few years, have engaged the attention of its leaders, it will not be out of place to consider to what end its institutions are tending, and what goal its progressive course promises to reach. A few years ago—owing partly to the somewhat sudden withdrawal of the troops and the manner in which that was effected, as well as to the tone adopted by a few of the statesmen in England, and re-echoed by a portion of the press, to the effect that the mother country cared little for Canada, regarding her rather as an incubus to be disposed of than as an offspring which it was our duty to nourish and train to manhood—a feeling had arisen among Canadians that their loyalty and attachment for England was not reciprocated. Consequently, although for the most part the Canadians resented bitterly the thought of separation, they were unable to silence the small party in some of the larger towns that hinted at disconnection

with the mother country and a consequent necessary union with the United States. The change of public sentiment in England, and the consistent course followed by Lord Dufferin, the present Governor-General, has completely eradicated these feelings and their results. No hint at separation from England would now be tolerated; the few who might have desired such an event have either been convinced of its unfitness, or reduced to silence; and from one end of the Dominion to the other, a sentiment of loyalty to the Queen and attachment to what is always termed home, prevail to an extent which can scarcely be surpassed in any portion of Great Britain. Much of this alteration in tone is due to Lord Dufferin. His selection to the Governor-Generalship was a most happy one. Connected with the Liberal party in England, and yet imbued with the instincts of her ruling class, he has shown a peculiar adaptability to the habits of thought of a new country, and at the same time a power to guide them into the channels which have made the mother country great. As a trained and skilful statesman, he is able to appreciate the vigour and simplicity of the rulers of a country whose social life is not so complicated as in the older nations of Europe, whilst he can supplement, by his knowledge of affairs and breadth of view, what might be wanting in men whose experiences have for the most part been confined to provincial politics. Although party spirit runs high, and at certain times of political crisis oversteps the bounds of legitimate warfare, Lord Dufferin has won the confidence of the leaders of both the great political parties; and his sound judgment, great patience, and consistent firmness during what is termed the Pacific Railway scandal, and more recently

in the difficulties arising from the troubles in the north-west, have convinced the leading men of Canada, whether of French or English nationality, that they have in their Governor-General a statesman fully imbued with the principles of constitutional government, and possessed of talent to guide the ship in any troubled waters that might threaten its safety. Not only in politics has Lord Dufferin shown himself an able leader; he has identified himself with the social and intellectual life of the nation, encouraging in every way education, understood in its broadest sense as comprehending the training of the body as well as of the mind. The schools of all denominations look to him as to one personally interested in their success; whilst the impetus he has given to the manly sports which have ever characterised Englishmen, and to the social amusements tending to bring classes and people together who might otherwise never meet, has produced a marked effect on Canadian society. In all these efforts the Governor-General has been seconded by Lady Dufferin, whose winning kindness and courtesy, and evident love for Canada, have endeared her to people of every class, and have exercised an influence far beyond the sphere of her own immediate surroundings. Few brighter pictures can be found than that which the grounds of Government House present on a clear winter's day. The long line of sleighs, the various groups skating with a grace seldom if ever witnessed in England, the curlers engaged in their exciting game, and the succession of young people racing on "tarboggies" or Indian hand-sleighs down the steep and icy slide of the adjacent hill, furnish a scene which is peculiarly Canadian. By bringing together under the hospitable

roof of Government House men of all shades of politics, and by encouraging a healthy tone in society, much has been done to keep up the love of outdoor amusements inherited from the old country, and to soften the asperities of party warfare.

In fact social life in Canada, taking into consideration the difference in climate, and the needs of a new country, is formed on the English model, and has little in common with that of the United States. So it is with her political life. Her wisest and most far-seeing statesmen are fully satisfied with the present status of the Dominion, knowing well that less than four millions of people, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, could not, if left to stand alone, resist for six months absorption into the neighbouring nation of nearly forty millions, and fully recognising the liberty of action and freedom from restraint which has been accorded to Canada by the Imperial Government. Some, who look beyond the present time, aspire to a more direct representation of Canada and of the other important colonies in the English House of Commons. They argue that great questions in which Canada is interested may be and are debated on and settled without her voice being heard, and that it would be of benefit to both countries if Canadian representatives were at least allowed the privilege of speaking, even if the power of voting could not be accorded to them. The question of distance is little thought of in a country which brings its legislators from places immeasurably more remote than Ottawa is from London, and where six weeks of incessant travelling is needed to enable the representatives of some of the districts in British Columbia to reach the seat of government, whilst a voyage across the Atlantic is easy com-

pared with even the winter journey from Prince Edward Island. These are, however, but speculations, not as yet solidified into practical schemes. The work at the present time of statesmen of both parties is to weld together the provinces, to abate and remove local jealousies, to enlarge the ideas of those who aspire to lead the people, and to create a distinct national feeling.

At present the country is almost over-governed; excepting in Ontario and Manitoba the provincial governments comprise a local governor and two houses of parliament; and there is a difficulty, in a society where time is money, to find a sufficient number of competent men to furnish representatives at the local as well as the central parliaments. The recent law which forbids the same men to sit in both parliaments, whilst acting beneficially in regard to the government of the country, has increased this difficulty; and it may be a question whether the other provinces will not gradually follow the example of Ontario by doing away with one of their houses of assembly, and whether the maritime provinces may not even combine and form, of three distinct governments, one that would compare in importance with that of Ontario and Quebec. The interests of the maritime provinces are closely allied; communication between them is easy; and a powerful counterpoise to the preponderating influence of Ontario might not be an unimportant desideratum in securing a more complete consolidation of the Dominion.

The settlement of the questions which a few years ago divided men into two distinct parties, has left little difference, except in name, between what are called Conservatives and their opponents. Each party is practically engaged in pushing forward works for the opening up and improvement of the

country. The international railway to connect Montreal and Quebec with Halifax and St. John, and the Pacific Railway to traverse the continent and bring the wealth of the west to the markets of Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec, are the two great enterprises which for the present engage men's attention; and it was on a matter connected with the construction of the latter of these important works that the party which had so long held the reins of government fell, leaving a legacy of difficulty to its successors. Pledged as the Dominion Government is to that of British Columbia, the construction of the Pacific Railway cannot long be delayed. Its general course has been determined on, but portions still remain of which the surveys are incomplete. The plan of crossing the Rocky Mountains, involving the still more difficult passage of the Cascade range, has not yet been accurately settled, whilst the direction of the track through the inhospitable region north of Lakes Superior and Huron is still pending settlement. The work is one that will try the resources, both in regard to money, talent, and honesty of purpose, of the Dominion; but, when finished, will redound to its credit, will add immeasurably to its strength, and will greatly increase its wealth and population.

At present the questions which present difficulties of solution are mostly of local importance. The law of landlord and tenant in Prince Edward Island involves principles which have been contested in more extended arenas, but of which the moderation of the islanders will probably admit of satisfactory solution. The New Brunswick School Act, by which Roman Catholics are compelled to support the provincial school-rate, as it involves a religious question, arouses more intense and

bitter feelings, and threatens to be a subject of contention which will in its settlement try the tact and wisdom of Canadian statesmen. The formation of a Supreme Court of Appeal for the Dominion is a matter in the desirability of which all parties are agreed, and which will probably soon be completed. The constitution of the Senate is a subject debated on year after year in the House of Commons without present result, but which will in all probability force itself into more prominent importance than has yet been accorded to it. The improvement of the militia force, and the development, with the advance of the nation, of its means of defence, is a task which should be seriously undertaken, as a wise nation will lay the foundation of its military system in peace, rather than await the pressure and consequent hurry and extravagance arising from threats of war. The Indian Department has had hitherto comparatively easy duties; the tribes of Indians settled in Canada, and on its borders, are mostly of a contented and peaceful disposition, and the fair dealing they have met with from the English and Canadian Governments has created a confidence and a feeling of loyalty which have prevented trouble,—thus presenting a marked contrast with the condition of the tribes on the western American frontier. Now we have got into regions beyond the Wood Indians and the tribes who live principally on fish, and the settler in the north-west is approaching the prairie Indians and the Blackfeet tribe. To preserve law and order, and to prevent outrage, a Lieut.-Governor, with full powers and with means of enforcing them, will soon be sent to the north-west, and his government will extend to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Beyond this barrier difficulties threaten to

arise, as British Columbia has not as yet accorded to her Indians the same rights in relation to land as the other provinces of the Dominion. Both justice and expediency point to an amendment of the present laws, and a nearer approach to the fair method of dealing with the tribes in force in the older provinces. The influence of public opinion, and the enlarged ideas of the people of a great country, will doubtless have their effect on the local government, inducing them to consider, before troubles arise, this really important question.

With reference to the great exponent of public opinion, the press, there is still something to be desired. The newspapers are of a far higher tone than the generality of those of the United States; but they are still too personal in their attacks on public men, and their articles are sometimes written in language which is more forcible than elegant. Some of the leading papers, indeed, stand deservedly high in the estimation of the more educated of their readers; but the bane of the press is the multitude of papers. Each town, and even each village, aspires to at least two daily papers, and consequently the circulation is limited, and the funds necessary to pay for high talent are wanting. Efforts have been made by patriotic and wealthy men to correct this evil, by supplementing from their own means the income of certain of the more important newspapers; and the fruit is shown in the greater power of their leading articles. One magazine of high merit is published monthly at Toronto, and possesses a considerable circulation; but it has to vie with the English and American periodicals,

and has had a hard struggle for existence. Many of its articles from the pen of Canadian writers would compare very favourably with those of the best of the English magazines, and it is to be hoped that it will receive the encouragement which its merits deserve.

Canada is worthy of an accurate and thoughtful chronicle of her yearly history; she is making rapid strides in all that pertains to national advancement. The rocks that threatened the safety of the young Dominion have been avoided, and are being left behind, and her present course appears to lie in smooth waters, where firm and consistent purpose, fair and honest dealing, and a belief in the future on the part of those who aspire to direct it, will guide her to the haven which every great colony must aspire to reach.

With ten millions of inhabitants, with railway communication from Cape Breton to Vancouver, with a united and vigorous population imbued with English feelings, and retaining the good whilst rejecting the evils of European society, Canada will be the home of a nation whose youth and energy will add strength to the parent stock, and whose moderation and sound sense will be a useful counterpoise to the almost extravagant talent and restlessness of the neighbouring population of the American Union. For such a future Canada will be content to wait, satisfied with her present position, and remembering that the slowest growth and gradual progress are ever the surest, and that the northern nations, whilst less rapid than others in maturing their history, have in the long-run exercised a preponderating influence in the destinies of the world.

THE ABODE OF SNOW—CONCLUSION.

THE AFGHAN BORDER.

BEFORE leaving Kashmir I must devote a paragraph to its two most famous sheets of water, the Manasbal and the Wular Lake. They are both on the usual way out from Srinagar, which is also the usual way to it, and are seen by most visitors to the valley.

The Manasbal is called the most beautiful, but is rather the most picturesque, lake in Kashmir. It lies close to the Jhelam, on the north-west, and is connected with that river by a canal only about a mile long, through which boats can pass. This little lake is not much larger than Grasmere, being scarcely three miles long by one broad; but its shores are singularly suggestive of peacefulness and solitude. Picturesque mountains stand round a considerable portion of it, and at one point near they rise to the height of 10,000 feet, while snowy summits are visible beyond. In its clear deep-green water the surrounding scenery is seen most beautifully imaged. There being so little wind in Kashmir, and the surrounding trees and mountains being so high, this is one of the most charming features of its placid lakes. Wordsworth has assigned the occasional calmness of its waters as one of the reasons why he claims that the Lake country of England is more beautiful than Switzerland, where the lakes are seldom seen in an unruffled state; but in this respect the Valley of Roses far surpasses our English district, for its lakes are habitually calm: for hours at a time they present an almost absolute stillness; they are beautifully clear, and the mountains around them are not only of great height and picturesque shape, but, except

in the height of summer, are half covered with snow; the clouds are of a more dazzling whiteness than in England, and the sky is of a deeper blue. There, most emphatically, if I may be allowed slightly to alter Wordsworth's lines,—

“The visible scene
May enter unawares into the mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its woods,
Its snow, and that divinest heaven received
Into the bosom of the placid lake.”

The poet just quoted has tried to explain the singular effect upon the mind of such mirrored scenes by saying, that “the imagination by their aid is carried into recesses of feeling otherwise impenetrable.” And he goes on to explain that the reason for this is, that “the heavens are not only brought down into the bosom of the earth, but that the earth is mainly looked at and thought of through the medium of a purer element. The happiest time is when the equinoctial gales have departed; but their fury may probably be called to mind by the sight of a few shattered boughs, whose leaves do not differ in colour from the faded foliage of the stately oaks from which these relics of the storm depend: all else speaks of tranquillity; not a breath of air, no restlessness of insects, and not a moving object perceptible, except the clouds gliding in the depths of the lake, or the traveller passing along, an inverted image, whose motion seems governed by the quiet of a time to which its archetype, the living person, is perhaps insensible: or it may happen that the figure of one of the larger birds, a raven or a heron, is crossing silently among the reflected clouds, while the noise of the real bird, from the element aloft, gently

awakens in the spectator the recollection of appetites and instincts, pursuits and occupations, that deform and agitate the world, yet have no power to prevent nature from putting on an aspect capable of satisfying the most intense cravings for the tranquil, the lovely, and the perfect, to which man, the noblest of her creatures, is subject." But the reasons thus suggested, rather than explicitly pointed out, are scarcely sufficient to explain the singular charm of a beautiful upland and cloudland scene reflected in a deep, calm, clear lake. Its most powerful suggestion is that of an under-world into which all things beautiful must pass, and where there is reserved for them a tranquillity and permanence unknown on earth. We seem to look into that under-world; the beauty of the earth appears under other conditions than those of our upper world; and we seem to catch a glimpse of the abiding forms of life, and of a more spiritual existence into which we ourselves may pass, yet one that will not be altogether strange to us. Some of our latest speculators have attempted to prove the existence of such a world even from the admitted facts of physical science; and in all ages it has been the dream of poetry and the hope of religion that beyond the grave, and perhaps beyond countless ages of phenomenal existence, or separated from us only by the veil of mortality, there is another and more perfect form of life—"the pure, eternal, and unchangeable" of Plato as well as of Christianity. No argument can be drawn in favour of such views from the under-world of a placid lake; but the contemplation of it is suggestive, and is favourable to that mood of mind in which we long and hope for a land where

Moons are waning, generations changing,
There celestial life blooms everlasting,
Changeless 'mid a ruined world's decay."

The Wúlar is the largest remnant of that great lake which once filled the vale of Kashmir, and it too must disappear ere any long period of time elapses. Captain Bates says correctly that it "is a lake simply because its bottom is lower than the bed of the Jhelam; it will disappear by degrees as the bed of the pass at Baramúla becomes more worn away by the river; its extent is perceptibly becoming more circumscribed by the deposition of soil and detritus on its margin." This is not at all unlikely, as the average depth is only about twelve feet. Its greatest length is twelve miles, and its greatest breadth ten, so that it is by no means so grand a sheet of water as that of Geneva; but there is something in its character which reminds one of Lake Lemán, and arises probably from the stretch of water which it presents, and the combined softness and grandeur of the scenery around. Lofty mountains rise almost immediately from its northern and eastern sides; but there is room all round the lake for the innumerable villages which enliven its shore. Calm as it usually is, furious storms often play upon its surface, and in one of these Ranjit Singh lost 300 of the boats carrying his retinue and effects. In the beginning of spring some of the wild fowl of this and the other lakes of Kashmir take flight to the distant valleys of Yarkand and Kashgar; and in connection with that migration, the Kashmiris have a very curious story. They say that the birds, being aware of the difficulty of finding food in the streams of Tibet, which have only stony banks and beds, take with them a supply of the *singhara*, or water-nut of Kashmir,

"Ever pure and mirror-bright and even,
Life amidst the immortals glides away;

for food on their journey. Such forethought is rare among the lower creation. I once, however, had a large dog which, when it saw me ready to start on a journey, would try and get hold of a bone or something of the kind, and take that down with it to the railway, in order to relieve the tedium of confinement in the dog-box; and, of course, animals bring food to their young.

At Baramúla I took leave of the great valley of Kashmir. From that town a path leads up to the mountain-down of Gúlmarg, the most favourite of the sanitariums of Kashmir, and from whence a splendid view may be obtained of the wonderful 28,000-foot peak of Nangha Parbat, which rises about a hundred miles to the north, between the districts of Chilas and Astor. Immediately below Baramúla, and after leaving the great valley, the Jhelam changes its character, and becomes a swift, furious river, on which boats cannot be used at all, except at one or two calmer places, where they are used for ferries, being attached by ropes to the bank. Along these are paths on both sides of the river, but that on the left or southern bank is much preferable, both because the bridle-road is better, and it is much more shaded. Seven easy marches took me to the town of Mozafarabad, and I did not enjoy that part of my journey the less that I have almost nothing to say about it. The scenery is most beautiful, and fills the mind with a sense of calm pleasure. Though the valley is narrow it is thickly wooded, and the dark forest glades spread out, here and there, into more open spaces, with green meadows. Great black precipices alternate with wooded slopes; there are beautiful halting-places under immense trees, and the path often descends into dark cool gorges, where there are picturesque

bridges over the foaming mountain streams. It must be delightful to come on this Jhelam valley in April or May from the burned-up plains of India, and it might revive even a dying man. Among the trees there were flocks of monkeys, which drove my Tibetan dogs frantic; and bears are to be found in the wild mountain valleys which branch off from this larger valley. The rest-houses erected by the Maharaja of Kashmir were not free from insects, especially fleas, and the bridle-path went up and down more than was strictly necessary; but I hear better houses have been erected, or are in course of erection, and the road is being improved. As no charge was made for stopping in the rest-houses, one could not complain of them; but the new houses are to be charged for like travellers' bungalows in British India. At one of the wildest parts of the river, a Kashmiri said to me, "Decco," or "Look here, Sahib!" and plunged from a high rock into the foaming stream. The most obvious conclusion was that he had found life and the Maharaja's officers too much for him; but he reappeared a long way down, tossed about by the river, and displayed the most wonderful swimming I have ever seen.

Mozafarabad is in the corner of the junction between the Jhelam and the Kishen Ganga, or the river of Krishna. The valley of the latter stream is, for the most part, a mere chasm among the mountains, and some of its scenery is said to be exceedingly wild and beautiful. Mozafarabad is an important town, with about twelve hundred families, and a large fort, and stands on the last and lowest ridge of the mountains which form the watershed between the two rivers. Here I left the road, which takes on to the hill-station of Mari and to the Panjáb plains at Rawal Pindi, and crossed

the Kishen Ganga, as well as the Jhelam, in order to proceed to Abbotabad and the Afghan border.

Thus I have now to enter upon an entirely different district of country from any I have yet described in these papers. We have to go along the base of the Hindú Kúsh, below mountains into which the English traveller is not allowed to enter, and which are peopled by hardy warlike mountaineers, very different in character from the placid Tibetans and effeminate Kashmiris. The first district through which I have to pass is called the Hazara, and extends from near Mozafarabad to the Indus where it issues from the Hindú Kúsh; the second is the Yusufzai district, which occupies the triangle formed by the Indus, the Kaubul river, and the mountains just referred to; and beyond these districts I have only to speak of Pesháwar, and of an excursion a short way up the famous Khyber Pass. All that border has seen a great deal of fighting by British troops—and fighting without end before any British appeared on the scene, or even existed; and even before Alexander the Great took the rock-fortress of Aornos, which we have to visit under guard of Afghan chiefs and horsemen in chain armour.

Mozafarabad is only 2470 feet high, and a steep mountain ridge separates it from the more elevated valley of the Kúnhar river, which is inhabited by Afghans who are under the dominion of Great Britain. On passing from the Kashmir to the English border I found an excellent path, on which mountain-guns might easily be carried, and descended on the village of Gurhi Hubli, where large-bodied, often fair-complexioned, Afghans filled the streets. This place is too close to the border of Afghanistan to be altogether a safe retreat; but there

are a large number of armed policemen about it. Scorn me not, romantic reader, if my chief association connected with it is that of the intense pleasure of finding myself in a travellers' bungalow once more. Our estimate of these much-abused edifices depends very much on the side we take them from. After having snow for the carpet of your tent, and visits at night from huge Tibetan bears, there is some satisfaction in finding yourself quite safe from everything except some contemptible rat or a (comparatively) harmless gray scorpion. There is also comfort in being free from the insects of the Kashmir rest-houses. People who have never lived in anything but houses must lose half the pleasure of living in a house. How the first man who made a dwelling for himself must have gloated over his wretched contrivance until some stronger man came and took possession of it! But the bungalows of the Hazara district are particularly well built and luxurious, just as if distinguished travellers were constantly in the habit of visiting that extremely out-of-the-way part of the world; and their lofty rooms afforded most grateful coolness and shade; while my wearied servants were delighted to remit the business of cooking for me to the Government *khansamah*, while reserving to themselves the right and pleasure of severely criticising his operations and tendering to him any amount of advice.

The next day took me along a beautiful road over another but a low mountain pass, and winding among hills which were thickly covered with pines and cedars. The forest here was truly magnificent, and perfect stillness reigned under its shade. Emerging from that, I came down on the broad Pukli valley, on the other side of which, but at some distance, were visible the

wooded heights of the Matában, or Black Mountain, which was the scene of one of the most bloodless of our hill-campaigns. I stopped that night of the 4th November at Mansera, and witnessed a total eclipse of the moon, which was then at the full. This seemed to cause a good deal of consternation among the people of the village, and they moaned and wailed as if the heavens and the earth were in danger of passing away.

Another day took me to Abbotsbad, which is a considerable military station, and commands a large portion of the frontier. It is 4166 feet high, and being a little above the thirty-fourth degree of north latitude, it has a cool and fine climate. A good deal of rain fell during the few days that I was there, and the air felt very much like that of a wet English September or October; while the church and the character of the houses gave the place quite an English look. Rising close above it, at the height of 9000 feet, there is the sanitarium of Tandiani, which can easily be reached in a very few hours, so that the officers stationed at this place are particularly fortunate. I wonder it is not more taken advantage of for European troops. Not even excepting artillerymen, all the troops there were Goorkhas, Panjábis, or Hindústhanis; but no doubt there are military reasons for this, Abbotsbad being so far from any railway: but it stands to reason that an important frontier-station of this kind would be much the better of an English force.

Anglo-Indian society shows to advantage in these secluded military stations, and I was at once made to feel quite at home by the officers and their families at Abbotsbad. I had the advantage, too, of being the guest of General Keyes, an officer who distinguished himself greatly in the Umbeyla cam-

paign, in which he was wounded, and who commanded the whole of the frontier forces from Kashmir round the northern border to Pesháwar, and from Pesháwar, excluding the district of that name, down to Dehra Ghazi Khan, a little below Múltan. This, of course, involves the direction of many regiments; and the officer commanding the frontier is not properly under the Commander-in-Chief in India, but under the direction of the Panjáb Government. In the Pesháwar district, which occurs in the midst of his border, the state of matters is different, all the large number of troops there being directly under the Commander-in-Chief. That seems an anomalous state of affairs; but the reason for it is, that the Afghan frontier being exceedingly difficult to manage, the Government of the Panjáb is supposed to require a large body of troops on that frontier at its own direct disposal, while it is equally necessary for the Commander-in-Chief in India to have a large force under his orders at Pesháwar, which fronts the Khyber Pass, and is the key of our trans-Indus possessions.

Abbotsbad I saw when it was in a rather lively state, there being a marriage, a death, and sundry other minor events, during my very brief stay there. It was also much exercised by a ritualistic clergyman, who availed himself of the rare occasion of a marriage to act in a manner which threw the whole small community into a state of excitement, and who insisted on the bride and bridegroom partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the morning of their wedding-day. When chaplains in India give themselves the rein, they can indulge in many curious freaks. At another Indian station which I visited, my host told me that, at an evening party at his (my host's) house, the chap-

lain marched his own bishop before a large cheval-glass, and asked him if he had seen the latest portrait of the gorilla! It is a pity that the good bishop had not the presence of mind to say that he recognised a resemblance in the figure standing behind him. But the Abbotabad chaplain's proceedings did little more than give a zest to the festivities connected with the marriage, which was that of a daughter of the popular officer commanding the station; but ere they came to a close, they were terribly interfered with by the death of Captain Snow, who expired suddenly from heart-disease—a malady which seems to be singularly common in the north of India—almost immediately after returning to his bungalow from the communion service which the chaplain had insisted on holding on the morning of the marriage-day. He left a young widow; and I have since noticed that other members of those Abbotabad parties who were full of life and humour, and distinguished by more graceful charms, have unexpectedly passed away.

From Abbotabad I proceeded in three easy marches to Torbela, where the dangerous part of the frontier commences. Up to Torbela I had only a couple of sowars, or native horse soldiers, with me; but from the Indus on to the fort of Hoti Mardán, I was guarded with as much care as if I were three viceroys rolled into one. As a matter of convenience, even a single sowar riding behind one is a nuisance to a meditative traveller, especially when the M.T. is suffering from rheumatism in the back, which makes riding painful to him; and I would gladly have dispensed with the escorts which were provided for me. It is not usual to allow any Englishmen, except officers on duty, to go along this part of the frontier, which touches on

the territory of the Akoond of Swat; and I was enabled to do so only by the special permission of the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. The border authorities were thus responsible for my safety, and they took care to see that no harm befell me from the wild tribes of the mountains round the base of which I skirted. The reason of this anxiety was thus explained to me by a humorous officer: "Do not suppose," he said, "that the Panjáb authorities mean to do you any special honour; they probably wish you far enough. The case is this: if the hillmen get hold of you—and they would be very likely to make a dash at you over the border if you went unprotected—they would carry you up into the mountains, and would then write to the Panjáb Government offering to exchange you against some of their own *bud-mashes* which we have in prison. The Government would probably take no notice of this communication; and, after the lapse of a little time, there would come down a second letter from the Swat hillmen, repeating the proposal, and containing the first joint of your little finger. The next day another letter would come with the second joint. Now, you see, it would be extremely unpleasant for the Panjáb Government to be receiving joints of your fingers, day after day, in official letters."

Torbela is a village, or rather a congeries of small villages, and a large fortified police Thána on one side of the Indus. Opposite to it, and divided from this extreme corner of our territory by the river, there is the wild mountain Afghan district of Bunnair; and immediately opposite Torbela there is the fighting village of Kubbul or Kabal, chock-full of murderers and other fugitives from British justice; while, on the same side, three miles

farther up, and also on the right back of the Indus, there is Sitana, for long famous as the headquarters of the Wahábhi and other fanatics, who kept up an agitation in India for a *jehad*, or holy war, and are supposed by some to have instigated the assassination of Lord Mayo and of Mr. Justice Norman.

It occurred to me very forcibly here that now or never was my chance of crossing the border and seeing an Afghan village in its primitive simplicity. The British Government does not allow its subjects to cross the border, owing to the above-mentioned accident which may happen to their fingers; but I thought there could be nothing wrong in my crossing to a village which was in sight of our own territory, and could easily be destroyed. The next day I was to be handed over to the guards of the Yusufzai district; and, meanwhile, had only to deal with the native Thánadar in command of the armed police. That functionary, however, would not countenance any such proposal, and told me that Kubbul was a particularly bad place to go to; that a few nights before it had come over and attacked one of the villages on his side of the Indus, and that, at the moment, it was fighting within itself.

This looked bad; but fortunately, a few minutes after, one of my servants came up to the roof of the Thána on which I was sitting, and told me a curious story about the Jemadar, the second in command. That hero had once been in this or some other police Thána in which a considerable sum of money was lying, when it was attacked at night by a number of Afghans from beyond the border. Judging the attacking force to be overpowering, the Thánadar and his police fled, probably no resistance being made to that, as the money was the

object of the raid; but old Hagan, as I shall call the Jemadar after the hero of the "Nibelungen Lied" who fought a similar fight, but in a less successful manner, remained behind, concealed in the darkness of the night and of the Thána. Before the Afghans had broken into the place where the money was, he attacked them single-handed with a tremendous sword which he had, cutting down the only torchman they had at the first blow, and then slashing away at them indiscriminately. He had the advantage of knowing that every man about him was an enemy; while the Afghans, taken by surprise, and confused in the darkness, did not know how many assailants they had to deal with, and began hewing at each other until the cry got up that the devil was amongst them, and those who were able to do so fled. The assistant commissioner of the district came over in hot haste next morning with a body of mounted police, expecting to find the treasury rifled; but, instead of that, he found my old friend the Jemadar strutting up and down the Thána, sword in hand, while a score of Afghans were lying dead or dying round him.

On hearing this, it immediately struck me that Hagan was exactly the man intended to assist me to Kubbul, so I got him aside and asked him if he would go. Would he go! Repeating this question, a strange wild light broke out of the old man's eyes; he unsheathed his tremendous blade, of which it might well be said, that—

"The sword which seemed fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand;"

and eagerly assured me that if I would only say the word he would go with me not only to Kubbul but to Swat, which was supposed to be

the last place in the world that an Englishman in his senses would dream of visiting. I should have been glad to have accepted this proposal of going to Swat, but felt bound in honour to the high officials who had allowed me to go along the frontier, not to take anything which might look like an unfair advantage of their kindness. On hearing of our intention to cross the river, the Thánadar—who seemed to be a little in awe of his subordinate of the midnight massacre, but who was a proud Moham-medan who did not like to seem backward in courage—said that he would go also, and, after a little delay, produced a tall red-bearded old man, who had friends on the other side, and would accompany us. I fancy, however, that he must have reasoned with the Jemadar in private upon the subject, because, before starting, that worthy took me aside and said that we had better not stay long in Kubbul, because when the people in the mountains heard of our being there they might come down upon us. Our small party was increased by a somewhat unwilling policeman. It was well armed, and though I preferred to trust to the far-famed hospitality of the Afghans, and make no show of arms, I carried more than one weapon of offence concealed about me, and in handy positions.

So we crossed the splendid and rapid stream of the Indus in a large carved boat of white wood. The fighting village of Kubbul rose up almost from the water's edge, and covered both sides of a long ridge which ran parallel with the stream, the narrow valley behind that ridge being partly occupied by a few grain fields, immediately behind which were high bare savage mountains, the habitat of those individuals who are supposed to send men's fingers in official letters. All

male Kubbul apparently (female portion not being visible, if indeed it exists at all, which I am not in a position to affirm) had turned out to receive us, and lined the shore in a state of great curiosity. On landing, some rupees were presented to me as a token of obeisance, and I touched them instead of pocketing them, as the formal act invited me to do; but which would have been considered very bad manners on my part, and would probably have sent all feelings and obligations of hospitality to the winds. We were then taken over the ridge into the little valley behind, and the head-men showed me with great complacency the effects of the warfare in which they had been engaged on the previous day. What appeared to have taken place was that one end of the fighting village of Kubbul had blown out the other end, the place being in a state of too high pressure. It was divided into two parts, and my friends had made breaches in the wall of their neighbours' half and destroyed the houses next to that wall. They also showed me a mud tower which they had taken and dismantled; and this was done with so much pride that I remarked they must be very fond of fighting, on which they assumed quite a different tone, and lamented the sad necessity they had been under of having recourse to arms—a necessity which was entirely due to the bad and desperate character of their neighbours. On this, even the solemn Thánadar smiled to me, for they themselves were about as ruffianly and desperate looking a lot as could well be conceived of. Where the enemy was all this time I cannot say. Perhaps he was up in the hills, or keeping quiet in the dilapidated part of the village; but he could not have been far off, for the fighting was renewed that afternoon after we left, and heavy firing.

went on. I took care not to inquire after him. It was quite enough to have one party to deal with; and it would have been impolitic to have been appealed to in the dispute, or to have shown any interest in the vanquished.

After this we sat down in a courtyard, with a large crowd round us, and I was asked if I would wait while they prepared breakfast for me; and they pressed me to do so. On this the old Jemadar gave me a significant look, so I compromised the matter by asking for some milk only; and very rich milk it was. Many of the men seated round us were fugitives from English justice, and they were not slow to proclaim the fact. One man told me that he had committed a murder seven years before in his own village, on our side of the Indus; and he asked me whether, seeing so long a period had elapsed, he might not go back there with safety, adding that his conduct since then had been remarkably good: he had not killed any one since, except in open fight. I referred him to the Thánadar, who, in an alarmed manner, refused to take any responsibility in such a matter. Mr. Downes tells me that when he tried to go from Pesháwar to Kafiristan, and was seized, bound, robbed, and sent back, after he had got twenty miles beyond the frontier, and mainly at the instigation of the Pesháwar police, the Afghans who seized him asked him if he had committed murder or any serious crime; because in that case they would not rob him or send him back, but would either protect him or let him go on among the mountains as he might desire; but, unfortunately for his enterprise, my friend could not claim the necessary qualifications. Behram Khan, who murdered Major Macdonald this year of my journey and immediately crossed the frontier, has

never been delivered up or punished, though the Amir of Kaubul has professed great desire to get hold of him, and has issued strict orders for his apprehension. The having committed any serious crime, and being a fugitive from justice, will secure protection among the Afghans; but they have a special respect for murderers. Even that, however, is not a sufficient protection beyond a certain point; for, as Dr. Bellew says, "if the guest be worth it, he is robbed or murdered by his late host as soon as beyond the protecting limits of the village boundary, if not conveyed by *badraga* of superior strength." The *badraga* is a body of armed men who are paid to convoy travellers through the limits of their own territory; so that, after all, the protection is in great part of a venal kind.

The men who crowded round us did not carry their swords or matchlocks, but they all had daggers, and some of them had been slightly wounded in the fighting of the previous day. Most of the daggers were very formidable instruments, being about a foot and a half long, thick at the base, tapering gradually, very sharp at the point, sometimes round or three-cornered, slightly curved, and with thick, strong handles, capable of affording an adequate grasp. They are not like the ornamental articles of the kind which we see in Europe, but are meant for use, and would slither into one with great ease, and make a deep, fatal wound. When these noble borderers stab in the stomach, as they are fond of doing, they have a hideous way of working the dagger in the wound before withdrawal, in order to make assurance doubly sure. There was really, however, not the least danger from these people, unless from some extreme fanatic amongst them, who would

probably be kept away from me; and though Sitana was within sight, I learned that the colony of discontented Indians there had been removed farther into the mountains, as the agitation they kept up in our territory transgressed even the liberal bounds of Afghan hospitality. The question may well be raised as to the expediency of allowing fugitives from English justice to look on us in safety from immediately across the border; but it is at least obvious that we could not well interfere with them without departing from the whole line of policy which we have pursued towards Afghanistan of late years. That policy may be—and, I think, is—a mistaken one; but, if adhered to at all, we require to treat the border as a line which neither party should transgress in ordinary circumstances.

On recrossing the river, a number of the youth of Kubbul accompanied us on *mussaks*, or inflated hides, on which they moved with considerable rapidity, the front of the *mussak* being in form something like a swan's breast, and gliding easily through or over the water. Some of these skins were so small that they must have been those of sheep or young calves, and each bore a single swimmer, whose body was thus kept out of the water while his limbs were free to paddle in it. From this point to its origin, about the Tibetan Kailas, great part of the long sweep of the Indus is unknown to Europeans, and its course is set down on our maps by a conjectural dotted line. We know it again where it enters Baltistan, and as it passes through Ludak, but that is all. *Indus incolis Sindus appellatus*, said Pliny, and the Sanscrit meaning of the word is said to be "the sea;" but the Aryans who spoke Sanscrit must have had rather vague ideas as to what the sea was. As the Sutlej

is supposed to proceed from the mouth of a crocodile, so the Indus comes from that of a lion. Edward Thornton, in his 'Gazetteer of the Countries adjacent to India,' has collected and reproduced all the information of any importance we have in regard to this great and historically interesting river, and I must refer my reader to that work for the details, as also to General Cunningham's 'Ladak.' It has been measured near Torbela and found to be 100 yards broad; but at Torbela I should think it was about 200 yards, though the current was rapid and deep. Between that place and Attock it is so shallow in winter, when it is not fed by melting snow, that there are several points at which it can be forded. From this point, also, boats can go down all the way to the sea, as they can also from very near Kaubul, floating down the Kaubul river till it reaches the Indus.

Starting from Torbela on the afternoon of this day, I went about seven or eight miles down the left bank of the Indus to a ferry there is nearly opposite the mighty rock of Pihûr, which rises on the opposite shore, or rather almost out of the bed of the river, for in seasons of flood this rock is surrounded by the stream. Here I was passed over from the protection of the Huzara authorities to those of the Yusufzai district. Crossing the great river in another of those large high-pooped carved boats of white wood, such as, in all probability, bore Alexander the Great across the Indus, on the opposite bank a very strange sight appeared which looked as if it might have been taken out of the middle ages, or even out of the time of the Grecian conqueror. The boundary-line between our territory and that of Afghanistan here leaves the Indus and runs along the foot of the Hindû Kûsh, and one

is supposed now to be in special need of being taken care of; so I was received on landing, and with great dignity, by a number of Afghan Khans belonging to our side of the border, by a native officer of police, a body of mounted police, and a number of the retainers of the Khans, some of whom were horsemen in chain-armour.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene. It was now evening, and through the clear air the red light of the setting sun flamed over the yellow sands of the Indus, and burned on the high summits of the wild mountains around. The Afghan chiefs, with the retainers beside them, and their fine horses, were picturesque enough figures; but the most picturesque feature in the scene was, undoubtedly, the men in chain-armour, who carried immensely long spears, rode the wildest and shaggiest looking of horses, wore brass helmets on their heads over crimson handkerchiefs, and galloped about between us and the hills, shaking their long spears, as if an immediate descent of the enemy was expected and they were prepared to do battle for us to the death. Unfortunately, the enemy never did put in an appearance all the way along the border; but the men in armour did very well instead, and imparted a delightful sense of danger to the mysterious mountains.

The rock of Pihúr is between 300 and 400 feet high, and it would be a pleasant place of residence were it not for the wind which blows very violently up or down the Indus valley, and did so all night when I was there. Here I began to realise for the first time (belief being quite a different thing) that I was of some importance in the world. Guards slept in the veranda of the bungalow in which

I was, though it was placed on the extreme summit of the rock and looked down precipices; guards paced round it all night; there was a guard half-way down the rock; another guard at the foot of the rock; and, when I looked down to the valley below, in the morning before day-break, there were my friends in chain-armour riding round the rock in the moonlight, but slowly, and drooping in their saddles as if they were asleep and recruiting after the fatigues of the day.

From Pihúr we rode about twenty miles along the base of the mountains to the Thána of Swabi, passing through the village of Topi, the Khan of which accompanied us on the journey. The mountains here and all along the border have a very singular effect, because they rise so suddenly above the plain. Our trans-Indus territory is here almost a dead level, being broken only by water-courses, at this season dry, which descend abruptly below the surface of the plain. From this wide level, which is scarcely 1800 feet above the sea, the mountains of the Hindú Kúsh rise quite abruptly for thousands of feet, range towering above range till we come to the line of snowy summits. As I have already pointed out, these mountains are really a continuation of the Himáliya, being separated from the latter by the gorge of the Indus, and running more directly to the west. Sir A. Burnes has told us that the name Hindú Kúsh is unknown to the Afghans, but that there is a particular peak, and also a pass, bearing that name. This mountain is far from our present neighbourhood, being between Afghanistan and Turkestan. A good deal of doubt hangs over the derivation and meaning of the word; but, fancifully or not, the Kúsh has been identified with the Caucasus of Pliny, and the whole

of the immense range from the Himálya to the Paropamisian Mountains, is known in this country as the Indian Caucasus. It is supposed to have a maximum height of about 20,000 feet, but very little really is known about it, and that adds to the interest of the range. Its highest peak or cluster of peaks appears to be the Koh-i-Baba, the Hindú Kúsh proper, between Kaubul and Bamian; and in the near neighbourhood of the British border there seem to be no peaks quite 16,000 feet high, though some way back from it, beyond Swat, there is one of 18,564, and another of 19,132, the altitude of these heights, I presume, having been taken from points within our own territory, or that of Kashmir. In geological formation these mountains do not seem to differ much from the Himálya, being chiefly composed of quartz, granite, gneiss, mica-schist, slate, and limestone; but they are richer in metals—namely, gold, lead, copper, tin, iron, and antimony. The most remarkable difference between the two ranges is, that in their western portion the Hindú Kúsh are not backed to the north by elevated table-lands like those of Tibet, but sink abruptly into the low plains of Túrkestan. They are even more destitute of wood than the Himálya, but have more valleys, which are sometimes better than mere gorges.

The Thána at Swabi is a very large strong place, with high walls, and could stand a siege by the mountaineers. It was here arranged that I should make a day's excursion, and recross the frontier, in order to visit the famous ruins of Ranikhet or Ranigat. This, however, I was told, was not a journey to be lightly undertaken. The Thánadar of Swabi, the officer of police, and quite a number of Afghan Khans, with their followers

(including the inevitable horsemen in chain-armour), thought it necessary to accompany me, all armed to the teeth and mounted on fine horses. The chiefs who went with me were Mir Ruzzun, Khan of Topi; Manir, Khan of Jeda; Shah Aswur, Khan of Manir; Sunundu, Khan of Maneri; Amir, Khan of Shewa; Husain Shah, the Thánadar of Swabi; and the officer of police, Khan Bahádúr Jhunota, or some such name. It was a most imposing retinue; and in lieu of my solid Khiva horse, they mounted me on a splendid and beautiful steed, which would have been much more useful than my own for the purpose of running away, if that had been at all necessary. I could well, however, have dispensed with this arrangement, for by this time I had begun to suffer intensely from intercostal rheumatism; I could get no sleep because of it, and every quick movement on horseback was torture. I should like to have ridden slowly to Ranigat, a distance of about twelve miles from the Thána, as the quietest and humblest of pilgrims; but it is impossible to ride slowly on a blood-horse, with half-a-dozen Afghan Khans prancing round you; and however much you wished to do so, the blood-horse would object, so I had to lead a sort of steeplechase, especially in coming back, when, my blood having got thoroughly heated by torture and climbing, the rheumatism left me for the nonce, and by taking a bee line, I easily outstripped the Khans, who must have been somewhat exhausted by their long fast, it being the month of Ramadan, when good Mohammedans do not taste anything from sunrise to sunset. This horse I had must have been worth £200 at least; and when I returned it to its owner, he told me that he could not think of taking it away from me after I had done him the

honour of riding upon it. I accepted this offer at its true value, and found no difficulty in getting the Khan to take back his steed. I was curious enough to inquire at Mardán what would have been the result if I had accepted the offer, and was told that it would have caused endless indignation, and would probably have led to the murder, not of myself, but of somebody who had nothing whatever to do with the affair.

Leaving our horses at the little village of Nowigram, we climbed on foot for a thousand feet up the steep hill on which are the ruins of Ranigat. General Cunningham* has the merit of having identified this place with the Aornos of Alexander the Great. The antiquarian discussion on this point would hardly interest the general reader; so I shall only say that no other place which has been suggested suits Aornos so well as Ranigat, though something may be said in favour of General Abbott's view, that Aornos was the Mahában mountain.† Ranigat means the Queen's rock, and got this name from the Rani of Raja Vara. It has every appearance of having been a *petra* or "rock-fortress," the word applied to Aornos by Diodorus and Strabo. The Khans who were with me called Ranigat a fort, and any one would do so who had not a special power of discovering the remains of ancient monasteries. Dr. Bellew does not seem to have visited this place; but in his valuable report on the Yusufzai district,‡ he refers to it as one of a series of ruins, and dwells on monastic features which they present. He is especially eloquent on the "hermit cells," which, he says, "are met with on the outskirts of the ruins of Ranigat;" and argues

that the apertures sloping from them, and opening out on the faces of the precipices, were "for the purpose of raking away ashes and admitting a current of air upwards." Having got so far, the learned doctor proceeds to draw a pleasing picture of the priests issuing from their chambers, crossing to the gateway of the temple, ascending its steps, making their obeisance to the assembly of the gods, offering incense, making sacrifices, "and then retiring for meditation to the solemn and dark silence of their subterranean cells." Unfortunately, however, there is another and much more probable theory in regard to these subterranean cells, and that is that they were simply public latrines. Hence the sloping aperture out on the precipices. The plateau which forms the summit of the hill is strongly fortified by immensely strong buildings which run round it, and are composed of great blocks of hewn stone sometimes carefully fitted on each other, and in other places cemented as it were by small stones and thin slabs. This plateau is about 1200 feet in length by 800 in breadth, and is a mass of ruins. Separated from the external works and the "subterranean cells," the citadel is 500 feet long and 400 broad. A number of broken statues, chiefly figures of Búdha, have been found among these ruins, and also one statue with the Macedonian cloak. The whole of this Yusufzai district is full of the most interesting antiquarian remains, such as ruins, statues, bas-reliefs, and coins, indicating the existence of a large population, of great cities, of arts, of an advanced civilisation, and of nations which have long since disappeared. A great part of these

* See his *Ancient Geography of India*, I. The Buddhist Period, p. 58.

† See *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, 1854, p. 369, and 1863, p. 409.

‡ Government Press. Lahore, 1864.

remains are Búdhistic, a few have relation to Alexander the Great and his Greeks, and a larger number belong to the empires of the Græco-Bactrians, Indo-Bactrians, and Scythians. I should, however, require several articles in order to do justice to this subject, and must content myself with merely alluding to it.

There is a fine wild view from Ranigat up the mountains of the Hindú Kúsh, and it is close to the entrance of the Umbeyla Pass, where, a few years ago, we had some very severe fighting with the hill-men. Their conduct had rendered it necessary to teach them a lesson, and a large British force was sent into the pass; but the Afghans swarmed down upon it in large numbers and fought like devils. The British soldier did not show to his usual advantage in this campaign, and one regiment retreated rather ignominiously from a post which it ought to have held. In order to insure the retaking of this position, Sir Neville Chamberlain, the commander of the force, placed himself at the head of the attacking column, and, rumour has it, turned round and said, "There must be no running away this time," on which the colonel of one regiment replied, "The —th don't require to be told that, General."

This portion of Afghanistan is scarcely even nominally under the sway of the Amir of Kaúbul, and is virtually ruled by the Akoond of Swat, who is rather a spiritual than a temporal prince, but exercises a good deal of temporal power over the chiefs in his territory. He was ninety years old at the time of my visit to the Yusufzai, and had the reputation of being an extremely bigoted Mohammedan not averse to stirring up a *jehad* against the infidels in India; and in this respect his son was said to be even

worse than himself. Fortunately, however, we have a counter-check to him in the Múllah of Topi, within our own district, who exercises a great religious influence over the Afghans, and is a rival of the Akoond.

I had made a good deal of acquaintance with Afghans before this journey, and must say a word in regard to their character. They are a very strange mixture of heroism and cowardice, fidelity and treachery, kindness and cruelty, magnanimity and meanness, high-sounding morality and unspeakably atrocious viciousness. Though their language affords no countenance to their own belief that they are sons of Israel, and the linguist scoffs at this supposition in his usual manner, I think there is something in it. In physical appearance and in character they resemble the Hebrews of history; and it is unscientific, in judging of the origin of a people, to place exclusive reliance on one particular, such as language. Much meditation over this subject has also convinced me that our modern writers are far too much given to drawing hard and fast lines when treating of ethnology. They get hold of a race or a nation somewhere in the past, and virtually, indeed often unconsciously, assume that it has become stereotyped for all time, leaving out of mind that circumstances similar to those which form a race are continually modifying its peculiarities. As to the Afghans, I deem it likely that there is some truth in all the theories which have been started as to their origin. They are probably partly Semitic, partly Aryan, partly Asiatic, and partly European. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that their Hebrew blood has been mingled with that of the soldiers of Alexander the Great and of the Greek colonists of the Græco-Bactrian kingdoms, and also of the Asiatic Albanians,

who were driven across Persia. The Indo-Bactrians, again, may have modified the race; and this theory of a composite origin affords some explanation of the inconsistencies of the Afghan character.

Afghan history is a dreadful story of cruelty, faithlessness, perfidy, and treachery. Though they may understand the matter among themselves, yet it is impossible for the European to draw any line within which the Patháns may be trusted. The tomb of Cain is said to be in Kaubul, and the popular belief is that the devil fell there when he was thrown out of heaven. These are the views of the Afghans themselves, and a double portion of the spirit of Cain seems to have descended upon them. In one small village through which I passed, there had been twelve secret assassinations within nine months. Among these people you have perpetually recurring reasons, in the shape of dead bodies, for putting the questions, "Who is she?" and "How much was it?" for their murders proceed usually from quarrels as to women, or land, or cattle. A good many of our officers on the frontier have been assassinated, sometimes out of mere wantonness, and they have to go about armed or guarded. The Afghan monarch Shah Mahmood owed his throne to his Wuzeer Futteh Khan (Barukzai), and the latter was always careful not to show any want of allegiance or respect for that sovereign; yet Shah Mahmood, at the instigation of a relative, had his Wuzeer seized, and put out both his benefactor's eyes in the year 1818. Then he had the unfortunate blind man brought before him bound, and had him deliberately cut to pieces—nose, ears, lips, and then the joints. This is a characteristic Afghan incident, and not the less so that it was a ruinous act for the perpetrator.

Sir Alexander Burnes, in his account of his journey to Bokhara (vol. ii. p. 124), says of the Afghans that "if they themselves are to be believed, their ruling vice is envy, which besets even the nearest and dearest relations. No people are more capable of managing intrigue." And yet he adds, "I imbibed a very favourable impression of their national character." But this vice of envy is peculiarly the characteristic which marks off the lower from the higher portion of the human race; it has, not inappropriately, been assigned as the cause of angels turning into devils; and it is curious to find that a people like the Afghans, who are possessed by it, can still excite admiration. Mr. T. P. Hughes, a well-known, able missionary on the border, who is intimately acquainted with these people, says that "the Afghans are a manly race, of sociable and lively habits. All Europeans who have come in contact with them have been favourably impressed with the very striking contrast exhibited by our trans-Indus subjects to the mild Hindú and the miserable Hindústani and Panjábi Mohammedans." He also says that their "manly qualities are not unequal to our own," and that "there are elements of true greatness in the Afghan national character." Yet I was assured by more than one excellent authority that one of the most hideous of all vices is openly practised in Kaubul, where a bazaar or street is set apart for it; and that even in Pesháwar the agents of the Church Mission require to be cautious in their conduct towards the boys under their tuition. It is the extraordinary union of virtues and vices which forms the most puzzling feature in the Afghan character. To courage, strength, and the other better features of a wild sentimental mountain people, they unite vices which are usually

attributed to the decrepitude of corrupt civilisations and dying races; and though their fidelity is often able to overcome torture and death, it as often succumbs to the most trivial and meanest temptations.

I am inclined to believe that much of the badness of the Afghans is owing to the influence of Mohammedanism. One might expect that so simple and intelligible a religion, holding the doctrine of the unity of God, and admitting Christ as one of its line of prophets, would be superior in its effects to polytheistic Hindúism, and especially to Brahmanism, the acceptance of which after and in face of Búdhism, involved a moral suicide on the part of the people of India. But certainly my knowledge of India does not support that conclusion. Among a purely Semitic race like the Arabs, secluded among their deserts and at a certain stereotyped stage of thought, Mohammedanism may be good, and it undoubtedly appears to have exercised a beneficial influence in its removal of ancient superstitions; but in the larger sphere and greater complications of modern life it becomes an evil influence, from its essentially Pharisaical character and its want of power to touch the human heart. I need not speak of Christianity or of Búdhism, with their enthusiasm of love and their doctrines of self-sacrifice, but even in Brahmanism there are humanising influences; and in the older Hindúism, as Dr. John Muir has so well shown by his metrical translations, the law of love finds an important place. It is not even the worst of Mohammedanism that it is a system of external observances and mechanical devotion. Its central idea, as elaborated to-day, is that of the Creator and Governor of the universe as a merciless tyrant, ruling after the caprice of a fathomless will, breaking the clay of

humanity into two pieces, throwing the one to the right saying, "These into heaven, and I care not;" and the other to the left saying, "These into hell, and I care not." Whenever God is thus regarded as an arbitrary tyrant, instead of an all-loving Father whose dealings with His children transcend our knowledge but do not revolt our moral consciousness, religion, or rather that which takes its place, becomes a frightful instrument of evil; and even when the natural working of the human heart is too strong to allow of its being carried out practically to its logical conclusions, on the other hand, it prevents our higher sympathies from being of much practical use. It is worthy of such a system that it should regard a few external observances, and the mere utterance of such a formula as, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet," as insuring an entrance into heaven, and that its heaven should be one of purely sensual delight. I do not mean to say that Mohammed is responsible for all that Mohammedanism has become; for even in this case there has been manifested that curious tendency of religions to thrust forward and deify that which their founders began with repudiating and condemning; but he is in great part responsible, and of all famous books in the world, the Kurán is about the least edifying.

Hardy, brave, mean, and wicked a people as the Afghans are, they are great lovers of poetry, and have produced not a little poetry of a high order. They are very fond, at night, round their camp-fires, of reciting verses, and these verses are usually of a melancholy kind, relating to love, war, the unsatisfactoriness of all earthly enjoyment, and the cruelty of fate. Captain H. G. Raverty has rendered a great service

in presenting us with an almost literal translation of the productions of the more famous Afghan poets;* and these do not at all make the Afghan character more intelligible. When the women of a village ventured to come out to look at me, usually some man with a big stick drove them away with heavy blows, and remarks upon them which even a Rabelais would have hesitated to report; yet the Afghans have romantic ideas of love, and are fond of singing these beautiful lines:—

“ Say not unto me, “ Why swearest thou by me ?”
If I swear not by thee, by whom shall I swear ?

Thou, indeed, art the very light of mine eyes ;
This, by those black eyes of thine, I swear !

In this world thou art my life and my soul,
And nought else besides ; unto thee, my life, I swear !

Thou art in truth the all-engrossing idea of my mind,
Every hour, every moment, by my God, I swear !

The dust of thy feet is an ointment for the eyes—
By this very dust beneath thy feet I swear !

My heart ever yearneth toward thee exceedingly—
By this very yearning of mine unto thee I swear !

When thou laughest, they are nothing in comparison,
Both rubies and pearls—by thy laugh I swear !

Truly I am thy lover, and thine, thine only—
And this I, Kúshhal, by thy sweet face swear !”

Of the despairing melancholy of the Afghan poets it would be easy to quote many instances; but I prefer to give the following example, also translated by Captain Raverty, by a chief of the clan Khattak, of their stirring war songs:—

“ From whence hath the spring again returned unto us,
Which hath made the country round a garden of flowers ?

There are the anemone and sweet basil, the lily, and the thyme ;
The jasmine and white rose, the narcissus, and pomegranate blossom.

The wild flowers of spring are manifold, and of every hue ;
But the dark-red tulip above them all predominateth.

The maidens place nosegays of flowers in their bosoms ;
The youths, too, fasten nosegays of them in their turbans.

Come now, maidens, apply the bow to the violin ;
Bring out the tone and melody of every string !

And thou, cup-bearer, bring us full and overflowing cups,
That I may become fraught with wine's inebriety !

* Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans, from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. Literally translated from the original Pushtao. London, 1862.

The Afghan youths have again dyed red their hands,
Like as the falcon dyeth his talons in the blood of the quarry.

They have made rosy their bright swords with gore ;
The tulip-beds have blossomed even in the heat of summer.

Ae-mal Khan and Dar-ya Khan—from death preserve them !—
Were neither of them at fault when opportunity occurred.

They dyed red the valley of Khyber with the blood of the foe ;
On Karrapah, too, they found both war's din and tumult.

From Karrapah, even unto Bajawar, both plain and mountain,
Time after time, as from an earthquake, quaked and shook."

One day's march from Hoti Mardán, or Murdan, I was handed over to the care of an escort of the Pan-jáb Guides, a famous regiment which is usually quartered in that fort. Its officers showed great hospitality and kindness, and especially Captain Hutchinson, whom I had met at Hardwar, as also in Kashmir, and whose shooting expeditions had made him familiar with some of the remotest parts of the Himáliya and with the regions lying to the north of Kashmir. He had just returned from a journey into Gilgit, which he described as exceedingly barren and stony; and his quarters in the fort were adorned with many trophies of the chase, including quite a pile of the skins of the great snow-bear.

Elsewhere, I heard a story of an officer who, on getting leave after a long period of close service, went up and spent his leave at this little remote fort of Hoti Mardán, where he had formerly been stationed. That was adduced as a remarkable instance of English eccentricity; but I can quite appreciate the man's choice. The officers of a crack regiment in an isolated position make very good company; there is excellent sport of various kinds, including hawking, to be had at Mardán; there is just enough of personal danger connected with a residence there to keep one lively; interesting expeditions may be made along

or across the frontier; the whole country round is full of important antiquities; and the climate during great part of the year is delightful.

According to the regimental records of temperature for the year 1872, the thermometer (in the open air, but in a position sheltered from the sun), had, in the month of January, an extreme range from 27° to 64° and a mean range from 46° to 52°. In February, the extreme range was from 32° to 73°, and the mean from 48° to 52°. In April, the extreme range was 53° to 91°, and the mean 69° to 82°. The hottest month was June, when the extreme range was 70° to 109°, and the mean 92° to 100°. That sounds very dreadful; but the pure and excessively dry air of these regions does not make a temperature of 100° so intolerable as a temperature of 80° is in the moist regions of the coast, or during the rainy season, in those parts of India which are much exposed to the influence of the south-west monsoon. Evaporation of moisture from the skin and clothes is the great source of coolness in a hot country; and, of course, the drier the air is, the greater the evaporation and consequent coolness, while, the more the air is loaded with moisture, the less is the evaporation from our persons, and the more we become like furnaces surrounded by some non-heat-conducting substance. So early as Septem-

ber, the climate begins to be delightful at Hoti Mardán, the temperature for that month having an extreme range from 57° to 98°, and a mean of from 70° to 80°. After that it rapidly approaches the results given for January, and becomes bracing as well as pleasant.

I went out hawking with the officers one day, and we had some very fine sport, following the birds on horseback, and being much amused by a large black vulture—a pirate bird—which once or twice made its appearance just when the falcon had hunted down its prey, and proceeded to act on the principle of *sic vos non vobis*, which appears to be one of the fundamental characteristics of organic life. Apart from its cruelty (which need not be expatiated on, seeing that all action we know of involves cruelty) the action of the falcon was very beautiful, as it steadily pursued its prey, a species of crane, I think, and swooping down upon it, struck it again and again on the base of the skull, sending out a small cloud of feathers at every stroke, until the brain was laid open and the bird succumbed.

Some of the officers at Fort Mardán did not trouble themselves to carry arms, relying upon their sticks or heavy hunting-whips; but this was unwise. Fort Michni was in sight, and there Major MacDonald had a stick when Behram Khan and the Khan's brother went up to him and fired into him with guns from close quarters. A stick becomes a satire in such circumstances. Even arms, however, are not always a sufficient defence from Afghan assassins. Lieutenant Omaney, a promising young officer in civil employ, was killed in Hoti Mardán by a scoundrel who presented him with a petition to read,

and then stabbed him suddenly when the Englishman was engaged in looking over the paper. In this case Mr. McNab, the acting commissioner of the district, on hearing of the affair at night, rode immediately over from Pesháwar to Mardán, a distance of over thirty miles, and had the murderer hanged next morning—possibly without a very strict regard to legal forms, but in a summary manner, which served to put a check, for the time at least, upon what was threatening to become a too common Afghan amusement.

The Panjáb Guides is a rather peculiar regiment, being composed half of foot-soldiers and half of horsemen, most of whom are Afghans, and many from beyond our border. They are a splendid set of men, and the regiment has always been kept in an admirably effective state. In the Panjáb Mutiny Report* it is said that at the outbreak of the great Indian Mutiny "the Guide Corps marched from Mardán six hours after it got the order, and was at Attok (30 miles off) next morning, fully equipped for service, 'a worthy beginning,' writes Colonel Edwards, of 'one of the rapidest marches ever made by soldiers; for, it being necessary to give General Anson every available man to attempt the recovery of Delhi, the Guides were not kept for the movable column, but were pushed on to Delhi, a distance of 580 miles, or 30 regular marches, which they accomplished in 21 marches, with only three intervening halts, and these made by order. After thus marching 27 miles a-day for three weeks, the Guides reached Delhi on 9th June, and three hours afterwards engaged the enemy hand to hand, every officer being more or less wounded.'" That shows the

* Lahore, 1859; para. 140.

splendid state of efficiency in which the Guides were kept. They did something of the same kind in 1872, or the beginning of 1873, when sent to the camp of exercise at Hassan Abdúl, and I doubt not they would do it to-morrow if necessary. This regiment had only about half-a-dozen European officers when I saw it; but then it was pretty well beyond the reach of the so-called philanthropic influences which have weakened and are destroying our position in India. The officers were free to rule their men; and the consequence was, that the soldiers not only looked up to, but liked, and were proud of, their officers. I must repeat emphatically, that ability to rule wisely is the only condition on which we have any right to be in India at all, and that the instant we depart from that ground, trouble and disaster commence, whatever the character of that departure may be—whether it consist in having inferior English agents in the country or in curbing the hands of the capable ones—whether in stupid want of appreciation of the natives of India or in weak pandering to their insatiable ambitions.

Hoti Mardán, as well as the whole northern portion of our trans-Indus territory, is associated with the name of a very extraordinary man—General John Nicholson, who was mortally wounded at the siege of Delhi. No Englishman, at least of late years, appears to have left so powerful a personal impression upon the Afghan mind. I found it to be quite true that the Patháns of our district believe that they hear the hoofs of Nicholson's horse ringing over the trans-Indus plain at night, and that that country shall never pass from our possession

so long as these sounds are heard. In the Institute at Delhi there is an oil-painting of him which was made after his death, partly from a small sketch and partly from memory. It represents him as having had a long head and face, with dark hair, and a very finely-formed white forehead. In some respects it reminded me of the portrait of Sir Harry Vane in Ham House, and suggested more a man of contemplation than of action; but that is not an unfrequent characteristic in the countenances of great soldiers.

One of Nicholson's most splendid achievements was performed near this fort of Hoti Mardán. He was deputy commissioner of the district at the time of the outbreak of the Mutiny, when matters were in a most critical position, and the disaffected native soldiers were urged to move by the Hindústani sepoys below, and were in correspondence with the Afghan and other fanatics of Swat and Sitana. If the Panjáb saved India, it was our trans-Indus district, which was the most dangerous in the Panjáb, and it was John Nicholson, more emphatically than any one other man, who saved our trans-Indus possession. The place of the Panjáb Guides, when they were despatched to Delhi, was taken by the 55th Native Infantry and the 10th Irregular Cavalry, the first of which threatened to murder their officers, and the second to "roast" the civil officer, of the station. A very small force was sent to Mardán to deal with them, and it was accompanied by Nicholson as political officer, and on its approach, the 55th Regiment broke and took to the hills. It was in the end of the month of May, and he had been twenty hours in the saddle, under a burning sun, and had ridden seventy miles that day,*

* See Panjáb Mutiny Report, para. 151.

but, without a moment's hesitation, he "hurled himself on the fugitives with a handful of police sowars," and did such fearful execution that 150 of them were laid dead on the line of retreat, 150 surrendered, and the greater number of those who escaped up the hills were wounded. The moral effect of this, just when everything was hanging in the balance, cannot be over-estimated. The tide of mutiny had rolled up almost unchecked until it broke upon this rock.

It has been well said that, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, the valley of Pesháwar stood in "a ring of repressed hostilities," while beyond that lay the chronically hostile kingdom of Kaubul. The military forces in this valley consisted of 2800 Europeans and 8000 native soldiers of all arms; and when the intelligence of the events at Delhi and Meerut reached Pesháwar, most of the native soldiers became ripe for mutiny. It has often been alleged that the sepoys took no part in the atrocities of this dreadful time, and that these were committed only by released felons and other bad characters; but in the Panjáb Mutiny Report it is stated (para. 145) that at Pesháwar, in May 1857, "the most rancorous and seditious letters had been intercepted from Mohammedan bigots in Patna and Thaneysur, to soldiers of the 64th Native Infantry, revelling in the atrocities that had been committed in Hindústán on the men, women, and children of the 'Nazarenes,' and sending them messages from their own mothers that they should emulate these deeds." Communications also were going on between the sepoys in open rebellion and their brethren across the frontier. It was most fortunate that at this juncture Sir Sydney Cotton ordered the disarmament of his native troops; and there is reason to

believe that Nicholson had great influence in leading him to do so; but how did he come to do so? The Mutiny Report mentions that "this measure was determined on under the strenuous opposition of the condemned corps; some had 'implicit confidence' in their regiment; others advocated 'conciliation.'" Of these infatuated old Indians, who have their counterparts at the present day, one colonel shot himself when his regiment, the 99th, revolted, so much did he feel the disgrace.

Pesháwar is a very interesting place; and though the acting commissioner, Mr. M'Nab, was absent on the border, I had met with him at Mardán, and received much information and great kindness from him as well as from Major Omaney, another civil officer, as also from Mr. Hughes of the Church Mission. Mr. Ward, the superintendent of police, accompanied me up the Khyber Pass, near to Ali Musjid, the first camping-ground on the way to Kaubul. This is managed through the Afriidis, or Afreedees, of the fort of Jumrood, which stands on the sort of no man's land—the desolate strip between our territory and that of Kaubul. The Khyberis are a rapacious and sanguinary lot, and it does not do to enter their territory without protection of some kind. They even annoyed Sher Ali, the ruler of Kaubul, on his return from visiting Lord Mayo in 1869; and when I was at Pesháwar the Khyber route into Afghanistan was entirely closed, owing to the exactions practised on travellers by the tribes who occupy it. More recently some of these people came down to Pesháwar one night by stealth, and carried off into their fastnesses the bandmaster of an English, or perhaps a Scotch, regiment, who had fallen asleep by the roadside on his

way from the sergeants' mess to his own quarters, and held him to ransom for £700, but were finally induced to accept a smaller sum.

So thirty-five of the armed Afridis and one piper marched with me up the Khyber Pass, "to plunder and to ravish," no doubt, if there had been anything to plunder. We saw some caves high above the place where we stopped for breakfast, but none of the natives of the pass appeared. We then had a shooting-match, in which even little boys, who carried matchlock and dagger, acquitted themselves very well, played our most insulting tunes in the face, or rather against the back, of the enemy,—and marched back again. The pass is so narrow, and the mountains on both sides of it are so high and precipitous, that the Khyber must be a particularly unpleasant place to be attacked in. The entire length of this wonderful gorge is nearly fifty miles; it runs through slate, limestone, and sandstone; and in wet weather the

path becomes the bed of a torrent. Near Ali Musjid the precipices rise from this narrow path to the height of 1200 feet, at an angle of about 80°. This wild pass is said to be able to turn out 26,000 fighting men, and during the Afghan war many of our troops perished in it.

But I must now draw these papers to a close. From Pesháwar there was only the long drive across the Panjáb to Lahore, and from Lahore the railway to Bombay. This was in the end of December, and all across the country of the five rivers, afar off, high above the golden dust haze, there gleamed the snowy summits of the giant mountains whose whole line I had traversed in their central and loftiest valleys. The next snow I beheld was on the peak of Cretan Ida; but I had seen the great Abode of the Gods, where,

"Far in the east HIMALAYA lifting high
His towery summits till they cleave the sky,
Spans the wide land from east to western
^{sea,}
Lord of the Hills, instinct with Deity."

NEW BOOKS.

It would perhaps be a bold assertion to say that few ages have been so fond of historical investigations as our own. History, in all times in which the intelligence has been lively and free, has taken a first place among the subjects of interest which occupy at once the student and the more superficial reader, giving pleasure alike to the profound investigator of the past, and to him who snatches his lesson as he hurries through those busy ways of common life which permit no lingering. It is almost the first of literary arts: for poetry, though she goes before the graver muse, has nearly always in her primitive efforts taken the form of chronicle, and occupied herself with a narrative of the deeds of men or gods, making of them a kind of sublimated history; and in every race which has maintained a place among the great community of nations the chronicler has been the first writer, the founder of literature. To record the deeds of those who have gone before us, for the sake of simple knowledge and natural interest in our fathers in the first place, and then by way of drawing from them models, examples of good or evil fortune, encouragement in our own exertions, is the first of intellectual movements, the beginning of all life which rises beyond the immediate requirements of to-day. But the further step of making that solid basis of history the object of our speculations, and of tracing through it great waves of purpose and meaning which probably the actors in it were totally unconscious of, is a development which comes much later. The philosophy of history is of modern growth; only long after the fact, in the safe distance which

at once reveals its full proportions to us, and is silent, making no contradiction to anything we say, can we frame elaborate theories of those mixed motives and cycles of meaning which the modern mind loves to investigate. Naturally the tendency in one direction or another which lies under the mental activity of any distinct period, is but dimly perceptible to those who are carrying it out. Our immediate motives we know; but how these motives fit into those of others all moving in the same direction, and sweeping towards a larger result than can be achieved by any individual action, we are powerless to see until the play is played out, and the work accomplished. Therefore it is that contemporary narratives, precious as they are in themselves, acquire to the historical student a quite independent value as *memoires pour servir*—materials for that great story which generation after generation works out with but partial knowledge of what it is doing, and which, only when the perfection of the past has rounded each individual chapter, falls into full rhythmic harmony and cadence with all that follows after, and with all that has gone before.

This final step in history, however, the philosophy which traces across the far-retiring champaign into the very horizon, those lines of meaning, those slowly-developed tendencies which have worked themselves out into the present fabric of society, is attended with infinite dangers to the student, to whom it is often so delightfully easy to fit the facts into his theory, after the fashion of that divinity of the Sunday schools, which proves all manner of doctrines by means of

irrefragable "texts." Brilliant books have been produced in this way, we all know, and wonderful opportunities given to the politician and the partisan of promulgating their favourite views, and impressing at least the passive portion of the public with their favourite conception of historic truth. Such adaptations of history are often more exciting, more vivid, more living, as pervaded by the actual beliefs and sentiments of the writer, than more trustworthy works; yet it is disagreeable to feel no certainty after we have read, for example, the brilliant volumes of Lord Macaulay, that the greatest historical event or most notable character has not been subjected to some subtle modification or alteration, to suit his political views, or even, more disenchanting still, to answer the demands of chiaro-oscuro in his admirable style, by furnishing the due amount of light or of relief which that picturesque medium required. And it is painful when we turn to Mr. Froude's interesting pages to be aware, through all the beauty of the narrative, of that curious half-conscious manipulation of facts to suit an impassioned preconception of character, which turns the historian's judicial calm into the fiery force of a partisan's argument. Mr. Symonds* is far from having attained the altitude of either Froude or Macaulay; and the period he has chosen is one which can scarcely move English readers, at least to anything of the same exciting interest which still clings to the names of Elizabeth and Mary, of Charles and Cromwell, or even of James and William—names which recall to us the great and long-standing duel which is still, by milder manifestations, going on among us, and in which it is still

impossible for British men not to take sides. The age of the Renaissance is further off, and its influence was never so much felt in our distant regions as to move us beyond the range of impartial interest. Mr. Symonds, however, demonstrates to us the existence of a third danger beyond those of political or personal partiality. He is in love with his theory: the ordinary influences of humanity, the common sequence of events, disappear from before his eyes, and the Renaissance becomes all in all. Life stands still and steps aside; Religion abandons the field; even Vice, more potent, is superseded by this new power. It is not natural wickedness that makes a monster of Alexander VI., but the Renaissance; and it is not outraged faith and prophetic zeal which move Savonarola, but again the Renaissance, an influence still less tangible than these other spiritual influences which have moved mankind through all the ages; but which, seen through Mr. Symonds' eyes, appears almost like an individual—a tremendous mysterious personality, taking upon itself all spiritual functions both for good and evil. This is a great drawback to his book which in itself gives an animated and able picture of a very interesting period. The motive is doubtless a better one than those of the historians to whom we have referred; the writer's intention is to give a new life and interest to his record, not by elevation of one side or one person, but by development of a new spiritual action and spring of intellectual motive, before which all the old principalities and powers abdicated, for the moment at least. But we fear these ancient potentates are too strong for Mr. Symonds, and this sort

* Renaissance in Italy : Age of the Despots. By J. A. Symonds. Smith, Elder, & Co.

of spiritual personation (if we may be allowed the phrase) is not to be made in modern days. Religion we know, and wickedness we know, for these abstractions are as old as the world; but the imagination refuses to acknowledge Renaissance as a new ghostly power. The French have tried hard to establish Revolution as one of the spiritual potencies, not a fact or a series of facts, but a mystery and influence like truth or falsehood, war or peace; but though in France itself the attempt has been partially successful, we cannot allow our vague Olympus of abstractions to be thus tampered with in the nineteenth century. In art, in literature, in science, no doubt, the results of the Renaissance are sufficiently marked to be distinguishable as individual phenomena; but we fear Mr. Symonds oversteps the mark when he makes the influence of this period equally potential in history and morals—taking the sceptre out of the hands of those old Thrones and Dominations which existed before the Renaissance and after, and sway us still.

With this protestation, however, to begin with, the reader will find a very lively picture of an extremely interesting age in Mr. Symonds' big volume: lively and interesting at once because of its goodness and its badness, the amount of study and research evident in it, and the curious breakneck falls down precipices of fine writing, with which much that is very good both in style and feeling is interlarded. Mr. Symonds belongs to a new school of writers of the class which would have been styled "elegant" a century ago, which has been produced by a new and small Renaissance of its own quite recently accomplished—so that his downfalls in this kind call for more

notice than were they merely the natural trippings-up in the haste of his career of a young and comparatively unpractised author. That young men should feel it in their power to throw an entirely new light over the antiquated old world, in which we too once were young and entertained the same delusion, is not only natural but desirable and attractive to the reader, who, if he is at all an amiable reader, likes nothing better than to share when he can the delightful surprise with which every new beholder sheds a novel glory upon the universe. But young writers entertaining this lofty hope, and dotting their pages with Greek quotations, which show that they aspire to the very highest and most cultured audience, and scorn all unclassical readers, women, and simple folks, should be very careful of committing themselves to rhetoric, or outbursts of graphic eloquence in the manner of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Sad it is to say it, but duty compels us to point out that this is what Mr. Symonds has done, though he ought to know a great deal better. If the gentleman we have just named (with the greatest respect—for where could a more popular writer be found?) should undertake (and why should he not?) a history of 'His Holiness's Palace' as he has done that of 'Her Majesty's Tower,' we do not know that even his experienced hand could produce a tableau more splendid than the following, which we quote from the chapter entitled the "Popes of the Renaissance," from Mr. Symonds' book:—

"When our Elizabethan ancestors were about to act a History upon the stage, they used first to send in dumb-show across the scene a representative pageant of the chief personages. Let us imagine that we are assisting at such a spectacle. The Popes of the Renaissance defile before us in a figurative

procession. Upon a stallion gorgeously caparisoned first rides a grand man in the prime of life, whose tiara blazes with sapphires: tortured captives are tied to his stirrup-leather. That is Paolo II. Next comes a hoary-headed tyrant seated in a gilded car: two tigers fed on human flesh drag the chariot, and the wheels are flecked with gory foam. Beside him beautiful young men are throned, voluptuously attired, and delicate in all their gestures: but Famine goes in front, depopulating cities, and laying broad plains silent. Alecto follows lashing the nations with her nine times corded whip of steel. That is Sixtus IV. When he has passed, a fat mule enters, obstinate and sullen, bearing like a bundle on its back a greybeard sunk in sloth, with no lustre in his leaden eyes, unless, perchance, they fall on the bastards that attend him. That is Innocent VIII. Then, as he disappears, a din of fiends is heard, and a triumphal chariot, drawn by the seven deadly sins, leads Belial himself upon the stage. Murder and Treachery, and Fraud and Fear, and all the shapes of Death and Lust, are dancing round this car. At the side of Belial smile his two children—his daughter Incest, white as leprosy; his son Fratricide, subtle, fraternal, bold, and sinuous like a snake. That is Alexander VI. He vanishes; and now, with a flourish of trumpets enters War upon his prancing steed, armed at all points, and red to the fetlocks with blood, but having on his brow this superscription of the Gospel: 'Love is the fulfilment of the law.' That is Julius II. Next comes the sixth actor, a fat man, heavy-jawed, arrayed in full pontificals, but booted for the chase; for on a phylactery upon his forehead, beneath the triple crown, is written, 'There is no God.' Philosophers, and poets, and painters, and parasites, a goodly band, surround him. That is Leo X. After him a pedant mumbling Aves is borne upon the back of an ass who munches MSS. instead of thistles, while Pasquil in the background mocks with obscene gestures of disgust. That is Adrian VI. The pageant is closed by a tremulous old man whose hands are bound behind his back, and who crouches among the smoking ruins of a city built upon seven hills. Florence in chains, crowned with withered lilies, and branded on the brow with the

slave-mark of the Spaniard, lies at his feet. That is Clement VII."

It would be well that Mr. Symonds should learn at once to *se méfier* (there is no English word which has exactly the meaning) of this gift of fine writing. A more dangerous never belonged to a man of letters. Let him distrust every sentence which sounds more than usually "graphic" and picturesque. This sort of thing is enough to ruin any man however accomplished, and it is with sincere alarm we warn him against the snare. The vulgar like it very well, it is impossible to deny; but then the vulgar could make nothing of Mr. Symonds' Greek, which is a thing very appalling in a circulating library, and which, like the flag of a river-boat, shows the school to which the writer belongs, and the class he aspires to please—a class very different from that addressed by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. It is appalling to the interested and friendly observer to see such a combination of dangers—the classic Scylla on one side, the Charybdis of eloquence on the other; one of the two certainly ought to be abandoned forthwith—either the fine writing or the Greek.

This wonderful piece of composition is, so to speak, the argument of the chapter, which in itself gives a very clear and animated narrative of the terrible doings of these terrible priests. If they were, as Mr. Symonds believes, the special offspring of the Renaissance, what an altogether pernicious and fatal power must this Renaissance have been! Fortunately in following his argument in this respect we shall be able to show that his book is not entirely made up of fine writing, and that, whether or not his reasoning commends itself to the reader, it is at least forcibly expressed. In his

first chapter he explains his conception of the Renaissance as follows:—

"If we ask the students of Art what they mean by the Renaissance, they will reply that it was the revolution effected in architecture, painting, and sculpture by the recovery of ancient monuments. Students of literature, philosophy, and theology see in the Renaissance that discovery of manuscripts, that passion for antiquity, that progress in philosophy and criticism, which led to a correct knowledge of the classics, to a fresh taste in poetry, to new systems of thought, to more accurate analysis, and finally to the Lutheran schism, and the emancipation of the conscience. Men of science will discourse about the discovery of the solar system by Copernicus and Galileo, the anatomy of Vesalius, and Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood. The origination of a truly scientific method is the point which interests them most in the Renaissance. The political historian, again, has his own answer to the question. The extinction of feudalism, the development of the great nationalities of Europe, the growth of monarchy, the limitation of the ecclesiastical authority, and the erection of the Papacy into an Italian kingdom, and, in the last place, the gradual emergence of that sense of popular freedom which exploded in the Revolution: these are the aspects of the movement which engross his attention. Jurists will describe the dissolution of legal fictions based upon the false decretals, the acquisition of a true text of the Roman code, and the attempt to introduce a rational method into the theory of modern jurisprudence, as well as to commence the study of international law. Men whose attention has been turned to the history of discoveries and inventions, will relate the exploration of America and the East, or will point to the benefits conferred upon the world by the arts of printing and engraving, by the compass and the telescope, by paper and by gunpowder, and will insist that at the moment of the Renaissance all the instruments of mechanical utility started into existence, to aid the dissolution of what was rotten and must perish, to strengthen and perpetuate the new and useful and life-giving. Yet neither any one of these answers taken separately, nor, indeed,

all of them together, will offer a solution of the problem. By the term Renaissance, or new birth, is indicated a restored movement not to be explained by this or that characteristic, but to be accepted as an effort of humanity, for which at length the time had come, and in the onward progress of which we still participate. The history of the Renaissance is not the history of arts, or of science, or of literature, or even of nations. It is the history of the attainment of self-conscious freedom by the human spirit manifested in the European races. It is no mere political initiation, no new fashion of art, no restoration of classical standards of taste. The arts and the inventions, the knowledge and the books, which suddenly became vital at the time of the Renaissance, had long lain neglected on the shores of that Dead Sea which we call the Middle Ages. It was not their discovery which caused the Renaissance. But it was the intellectual energy, the spontaneous outburst of intelligence which enabled mankind at that moment to make use of them. The force thus generated still continues vital and expansive in the spirit of the modern world."

Thus the reader will perceive Mr. Symonds' view of the Renaissance is infinitely more extended than the general meaning given to the word, the rebirth of classical lore and classical art in a barbarian world. It is wide—and at the same time it is narrow; for everything that has happened since, all the developments of the centuries, seem to him to have found their root in this great birth-period. That great waves of energy and genius do come by times suddenly, and out of all reckoning, to rouse and quicken the world into more strenuous living, there can be no doubt, and that the period commonly called the Renaissance was one of those high tides of force and power; but at the same time it ought not to be forgotten that, in the very country which has felt the influence of the Renaissance most, in Italy herself, the two first and greatest of her poets, the

men who established her language, and founded her literature, were before the Renaissance. No writer who has come after him has done half so much for Italy as Dante, and his work is entirely beyond and outside of the period of the so-called new birth. Even to refer to Mr. Symonds' special work, we can see no reason for regarding Lorenzo dei Medici as a "Despot" of a different character from Cane della Scala, who flourished nearly two centuries before him. Both were so far usurpers that they were liable to be "cacciato" at any moment, driven "fuori" like leaves upon the wind, as Lorenzo's son was, though not himself, and they had no recognised right of sovereignty over their respective cities; yet both were great princes, holding, each according to the fashion of his time, high court in the town which was his kingdom, his country, his slave—and yet which no more belonged to him by any legal claim than it belonged to the jester at his table. Between the beginning of the fourteenth and the middle or end of the fifteenth century, a great many things had happened. Art had made prodigious progress, and riches had increased, and learning had grown to an altogether incalculable extent. Few pictures, we may believe, belonged to Can Grande, and fewer statues, and no Greek manuscripts at all; whereas the magnificent Lorenzo was great in all of these. But we are unable to find out what other characteristic difference there was between them, though Can Grande ruled Verona long before the Renaissance was thought of; and Lorenzo, according to Mr. Symonds at least, was one of the typical despots of that period. Dante and his splendid patron both belong to "that Dead Sea which we call the Middle Ages;" yet the

favourite age of art, the darling of historical philosophy, the beginning of all culture and enlightenment, has not been able to produce such a pair as the author of the *Divine Comedy* and that prince to whom, canto by canto, the poem was submitted before it was given to vulgar eyes. This example takes away from the force of Mr. Symonds' description. Lorenzo's poets were Politian and Pulci—men of a different calibre from him who at last found it so hard to mount the stairs of another and eat his salt and bitter bread.

This, however, is a digression. The vast tide of new life which Mr. Symonds describes, and which, in one section of its power, he takes upon himself to expound in this volume, certainly produced at first a terrible and undesirable effect. If it expanded and liberated the intelligence, if it gave a new inspiration to art and a new stimulus to freedom, it gave at the same time a tremendous impulse to all the powers of tyranny, swelled to bursting the sluices of impurity and evil, and by the very heat and fervour of its rise, drove the world into a mad passion of ill-doing, which was as grotesque as, and more horrible than, any other revival; for that new energy which tingled through the being of Michael Angelo, and of the great prophet Savonarola himself, tingled likewise in all the veins of a vicious Pope, driving him into shameless exuberance and research of criminality, as it drove the others into passionate endeavours after perfection. Thus the first public effect of it (according to Mr. Symonds himself) was an exhibition of the most complete and finished depravity, the most intolerable and cruel tyranny, which the world has ever seen. Before the revival had shown itself even on canvas or in marble,

before the twitterings of the new school of poets had begun in Lorenzo's court, this high flood of iniquity and abominable crime had set in. Mr. Symonds loves and admires the Renaissance; but, oddly enough, all that he tells us in the first chapter of its history reads like a warning against all attempts to revive the influence of that revival. What a picture it is which he unfolds before us! The succession of unbelieving and pagan Popes, whom he describes with a certain relish of detail which may shock the sensitive, seem to be in his eyes its first and most characteristic product; and their position as priests and representatives of the Church, gives to these monstrous figures a last fantastical and *bizarre* climax of inappropriateness, which is in perfect keeping with the ghastly horror of their peculiar vices. The very abomination and studied depravity of them is pointed out to us as a feature of the time. The men of the Renaissance were curious in crime; its common manifestations did not content them. They wanted an extravagance of evil, a *fine fleur* of filthiness surpassing all precedent. And this appetite of the period was quickened by a peculiarity of the Italian character, which Mr. Symonds ingeniously sets forth as follows:—

"The characteristic vice of the Italian was not coarse sensuality. He required the fascination of the fancy to be added to the allurements of the senses. . . . It was due again, in a great measure, to their demand for imaginative excitement in all matters of sense that the Italians came to deserve so terrible a name among the nations for unnatural passions. . . . It is no excuse to say that they spiritualised abominable vices. What this really means is that their immorality was nearer that of devils than of beasts. But in seeking to distinguish its true character, we must take notice of the

highly-wrought phantasy which seasoned both their vengeance and their jealousy."

We fear that the conclusion drawn by the ordinary reader in respect to the new life which inspired men, princes as well as Popes, but especially Popes, with a mad passion "for all that was strange and sweet and terrible in the forbidden fruits" of sin, and led them to seek a terrible variety of sensation in novel inventions and expedients of guiltiness, will be very little in its favour. Rather death, even of the most ignoble kind—rather any Dead Sea conceivable of stagnation and tranquillity—rather a hundred times no Michael Angelo at all, no revival of art,—than this hideous preface of revived and perfected atrocity. If this is in any way what a revived antiquity gives us, let antiquity die and rot, and be buried under ignominious dust-heaps. It is not we, however, to whom the Renaissance is no way dear, who brand it with this reproach, but the historian whose intention it is to hold it up before us as the well-spring of modern life. In the interests of those intelligent and intellectual classes who have their eyes always fondly turned upon the classic ages, and hang their whole souls upon the perfectness of Greek, let us hope that all these crimes and horrors are not to be attributed arbitrarily to the revival of classic learning, and the return of the world to the ancient classical fountains of energy and genius. It is a mistake on Mr. Symonds' part, we think, to place Alexander VI. in such a prominent position as the very frontispiece, so to speak, of his first volume. If he could not be ignored, at least he might have been placed in a less heroic eminence. Better, far better for our interest in the Renaissance to have set us forth again, though for the hundredth time, that great

Buonarotti, working his youth into perfection in the gardens and galleries of Lorenzo, who, tyrant as he was, and sinner as he was, had yet some generous greatness in him, and perception of other lofty and generous souls.

It is refreshing to turn from Mr. Symonds' clever but pretentious work to the perfectly unpretending* volume, without a vestige of the *luxe* of printing, the broad margins and creamy leaves of the book we have just laid down, which has already made sufficient noise in the world to dispense with any applause of ours. It is the most curious commentary upon the vanities of appearances to see Mr. Green's admirable work in all the poverty of a school edition, small print, flimsy paper, and close pages, when a hundred trifling productions, never to be heard of beyond the morrow, lie beside it in all the glories of typography, smooth velvety leaves, and elaborate bindings. "Patient merit" has seldom in so typical yet whimsical a way supported the "spurns" of the unworthy; but the author whose work is in its fifteenth thousand, can afford to smile at the modesty of appearance, which for once in a way has not veiled real excellence. It is hard to know what expressions to use in speaking of such a book, for superlatives of admiration would be out of place, and yet without them it is difficult to express the full measure of appreciation which it deserves. We took up the book knowing nothing of it except some plaudits of the press—which, as the enlightened reader knows, are not always to be taken for gospel; and opened it without excitement—with languid interest, if the truth must be told—at eleven of the clock, or so, on one of those stormy nights which too often in

England disguise the early summer. Heaven knows, the tale is old enough, and well enough known. In staid histories of an older age, in romance, in poetry, in Mr. Froude, had we not read already, twenty times over, the story of Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland, those two cousins like each other in so many attributes of character, yet unlike in so many external particulars that their rivalry and their contrast has been for ages in the mouths of all men? What happened in our immediate neighbourhood for a long time after we cannot tell; but we know that when we raised our head, startled by the striking of a distant clock, that blue ethereal revelation was stealing in at the window which tells of day come back, or coming, and the ending of the night. Why should the unwitting watcher thus caught suddenly by the eye of day be moved by an involuntary sense of shame? Three o'clock in the morning is as virtuous an hour as three o'clock in the afternoon for that matter; yet we stole away to bed feeling guilty, and hearing a hundred reproaches in the early twitter which just then began from all the trees. What a deal of talk, by the way, the birds get through in that blue hour which they have all to themselves, before any other mortals except themselves (and us) know that it is day! First, some wakeful house-mother (let us suppose) feels the light upon her small eyelids before it can be called light, while it is only a blueness, a lightness, a beginning of something which is night no longer—and putting forth her head from the nest, starts the chorus with a question. A pause; and then all around, the leaves answer before the tenants under them are visible,

* *A Short History of the English People.* By J. R. Green, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

"Yes, it is day;" and lo! a commerce of question and reply, of advice and reproof, and a hundred business transactions, no doubt, about the nests and the young ones, and so forth, and where worms are to be found of the finest flavour—for that man was wanting in observation who spoke of the early bird; as if any bird could be more than half a moment earlier than the rest, or the first stir among the branches could pass unheard. How they talk! You think they only sing, dear reader; wake them a moment, towards three o'clock, in any leafy place in England, and hear them at it. What chatter and discussion, what eager parliamentering, and never a note of music in their heads, till the light grows full, and the vulgar sun gets up, and other vulgar folks in his train—upon which they become professional all in a moment, and recollect the claims of duty, and sing!

What have the early birds to do with Mr. Green? Nothing, dear reader, absolutely nothing—except that they saved us for a minute from the humiliation of being obliged to confess that we don't know how to express ourselves about this history in ordinary words. It is simply the ideal history which we have been looking for since ever we knew what history was—the simple, straightforward, rapid narrative, clear and strong and uninterrupted as a vigorous river, carrying you on with it in an interest too genuine and real to leave you any time to think of style—yet with a style which is perfectly adapted to the purpose, neither florid nor rigid, neither ornamental nor austere, but, far better than either, unconscious, like the voice of a man who has so much to say that he entirely forgets how he is saying it—a grand condition of natural eloquence. To quote the book, unless we could

quote it all, and cram it, in still smaller print than the original, into the apron of Maga, would be futile; and indeed we are afraid even to open it, lest the same disastrous result should ensue as before, and nothing be heard of us till to-morrow. We will not say that Mr. Green is always right, or that we always agree with him. Why should we? or how is it to be expected that a man should be always right? but he is always interesting, clear, swift, and full, stopping, for no eloquences, pressing no philosophy upon us, though everywhere tracing the greater lines of movement which have framed and fashioned England, as well as the mere events which form the outer husk of history. Thus battles and treaties, though retaining the full importance of their position, do not exclude from our sight the really more important lesson how society formed itself, how customs arose, and laws got settled, and the whole fabric of social existence grew. The progress of wealth, the rise of commerce, those changes in such external matters as architecture and decoration, which betoken a peaceful, wealthy, and settled period, after one of self-defence and disturbance—all find their due place in the story; nor are literature and the arts left out, any more than the Spanish Armada and the buccaneering heroes of Elizabeth's reign. Elizabeth herself recovers her old aspect under Mr. Green's hands, in a rapid and able sketch which wipes out something of the hateful impression made upon the mind by Mr. Froude's morbid study of the vacillations and basenesses of that great but unlovable monarch. Mr. Green's method is as admirable as his matter. He does not torment us with authorities, footnotes, quotations, and a full sight of all that scaffolding which we know must be em-

ployed in the building of every history, but which it is surely the historian's business to clear away before he opens to us the completed fabric. His authorities are succinctly named at the head of each section, but the narrative is left unbroken for the reader's enjoyment.

Mr. Browning's* last poem is, we think, very little worthy of him. What has come to him in these latter days? What bewildering spirit has carried him round the fatal circle and landed him once more in those wilds of confused wordiness which made Sordello the wonder and the fear of all readers? The noble interval between which he has peopled with the 'Men and Women' of his most perfect poetical effort, and with the three great figures which, amid much indifferent matter, we find in the 'Ring and the Book,' has given absolute proof that he is not compelled by any mystery of nature to entangle himself in those uncouth shrouds of diction, the complicated parentheses and inharmonious syllables, which, by some perverted operation of taste, he chose to begin with, and which he has come back to with such fatal effect. Here is another terrible result of Greek, as appalling as any which Mr. Symonds has put before us in the history of the Renaissance. A profligate prince is a very horrible and dangerous thing; but he affects us less in this well-protected island than does a wasted poet. Alexander VI. at this long interval we can ignore or forget; he has served a great many purposes since, and pointed the moral against the Papacy to the utter obliteration of all good Popes and the perfect satisfaction of every good Protestant for generations, so that even his depravity may have

had its uses; but what is there to console us when we make our moan over our poet wasted, our anticipations deceived? Mr. Browning threw himself into this perilous path of Greek with a fervour which we pardoned in that first adventure of 'Balaustion,' which embodied the drama of 'Alcestis,' one of those efforts of the great muse of Greece which is most in harmony with later tenets of art and the workings of the modern mind. A translation of one poet by another, though we may demur to it as a waste of power, has, doubtless, great recommendations; and the English poet in this case rendered the Greek with as much truth and fidelity as poetic force. But, alas! it had been better if the first experiment had not succeeded, when its success leads us to nothing better than a poetical argument, nearly four hundred pages long, between a half-tipsy Greek, half buffoon, half philosopher, and an enthusiastic poetess as long-winded as himself. There can be no doubt, however much it is to be deplored (if it is to be deplored), that three-fourths of the readers of English poetry are absolutely indifferent to the question why Aristophanes attacked Euripides in his comedies, which is exactly one of those details which the *dilettante* critic delights in, but which convey neither information nor edification to any one else. A good translation of a great poem is a totally different matter. We have our own opinion as to the difficulty of such an effort, and the almost impossibility of conveying any high conception of the poetry (as poetry, distinct from the character or story conveyed in it) of one language into another; but it is the very foolishness of scholarship to suppose that the world of to-day can be excited by an explana-

* Aristophanes' Apology. By Robert Browning. Smith, Elder, & Co.

tion of the motives which led the comic to assail the tragic poet with such broad sarcasm and pointed jest as delighted the vulgar crowd of Athenian spectators. The fact is not pleasant in the first place; though it may be so far instructive as to the unchanged tenor of human nature, that it shows how Wit gibed at Wisdom a thousand years ago, and how the meaner and grosser public enjoyed the sport when a real poet, unworthily occupied, poked fun at Socrates and Plato.

Mr. Browning, however, attempts to show the English reader, to whom the whole matter is absolutely indifferent, and who probably never heard of the quarrel, that Aristophanes was partially ashamed of himself all the while; and to explain how he was beguiled into it, by motives which certainly have not ceased to tell upon critics, by the dogmatism of the philosophers' followers, and the exaggerated commendation of the poet's admirers. We have seen parodies of Mr. Browning himself, which a little crowd of University-men, closest and narrowest of all clique-audiences, chuckled and exulted over, as infinitely cleverer and better than the original; a decision which very probably these young heroes would have been ashamed of, had any indignant young Balaustion flashed down upon them the lightning of her enthusiasm. But it is the very extravagance of faith to believe that any fame of any poet would carry into the popular heart a long discussion—however mixed with digressions into general human sentiment—of the excellence of Euripides, and the reasons why a contemporary should have gibed and laughed at him in works almost as notable as his own. We should be disposed to laugh too, if the question were not so serious; but, unfortunately, it is very serious. Let us

allow that Greek is sublime, that even its jokes—though a shallow modern intellect, destitute of the pure classic flavour, may find them coarse or even stupid, like other buffoonery—are of more value than jokes are nowadays. Yet the fact remains that Englishmen are not Greeks, and that no poem nor other work plentifully besprinkled with classic vocables, and made up of classic allusions, ever will or can be anything but caviare to the multitude, and never can or will be anything original or great. This fact being fully granted, Mr. Browning, or any one else, may play what pranks he pleases for the gratification of a small and select audience, and throw his genius into a parrot monologue if he likes. Thought is free, and we have no right to interfere with his fantasy; but the penalty is certain, and can no more be escaped than any other natural punishment.

The story, if story it can be called, of this long wrangle, is that of a sudden visit paid by Aristophanes on the night of the day which brought the news of Euripides' death to Athens, to Balaustion, the young enthusiast and improvisatore of Rhodes, whose recital of the play of 'Alcestis' had on a former occasion saved her own life and that of her fellow-travellers. Balaustion, a kind of priestess of the worship of Euripides, and not without some humorous resemblance (though the humour, we fear, is unintentional) to the intellectual priestesses of poetic worship, whom everybody has met in the present day—is sitting silent and sad with her husband, lamenting the news, when the comic poet, at the head of a rabble of half-drunken actors, his *troupe*, fresh from the triumph of his play, bursts in, without rhyme or reason, without, one cannot suppose, any other intention than to insult the friends of the dead Euripides. The in-

dignant looks of Balaustion frighten the buffoons and dancing-girls that make up the procession; and this is how the poet who leads them describes their discomfiture:—

“Witness whom you scare,
Superb Balaustion! Look outside the
house,
Pho you have quenched my Komos, by
first frown
Struck dead all joyance; not a fluting
puffs
From idle cheekband! Ah, my Choros
too?
You've eaten cuckoo-apple? Dumb, you
dogs!
So much good Thasian wasted on your
throats,
And out of them not one *Threttanelo*?
Nebaretai! Because this earth-and-sun
Product looks wormwood and all bitter
herbs?
Well, do I blench though me she hates
the most
Of mortals? By the cabbage, off they
slink!
You too, my Chrusomelolonthian-Phaps,
Girl - golding, beetle - beauty? You
abashed,
Who late, supremely unabashable,
Propped up my play at that important
point
When Artamouxia tricks the Toxotes?
Ha, ha!—thank Hermes for the lucky
throw—
We came last comedy of the whole seven,
So went all fresh to judgment well dis-
posed,
For who should fatty feast them eye and
ear
We two between us! What, you fall
your friend?
Away then, free me of your cowardice!
Go, get you the goat's breakfast! Fare
afield,
Ye circumcised of Egypt pigs to sow
Back to the priest's, or forward to the
crows,
So you but rid me of such company!
Once left alone, I can protect myself
From statuesque Balaustion pedestalled
On much disapprobation and mistake!”

Now, alas! we are obliged to admit that nobody who knows Mr. Browning could read this rhapsody without recognising it to be his. We cannot even flatter ourselves, deeply as in his better moods we prize him as a poet, that it is not quite like him in his worst—a parody more lifelike than even those alluded to. But it is humbling to recollect that the same hand

which delineated Andrea del Sarto, and which wrote the epistles of Cleon and Karshish, and which gave us the angelic-pathetic form of Pompilia, and the heroic figure of Caponsacchi, should fall into this unintelligible and unlovely rant. What wonderful charm is there in the garbage of Grecian roadsides to infatuate the modern mind, like those philtres which drove Lucretius mad in the fulness of his power? Certainly there must be some philtre in the case, some fine Borgia-poison hid in deadly jewel or deadlier flower, to drive genius into ravings more impotent than folly. We have not the heart even to laugh at it; it is too woful, and, at the same time, too infectious a madness. Let the Philo-Grecians but pause a moment and inquire what has come of their little Renaissance. What modern poet has ever found direct inspiration in those fountains which were so potent in their day, and did their work, but are living waters for daily use no longer? Keats, perhaps, poor splendid boy, who fortunately was not learned enough to get at more than everybody knows, and who had no acquaintance with Chrusomelolonthian - Phaps! Culture is excellent, the culture that widens; but the culture that narrows—that drives back all beauty into a long-completed circle, and prizes the mud of a classical road and the cobwebs of a catacomb above all those paths leading into the infinite, which climb over hills and strike through fresh air and sunshine, over living plains upon a living sky—contradicts the very object for which culture is desirable, and makes of it an evil rather than a good. The true inspiration of Greek literature was the study of that life which Greeks knew, and those beings they saw and comprehended—not mythic creatures in strange habits and of another language.

Infinitely more true to all canons of art is the individuality which made even a Madonna into a Flemish mother, than the concentration of all attractions into one chosen age and shape of thought. The Greek *fad* in literature is as foolish and as contrary to the nature of the thing imitated as was the Gothic *fad* in architecture, which lessened our light by narrow windows because narrow windows were safe in the middle ages—as if the spirit of Gothic architecture was not that of the most practical adaptation to necessity, or as if the Gothic builder ever hesitated at any honest expedient which served his purpose. The paltry precedents of imitation are true to nothing—not even to the facts which they servilely follow and pitifully belie.

The 'Pilgrim Memories' * of Mr. Stuart-Glennie is about as odd a book as we have ever met. It is the purest piece of fanatical writing, aggravated by all the long-windedness and power of talk which proverbially belong to our beloved Scotland, that has appeared in print for many a year; but takes a whimsical character from the fact that its Scotch long-windedness and untiring delight in discussion is combined, not with the fanaticism of the Puritan, which might have come more natural, but with the fanaticism of the Humanitarian, of which, red-hot and bran-new in fervour of novel zeal, we have had other recent specimens. No Puritan, however, that we remember, ever showed so fiery a zeal, or went about the world with such an impassioned desire to pull down and denounce and show the folly of every opinion but his own. An inexperienced Low Churchman's maunderings about the mummeries

of Rome when, for the first time, with horrified eyes and gaping mouth, newly transplanted from his village, he gazes wondering at the ceremonials of St. Peter's or watches a pilgrimage, putting the worse construction on the motives of a set of people so inconceivable to him—are but a feeble image wherewith to figure forth the passionate monomania of opposition with which Mr. Stuart-Glennie represents himself as wandering about the mountain paths of Sinai, and crossing the sands of the Desert, taking advantage of every resting-place to prove how foolish were the Jewish traditions which cling about that wonderful country, and how false the "Christianism" that followed these traditions, and how everlastingly and absolutely right and wise Mr. J. S. S. Glennie, and the brotherhood to which he belongs. This may be so, but so strong a conviction of right should be temperate; and if these truths are really so evident to all enlightened thinkers, it is unnecessary to be so very hot about them, and so persistent, never drawing breath, nor letting the unfortunate reader draw breath, for a single page. We do not know what poor Mr. Buckle has been supposed to have died of up to this moment, but it is very apparent to us now what he must have really died of. Mr. Stuart-Glennie is not a Thug, nor has he, we suppose, any evil intention; but we do not believe any reasonable and impartial jury of his countrymen, with the evidence of this book placed before them, could pronounce any other verdict than that the unhappy philosopher, hoist, as it were, with his own petard, had been talked to death. The story is that of a journey made from the Nile across the Desert to the

* *Pilgrim Memories*; or, *Travel and Discussion in the Birth Countries of Christianity with the late Henry Thomas Buckle*. By John S. Stuart-Glennie, M.A. Longmans & Co.

Holy Land—that is, to what we call the Holy Land, though it is needless to say that to neither of the companions in this journey would the title have seemed appropriate. They wandered along the tracks of the old Israelites, but more comfortably than Moses—with every meal very conveniently arranged and so recorded that we are happy to be able to note that the party lunched at the appropriate hour for that refec-tion every day as regularly as if they had been in Belgrave Square—under the care of a dragoman whom Mr. Glennie jocularly describes as their Pillar of Cloud by day, while the light of their camp-fires were their pillar of fire by night. “Nor did it seem likely that the Israelites had other guidance by day and other illuminations by night,” he adds jauntily; and it is his opinion that “the barbarous tribe of the Beni-Israel” made a great deal too much fuss about the journey, which a couple of philosophers performed so easily and so much to their satisfaction—though, to be sure, the Israelites marched about three thousand years ago, and without, so far as we know, any dragoman.

When this party, however, had lunched, they went on again “from three in the afternoon till six”—a curious time to travel in a hot country—when they rested and dined and talked, Mr. Buckle getting off to his tent as soon as possible, and leaving Mr. Glennie to have his discussion out with himself, with the stars, or, alas! with the reader. The relief it is, the comfort to our mind, the relaxation and delight with which at last we see Mr. Glennie himself safely off to bed, is not to be described in words; and he is always kind enough to give us that satisfaction, telling us of it with the most bewitching confidence in our interest, as well as of all he had to eat, and everything about it.

“Reflect on all this,” he says, “and see whether a realisation of what I may call the naturalism of a desert-journey has not a dissolving effect on belief in the supernaturalism of the narrative of that ancient one recorded in Exodus.” We may be very stupid, but we confess we don’t see the analogy between the two. With three excellent meals a-day (not to speak of Carr’s biscuits and a glass of wine at eleven), “preserved soups,” and “claret cooled in a tub, chickens or a turkey, various sweets, creaming Turkish coffee, cigars, and pleasant talk,” the pilgrims made their way quite easily, as indeed any of us, even persons of much smaller pretensions, might have done. And they were both strongly of opinion that Moses might very well have done the same, had he taken the trouble to sign his contract with his dragoman at the Consulate before starting, and given the proper orders at Fortnum and Mason’s—precautions of the most ordinary common-sense, which it is evident he neglected. They paused at the wells of Moses, where the song of Moses was said to have been sung; “but neither of this barbaric ode, nor of the wondrous passage of the Israelites upon dry ground in the midst of the sea, . . . nor of ‘the honour which the Lord,’ having hardened the hearts of the Egyptians, ‘got Himself upon Pharaoh and all his host, . . .’ was our conversation that night as we strolled arm-in-arm in the desert under the stars,” says Mr. Glennie, with conscious superiority: “neither of the Israelites nor of their God Yah-veh was our talk: The text that suggested our conversation at these wells came not from the books of Moses, but from what I have already ventured to call much more really part of the true Bible of educated Europeans—the plays of Shakespeare.”

How fine this is, and how su-

perior to ordinary mortals, the reader will see at a glance. Yet we suppose, had he been on the plain where Troy once stood (if Troy ever stood anywhere), Mr. Glennie would not have thought it beneath his dignity to make a passing allusion to sulky Achilles in his tent, or noble Hector, or that mystic beauty whom all the pothor was about. These two solemn fools, however, were too grand to be touched by the other and older tale, so wonderfully preserved in the names and traditions of that mysterious desert. How vulgar and silly it is besides, for anything come to man's estate, and capable of reason, to show his fanatical spite against the old narrative already referred to of the former pilgrimage, by calling the Jehovah of the Bible "the God Yahveh," we need not point out. But we cannot pass over, without the warmest indignation, another expression of worse than fanatical prejudice. The two travellers were sitting in front of their tent "after dinner," by the "Fountain of the Virgin" at Nazareth, watching the girls going and coming to the fountain with their pitchers—a scene in any locality soft and idyllic, and suggesting no unkindly remark. But the two philosophers, so elevated and abstract, had other views on this subject. "As the maidens of Nazareth," says Mr. Glennie, "have from of old had rather a distinguished reputation for frailty as well as beauty, remark could hardly but arise on the possible secrets which that Virgin of the Fountain, who has had a destiny so wonderful, 'kept in her heart.'" We do not venture to put into words the feeling which such a detestable suggestion excites;—that any Scotch gentleman should have been able to write them down, is a shame to all his belongings, almost to the country that produced him: even Renan's flippant and sentimental French never sinned so

unpardonably against all good taste and good feeling.

The sense of disgust with which we turn from the book in which such a sentence occurs, almost prevents any return to it—though there are various comic *morceaux* of a tempting character, especially the description of Mr. Buckle himself, which is perhaps less friendly than grotesque; but as our space prevents us from entering into any of Mr. Glennie's endless discussions, we will do him the justice to give the reader an opportunity of judging of his reasoning gifts. The following conversation takes place in Suez, "in the evening under the stars, on the flat roof of one of the best caravanserais of the East:—"

"After a time I burst out with what the meditations of my solitary day had borne in upon me, of the profound truth of that answer of the apostles to those who asked *τί μὲν δεῖ ποιεῖν ὑμεῖς*. What must I do to be saved? *Πιστεῦσατε*. Believe? Yes! It was as if they had said, Do? Do nothing! Believe only, and deeds will come. For without faith, without subjection to an idea, works are dead. Hard truth, new life, new works are the expression of and possible only through some new idea. And this chiefly has characterised all heroes—their having and having faith in the regenerating power of Ideas. . . . Mr. Buckle, however, did not make much response to this, and soon after bidding me good-night, left me to pursue these thoughts by myself amid the starry solitude.

"Consider, then, what Moral Forces are, and how great that historical importance of them is, which Mr. Buckle denied. Moral Forces are Wants of Oneness, Wants of the Ideal, or, more concretely to define them, the passions of love and hate, which at once create and are stimulated by Beliefs. This is that element which causes those sudden revolutionary outbursts which give to historical phenomena that appearance of arbitrariness on which annalists and *litterateurs*, who, so far, rightly acknowledge the importance of Moral Forces, found their denial of the possibility of a science of them, and still more of a Science of History.

But is it impossible that a large sympathy with human nature, and an accumulated knowledge of historical facts, should even enable us to gauge, in some approximate degree at least, the force, and in some approximate degree, at least, predict the manifestation of those sublime Wants which make men capable of utter self-devotion in order that that which they may believe to be of the Devil—false and unjust—may be swept away, and in order that that which they may believe to be of God—just and true—may triumph? Can any scientific thinker imagine that these passions of belief burst out of themselves, and without such definable conditions, as, for instance, the destruction of old Ideals, and what History should seem to prove to be the necessary consequence of that—the presentation of new Ideals? But if a force has a definable condition of manifestation, then is not such manifestation predictable, and is it not thus at once brought within the domain of science? . . .

It is from the intimate internal point of view to which we are thus led that our historical conception of Christianity, and of the relations of Semites and of Aryans, is completed and made more true. No doubt, when we see Christianity to be, in its external form, but a mere Osirianism, we may justify the opposition of Judaism and Islamism to its mythological superstition and idolatrous worship, and hence considerably modify the views usually entertained of the relations of Semites and Aryans in the development of European civilisation. But when we consider the myths and doctrines of Christianity from the internal point of view of the moral wants creative of, and satisfied by them, we must acknowledge that, notwithstanding the fictitiousness of its Osirian mythology and the many pernicious social consequences that follow from its intellectual falsehood, it was certainly well for the future of human development that the unmythologic and unidolatrous, and hence intellectually less false creed of Mohammed, did not, as it should seem so nearly to have done at the seven days' battle of Tours (A.D. 735), impose itself on Europe. . . . Many other thoughts suggested themselves as the corollaries of these; but one only need here be noted. If Moral Forces are to be thus regarded, and if

Ideas are thus what is essential in human life, immortality is the deathlessness of what is truly one's soul, the Ideas one has expressed, and these are divisible into mortals and immortals. At length I descended the little trap-door that led from the broad, flat roof and the doming stars, and got to my star outstretching room and bed."

After this the reader will fully understand how grateful is the sigh of relief which we breathe when at last Mr. Glennie is fairly got to bed. The reflections (for they cannot be called argument) which we have thus abridged occupy five large pages, and give a very fair representation of the daily progress of the book, in which every evening there occurs a similar arguificationy Mr. Buckle, in most cases, retires precipitately, leaving the word. Scot to have it out with the stars; but, alas! when the discussion goes more with his views, remains, as has been sadly seen in his after fate. Notwithstanding, however, the portentous length and arrogance of these reasonings, there is a curious something about them, a *naïve* and artless flavour of enthusiasm, and what we might call intellectual inexperience—such as we had occasion to remark, not very long ago, in the writings of Mr. Congreve—which has an amusing and almost attractive effect upon the reader who can manage to keep his mind free from all prejudice, and take with composure this romantic crusade against the Christian faith. We do not think Mr. Glennie will do the Christian faith very much harm; and meantime he impresses upon our mind a mental portrait of such simplicity and straightforwardness, that we feel disposed to be pleased with such a new acquaintance. His faith in himself is not repulsive, as self-confidence generally is, but has something in it of that artless grandeur

of youth, which few amiable spectators can be angry with. Such absolute certainty of being right, such warm faith in a great many things which seem sufficiently problematical to the ordinary mind,—as, for instance, the inevitable acceptance of humanitarian principles by the universe at large, and a smaller, but perhaps scarcely more apparently probable event—the universal choice by Arabs and other Easterns of British rulers were they left to their own choice,—involves a certain innocence and delightful fresh credulity which captivates the world-worn spectator. This cannot be the result of mere natural youthfulness, since Mr. Glennie was old enough in 1862 to be allowed to travel in the East by himself without tutor or other governor. It can only, then, be the influence of that new faith, whose adherents, if they are not very many, are very superior people. Its inspiration, whether it ever produces more valuable results, has certainly had the effect of affording to us one or two studies of character containing so strange a mixture of intellectual magnificence and simplicity that the appearance of a new specimen is grateful to the reader. Our old faiths, let us confess it, do not so much favour the frank personal revelations of a humanitarian philosopher, perhaps because they do not flatter us with the sense of so much individual importance. But it is a pity, when a humanitarian, or any other philosopher, permits himself to digress into ribaldries which even the vulgarlest scoffer would be ashamed of. Mr. Buckle and Mr. Glennie at the Fountain of the Virgin afford us an unparalleled tableau; and it is inconceivable how men calling themselves gentlemen, even had they originated after dinner, in a moment of

excitement, such a thought, should have so little regard for their own characters as to record it. Poetry must be dead indeed, and all lovely associations faded out of a corrupt world (to ignore altogether what Mr. Glennie calls Christianity, and that consideration for the feelings of a large portion of humanity which should surely never be absent from the bosom of a Humanitarian), when the tender image of Mary of Nazareth suggests only a vile insinuation to the mind of any civilised man.

Poor, vain, dead and gone philosopher! whose works, highly as he prized them, are likely enough to follow him—if not in the Scriptural sense, at least to the grave, where he went untimely. He did not believe in the differences of race, and thought an aboriginal Australian just as likely to be born with genius as an English baby. And to prove this, pointed “with characteristic frankness to the phrenological indications of his own head—his forehead having been, before he became bald, not even apparently by any means very high or very broad; and yet!—but it was the circumstances of his life.” An American observer, quoted by Mr. Glennie, relates a similar story of Buckle’s simple vanity: he was telling this gentleman that his peculiar views had made no difference in the enthusiasm with which he was regarded. “In fact,” said he, naively, “the people of England have such an admiration of any kind of *intellectual splendour*, that they will forgive for its sake the most objectionable doctrines.” This grotesque egotism is not like Mr. Glennie’s delightful, simple self-satisfaction, but a much coarser thing, conveying no intellectual pleasure, but only the mere gratification of a laugh, painfully mingled with shame and pity, to the looker-on.

We are grateful to Miss Thackeray for the possibility she affords us of ending pleasantly with something which is picturesque, and soft, and tender—a quaint and pretty sketch of a bygone age. Miss Angel* is not a very lofty character, nor is it a great work in which her gentle fortunes are followed to that end of subdued happiness, very different from the visionary delight and ecstasy which the young artist looked for, but the best fate that could befall her. The story begins in Venice and ends in England; and the pictures of the gleaming canals of the Queen of the Adriatic and the old glories of St. James's and the quaint red-roofed streets of Windsor, are alike charming, vague with a golden or misty haze, which is different from the higher colour of Miss Thackeray's earlier pictures, but yet in itself often very captivating. We confess that Angelica's sudden acceptance and marriage of De Horn, and his apparently quite purposeless and ineffectual deception, and the love for him which evidently springs up in her mind solely when she finds how basely he has tricked her, require elucidation and explanation, but probably the facts which she has followed are more to blame than the author. Facts are most unsatisfactory leaders in a work of fiction. They will not fit into their proper place, or admit of that dramatic treatment which art demands, but are stubborn always according to their proverbial character; but nothing can be prettier than some of the scenes in which poor little pretty Angelica, the overpraised Artist and Royal Academician, yet real Art-lover and producer of pretty pictures, is the heroine of the moment, with such bigger figures as Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Fuseli paying court to her.

The fantastic beautiful ambassadress, who is her first patroness, and brings her to England, the kind and somewhat stern Lady Diana, and all the less notable flutterers of society, are as prettily put in as Miss Angel herself could have done it; and there is a higher aim than Miss Angel's in the old tender yet not unselfish father, and the grave critic-lover Antonio, who is quite a new type, distinct from the ordinary bear-lovers of ladies' novels, and much more attractive. Miss Thackeray, with higher art than that of those story-tellers who represent their heroine as fascinated and enslaved by heroes of this pattern, never pretends that poor Angelica liked to be found fault with, or adored her critic for his brutality, like the Jane Eyres of recent fiction. Indeed, good Antonio is never brutal; and Angelica accepts him only with grateful friendship, not adoring love, in the end, after all her adorations are over. On the whole, in its pretty *rococo* grace, quite artificial, yet quaintly true, the story is a pleasant study—not the least like the more powerful and elaborate conception of Esmond, for instance, but delicate and charming, with a quality of its own. Where is there a thing which could not be found fault with if the critic tried? but in this case there is no temptation or inducement to find fault. 'Old Kensington' had perhaps some indications of greater power in the characters which were sufficiently marked out; but 'Miss Angel' has none of the bewilderment and hazy indistinctness which spoiled that story, and is always clear in its narrative, if it may be a little indistinct in motive,—a fault, however, that arises not from defect of fiction, but from the artistic disadvantages of fact and real life.

* Miss Angel. By Miss Thackeray. Smith, Elder, & Co.

SPEKE'S NILE—LIVINGSTONE'S CONGO.

MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—I wish to call your attention to an article in the 'Quarterly Review' for April on the 'Last Journals of Dr. Livingstone,' with a request that, from old friendship and interest in the question, you will afford me space in your magazine to correct very erroneous geographical statements, which, deriving importance from their appearance in so influential a publication, tend to mislead the public, and, at the expense of other travellers, to lay claim for Livingstone to discoveries which neither any geographer of position nor any geographical society attributes to him at the present day. His fame, achievements, and reputation are far too high to need any such bolstering up; and with your assistance I shall try to show where the writer of the article is mistaken.

At the commencement of his article, the author asserts that Livingstone not only desired to discover, but did discover, the ultimate sources of the Nile. I quote the portion I allude to:—

"The work recorded, though left to be finished by other labourers, was the fit crown of Livingstone's discoveries in Africa. From long personal friendship, 'and especially from correspondence with him of late years,' Mr. Waller testifies, 'that Livingstone wanted just some such gigantic problem, as that which he attacked at the last, to measure his strength against'—the determination of the true, the primary, the real sources of the Nile, is abundantly shown to be the explorer's favourite aim. He had studied the history of prior attempts, of old guesses, of foregone or inadequately supported conclusions. He more than once alludes to the exposition by the geographer Ptolemy of the State of Egyptian knowledge in the second century of our era, and to his representation of the Nile's

origin. Among the questions thereby suggested the first was: Of the several mighty reservoirs of rain-water in the interior of Africa, in the discovery of which Livingstone had borne the greater share, which of them answered best to Ptolemy's 'two lakes situated east and west of each other' (i. 388), *i.e.* in about the same parallel of latitude, viz. 'between 10° and 12° south' (*ib. ib.*)? Without attaching much importance to the shapes or sizes of these lakes, from which, in the oldest of reasonably trustworthy maps, the two embryo streams flow northward, converging to form the 'White Nile'—where were the 'Montes Lunæ'? and, above all, what was the nature of the several streams flowing therefrom to supply the Ptolemean lakes, which the majority now vote to be the 'Victoria Nyanza' of Speke, and the 'Albert Nyanza' of Baker? The geographer of Livingstone's stamp has no repose in the latitudes of those lakes; he cannot rest without finding their feeders; he must pursue the quest, southward, of these intercepting reservoirs.

"Whichever might receive a share of any streams flowing from Lake Tanganyika, that mightier and more southern fresh-water sea gave no solution to the problem of the 'coy fountains' Livingstone could not and would not 'turn his back on them' (i. 388). Nay, though he waded through them to the death, he would find out whither they flowed and what they became. And here we come to his great and characteristic discovery; not only of the ultimate sources of the Nile, but of other great rivers of Africa; moreover, of a physical condition of the earth's surface in elevated tracts of the great continent, unknown before."

The above is put plainly enough, but it does not appear by what or whose authority. The writings and maps of Dr. Livingstone, and of travellers and writers on the subject, have been carefully examined by me, but I have been unable to find any evidence whatever to justify the

writer of the article in having come to what may at least be called a hasty conclusion. The writer might have made much more of Dr. Livingstone's travels had he but simply described the geography appropriate to them, and not touched upon ground over which Livingstone had never travelled, namely, over Nile-land.

The discoveries made by Livingstone in his last journey may be noted under five heads, each great and important, without assuming that they decide the sources of the Nile. Livingstone had in fact never travelled beyond Inner Southern Africa, a region embracing the river Congo, and quite unconnected with the Nile, which belongs almost completely to the northern hemisphere.

The Congo, indeed, is a southern hemisphere river, more emphatically than the Nile is of the northern hemisphere; the equatorial zone of high ground at two to three degrees south latitude completely separating the Congo or Southern Region from the Nile or Northern Region. But I proceed to give what, in a few brief words, may be broadly laid down as the geographical discoveries accomplished by Dr. Livingstone in his last travels.

1st. Livingstone has discovered a vast basin which in its character, its people, and its fauna, is distinct from that of the Nile.

2d. He has discovered lakes and rivers so vast in their extent that, by reason of their volume of water, and, it may be added, by their lowness of altitude, they cannot be wedged into the waters of the Nile.

3d. He has discovered the sources of a mighty river which is three times the size of the White Nile, and can only be compared in magnitude to the river Congo.

4th. He and Mr. Stanley have seen the waters at the north end of Lake Tanganyika flowing into and not out of this lake.

5th. He has "defined the true watershed of Inner Southern Africa," as suggested to him by the late President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison.

Had Dr. Livingstone been spared, he would, without doubt, have followed his rivers and lakes to the sea; but unfortunately for geography this was prevented by his untimely end. He never connected any portion of his water-system with the waters of the Nile—in fact, it may be said with little hesitation, that none of the rain which falls upon the regions last visited by Dr. Livingstone, finds its way beyond the basin of the river Congo. In his travels he did not cross the watershed of "Inner Southern Africa" to the more northern slopes of Nile-land.

The most northerly point reached by him was when, accompanied by Mr. Stanley, he inspected the northern extremity of Lake Tanganyika, which is about 3° S. lat. At this point the two travellers found—as previously indicated by the late Captain Speke—that they were still upon the southern slopes of "Inner Southern Africa," that they had not even reached the watershed; for the waters from the mountains at the north end of the lake flowed into it, and thence, as supposed by Lieut. Lovett, Cameron, to the Congo.

His most westerly point was in Manyema, which is in a longitude 7° to the west of the known course of the Nile. This in itself is conclusive evidence to most men that, in his last travels, he could never have been out of the basin of the river Congo.

All these discoveries are prodigious for one man to have made; and I cannot but feel surprise that the writer of the article was not satisfied with them, but should have

crossed over, as it were, the elevated boundary which divides the Congo from the Nile, and claimed for Livingstone what Livingstone never won.

Not the least important of these five discoveries, and the most important for my present purpose, is the one setting at rest for ever that the river at the north end of Tanganyika runs into this lake, as Speke always asserted, and not out of it, as had been supposed by the late Mr. Findlay and argued by others for the last ten years. As Sir Henry Rawlinson in his annual address to the R.G.S. (1872) states, "Livingstone and Stanley found the Ruzizi flowed into Lake Tanganyika, and the possible connection between the Nile and this lake has been thus finally disposed of." There need not, one would suppose, be any more arguing on this point. For several years the late Sir Roderick Murchison wished this questionable point settled. We find that his annual addresses, which I intend to quote, allude to this subject; and, had he been spared to learn the result of the exploration of this watershed by Livingstone and Stanley, he would, with his usual polite way of putting things, have made the result a victory—which it undoubtedly is—for both Livingstone and Speke, as the watershed thus indicated divided the Congo from the Nile.

I will next proceed to show, by quoting from the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for the last ten successive years, that the work which was laid down for Livingstone was to settle the watersheds of Inner Southern Africa. This he has done; but he was not expected to find new sources of the Nile unless Captain Speke was mistaken as to the Tanganyika, which he was not. Speke, in his march made from 1860 to 1863, completely

encompassed the principal southern and western sources of the Nile—the only exceptions which are reserved for more complete exploration being the Kitangule and Katonga rivers, and the Lake Albert Nyanza—the Bahr-el-Gazal having been determined by Schweinfurth.

In the anniversary address to the R.G.S. by the late Sir Roderick Murchison, dated 22d May 1863, page 57, we find it stated that Dr. Livingstone had been engaged "once more to revisit South-eastern Africa and determine the hidden watershed of that vast country. . . . There can be little doubt that he will solve the problem of the true course of the waters between his own Nyassa and the Tanganyika of Burton and Speke; . . . and still more, if he can further determine the disputed question of whether any waters do or do not escape from its northern end to feed the White Nile, . . . he will have so added to his grand previous labours as to have won a first place among the African travellers of this age and of all former periods."

By the above we see that Sir Roderick expected Livingstone to solve two watersheds—namely, that between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, and that between the latter and the White Nile. Livingstone accomplished both; he found that Tanganyika had no connection at its northern end with the White Nile; and, having determined this, we must conclude that he was on waters which flow to the Congo.

In sessions 1866-7 Sir Roderick, as President of the R.G.S., had little to say upon "Africa," merely repeating that Livingstone "will settle whether Tanganyika is the ultimate southern water of the Nile;" and in 1867 that Tanganyika was "probably not connected with the Albert Nyanza, but that survey alone will settle the ques-

tion." Mr. Young had then proceeded to ascertain whether the story of the Johannah men, as to Livingstone being dead, was true or not.

In 1868 the annual address was by Sir Roderick again. At page 280 he says: "Glorious indeed have been the tidings which we have received since the last anniversary, in relation to the great South African traveller." This refers to the discovery by Mr. Young that Livingstone was alive. At pages 281-2 we find: "If the first of these hypotheses proves true, and, the Tanganyika being found shut in on the north, a great stream should be discovered flowing from it to the west or south-west, why, then, my dauntless friend may follow that course of water across an entirely unknown region of Africa, and emerge on the west coast either by the settlements on the Congo,* or by the territory of the Portuguese, to which he travelled in his first grand travels across South Africa. . . . On the other hand, if the view of Mr. Findlay be sustained that a water communication exists between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, the great physical problem of the true watershed of South Africa, and the ultimate southern water-basin of the Nile, will have been determined."

The above hypothesis of Sir Roderick, that the northern end of Tanganyika is shut in from the Nile, has been proved by the actual observations made on the spot by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley. His wise supposition that a great stream would be found to flow westerly or south-westerly to the Congo has not yet been proved, but it is in the course of being solved by Lieutenant Lovett Cameron, as stated in

the extract from his last letters given near the end of this paper.

In 1869 Sir Roderick again gave the anniversary address, at page 299 of which, after saying that no news had been received from Livingstone, we find,—“In the absence of all other information, I suggest that he has been following the waters which have been laid down upon the old map of Duarte Lopez, prepared in the end of the sixteenth century, and that he will successfully emerge from Africa on the same coast as that where he terminated his first great traverse of South Africa.”

Again we find Sir Roderick adhering to his opinion that Livingstone was upon Congo waters, and that he would emerge on the west coast of Africa.

In 1870 Sir Roderick has no news of Livingstone—he brings forward the hypothesis of Mr. Petermann and Mr. Keith Johnston, that Livingstone's waters may be the head-waters of both the Nile and the Congo; and says at page 332,—“I trust that before our next annual meeting the great traveller will have determined the grand problem of the ultimate southern sources of both the Nile and the Congo.”

Livingstone's discoveries having proved that his southern waters do not go to feed the Nile, it follows that he has, as Sir Roderick predicted in 1870 and previous years, roughly settled the position of the watershed which divides the basin of the Congo from that of the Nile.

In May 1871 Sir Roderick's anniversary address alludes to the subject at page 310: “I repeat that if he [L.] had not in his exploration satisfied himself that the waters which he had followed from the south flowed into the Nile basin by the great lake Albert Nyanza, he would renew

* “According to Duarte Lopez's map, dated 1591, the Congo flowed out of a great lake in Central Africa, corresponding pretty well with Lake Tanganyika.”

his arduous endeavours to solve the great problem of the true watershed of Southern Africa."

Livingstone, as Sir Roderick prophesied, did renew his endeavours, and found that his waters from the south took a westerly course to the Manyema country, which is four hundred miles west of the most westerly point of the Nile.

This was the last year that the Geographical Society was presided over by Sir Roderick; for he was seized with a fatal malady, and died, beloved by all, in October 1871. Sir Henry Rawlinson took his place as president.

In May 1872 Sir Henry Rawlinson announces, in the annual address at page 369, that "Livingstone, late in the year 1869, had crossed Tanganyika lake from Ugigi, and had gone to the so-called cannibal country of Manyema for the purpose of ascertaining the direction and ultimate distribution of the waters which he had been tracing up from their source in about 12° of south latitude."

The relief of Dr. Livingstone by Lieutenants Dawson and Henn and Mr. Oswald Livingstone, was determined upon by the Royal Geographical Society; and in a postscript Sir Henry announces that Livingstone and Stanley found "all the rivers flowing *into* the lake [Tanganyika], apparently by the Ruzizi channel—the possible connection of this lake and its affluents with the Nile, which has been a favourite hypothesis with recent inquirers, being thus finally disposed of. . . . But the great traveller himself, indomitable as ever, and caring little for personal comfort or convenience, is said to have been disinclined to leave the country until he had completed his explorations."

We thus see from Sir Henry's report that the waters of Tanganyika lake receive the rivers from

the north by the Ruzizi channel. Captain Speke, when exploring this lake with Captain Burton, never quite reached its northern extremity, but naturally concluded that the rivers here flowed into the lake, from the mountainous character of the country surrounding the north end. His views have therefore been eminently confirmed.

I can quite believe that Dr. Livingstone was "disinclined to leave the country until he had completed his explorations;" for he found his waters flowing in the opposite direction to what he expected, and he clung to his work with the fond hope that he would be able to follow his waters along their course, which he supposed would lead to the Nile. In this "arduous endeavour to solve the great problem of the true watershed of Southern Africa" he sacrificed his life.

In 1873 Sir Henry Rawlinson delivers the anniversary address, and says, under "Africa" (page 301):—

"Although Livingstone seems to have believed, up to the date of our last intelligence from him, that the whole of this water-system west of Tanganyika, comprising three rivers of the first magnitude, and draining upwards of 200,000 square miles of territory, found its way into the Nile, the geographers of Europe have unanimously declared against the possibility of such a connection. Not only is the bed of the Luabala, in the Manyema country, at least one thousand feet below the bed of the Nile in the same latitude, but there are ranges of hills to the south of the head-waters of the western affluents of the Nile which completely separate the two water-systems. Indeed, a river, the Uelle, has been actually crossed by Schweinfurth, in about 3° 30' N., which descends from these mountains, and runs north-west towards Lake Chad, thus forming a line of division between the two systems. Many other arguments of physical geography, relating to the volume of water, the rainy seasons on

the equator, and the period of flood, which have been ably put together by Dr. Behm, and were read to our Society at the opening meeting of the session, may be held to prove, not only that the three-headed Lualaba cannot be the Nile, but that it must be the Congo; and an expedition is now on its way to verify by actual exploration this crowning point of African discovery.

"The most important geographical feat which was achieved by Livingstone before he turned his steps to the sea-coast in the spring of last year, was his journey with Mr. Stanley round the northern shores of Lake Tanganyika. Up to that time he had been firmly impressed with a conviction that Tanganyika Lake was merely an exaggerated Lualaba, being, in fact, the most easterly of the valleys which collected the drainage of the southern mountains, and carried the waters northward to form the Nile. He states, indeed, in a letter to Sir T. Maclear, that he had watched for three months 'the majestic flow of the Tanganyika to the north,' and records the various details of physical evidence whereby he had been enabled to verify this northern current; so that, if he had returned from Ujiji last year direct to Unyanyembe, the passage of the Tanganyika into the Albert Nyanza, and its consequent claim to be regarded as the true source of the Nile, would have been accepted as an ascertained geographical fact. It was most fortunate, therefore, that Mr. Stanley persuaded Livingstone, before leaving the lake, to visit its northern extremity, in order to satisfy himself by ocular observation as to its northern outflow; for on the spot the travellers found that 'the Luzizi river flowed in, not out; and except the small lagoon called Kivo, which, too, with the river of Luanda, gives its waters into the Luzizi, the natives knew of no large lake to the northward.' The question of Tanganyika is thus thrown back into greater mystery than ever. It cannot be an inland sea, with no outlet, for its waters are fresh; and the explanation of annual flooding, which applies to the shallow fresh-water expanse of Lake Chad and the Lake of Seistan, is inapplicable to this deep and rock-girt basin. Where, then, is the outlet? Does the water drain off by underground tunnels through the Kabogo Mountains into the valley of the Lualaba; or is the Rufiji, which enters the Indian Ocean between the seventh and eighth degrees of south latitude, in a delta thirty miles in width, an effluent of Tanganyika? These are questions which we cannot answer at present, but which there is every reason to expect will be solved before our next anniversary. . . . His expectation seems to have been that this lake communicated with the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and that he might thus either return home by the route of the Nile, or retrace his steps to Ujiji; but if, as we hope will be the case, either one or the other of the expeditions which are now penetrating into the interior from the east and west coast respectively, should succeed in opening communications with him before he is called on to decide on the line of his return journey from the equatorial lake, it is far from improbable that, with the new light that will be thus afforded him, he will continue his journey along the Congo, and emerge from Africa on the western coast."

These remarks of Sir Henry's require no comment from me; they are "the records of geographical progress" for the year.

In the Geographical Anniversary Address of 1874 by Sir Bartle Frere, pages 80-84, we find no allusion whatever to the discovery of any Nile sources by Dr. Livingstone, although the great traveller's obituary occupies sixteen pages.

Having now given extracts from the annual addresses to the Geographical Society for the past ten years, I bespeak your patience to bear with me a little longer, and read what the travellers Baker, Schweinfurth, Beke, and Lieut. Cameron—who is now in Inner Southern Africa, and wrote from the spot—have written on this subject.

Extract from the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, dated 3d November 1873, by Sir Samuel Baker.

Page 5.—"The geographical reports respecting a communication between

laba; or is the Rufiji, which enters the Indian Ocean between the seventh and eighth degrees of south latitude, in a delta thirty miles in width, an effluent of Tanganyika? These are questions which we cannot answer at present, but which there is every reason to expect will be solved before our next anniversary. . . . His expectation seems to have been that this lake communicated with the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and that he might thus either return home by the route of the Nile, or retrace his steps to Ujiji; but if, as we hope will be the case, either one or the other of the expeditions which are now penetrating into the interior from the east and west coast respectively, should succeed in opening communications with him before he is called on to decide on the line of his return journey from the equatorial lake, it is far from improbable that, with the new light that will be thus afforded him, he will continue his journey along the Congo, and emerge from Africa on the western coast."

the lakes were to me of great interest. There can be no doubt that Livingstone is quite out of the Nile basin, as there is not a single large tributary from the west throughout the entire course of the Nile."

Extract from Dr. Schweinfurth's second volume, page 186:—

"The windings of the interlacing brooks and the network of entangled streams apparently corresponded almost entirely with what Livingstone describes as the hydrographical character of the country on the west of Lake Tanganyika, and which he compared to frosted window-panes in winter. This great explorer (who has been over at least a third of the vast continent of Africa) noticed a similar source-territory, through which flowed the Lualaba, at that time quite an enigmatical stream. Its course, indeed, was towards the north; but Livingstone was manifestly in error when he took it for a true source of the Nile: a supposition that might have some semblance of foundation, originating in the inexplicable volume of water of Lake Mwootan (Albert Nyanza), but which was negatively completely as soon as a more ample investigation had been made as to the comparative level, direction, and connection of other rivers, especially of the Welle."

Extract from a letter, dated Reigate, 10th August, from the late Dr. Beke, in 'The Times' of the 12th August 1872(?).

"If the information now given by our great traveller in his letters and despatches, published in 'The Times' and other newspapers, be correct, it is physically impossible for the rivers running northward from that watershed, and converging in his 'central Lualaba,' which he traced downwards to 4° S. latitude, and there left running 'right away north' to be in any manner connected with the Upper Nile. The proof of this is very simple," &c. &c.

Extract from a letter of Lient. Cameron's, dated Ujiji, 15th May 1874. *Vide* Proceedings of Royal Geographical Society, 14th December 1874, page 78:—

"I can also say, almost positively, that the Lualaba is the Congo. I heard the Arabs talking about Congo, but I said nothing about it, but only tried to ascertain where the Lualaba went, asking if it did not go into the 'Bahari Unyoro' (Albert Nyanza), and they said it went into Ugarowowa. I asked where; then, at last, one said he had been fifty-five days down it from Nyangwè, and had arrived at the sea where ships came and white men had large houses and traded in palm-oil and ivory; that the Ugarowowa was called the Congo, was very large, in many places as wide as the Tanganyika (a vague definition, but pointing to a breadth of 13 or 14 miles), had many islands in it, some of them large, having as many as 600 men living on one. I consider this to be conclusive, as far as I can judge, as it was in opposition to the drift of my questions; and a man could hardly invent such a story, the distance given being roughly 500 miles from Nyangwè, tallying well with the distance of the mouth of the Congo."

Having given the above opinions of travellers, I shall present you with an admirable theoretical view of this subject by a German, who handles it in a masterly manner.

Extracts from Proceedings of R.G.S. of 11th Nov. 1872. "Dr. Livingstone's exploration of the Upper Congo," by Dr. E. Behm; translated by Mr. Keith Johnston, from 'Geogr. Mittheilungen.'

Proofs of the Identity of the Lualaba with the Congo.

"The view expressed in the title of this paper, that the waters discovered and traced through a great extent of country by Dr. Livingstone during recent years, do not, as he believes, belong to the Nile, but to the Congo, is now almost universally held by professed geographers. It appears

frequently in the numerous writings and discussions upon Livingstone's and Stanley's reports.

"As surely as the sun stands over the southern hemisphere in our winter, and over the northern in our summer, bringing the rains and the swellings of the tropical rivers when it is in the zenith in regard to them, so surely can it be predicated, from a comparison of the rainy seasons and times of rising, that the Lualaba belongs to no river of the northern hemisphere. In the southern hemisphere Africa possesses only one river, the Congo, which could take up the vast water-supply of the Lualaba.

"Although we cannot yet set any great value upon the elevation determined by Dr. Livingstone, since the observations have not been subjected to any critical examination, yet the important difference of level between Tanganyika and the central Lualaba must be considered as established. The agreement of Livingstone's height for the Tanganyika with Findlay's correction of Speke's observation (2800) creates a decided confidence in his measurements. That the Lualaba cannot fall into the Tanganyika is then abundantly proved by these facts; Livingstone has also directly shown this to be the case by the route which he has traversed; his voyage especially round the northern half of the lake with Mr. Stanley, during November and December of 1871, shows that in this part of Tanganyika, where alone a connection with the Lualaba was conceivable, there is no great inflowing river. The largest, the Rusizi,

coming from the northern mountains, was found to be not more than 30 yards wide and very shallow.

"That the Mwutan (Albert Lake) is higher than the Lualaba may be accepted, if not with such certainty, at least with greater probability; for the lake must lie several hundred feet above the level of Gondokoro, which point is reached by its outflowing river after a course through several degrees of latitude, and down very considerable cataracts. Besides this, it is known from the observations of Baker and Speke, as well as through the reports received by Livingstone, that the high mountains of the Walegga form a rampart on the west and south-west of the Mwutan; which must be cut through by the Lualaba if it should take its course to the lake, and through the lake to the Kir. The approach to all the western tributaries of the White Nile is also barred to the Lualaba by the Uelle, which Dr. Schweinfurth crossed in 1870 under 3° 37' N. lat. and 23° 10' E. of Greenwich, and showed to be a north-westerly flowing river, altogether south and outside of the basin of the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

"The existing measurements of elevation place no hindrance in the way of a union of the Lualaba with other rivers of Equatorial Africa—the Shari, Benue, Ogowai or Congo, since the known portion of these rivers all lie considerably lower than the Lualaba of Livingstone.

"Placing these measurements beside those of Schweinfurth, made in the middle of April on the Uelle, we have the following comparison:—

	Breadth in English feet.	Average depth in English feet.	Current per second in inches.	Cubic feet of water per second in the dry season.
Lualaba at Nyangwe—Livingstone	6000	8	31	124,000
Bahr-el-Jebel above Gondokoro	148	17	56	11,700
—Penev				
Bahr-el-Jebel above mouth of	224	23	20	8,288
Ghazal—Petherick				
Bahr-el-Ablad below mouth of	481	14	20	11,830
Ghazal—Petherick				
Bahr-el-Ghazal—Petherick	...	...	...	3,042
Uelle in 3° 37' N. lat. and 26°				
10' E. long.—Schweinfurth	325	12½	15	5,100

"According to Schweinfurth's estimate, the channel of the Uelle at its very fullest could only carry 17,850 cubic feet per second; and the vast superiority in volume of the Lualaba

to the White Nile remains, even on comparison with the much higher results of the following measurements made, also in April, by De Malzac:—

	Breadth in English feet.	Average depth in English feet.	Current per second in inches.	Cubic feet of water per second in the dry season.
Bahr-el-Jebel	450	19	64½	45,600
Zerafa	49	6	14	350
Bahr-el-Jebel and Zerafa together				45,950
Bahr-el-Ghazal	587	5½	24	6,500

"The Lualaba, then, bears at least nineteen times as much water as the Bahr-el-Ghazal, with which Livingstone would identify it, and not less than three times as much as the White Nile.

"From these figures it is sufficiently clear that it is impossible for the Lualaba to be a tributary of the Nile. The accounts of the volume of the Shari and Benue are less satisfactory, and do not admit of any such decided contrast with that of the Lualaba.

"On the other hand, the known Congo corresponds perfectly to the volume which the Lualaba must assume after its reception of the Quango and other tributaries. The Congo, as described in A. G. Findlay's 'Sailing Directions for the Southern Atlantic Ocean' (London, 1855), 'brings down an immense volume of water, which has hollowed for itself a narrow bed of very variable depth. In many places there is no bottom at 200 fathoms. Forty miles from its mouth its waters are only partially mingled with those of the sea, and sometimes nine miles out they are still quite fresh.

The main body of the stream of this mighty river is indicated by floating masses of bamboo, and *débris* of all kinds, which it carries far out to sea. The velocity of the current is said to range at from 4 to 8 miles an hour. . . . The stream of the River Congo is felt at a great distance out at sea, and ships which cross it in going to the north or to the south, ought

therefore to guard against it. It is stated that 300 miles out the water is discoloured, and that the current of the river is perceptible at that distance."

"Since, then, the Congo is the only river of Africa which, in point of volume, is capable of receiving the Lualaba; so, inversely, that inland river is necessary to account for the enormous volume of water which the Congo contains."

"The Congo alone corresponds in the time of its rise with the Lualaba. . . .

"As yet there is not the smallest evidence, not even in report, of the existence of an inland sea without an outlet; the assumption of such a feature, then, seems quite superfluous, so much the more that all existing observations as above noted, indicate a connection between the Congo and Lualaba, and since the native reports confirm the view in many ways. . . .

"Taking everything into consideration in the present state of our knowledge, there is the strongest probability that the Lualaba is the head-stream of the Congo, and the absolute certainty that it has no connection with the Nile or any other river of the northern hemisphere.

"Through this certainty, and by reason of the discovery that the Tanganyika has nothing to do with the Nile system, the greatest problem of African hydrography, the question of the Nile sources, is in the main solved

That Livingstone has indirectly given the clue to this solution, must recompense the great traveller for having missed the actual Nile sources in exploring the Congo.

"Speke's views have been splendidly confirmed; the attacks of his opponents, specially of Burton, who was most inimically inclined towards him, collapse into nothing. Whether the Victoria Nyanza is one lake or several is a point of detail of less importance. The reports obtained from Livingstone, who can have no knowledge of what has been recently written on the subject, are, if anything, favourable to the unity of the Victoria Nyanza (Ukerewe, Ukara), because along with it he names only such lakes as were already known to have a separate existence from it.

"The main point of interest, and the greatest gain from Livingstone's new explorations, is that we now know that the White Nile springs in 3° N. lat. out of the Mwutan (Albert Nyanza), which receives its main tributary from the Ukerewe (Victoria Lake). Its southern water-parting is formed, 1stly, by the Ulegga Mountains, rising to 9000 or 10,000 feet in the west of the Mwutan, and stretching southward as far as Manyuema Land (in about 3° S. lat.); 2dly, by the mountains in the north of Tanganyika, which rise in Mount Mfumubiro, also to 10,000 feet; and 3dly, by the plateau of Unyamwesi: so that no part of the Nile basin extends beyond 3° S. lat. At the western and southwestern bases of the Ulegga Mountains, as well as to westward of the high land in which the Tanganyika is sunk, there begins a lower-lying plateau, rich in forests and streams, with a numerous population belonging in race to South Africa, separate and distinct from the inhabitants of the Nile valley and the east coast; with flora and fauna, which by characteristic types—the oil-palm and the gorilla for example—all themselves with those of the west coast.

"Schweinfurth as well as Livingstone has crossed into this western interior region of Equatorial Africa, passing over the watershed of the Bahr-el-Ghazal to the basin of the Uelle; but the closer examination of this newly-opened region of Africa may be left for another paper, in which its features will

be treated of in connection with Dr. Livingstone's latest journey.

"The most important goal of African research is now undoubtedly the Congo; it appears in very truth to be the 'Moienzi Enzaddi,' as the natives named it to Captain Tuckey—'The Great River,' the river which swallows up all the others. The supposition that he might after all be on the Upper Congo, seems to have often arisen in Livingstone's mind; and he says bitterly, 'Who would care to run the risk of being put into a cannibal pot, and be converted into blackman, for anything less than the grand old Nile?' Now, however, that through Livingstone and Stanley the last doubts of the accuracy of Speke's views are set at rest, the Congo remains the most worthy, the most promising, object of African exploration."

After the above paper of Dr. Behm's had been read to the meeting of the Geographical Society,

"Colonel Grant said he regarded the separation of Livingstone's discoveries from the source of the Nile as a great triumph for his late companion Captain Speke. Some four or five years ago, Livingstone wrote home to say that he had come upon the source of the Nile in 10° or 11° S. latitude. He (Colonel Grant) had, however, felt convinced that these sources of Dr. Livingstone had nothing whatever to do with the Nile, and the despatches which had lately reached England confirmed him in this opinion—namely, Livingstone mentioned having seen the skulls of gorillas, that the women of Manyuema, or near there, dive in the water and bring up oysters, &c.; but throughout Captain Speke's journey, the gorilla was never once met with, though heard of to the west of it; such a custom as the women of the Nile region diving was never seen nor heard of; and oysters in the centre of Africa are of course an impossibility, although large bivalve shells of a new species were brought home from Tanganyika by Speke. Another remarkable custom is related in Dr. Livingstone's letters, that the inhabitants about Manyuema domesticate pigs: this at once indicates a strange race;

for though the people of Nile-land hunt and eat the wild boar, they do not keep it in a tame state; and the Mohammedan races far down the Nile are forbidden by their religion to do-
 file themselves with this animal. If a reference be made to Captain Tuckey's *Travels on the Congo*, these customs of women diving and the domesticating of pigs will be found recorded. From these facts he (Colonel Grant) had formed his opinion that Speke's Nile was distinct from Dr. Livingstone's discoveries; and, since hearing the paper of to-night giving the comparison of the Lualaba and Nile volumes of water, this opinion received additional confirmation. He protested against the new form of three lakes given to the Victoria Nyanza in the two maps before the audience, as Dr. Livingstone's recent explorations had not extended to it, and certainly proved the accuracy of Speke's observations on the Tanganyika Lake—namely, though Burton and Speke did not arrive at the extreme north end of Tanganyika, Speke made the river run into the lake, because mountains surrounded its northern shore. Livingstone and Stanley have confirmed this geography. Who, therefore, was the real discoverer of the waters flowing into the lake—Livingstone, or Stanley, or Speke? As regards the Victoria Nyanza being one body of water, he felt convinced that future explorations would prove it so; for though Speke himself did not go round more than one half of it, still they saw its boundless surface, its sea-horizon, the moon rising out of the lake; and no native had ever crossed it, and none knew what races lived upon its opposite shore."

Quotations from various other quarters might be given to show that few or none coincide with the view taken by the 'Quarterly;' but we have said enough, and will only quote what Dr. Livingstone wrote on the subject shortly before his death. His remarks are of great interest.

At page 193, vol. ii., dated 31st May 1873, of his *Last Journals*, we find the following:—

"In reference to this Nile source I have been kept in perpetual doubt and perplexity. I know too much to be positive. Great Lualaba, or Lualubba, as Manyema say, may turn out to be the Congo and Nile,* a shorter river after all—the fountains flowing north and south seem in favour of its being the Nile. Great westing is in favour of the Congo. It would be comfortable to be positive like Baker. 'Every drop from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent must fall into Albert Lake, a giant at its birth.' How soothing to be positive!"

The above was written some time after he had parted with Mr. Stanley, and shows that Livingstone himself, who had so fondly hoped that he was on the Nile, was beginning to doubt as to the point to which his discoveries were carrying him.

Here, in England, where we have the opportunity of putting facts together, which Livingstone had not, no such doubts are now possible; and it is only surprising that the writer in the 'Quarterly Review' should have made such a statement as he has done.

I claim for Speke that he was the first person, in recorded history, who not only conceived but carried out his idea of traversing Africa from south to north through the regions where the Nile unquestionably does rise, and that he settled practically the question of the African watershed, and the problem of all ages—the "sources of the Nile."

True, the maps of the world

* There appears to be some incoherence here.

published previous to the eighteenth century show the Nile rising from the Mons Lunæ and Mons Kmr—Mountains of the Moon—with one, two, and three lakes south of the equator; but, during the last century and the greater part of this century, these old maps were looked on, in England at least, as dead letters—the heart of Africa was left a blank space; and solely to Captain Speke is due the now accepted configuration of the Nile system, which had never, in any age, been laid down from accurate astronomical observation, until this was accomplished by Speke.

Twelve years have now elapsed since Captain Speke brought home his map, and although it has been criticised by theoretical geographers, each traveller, as he or the result of his observations reaches England, establishes the truthfulness of his map; and all go to prove, in an eminent degree, that he was justified

in stating, in a comprehensive manner, that he had “settled the sources of the Nile.”

In concluding these remarks on the article in the ‘Quarterly,’ I would add that no one can have a more profound respect and admiration than I have for the energy, devotion, self-sacrifice, and indefatigable perseverance shown by the late Dr. Livingstone during his life of travel in Africa. All these qualities have been justly appreciated by the nation. At the same time, having been the companion of Speke, and knowing what he did, I may be excused for expressing my feelings, that an injustice would be done to his memory were I not to enter my protest against the impression given to the public in the ‘Quarterly’ article.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. A. GRANT.

7 PARK SQUARE, WEST.
LONDON, N. W., *June 1875.*

HORATIAN LYRICS.

ODE XXVI. OF BOOK I.

DE ÆLIO LAMIA.

“MUSIS amicus, tristitiam et metus
 Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
 Portare ventis: quis sub arcto
 Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,

Quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
 Securus. O, quæ fontibus integris
 Gaudes, apricos necte flores,
 Necte mico *Lamiæ* coronam,

Pimplei dulcis. Nil sine te mei
 Possunt honores; hunc fidibus novis
 Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,
 Teque tuasque decet sorores.”

“ELIA” LAMB.

The muses' friend, I whistle down the wind
 Into the German Ocean grief and care:
 All one to me who wars in furthest Ind,
 Or who most fears the Russian polar bear.

Sweet muse, who loves to roam through faëry bowers
 And by the virgin springs, I pry thee twine
 A chaplet of the brightest, sunniest flowers
 For genial “*Elia*” *Lamb*, thy friend and mine.

My praises count for nothing without thee;
 But with thine aid, immortal is his name
 Whom it becomes thy sisters eight and thee
 To consecrate, in song, to deathless fame.

KNAPDALE.

MODERN SCEPTICISM AND ITS FRUIT.

IN moving about the continent of Europe one gets accustomed, unfortunately, to hear religion spoken of in an irreverent manner. Why this levity, indicating various depths of infidelity in the utterers, should be more tolerable than the same sentiments in the same style expressed by Englishmen in their own land, I am hardly prepared to explain. It is a somewhat selfish reason that we have nothing to do with foreigners' creeds or their manner of treating religious subjects, because the importance of that department of thought is such that a devout man can hardly see a fellow-man of any nation going wrong in regard to it without concern. I prefer to think that we ascribe a good deal of what a foreigner says on this head to the manners of his country, which are less precise than ours, rather than to obliquity in his faith or to wilful profanity, and so pass his remarks, hoping that they do not mean all that they might be supposed to convey, and that he did not make them with a full consciousness of their impropriety. "It is their way of talking," I used to say—"a reprehensible way no doubt; but we also have our peculiarities, and must not be hard on our neighbours."

Some conversation, however, which I had with a countryman who had been for some time resident in a foreign town inclined me to fear that irreligious ideas are more prevalent south of the channel than I had a notion of. In the course of our colloquy I expressed satisfaction at the better state of feeling and the better taste shown in regard to the mention of religious subjects at home. But my acquaintance would not allow me to rest quietly

in this contentment. He assured me that he took care to keep himself read up in, and that he knew very well, the inroads which clever thinkers were making upon our faith, and the large number of followers who were being tainted by their views. He did not stop here; I am sorry to say that he gave me proof from several English publications which he produced, not only of the channels in which the minds of many men of science and learning were working, but also of the open and often flippant way in which many who did not profess to be leaders, but were evidently only adherents, chose to express themselves. Some of these latter spoke of irreligious views as views commonly entertained nowadays, as views which no rational mind could object to. I remember reading an exhortation to mankind not to conclude that effort is useless because modern research has sapped the foundations of all belief, but to put their talents, fortunes, authority—nay, their thews and sinews—to what were in darker times accounted good uses, in the hope that science, as it grows brighter and brighter, may yet show that old-fashioned goodness and usefulness are not irreconcilable with enlightenment.

To those who are fonder than I am of attacks and sneers upon religion, the productions which were shown to me may have seemed to evince the perspicacity and candour of the age. But on me, who am not ashamed to say that I was unaware of the stage to which a great part of the world has advanced, they had a harrowing effect. When men come to doubt, as I fear many do, whether there be such a thing as a good use of our faculties,

they are ready to gulp the dismal maxim, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die*. Indeed, there were many signs that trust in honest endeavour, or peace of mind in any form, had not been the result of sceptical teaching. I have heard ere now, I thought, of men bartering their faith, their hope, their light, their consolation, but it was always for an object which seemed to them irresistibly attractive: here moan poor souls who have lost everything that could give life a meaning or an aim—and for what? that they might be in the fashion, I suppose; that they might avoid the reproach of entertaining old world ideas. If this is what science does for a man, the poet's paradox has become a weighty truth—"Tis folly to be wise."

Since this conversation I have never been able to keep it for any long time out of my mind. Continually it seems to throw a new light on events and cases which a year ago I should have passed over with different reflections. When I read of a suicide I ask myself, "Was this one who had been illuminated to the full extent of modern science?" When I meet, as I frequently do, men roaming about the world in quest of tone, sufferers from nervous debility, overworked men, men who have been advised to shun all manner of mental strain and of excitement for a time, I am apt to think that the philosophers have been influencing them. There has been in each case a loss, a disappointment, a bereavement which has prostrated the sufferer. But why is he prostrate? Misfortunes are not phenomena of this present age alone. The voices of past ages may have varied as to other traditions, but they have never varied as to this—namely, that every man has his burden to bear in this world. Why, then, do we see so many men to-day crushed and overborne by the cares of life, men who

have hardly made acquaintance with middle age? Why cannot they take the rubs of life as their fathers before them did—feel them like men, but bear them like men also?

It has occurred to me that, owing to the philosophy of the present day, men are weighted with a much heavier sense of responsibility in worldly matters than their fathers were. In days of yore it was believed that after a man had rough-hewn his ends there was still a divinity to shape them, with whom altogether the issue rested. The builder of a house might lose his labour; the watchman might watch faithfully and yet the city be lost. There was a sense of dependence which greatly eased the burden of a failure, and gave courage for another endeavour. But now when we are allowed nothing to lean on except our own sagacity and shrewdness, failures of many kinds are simply reproaches on one's ability; the disappointed man feels that he has himself to blame and that all the world will hold him cheap hereafter: he becomes "a tainted wether of the flock;" he has nowhere to cast his care, and so pines on hopelessly, irrecoverably.

Thus it would appear that not only do people become indifferent, like the writers who first set me a-thinking, about embarking in any elevating or benevolent work, but they are unable to bear the strain of such ventures as they do undertake, and, some fleeing straight to the grave, others wearing the livery of age before they have attained their prime, withdraw themselves from the hard partnership in the world's bustle. Poor creatures! what is to be done for them? We want the pen of a Jonathan Swift to deal out his sarcasms all round on those who suffer from their knowledge, on the learned men who bring them to this condition, and on the

unprofitable ministers who, instead of using their brains and their voices against the common foe, are engaged, while defence after defence is being carried, in making war upon each other. I can imagine the caustic Dean, seeing that the sages had created a void which they could not fill, and that those who should have withstood the sages were otherwise engaged, proposing a return to the worship of Fortune or some such divinity, in order that there might at least be a power that would answer for the chances and inequalities of life, so as to relieve poor human beings of the blame which they must now bear in addition to their sorrows.

I should very much like to read what a writer of Swift's power might have to say about those great minds which day after day, week after week, and month after month, are busy in the endeavour to convince men that they have nothing to depend on but themselves and the inexorable laws of nature; and that it is very questionable whether human beings have souls at all, far more so whether such souls have proceeded from a universal mind: who expend their talents and time in throwing doubt and discredit on every word that has been written with a view to making us contented here, and inspiring us with the hope of a hereafter; and who from all their inquiries into nature's operations can find nothing better to report than that the whole scheme and regulation (if regulation there be) of the universe is very bad (this last verdict being perhaps intended as a defiance of another decree which pronounced it *very good*). I will admit that there is a natural disposition to communicate profound or startling thoughts; also that a mind filled with difficult problems will yearn for the criticism of other minds. But able thinkers, philoso-

phers, should surely have a care how they suggest to the minds of men at large, and array with all the power that can be obtained from a fascinating style and practice in arguing, doubts and difficulties which tend to make men first irreligious and then miserable. This does not mean, be it remembered, that they should hesitate about communicating ascertained facts. These we must face; and these it is probable that we should accept without any damage to our belief were it not for the bold, un-affirmative, and therefore useless, speculations whereby the communication of the facts is followed. Science has done wonders, and cannot be too highly extolled: but why should its worshippers not be content with the just praise of it? why should they, great and small, professors and sciolists, be so anxious to exalt it at the expense of the only faith which really elevates their kind? If, instead of labouring to shake old beliefs, men of science were able to present a new system, good, bad, or indifferent, which they could prove to be *true*, then their proceedings would require no apology: but they do nothing of the kind. They have only human faculties; and human faculties, although they may continually be acquiring new facts to work upon, and improved methods of dealing with those facts, are not one whit more able to pass the limits between the seen and the unseen than they were in the earliest days of science. They can display to us the operations of certain powers in a manner quite new, and full of interest; but about the origin, intention, and duration of those powers they can tell us positively nothing. The irreligious philosophy of a century ago seemed to think that the world was a fair world, and would probably be managed well enough if it

were not for priestcraft and superstition. The irreligious philosophy of to-day is of a different opinion: it troubles itself very little about worship, but denounces the universe, so far as we know it, as a piece of botch work; cannot quite make up its mind whether the author of it is malignant, or only stupid and incapable; and shakes its head significantly at hearing a hint that we have anything belonging to us which is not material. It examines the processes by which this and other worlds were put together, and by which a human race has been arrived at; but it leaves us entirely in the dark as to our business here, and as to how we may make the best of the very wretched estate which they have found human life to be. Of all the unbelief that has been preached to the world, very little has come up to this of the end of the nineteenth century in its cruelly desolating tendency. Paganism held on by something and supplied in some sort an exigency of our nature: it furnished a cause for misfortune, a power from which a burden could be accepted, a not irreconcilable divinity. If the cost were to be thousands of rams, or ten thousand rivers of oil, or the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul, still there was a deity to be propitiated—a being in the sunshine of whose favour the unfortunate might prosper again, the wretched might once more be happy. But our latter-day philosopher allows us nothing—neither anything that is now worth having, nor the hope of anything better. He throws man upon his own resources and leaves him there, to lay hold of material goods if he can; if he cannot, to let his trouble eat into his own heart, and to loathe life in the bitterness of his soul.

A master of irony, like Swift, might have drawn out a sustained

remonstrance with the great thinkers, and asked them whether, in the interest of their own beloved studies, it is advisable to let men so suddenly and so often despair. Whether, when a pupil has once been brought to see and to feel the miserable plight in which he is, he is likely to care much whether he is an advanced monkey or whether the remains of his ancestors, of much the same make as himself, can be found in situations indicating such incalculable antiquity, that it seems hopeless to look for the still older epoch when monkeys were at the top of the living scale. Whether the heart-broken will exhibit the curiosity which is due from him as to his unhappy condition being the prentice-work, ages ago, of a Demiurgus who set things going so clumsily that they have gone wrong ever since, or the abortion of a creator with respectable intentions, who was thwarted in his plan by the impracticability of his materials. You want a lusty well-to-do brain to enter vigorously into these speculations, to determine the relative ages of force and matter, of will and of constructive power. It is of no use setting such questions before a creature who is hourly calling out in his anguish, "Who shall show us any good?" And therefore it is that, as a make-shift or a buffer, to prevent the shock of knowledge from operating too rapidly, and to keep the faculties awake to lofty speculations, a worship of Fortune or of Fate, or of a Pantheon of disposers, might in pity to disciples be conceded.

As for the disciples themselves—and by disciples I mean the only too large portion of educated men, who, not being themselves deeply read or exceptionally scientific, receive not the discoveries only, but the speculations of philosophers, first as probabilities and then as

truths,—as for these, the rod of even a Swift would have descended on them with mitigated force if the Dean had read the pitiful bleats to which some of them gave utterance. They have been morally stripped to their skins. Putting their physical wants aside, they are left without motive, without the perception of meaning in their existence, without the hope that can alone make existence bearable. Castigation for such poor souls would be but the breaking of bruised reeds. The strong ones among them still prosperous, still unscathed by affliction, may yet walk proudly; but one sees the precipice on which they totter.

It would be a hard thing to get a man to acknowledge that he was more comfortable before he knew so much, and that he would gladly return to his unenlightened state. Such confessions may have been made, but whether they have or not there is evidence enough, as in the writings which I am here considering, that many a man would have been happier and more useful if he had been left undisturbed in his old beliefs. Are we then all so weak, I asked myself, that directly a philosopher advances some new facts and uses them to undermine or to knock away part of our old faith, we must at once assent to his conclusions, leave all, and follow him? There is no *must*; and many a one, no doubt, refuses to be perverted; but I am afraid that the suggestions of the philosophers are to a great many not wholly unwelcome in the first instance. The old faith was accompanied by duties and restrictions which possibly may have been found irksome; and deep in the heart there may have been working some such sentiment as "Let us burst their bands asunder, and cast their cords from us." Freedom from restraint was probably the advantage which philo-

sophic speculation appeared to offer. There had been too rigid a prohibition of certain pleasures and advantages, and, without going to the extreme of what was advanced by men of science, it might be only rational to take things a little more easily. The first step thus once made in a wrong direction, other steps surely followed, until a terrible position was reached. A loosening of the bridle, a little more freedom of action, was all that was contemplated; and lo! it is found after a while that the stay which sustained humanity in healthy life and hopeful exertion has been severed, that against the changes and chances of life there remains no support, that the waters break in and go over the soul. The consequences of illicit knowledge appear to correspond strangely in this present day with what they are reported to have been thousands of years ago—"In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

On the other hand, it appears to me that he who has not already been sighing for some lightening of the chain which his religion imposed, would hardly open his mind to irreligious doctrine. He would resist its first advances, and, being once in an attitude of defence, would become only stronger in opposition as the attack should develop. Every man is not a philosopher, neither can every one hope to argue successfully with the learned and adroit. But most men possess ordinary powers of perception; and, their affections not being engaged on the enemy's side, will refuse assent to a conclusion which offends their judgment, even though they should be unable to detect a flaw in the chain of argument which leads to it. How helpless should I myself be if engaged in discussion with able and talented sceptics! How my ignorance, my want of

skill, my inaccurate use of words, my entangled ideas, would expose me to his thrusts and at last place me logically at his mercy! Yet, although I should decline such an unequal contest, I am happy to say that I do not feel bound to admit any philosophic proposition which runs counter to the Christian faith. I cannot advise any one how to combat clever speculations, but I can name the considerations which would induce me to put aside the speculations altogether, or to regard them as vain exercises of the intellect. Peradventure my unpretending remarks may, through their very homeliness, find acceptance with those who would not have patience to follow the war of the learned against the learned.

I think that as long as we remember that the Creator in whom we have been taught to believe is omniscient, omnipotent, and infinite, we must see the impossibility of a human mind being able to comprehend His work. The sage will tell us that he can explain to a great extent the manner in which this earth of ours has been formed. He knows how long it took to put together some tiny portion of the planet's crust, his observation having extended over at the most 200 years. From this small fact (for we will suppose that he starts from an admitted fact) he proceeds to ascertain by proportion how long it would take to make a world at this rate, and finds that the globe must have been myriads of centuries in making. But how does he know that construction always has proceeded at the same pace? How can he possibly say that the Almighty may not have, in other and greater portions of His work, proceeded with a rapidity altogether disproportioned to that of the formation which has been observed? It would be a mere question of His own

pleasure with Omnipotence whether a certain work should occupy one day or ten thousand years. Again, we are desired by the learned to take note of the order in which the rocks are deposited, the order of the strata, and the position of the fossil remains, and then to consider how immense must have been the time required to bring up even the earth's crust to what we know it to be, what ages ago life existed on the earth, and for what countless centuries man himself can be proved to have had a being by the testimony of the rocks. I am perhaps bound to believe my learned informants when they tell me that, had the Creator proceeded as they describe, the result would have been what we see; but I utterly refuse to admit that He certainly did so proceed. Surely more ways than one were open to Him. He may have performed His work differently from what appears likely to them who think that they follow His footsteps. To take the familiar instance of a bed of coal. It was once, say the men of science, a forest. How can they possibly prove this? A forest may, by certain processes, be turned into a bed of coal, we will admit. But was the omnipotent Creator obliged to make a forest first and then to turn it into coal? What was to prevent Him, if He saw fit, from putting such and such an amount of matter at once into the form of coal without first making it timber and then transforming it?

A like reflection may be made when we are asked to believe in the development of man from an inferior creature, of that creature also from an inferior, and so down till we get to the first principle of life. It is very true that science has brought to light many facts which seem to fit into this theory; but then we must remember that the Creator may have ordained these

facts for an entirely different purpose. Those traces of organs and members which are of no use to the animal which bears them, do not of necessity argue that the animal's ancestors were once in another stage of existence where such parts were required. There the parts are, it is true, but why they were put there is known only to Him who put them there. If we believe that His ways are past finding out, and that no one has known His mind, we shall be very slow to think that the most learned of finite beings can collect and put together circumstantial evidence so as to reveal the manner of His acts, as if they were tracking the career of one of their own species from old papers or workmanship that was turning up.

I see that a man reading my above remarks might perhaps reply:—"But if all these facts be as the philosophers state, what object could the Creator have had in view if not to produce, in the manner stated, the ends which the philosophers suppose? If you say that He gave all these indications of particular courses, without having really followed those courses, see what an idea you present of your Creator: you represent him as giving these indications simply to puzzle and mislead." To the first of these remarks I should answer that I do not pretend to even guess at the Creator's object, further than that He made the worlds for His own pleasure: to the second, that none can fairly accuse him of a desire to puzzle mankind by the profundity of His works. He has never encouraged us to puzzle our brains over things too hard for us. It is the philosophers who have puzzled us. And there is another consideration: although God has no wish to puzzle us, there is another spirit much cleverer than any of us, who undoubtedly has the wish to mislead

us: *he* may be the author of the light in which some men see creation, and he may use even philosophers' brains to aid his purpose. After all, the philosopher, with his fascinating research and his honied words, is only suggesting what the fool said in his heart.

It is worth while to observe more attentively a truth at which I have already glanced—namely, that sceptical speculations, although they all oppose Christian belief, are by no means in accordance one with another. A hundred years ago the opponents of revelation were intense admirers of nature. The glory, beauty, and fitness of the natural universe was their constant theme; and they never tired of proclaiming how deeply they were impressed by its sublimity. But things have by this, our day, strangely changed in the speculative world. The fashion has been of late to abuse nature lustily for a great deal that she has done and is doing, while, grudgingly, she is credited with a good stroke here and there. Her destructions and her cruelties, say the latest great thinkers, are absolutely shocking; her handiwork is full of flaws; she is always overdoing, and always falling short; the influence of evil throughout her domain is enormous, that of good very limited. Indeed, when one has read all that is now being said about the universe, the only conclusion to be arrived at, if we agree with the arguments, is, that no good can be done here, and that the sooner one is out of such a state of misery the better. Now these two schools cannot both be right; the universe cannot be at the same time very good and very bad. One school, therefore, must be wrong. Why may not both be wrong?

I have called attention to only this one discrepancy among sceptics; but I feel assured that an examination of the various systems would

show that the schools differ from each other quite as much as they differ from Christian belief. How, then, to decide which of them is right, or whether any of them is right?

While I have been jotting down these observations, I have been struck by one or two points which tend to show how receptive philosophic minds can be of hard ideas which they arrive at by their own methods, while they are utterly incredulous of other ideas not a whit harder, which are presented to them from without. First, I have been a good deal astonished by the charges against Nature, or rather against the Creator, which have of late been the favourite utterances of unbelief. The pain and suffering which abound on the earth, and which affect all classes of the animal world, are insisted upon as evidence against the power, the intelligence, or the beneficence of the Creator and Ruler of the universe in such a manner as to lead the reader to suppose that this great discovery is considered mighty to the pulling down of all religion. This *quasi* pessimist view of things must, its teachers seem to suppose, strike at the root of all religion which regards a beneficent Deity. But how if, in making this boasted discovery, the philosopher should have only come round again to some very old notions—how if, in separating himself so carefully from the admirers of nature, he should be (so far as his facts go) only putting forward what has for ages been part of a Christian's belief? We Christians allow, without hesitation, that the whole creation groans and travails in pain. We don't want a philosopher to point this out to us. The use we make of this truth is not to question the goodness of our Maker; but as to the truth itself, it is not new. Then, too, as to the reproach

raised against the great Ruler on account of the superabundant fecundity of animals, the only effect which it has had upon me is, to bring home with redoubled force the memory of that part of the sentence pronounced at the fall, which says, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception." Often as I had read and heard the passage before, I never duly estimated this word *multiply*. Though sceptics may refuse to accept the words of Scripture as an explanation of the fact at which they murmur, they cannot deny that the writer of these words, whoever he was, answered by anticipation their complaint of over-production and unnecessary pain. So there is no novelty here either.

Again, I am given to understand that it is an opinion coming continually more and more into favour with certain of the wise that human beings, though apparently in the exercise of free wills, are in reality but automata, compelled to certain courses in certain situations, but compelled by an influence which operates on their wills; so that while they suppose themselves to have been acting voluntarily, they have in fact been following an inevitable direction. I should like very much to hear in what terms those who teach this doctrine would object to the Christian tenet that whatever good a man is enabled to do is not done of his own motion, but is prompted by an inward grace, notwithstanding that he may appear to himself and to others to choose his act. Would they venture to scoff at our doctrine as irrational, while putting forward their own as worthy of acceptance? To my mind the one can be quite as readily received as the other; and philosophy, after immense pains and making an enormous circuit, has got at something which contains all the

mystery, without any of the comfort, of Christian teaching.

Some men of science have an inclination to pronounce matter and force to be eternal and, as to quantity, unchangeable; but they cannot receive the belief that the Being who (as they phrase it) constructed this matter and arranged this force so as to produce the worlds, can have always existed. From eternity to eternity is an idea beyond what our minds can grasp; but it does not seem a bit easier when dealing with matter than when dealing with mind. They arraign the Creator or Constructor, and bring His works, as they see them, in evidence against Him. By Time, by the face of the Earth, by Order, by the Conditions of Animal Life, they try the Universal Author and find Him to be very different from what our religion shows Him to be; that is to say, they try Him by His own creatures! It is perhaps the absurdity of this which has compelled them to depose Him from His throne, and to elevate matter and force into independent existences, before proceeding to judgment.

I said above that the Christian religion allows, confesses, nay, proclaims the existence of as much evil, as much destruction, as much misery in the ordinary conditions of life, as the most desponding of modern unbelievers could possibly demand. Indeed, it acknowledges much more, for the philosopher in his accusation confines himself to physical evils, whereas the Christian, in regard of mankind, bewails moral, spiritual sufferings, falling upon all in some measure, but falling with apparent incomprehensible inequality, which are beyond comparison more trying than bodily pain or privation. Here, then, the two are on common ground; but in what opposite directions do they advance from the position! The

sceptic takes up his parable from all this anguish and rails at the Creator because of His work. When he has expended his rebukes he can have nothing more to say. He cannot rectify the wrongs which he has pointed out. He cannot show others how either to bear or to avoid them; indeed, so far as I can learn of his argument, he can do no more than bid men agree with him in condemning the greater part of what is, and then leave them to the effects of his lesson after they have received it. Those effects appear to be very much what have been produced in writers whose lamentations I have in my mind as I write. How closely does their condition, and the condition of those to whom they address themselves, agree with that to which Christians feel that they would be reduced if there were no hope of another life after this. *Most miserable* Christians avow that they would be if they saw nothing beyond this world and the grave. Yet hundreds of thousands of them have gone through this world, afflicted and troubled truly, like the rest of their kind, but far, very far, from being most miserable; on the contrary, they have been able to rejoice not only in spite of, but because of their tribulations and griefs. There is a very broad distinction here, one sees. In the one case, the sufferings overbear the sufferer; in the other, the sufferer not only rises superior to his affliction, but can say that he rejoices in it. He has only to wait with patience for a happy change; and while he waits he finds a support against his trials, which philosophy cannot give. At least so he believes. The sceptic of course will say that the Christian's belief is vain. Well, suppose it to be so, it is at any rate better than his, the sceptic's, inasmuch as it enables those who profess it to

make the best of this life in which we are all embarked. He who has once believed that life has an aim and a meaning, and who has given up that belief for the conviction that life is simply a misfortune without aim or meaning, has made but a sorry exchange, even though he may have the gratification of boasting that he is at one with the great thinkers of his age.

Spiritual support is, of course, a mere meaningless phrase to those who can find little beyond matter and force in the universe. Christians have told us—and some of them Christians who have borne very heavy burdens—that there not only is such a thing, but that it is all powerful, and such as no creature can deprive them of. I did not think it right to pass over this comfort altogether, although I feel that I must say but little of it in this paper. If it be what it is represented, it is hardly a thing to fling away at the bidding of a philosopher or any one else, unless it can be exchanged for something better.

We have then this advantage over opponents that, if we concede the weight of the burden and our own utter incapacity to lessen it, we at the same time claim to have a resource for strengthening the back. It cannot be objected to this argument that we surrender everything agreeable in the world for the mere chance of a consolation which may afterwards prove illusory; for do not our modern sceptics agree with us in thinking that it is but a sorry enjoyment that the world has to offer at the best? Yea, and if there be philosophers who do not agree with us in this, we have at any rate the evidence of their disciples, to the effect of the world's utter worthlessness, else what means the cry of despair which has sounded, which is even now sounding so pitifully in my ears? The misery which finds

voice in this cry is to me so much the more deplorable, because surely it is not a necessity. There is nothing in civilisation or in science that should lead to misery; quite the contrary. And yet we find that our progress is taking us to wretchedness, compared to which 'the tomahawk and mumbo-jumbo were but minor evils. It is the use to which science is put; it is materialism that is taking the salt out of life and leaving it but vapid dregs. We can do better without knowledge than without feeling. It is feeling that enables human nature to rise superior to physical evil. If "thinking on the frosty Caucasus" does not enable a man to "hold a fire in his hand," there are emotions of the spirit which can give him that power, and have done so ere now, or history is untrue. Love and duty make light of privation and pain. Animated by these affections, man is not consumed by worldly cares; and feeling them in their highest form, that is, as religion, he may reach the elevation of Shakespeare's Horatio—

"A man that fortune's buffets and her
favours
Has ta'en with equal thanks."

The preaching and tendency of infidelity is to magnify the ills of life while providing no salve for them; the work of religion is to make these ills look small in comparison of a glorious hope.

That man acts wisely who believes and teaches (even though his faith may otherwise not be sound) that, peradventure, after all, old-fashioned good work may be found to have its value. If I might venture to give a hint to such a one, I should say that he might very well recommend effort for its own sake without troubling himself or those whom he addresses about results. He should remember that it is only

the medium through which he sees things that has altered—the things themselves are much as they were when men believed in work, and could see some meaning in it. Thousands upon thousands have contrived in such circumstances to occupy themselves and to benefit others, and thousands upon thousands more may do so if only they will fix their attention upon the business they have in hand, and not upon its future value or want of value in an economy which their faculties cannot comprehend. Perhaps, too, it might ease his mind if, instead of devoting himself exclusively to philosophers who advocate pessimist views and suggest infidelity, he were to open his understanding a little to others equally respectable who have not found scientific discovery to interfere with religious belief. Bacon's, for instance, is a great name; and he may remember that Bacon said he could more readily believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Alcoran (I am not certain whether these are the books which he names, having no copy of his essays at hand; but I think they are) than that this universal frame is without a Mind. Newton, although his discoveries must have been as startling as those of any of his successors, does not seem to have found them incompatible with the Christian faith. And there was considerable power of penetration in the mind of Locke, who, nevertheless, did not feel competent to take his Maker to task, or disposed to doubt whether he had a Maker or not. If these could all be satisfied to believe, we, one would think, may be satisfied too. But they have all passed away, and their works moulder upon the shelves, while the thinkers of to-day are alive, instant, continually discovering new facts, and drawing new conclusions from them. For all that, their speculations may ere long also repose on the shelf, and never be referred to except for the purpose of showing the extravagances to which the mind of man can reach when it has cast aside all restraint; for their speculations will differ much from all that have gone before them if they do not, in another age, go down before the notions of new thinkers, who will be alive to illustrate and enforce their doctrines. A century or so ago there was a philosopher who very plausibly suggested (basing his theory on scientific facts) that there is no matter at all, only perception. To-day our sages incline to teach that matter and force are eternal—are indeed the universe. These two systems are as widely asunder as the poles; that each of them had its turn is a proof of the uncertainty of philosophical speculation, a proof also of the utter wilderness in which the human mind gropes and wanders when it occupies itself with subjects quite beyond its province.

I said somewhere near the beginning of these remarks that I thought that Swift, if he had been alive, might have exercised his wit, not only on the doctors of infidelity and their disciples, but also on the ministers and stewards of religious mysteries, for allowing science to have its own way so much. They appear more eager to do battle with each other concerning articles of belief and forms of worship, than to resist the common enemy who is seeking to overturn religion altogether. Some, with unfortunate complaisance, have accepted one or more of the philosophers' conclusions, and so laid themselves open to check and defeat. These forget that new facts, although they may render certain fancies plausible, do not prove those fancies to be true; they forget that it is their duty to withstand the beginnings of error,

and not to receive a single notion which militates against our faith until such notion can be proved. The theories about time, development, order, &c., cannot one of them be proved. There is not a tittle of evidence for them except what is thought to be found in dumb matter; and the phases of matter can be accounted for in more ways than one, and will never be made clear to us until our natures shall have undergone a change. The attributes of the Almighty make the position of the believer perfectly impregnable; but there must be no attempt to strain Scripture so as to make it harmonise with scientific speculation. The burden of proof is entirely upon the philosopher. Not a point of his argument should be admitted because it is plausible, nor until he can demonstrate its truth.

I think, too, that an advantage is given to the sceptical writer by those who are on the side of religion confining their arguments to sermons, or to works professedly religious. We have naturally and properly a hesitation about discussing the mysteries and sources of our faith, except on serious occasions, and apart from secular thoughts. Our opponent, on the other hand, is restrained by no considerations

such as these, and never thinks the occasion unsuitable that allows him to launch a sneer or suggest a doubt. But we may surely, without pushing our own belief into unhallowed view, at least take frequent occasion in secular writings and conversations, to point out the weakness of philosophers' positions. It is not unusual for persons to turn with horror from these speculations when they are very bold and insulting, but this disposition to ignore should not be yielded to. The adversary should not thus be left in possession of the field. Like foul ulcers or nests of crime, these dangerous theories require to be steadily looked at and dealt with if they are to be corrected. Neither let it be supposed that by naming or noticing these unwholesome works we give them a publicity which they would not otherwise attain. Unhappily, the authors of them take only too good care to make them known.

I have said my say now; and shall be very glad if by so doing I have laid the ghost of the uneasiness which has been haunting me. Still more shall I rejoice if my observations can supply the least comfort and support to those who may be in danger of becoming victims to the despondency which is born of ungodly speculation.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXVIII.

AUGUST 1875.

Vol. CXVIII.

THE STATE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

PARIS, 20th July 1875.

WE suddenly discover sometimes, when an interesting subject attracts our particular attention, that it is difficult, if not indeed impossible, to obtain reliable instruction on it. We had imagined, until that moment, that, on all questions of real importance, complete information invariably exists somewhere, and that we had but to inquire of competent people in order to learn where to put our hand upon it. We had supposed that, in this century of growing knowledge, nothing could keep successfully out of sight, and that inquisitiveness, interest, or vanity, had triumphed over all discretions, had routed out all hiding-places, and had brought to light all secrets. So it is certainly with most things; but there are exceptions to all rules; and the prevailing ignorance of the real condition of the French army is a striking instance of exception to this one. If there be just now a curiosity in Europe, it is to know exactly what France is doing in order to rebuild her strength. Foreigners are asking eager questions on it everywhere; and it might have been supposed

that to the French themselves it presents an irresistible attraction. Yet, though the Chamber and the newspapers have indulged, since 1871, in a scarcely measurable amount of theoretical discussion on military matters; though the columns of debate upon them would stretch, if laid out straight, from Versailles to Canton,—not one single narration of distinct facts—except on trifling points of detail—has come before the public during the last four years. The blank is so thorough that the most ardent seeker could find no collective account of the position; no full description of it exists in print; it is by personal inquiry alone that the elements of the tale can be scraped together. The following details have been collected by that means, from several sources: they are, of course, most incomplete; but, so far as they extend, they are correct. They indicate the main features of the situation; and they are given now, in the entire absence of authoritative statements, in order to partially fill up the rough outline of the state of the French army which was sketched in these pages

two months ago.* Their publication cannot possibly do harm to France, for the Prussian staff-office knows all about them, and a vast deal more besides.

The subject is divisible into many sections; but in order to adopt the simplest plan, it is grouped here into three heads only—Direction, Organisation, and *Matériel*. A more elaborate classification would lead us into needless detail. Our object is not to specify particulars, but merely to give a general idea of the chief bearings of the question as a whole.

The faculty of "direction" is so notable a quality of the French—they are such admirable conductors of great industrial undertakings—they succeed so remarkably in "administration" in nearly all its forms—that a similar capacity might, presumptively, be looked for in the ruling of their army. Their civil government, their railways, their manufactories, their steamships, are ordered with such skill that their military management might, not unreasonably, be expected to exhibit a somewhat analogous ability, and to attain a somewhat parallel success. The methods employed are virtually identical in the two cases; we find in each of them minute attention to little details, innumerable rules and regulations, rigorous pursuit of small economies, unceasing watchfulness and supervision. But the results are not so similar as the means—success on one side is accompanied by something very much like failure on the other; and it may be said with tolerable exactness, after considering the two aspects of commercial prosperity and military weakness which France is now presenting, that though precision, system, and routine have manifestly led her to much wealth, they have

not helped her to obtain a well-regulated army. There would, indeed, be little exaggeration in going further still, and in asserting that the same national characteristics which have enabled the French to become so prosperous and so rich have largely aided to disintegrate their material strength; and that their fighting power has been enfeebled by the very spirit of official prejudice, of bureaucratic excellencies, of hierarchical despotism, which has contributed to make the fortune of their railway companies. It would be difficult to discover a better example of the *défauts d'une qualité* than this striking contrast between two products of the same process.

The unsatisfactory situation of the French army is not, however, a consequence of over-administration only. Routine and red-tapism have, it is true, a terrible deal to answer for, but they are not the sole causes of actual deficiencies. The temperament of the race has also helped to generate them; *insouciance*, self-confidence, and *chauvinism* have had a share—and not a small one—in producing the break-down. The conceit of invincibility which was bequeathed to France by the first Empire, the absence of all fighting on the Continent during forty years, had led the nation to the conviction that courage and intelligence amongst the soldiers were the main elements of military success; and that strategy, good management, and scientific instruction amongst the officers were relatively unimportant details, almost unworthy of brilliant conquerors. The warfare in Algeria aided to consolidate this impression; and, though the experience gained before Sebastopol was not altogether gratifying, it was not till 1859 that the clearer-

* See Blackwood's Magazine, 1st June 1875.

sighted of the French began to seriously doubt whether their army really merited the reputation which it still managed to maintain. Even the public began to vaguely comprehend that something more than dash and pluck and a strong talent for adroitly stealing chickens are wanted in modern war. As happens usually in Paris, discontent broke out in jokes: the disarrayed confused victory of Solferino was described as "*une fuite en avant*," while the entire campaign which finished at Villafranca was painted in the well-known phrase, "*elle est comme la confiance, on la gagne, mais on ne la commande pas*."

But habit was too deeply rooted to be eradicated by a *mot*, and things went on unchanged till 1870: the "Napoleonic legend" retained its hold on popular impressions; routine retained its force at the Ministry of War. Then came defeat, and ruin, and deception, and everybody outside the Ministry blamed everybody but himself, and shouted that everything must be changed at once. This was the state of feeling when General de Cissey was appointed, in 1871, to the position which he has occupied, with little interruption, ever since.

Now, if ever a new-fledged Minister had a chance of sending down his name to history, of covering himself with solid fame, of winning a nation's gratitude and admiration, it was, assuredly, this lucky general, who, almost unknown the day before, was suddenly intrusted with the dazzling but most noble task of remodelling and reconstituting the whole French army. Backed up by an eager nation and a willing Parliament, with everything in pieces round him, he had but to brush away the crumbling rubbish, and then rebuild a monument worthy of the occasion and the place. "The finest site in Europe" was really

there before him; immensity of space, abundance of ideas, exuberance of budgets, were all at his disposal. With a thousandth part of his means of action, Von Scharnhorst prepared that Prussian army which wiped out the memory of Jena. It was indeed an opportunity for ambition, a fortune which every patriot might envy. But General de Cissey had not the strength for such a task. An honest man, a capable tactician, a straight and valiant soldier, known everywhere for the bravery and energy he displayed at Borny and at Rézonville, he was deficient in nearly all the special qualities needed for the grand mission he had undertaken. During forty years of service he had passed his life in camps and barracks, doing slow, weary, regimental duty. At last, one day, without inquiring if he were really fit to bear the heaviest burden which this generation has seen imposed upon a French commander, M. Thiers created him Minister of War, and told him to reorganise the troops of France. He would probably have got along neither better nor worse than other people, if he had stumbled on to quiet times, or if he had been backed up by a really able, vigorous, generous-hearted office-staff. But he was not the man to exterminate routine, to crush abuses, to enforce new rules, to suppress bad habits, to stamp down opposition. He found the people in his Ministry determined to prop up the tottering wreck, and to resist the radical transformation which the nation called for; he did not like to struggle with them, so he abandoned the idea of a clean sweep, and, under pretext of "gradual improvement," kept the old principle of management as he found it. A general he was the day before, a general he remained on the morrow; his nomination did not

bestow on him the temperament of a great Minister. He arrived in the Rue St. Dominique with an ingenuous desire for reform; but within a month his "bureaux" stopped him, and within two months they mastered him. Like all his predecessors, he dropped down powerless before the resistless torpor of routine.

We know a little of red-tape in England, but our practice of it is altogether infantine compared to that which prevails in France. Red-tape there is a power against which no man since Napoleon has been able to contend; it is one of the great forces of the commonwealth. If King, Lords, Commons, and the Press existed in France, red-tape would rank with them as the fifth element of the State. And lest this comparison should seem exaggerated to English readers we will at once supply a proof of its precision. One day, three years ago, Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier, the President of the Commission appointed to examine into the contracts made during the campaign, had a warm discussion with General Suzanne, who was then Director of Matériel at the Ministry of War. Excited by the wrongs he had discovered, and somewhat, perhaps, by his touchy temper too, the Duke lashed out against the "bureaux," and spoke most bitterly of their inert stolidity, of their lifeless routine, and of the barrier which they oppose to all real progress. The General answered: "It is ungrateful of you to abuse the 'bureaux;' it is they who furnish to all you politicians the means of making revolutions." The observation was singularly cynical, but it showed a keen appreciation of the facts of the situation. France is, in reality, governed by the "bureaux"—"les Ministres passent, les bureaux restent;" the business of the State goes on in

spite of revolutions; and therefore, in the eyes of the "bureaux," there is no reason why revolutions should not take place if other people like them. A change of dynasty or of constitution has no effect whatever on the "bureaux:" a new minister arrives, his "bureaux" bow to him, salute his ignorance, entangle him in their indispensable aid, impose upon him their traditions, stifle his enthusiasms and his projects, and in six weeks he is their slave. It is, however, fair to add that all this is not absolutely limited to France alone: it glares out there certainly far more vividly than elsewhere; but it is, in varying degrees, a general condition of all Governments, and, if report speaks truth, is not absolutely unknown in London.

General de Cissey did not escape the universal influence; he gave way before it and capitulated; the Ministry went on unchanged—and that is why the system of defection, the principles which guide it, and the prejudices which enfeeble it, remain exactly as they were under Charles X., under Louis Philippe, under Napoleon III. The Chamber has indeed voted certain laws and has introduced important modifications into the organisation of the army; but the application of those laws, the working out of those modifications, depend upon the Ministry, and there, as we shall see presently, the "direction" retains its mastery of the situation, and does as little as it can. A non-military minister might possibly have resisted the contagion—that is, provided he had obstinacy enough; he would, at all events, have had the great advantage of being free from hierarchical observances, from *camaraderie* and old habits; but it would have indeed been difficult to find a Louvois. Here lies the main cause of the weakness of the French army: it

has no supreme head; it is governed by no vigorous and independent mind; it is directed by no strong initiating genius, by no will capable of beating down the special obstacles of the position. It has long been, and continues still to be, the property of the "bureaux."

The spirit of the officers is far superior, as a whole, to that of the Ministry which presides over them. The majority of the officers have known the humiliation of defeat, and have keenly felt that they must work to wipe it out; a good many of them have struggled, with infinitely more goodwill than their chiefs, against the crushing pressure of usage and tradition, and have taken seriously to study, regardless of the rooted prejudice which has so long existed amongst the generals against "cossacks," as reading officers are called. The number of new books which they are producing is really wonderful; and that those books are bought and read is proved by the fact that Dumaine, the army publisher, is selling now about twelve times as many volumes as he could get rid of before the war. And many of the writers have attained real excellence. The names of some of them—of Fay, of Samuel, of Lewal, for instance—have become almost as authoritative on military questions as those of the best known authors in the German or the English army.

But they are not all of this progressive class. A large number of them have to contend against a difficulty which follows them through life, and renders it impossible for them to keep pace with the new necessities which the scientific character of modern war is now imposing on all soldiers,—they want early education. The officers who have passed through the military school at St. Cyr are of course well trained for further labour, and they consti-

tute about two-thirds of the entire number; but by far the greater portion of the other third are unfit to begin to learn at 30, the age at which, in ordinary cases, they are promoted from the ranks. To this considerable section of French officers the higher branches of military instruction are inaccessible; as corporals and sergeants they were excellent, but they are altogether unprepared for the intellectual efforts which now attach to military command, and for the new obligations and responsibilities which it creates. And this element of inferiority has largely grown since 1870, from the following cause. A quantity of former non-commissioned officers who had left the army, presented themselves for service as soon as the war broke out, and, in the dearth of qualified officers, were appointed lieutenants, captains, and some of them even majors, in the new regiments which were got together in the departments. To recompense their patriotic zeal, the Commission for the revision of grades confirmed the greater part of them as officers after the peace, though generally in lower ranks than they had been temporarily called upon to occupy. The result is that, according to calculations which seem to be admitted everywhere as correct, about one-sixth of the present officers of infantry have acquired their commissions in this way. There are amongst them some intelligent and clever men; but there is no denying that the great mass of this particular group are ignorant of everything which constitutes an ordinary education; they all can read and write, but there stops the knowledge of a good many of them. It is computed that twenty years must pass before the army will get quite rid of this heavy stock of incapacity.

There is, however, fortunately, a

majority of instructed and enlightened men, and it is to them that the army will, in all probability, owe its regeneration. They are full of energy and hope and sentiment of duty, and are bent on winning back the ancient fame of the French arms. They wisely recognise that, in these days, that result can only be attained by new principles of action, supported by hard work, and they have begun already to set to those around them an example of what a modern officer should be. This very merit, however, produces a new difficulty; for the anxious zeal of these model soldiers, their longing for progress and reform, in no way correspond with the obstinate obstructiveness and impassive routine of the Ministry of War. These really good officers, of course, expected three years ago (like most other people) that, after the tremendous lesson France had had, a new era was beginning—that old abuses would be suppressed, that old absurdities would be abandoned, that new maxims would be adopted. They expected a good deal of change; for all the world around them was talking about change, and they knew that there was room for it. But no change came. They had imagined foolishly that, thenceforth, amongst other novelties, merit would at last be recognised, that good work would be noticed and rewarded; but they found out they were wrong in this as in all the rest: work is no more a recommendation now than it was before Sedan; the rule of promotion remains thus far unaltered, in letter and in spirit. The result is, that bitterness and disappointment are slowly growing in their hearts; that a good many of the best men are beginning to feel themselves ill-used; and even, which is serious, that something very much like antagonism is vaguely looming in the air between the earnest in-

novators who are eager to do everything, and the stolid Ministry which will allow them to do nothing. An example may usefully be given of the sort of difficulties which are arising from this opposition.

An officer who has, perhaps, done more than any other to stimulate intellectual movement in the army—Major Fix, of the Staff Corps—conceived in 1871 the idea of establishing a “*Réunion des Officiers*,” for mutual instruction. His comrades took up the notion warmly; adhesions came in on all sides; conferences and lectures were organised; a library was founded; the *Kriegspiel* was for the first time introduced into France; a special journal, the “*Bulletin de la Réunion des Officiers*,” was established. From Paris, where the attempt was made, the new scheme spread rapidly into the departments: within two years more than three hundred garrison libraries were constituted; the municipalities contributed almost everywhere to the development of a creation which was so evidently advantageous to France; 4000 officers have become, directly or indirectly, members of the *Réunion*, and nearly all are working, learning, teaching, and producing. The labour of directing all this movement was performed by Major Fix; and his comrades, wisely grateful for his initiative and his efforts, elected him their president. But when, after three years, the hard work was done, and the success of the *Réunion* was insured, then the Ministry decided that a general should be named president instead of Fix, apparently because it was contrary to proper hierarchical principles that a simple major, recently promoted, should be allowed to preside over so great a work. It is scarcely necessary to say that this measure has irritated everybody; it is generally considered in the army that

its effect will be to virtually destroy the life and vigour which have thus far distinguished the Réunion, and that the institution will gradually drop to pieces under the dissolving influence of routine.

Lest this impression should seem overstrained, or even altogether groundless, it will be as well to tell another story of hierarchical red-tape in order to show the real extent of its domination, and the disastrous power which it wields. General de Cissey reflected one day that the shoes in use in the infantry regiments had been savagely complained of during the war; so, like a kind-hearted, well-meaning superior as he is, he sent a collection of various new boots and shoes to the commanding officers of infantry, and asked for trials and detailed reports. The reports arrived—150 of them; 140 thereof pronounced unhesitatingly against the type of shoe in use, and nearly all of them asked for the adoption of the half-boot. A *résumé* of these reports was published officially in the 'Moniteur de l'Armée.' But still, the Minister was not quite enough convinced to feel that he ought to act. He sent the question on to the Superior Committee of Infantry, which is composed of seven generals, some of whom may be described, without disrespect, as worn out, some as simply old, and all of them as quite incapable of putting on successively a variety of model boots, and of walking twenty miles a-day with them to try them. But, notwithstanding these difficulties in the way of a just appreciation, the Committee unanimously concluded that the old shoe ought to be rigorously maintained: this decision was, in its turn, published in the 'Moniteur,' and there the matter dropped. If generals can do this for shoes, they can do the same sort of thing for other matters too; and that is why the intended nomination of a general, as President of the Ré-

union, has caused so much annoyance. It should be added, however, that, according to private report, the Minister has selected for the post General Appert, late Commander at Versailles. If this be true, objections will disappear, for there is not in the whole army an officer more fit to fill a situation of the kind. General Appert is a brilliant soldier, a most intelligent administrator, and a high-bred gentleman: his popularity is universal, his tact extreme; and if anybody can dispel the existing ill-feeling, he most assuredly will attain that result.

The story of the shoes is not an isolated fact; it is but an ordinary specimen of the working of an entire system. A hundred similar examples might be given; and it may be easily imagined that the new notions of the younger men, their aspirations after progress and reform, have not much chance of realisation while the mastery of the army continues in the hands of elderly gentlemen of this habit of mind. Discouragement is a plant which grows fast, and whose fruit ripens quickly: routine is a bad manure for a crop of progress; and as the system of direction now followed in the French army is substantially the same as that which existed before the war, and which was manifestly the main cause of the disasters of France, nobody can pretend that any good result can be obtained by perpetuating it. That direction must be radically changed if France is ever to become really strong again.

The question of Organisation may seem theoretically to be less serious than that of direction; because, as organisation depends on direction, it is merely what the latter makes it. But, practically, organisation is by far the more important of the two, because it is the end and object, while direction is but the source and cause. With a direction such

as has been just described, it will surprise no one to be told that organisation is defective too; it could not, indeed, be otherwise. But the responsibility of its actual insufficiencies does not rest exclusively with the Ministry: the Chamber has some share of it to bear; it exercised at prodigious length its right of examining and modifying the new projects of arrangement; it spent months and years in discussion and debate upon them; it successively adopted three organic military laws, but it has omitted, thus far, all legislation on those two grave points—the Staff Corps and the Intendance. These latter questions were certainly as urgent as all the rest; for nothing came out more clearly from the late war than that both Staff and Commissariat had utterly broken down; but they remain untouched. The measures actually voted are as follows: the Universal Service Law, the Army Organisation Bill, and the “*loi des cadres*,” which has lately been the pretext of so much real or fictitious emotion in Germany.

The first of these enactments, the “*loi sur le recrutement*,” dates from 27th July 1872. By it the principle of obligatory service was adopted and made applicable to every citizen between the ages of twenty and forty; the first nine years being passed in the active army and its reserve, and the eleven remaining years in the newly-constituted territorial army and its reserve. But as the annual number of new conscripts was by this plan so considerable, that all of them could not be enrolled without creating far too large an army for a peace footing, it was decided that each year's conscripts should be divided into two parts (according to the conscription numbers); that one only of those parts should be called up to the colours for effective service, and that the

other part should merely be enrolled for a period varying from six to twelve months, and then should be permanently sent away *en congé*. Furthermore, the expedient of “one-year volunteers” was adopted. Three years have passed since these arrangements became law, but, to this day, the reserve of the active army has not been really constituted, while the territorial army and its reserve have not even been framed on paper; its officers are not selected, and not one single soldier who belongs to it knows the number of his regiment. In reality the new law—which was to change everything, and to convert the whole nation into an army—has produced, thus far, but two new facts, the incorporation for six months of the second portion of the contingent (which, previously, was liberated altogether) and the “one-year volunteers.” The object of this latter institution was to enable young men who were studying for liberal professions to escape the risk of falling into the first portion of the contingent, and of being thereby tied to active service for five years, by permitting them, under certain conditions, to pass only twelve months in the army, though continuing, of course, to form part of it in the reserve. The principal of these conditions were that they should each pay 1500 francs to the State, and pass a very elementary examination; in other words, the old system of exemption for money, which was declared to be an abomination, and to be suppressed for ever, was revived under a new though disguised form. The Commissioners who were appointed to examine the candidates for the *volontariat* were most generous and easy-going, and, during the first year of the application of the new law, more than 12,000 young gentlemen were admitted. The result, of

course, was, that the plan immediately became unpopular, as being a manifest favour to the rich, and was bitterly attacked, but with no result thus far. And this was not the only consequence of the invention of the *volontariat d'un an*. Under the old organisation non-commissioned officers and soldiers received a considerable money premium if they re-engaged themselves at the expiration of their service. By that means two results were attained; military traditions were kept up in the regiments by the presence of old soldiers, and a supply of thoroughly experienced non-commissioned officers was assured. By the new law the premium of re-engagement is abolished, old sergeants no longer find any advantage in remaining in a service which pays them less than they can earn in civil employments, so, directly their time is out, they leave their regiments and go home. Five-sixths of the *sous-officiers* of the French army belonged, until last month, to the conscripts of the year 1870, whose time of service expires in August, but who, from economy or some other unavowed reason, were set free in June. We know that very few of them offered to recommence their service, for a report presented to the Chamber by General de Cissey states that not quite 3500 outgoing *sous-officiers* now renew their engagements each year; consequently, at this moment, a vast majority of the non-commissioned officers have to be selected afresh; and this happens every summer, on the liberation of the contingent of each year, the regiments being of course disordered each time by such changes. The Assembly, seeing this, has endeavoured to induce men to stay on by offering them certain civil appointments if they remain in active service for twelve years in all; but

the prospect of earning £20 a-year as road-members or country postmen does not seem to tempt them to spend an extra seven years in uniform. Here it is that the consequences of the *volontariat d'un an* are felt; the conscripts of the educated classes would be precisely the men of whom good *sous-officiers* could be made, for they would learn their business quickly, and introduce a tone of feeling which would be serviceable to the army as a whole. But, as it is, the greater part of these young gentlemen seek only to get through their twelve unpleasant months as fast as possible, so as to return to their careers in life. For these various reasons the law on the recruiting of the army is both unsatisfactory and insufficient; it most imperfectly attains, as yet, its pretended end of really making every Frenchman a serviceable soldier.

The law of military organisation, on the contrary, appears to be a well-imagined, practical arrangement, against which very little could be said if only it were carried into execution. It introduced into France the German system of *corps d'armée* permanently established in fixed districts, each corps being complete in itself with cavalry, artillery, engineers, non-combatant services and stores. Many years must of course pass before a thorough result is attained, for in several districts the organisation is barely commenced. The question of barracks, for instance, though £3,200,000 have been voted for the purpose, is still undecided, and in several towns the troops are camped or billeted. But the plan itself is very good; and although it does not seem likely to enable France to attain the prodigiously rapid mobilisations of which Germany is capable, it is a vast improvement on the previous utter

want of regular cohesion between the elements of the army. There is, however, thus far, one weak point in this second law; the active regiments of each *corps d'armée* are composed, indifferently, of men from all parts of France, while the reserves of each corps consist of all the liberated soldiers whose homes are in the district of that corps. This mixed arrangement was adopted partly in order to avoid the political inconveniences which might not impossibly have resulted from filling up entire active regiments with men of the same origin and sympathies, and also, partly, because if a particular regiment happened to be cut to pieces, it would be deplorable that the entire loss should press on one department only. These reasons are sensible and considerate; but the effect of the arrangement is that the "reservists" know nothing of the regiment to which they would be called up if wanted. The law prescribes, it is true, that the reserves of the active army shall be brought in and drilled each year with the very object of enabling the outsiders to fall into their places and make the acquaintance of their comrades; but not one single annual training has come off as yet; the men of the reserve continue to know nothing of their regiment, and feel towards it no tie. Until this is changed, it will constitute a first difficulty in the way of speedy concentration. A second difficulty, in comparison with Germany, is that the character and temperament of the French do not seem likely to adapt themselves with facility to the special exigencies of a mobilisation. Both the national tendency and the national teaching are different in Germany and France. The German soldier is almost a machine; his obedience is silent; his discipline is passive; he

has no hesitations; he possesses subordination and submission as natural gifts. The Frenchman, on the contrary, has opinions and ideas of his own which no discipline can entirely drive out: of course he is obedient, because he would be shot if he were not so; but his obedience is not inert; it is an act of reason, and is accompanied by a quantity of mental reservations and considerations which never enter into a German head. The result is that he is not susceptible of being treated like a bundle which stops where it is put until it is moved again, and that therein lies a serious disadvantage in a movement like a mobilisation, where the first duty of each soldier is to fall in silently and stir no more of his own accord. The disadvantage would evidently be lessened if, like the German, he simply returned, when called up, to his old regiment and his accustomed place; but, instead of that, he is summoned, in the present state of things, to a regiment in which he does not know a soul, and in which he has to shake himself down as best he can. And the Germans have one more superiority, in the event of mobilisation, in the fact that their regimental companies, on a peace footing, usually include about 120 men, so that to reach the war complement of 250 they need only be doubled; while the French companies, as will presently be shown, do not now average more than 75 men, and have consequently to be trebled, so rendering the process of mobilisation proportionably more difficult and slow. For these various reasons, and taking also into account the insufficiency of non-commissioned officers, it is probable that a mobilisation of the French army would be a long and tedious proceeding, full of hitches and disorder. Therefore, as, under the present conditions of war, rapidity

of concentration is almost as important as number, it seems likely that France will remain, in this respect, in a condition of permanent inferiority towards Germany. We have said that no real trial has yet been made, in order to test the value of actual arrangements; but a few experiments, on a small scale, have been privately attempted. Two companies have, several times and in different places, been put through the form of mobilisation, their reserves having been convoked for the purpose. The results have been most singular. The armament and equipment were effected with reasonable rapidity; for the 500 men were paraded, under arms, in uniform, in an average of five hours from their muster at the depot. But, after that, three days were needed in each case for writing down the details and the numbers of the equipments in the regimental books! This prodigious fact, incredible as it may appear, is strictly true; but, for obvious reasons, the regiments, the dates and places, are not named. It would be difficult to discover a more astounding example of the crushing consequences of *bureaucratie* and routine; and though it has directly no relation to the organisation law, yet it shows how good laws may be paralysed in application by an obstinate "direction."

The "loi des cadres" is the last of the series; it was discussed with much vehemence in the Chamber, for two systems were in presence. The supporters of one of them insisted on the maintenance of the old regimental formation of three battalions of six companies each; while the patrons of the other advocated the German system of four companies per battalion, not counting the depot companies in either case. After much excited debating a hybrid plan was as usual adopted:

it was decided that the battalion should consist of four companies instead of six, but that, as a compensation for the reduction, each regiment should have four battalions instead of three. It was pretended that an addition of 160 battalions would be obtained in this way, and that, as in war time each battalion would contain 1000 men, 160,000 extra men would thus be made available. The opponents of the scheme do not find it difficult to demolish this singular arithmetic; they show, with reason, that as the tactical unit is the company, not the battalion, it is utter nonsense to pretend that four battalions of four companies each, with two depot companies for the regiment, can be made to hold as many men as three battalions of six companies each, with three depot companies. By the new arrangement there are eighteen companies, while by the old one there were twenty-one. It follows, therefore, that the vaunted addition of 160 battalions means, in reality, the suppression of 480 companies; so that, taking a company on a war footing at 250 men, there is a loss of 120,000 men instead of a gain of 160,000. Each regiment loses three companies by the new device—that is to say, 750 men; nine of its officers have consequently been put on half-pay; the army is reduced, the officers are discontented. It really was not worth while to make so great a fuss in Germany about such a broken-winded law as this; the Germans ought rather to have rubbed their hands with delight at the bungling of their neighbours.

These calculations apply of course to the nominal strength on a war footing; the real present effective of the French army is a very different matter. It is scarcely necessary to say that we do not pretend to indicate that effective with pre-

cision, for absolutely exact information on it could only be obtained by consulting the confidential returns of the Ministry of War. But what can easily be done is to group together the circumstantial evidence on the matter, and to see what that evidence reveals. The budget of 1875 puts the total of the army at 425,000 men, and tells us that the infantry regiments are composed of 1800 men each; but there are abundant proofs that these figures are fictitious and imaginary. The officers declare that their regiments are mere skeletons; and the truth of that description is evident to every one who looks on at parades or drills, for, on those occasions, one usually sees companies of forty men. It may, however, be said that a portion of the men are recruits, who do their work by themselves in squads, and that, consequently, the public aspect of the companies is no test of their true force. But when a great annual review takes place in Paris, when it is notorious that orders have been sent to all commanding officers to bring up every man that can carry a gun, when small detachments are called in from distances of 40 miles in order to swell the total, then, at all events, the number present may be taken as approximately representing the full regimental strength. All this occurred on the 13th of June at Longchamp, when the army of Paris and Versailles was reviewed by Maréchal MacMahon; and no one will pretend that, on that occasion, when every available man was called into requisition in order to improve the show, the companies exceeded 60 men. Allowing for the sick, the absent, and the guards left at barracks, this would represent a maximum total of about 75 men per company, and at that rate the 18 companies of each regiment

would make up not 1800 men, but 1350. If this be the situation of the regiments in and around Paris, which everybody knows are kept up to a higher strength than any others, it may fairly be presumed that the general average of the whole army does not exceed 1200 men per regiment of infantry, and that the same proportion is applicable to other arms. Of course this calculation does not pretend to be critically correct; but information collected with much care from many channels confirms it generally, and justifies the opinion which results from it, that this summer the total number of soldiers round the colours has been one-third less than the figure indicated in the budget, and that it has not, consequently, exceeded 285,000 men altogether. Of these at least one-eighth, or 35,000 men, are *non-valeurs*—that is to say, employed in non-combatant services, or sick. The number of fighting-men in France and Algeria is thus reduced to 250,000, which is about the figure stated here two months ago. At this particular moment it is cut down still more, in consequence of the departure of the class of 1870, which formed one-fifth of the entire army.

¶ The fact that the men who are paid for in the budget are not all present round the colours is of course illegal; but it is a fact, and it is explained, as has been mentioned in a previous article, by the conflicting necessities of showing nominally a strong effective and of simultaneously providing large unvoted sums of money for pressing needs. As the matter is somewhat delicate, it will be as well to avoid detail with respect to it; but it is a mystery to no one who is at all acquainted with what is passing that the system of *virements* from one chapter of the budget to an-

other, which was so bitterly attacked during the later years of the Empire, and for his defence of which M. Pouyer Quartier lost his portfolio of Finance Minister, is largely practised at the Ministry of War. To mention one single case,—it is a matter of public notoriety; first, that the wooden huts put up three years ago to camp the troops round Paris cost more than double the amount which was voted for them in the budget; and secondly, that no supplementary credit has ever been taken for them. How then was the surplus paid? The answer is very simple: a certain number of thousand men were sent home *en congé*, and the money saved on their pay and rations was appropriated to settle the account. The same process has been applied to other items, on the largest scale; and, irregular as that process is, from the point of view of strict parliamentary control and exact audit, there is no doubt at all that, as the Government dares not tell the plain truth to France and let it know that the same money cannot pay for two things at once, it is practical and wise to pay privately for the more urgent of the two. It would, however, be honest to leave off pretending that the Republic is more virtuous than the Empire, for we see here that on this point there is not much to choose between them.

Matériel constitutes the third element of the subject, and it follows naturally on the heels of *virements*; for it is precisely to pay for *matériel* that the *virements* have been effected. *Matériel* includes, however, so many things that no attempt can be made here to give a list of them; we limit

ourselves, therefore, to the most important of them—cannon, rifles, horses, and fortifications. The late war had scarcely commenced before it was recognised that the French artillery could not hold its own against the Prussian fire; the fact became quite evident in the very first engagement which occurred. Directly peace was made, three Commissions were appointed in order to study the question; experiments on new types of guns were undertaken at Calais, Tarbes, and Bourges; and the breech-loading 14-pounder* proposed by Colonel de Reffye was adopted. To that date the French field-guns had been either 8- or 24-pounders. The Reffye gun had been manufactured and employed in Paris during the siege: certain defects had been found in it; but as 1800 guns of that pattern had been already produced, it was considered, after all, that it was more practical to make some alterations in them in order to cure their more serious faults, and to adopt them, for the moment, as the regulation model, in order not to throw away the money which had been spent upon them. The temporary character of this decision was distinctly indicated in the official report which was then made by the Commission: it said,—“The 14-lb. cannon is, in reality, only a first step towards breech-loading; but it exists, and that reason obliges us to adopt it—with the distinct reservation, however, that it is only to be considered as a provisional arm.” Soon after this decision was arrived at it was recognised that the 14-pounder was too heavy for ordinary field service; it was lighter, of course, than the

* It should be mentioned that neither this indication, nor any of the other similar indications which follow in lbs. are absolutely exact; the French kilogrammes are taken here for facility of description, as representing 2 lb. English, whereas, in fact, they represent $2\frac{1}{16}$ lb. each. The real weights of the projectiles are consequently one-tenth greater in each case.

old 24-pounder, but it did not replace the suppressed 8-pounder. Thereupon Major Pothier, who had been working with Colonel de Reffye, proposed an 8-pounder of his invention which had been used on the Plateau d'Avron during the siege of Paris. This gun was tried at Trouville, before M. Thiers, who was then President, and who, not content with being a President and an historian, was particularly desirous to be regarded as a scientific artillerist as well. It was adopted, as a second step towards breech-loading; but the Committee of Artillery was not content, and insisted that it should be converted into a 10-pounder. Major Pothier objected strongly to this change, urging that a shell of 10 lb. was not appreciably more effective than one of 8 lb.—that six horses would be needed if the gun were enlarged, while four would suffice for it as it was, and that less ammunition could be carried in the caissons if the larger size were adopted. But the Committee were quite decided; the construction of the Pothier 10-pounder was begun at Tarbes, and was carried on simultaneously with that of the Reffye 14-pounder. And then experiments went on again, though, this time, they were kept quite secret. It oozed out, however, that steel guns were at last beginning to be tested (the Reffye and Pothier cannon are in bronze); and the truth of this report was proved at the review of 13th June, for a few steel guns appeared then in the batteries for the first time. It is said, indeed, that a steel gun is now definitely adopted instead of the two other models; that it will be given out, as made, to the active army; and that the bronze pieces will be handed over to the territorial army, the same projectiles being employed by both. It may be added that the reorgani-

sation of the artillery is advancing very slowly. By the "*loi des cadres*" there are to be 38 regiments of gunners, composed of 13 batteries each; but, thus far, there are only 6 or 7 batteries in each regiment. The whole of this story of artillery is not edifying; it shows a want of unity of purpose, of decision, of steadiness of action, which does not promise much for future progress.

The new rifle adopted for the French army (the fusil Gras) is almost exactly similar to the Mauser; it is considered, in France, to be as good as the latter, but to be somewhat inferior to the Martini-Henry. The manufacture of it began last year, and is progressing at a rate of about 2500 a-day; so that, to supply the whole 3,200,000 muskets which, according to the report presented to the Chamber by M. Riant, are considered necessary, about four years (in all) will be required. Thus far, the cadets of St. Cyr and the 30th battalion of Chasseurs are the only troops which are provided with this new weapon.

Of horses there is a grievous dearth; and as it is taken for granted that they could not be obtained, by ordinary means, in sufficient numbers for a war, the Government, two years ago, got the Chamber to vote a "*conscription des chevaux*," by which all the horses in France are required to be registered, and are rendered liable for military service, in the event of the mobilisation of the army. If taken, they are to be paid for at prices fixed beforehand for each category of animal.

The question of fortifications is perhaps the most generally interesting of all the branches of *matériel*, and in this case it has the special merit of offering scarcely any grounds for criticism, for competent and independent judges, of many nationalities, unite in saying that it has been intelligently and most practi-

cally resolved. Until the last war, French military engineers persisted in maintaining the theories of Vauban, and the scheme of intrenched camps, advocated by Montalembert, was somewhat contemptuously thrust aside. But the Germans took French fortresses so easily, that a violent reaction of opinion arose, and it seems now to be decided that, henceforth, only two types of fortified defences shall be created—intrenched camps, and what are called “forts d’arrêt,” placed according to the lie of the country at strategic points, and at intersections of roads and railways. At first it was intended to submit the new projects of fortification for the approval of the Chamber, and, as regards Paris, a complete plan was brought in by the Minister of War. But, after this plan had been partially discussed, it was suddenly remembered that it would be particularly foolish to tell the whole world, officially, what was going to be done; so the debate was stopped, and the works have been carried on in silence since. This is contrary to the law which prescribes that the sovereign power alone can modify, suppress, or create fortifications in France; but the prudence, and indeed the necessity, of not discussing schemes of such a nature before all Europe, fully justifies the illegality which is being committed. As everybody recognises that fact, not one word has been said about it. There can, however, be no objection to our sketching a rudimental outline of the general system of defensive works which is now being carried into execution, for, as has been already said, Prussia knows vastly more about it than can possibly be said here. It is, roughly, as follows:—

Four direct lines of railway lead to Paris from the eastern frontier. 1. By Mulhouse, Belfort, Chau-

mont, and Troyes; 2. By Strasbourg, Nancy, and Toul; 3. By Metz and Verdun; 4. By Thionville and Mézières. The first of these lines is commanded by the fortress of Belfort, and cannot therefore be followed by an invading army; the second is covered by the guns of Toul; the Metz-Verdun line passes beneath the fire of Verdun; while the fourth line is guarded by the cannon of Montmédy and Mézières. So long, therefore, as these various fortresses remain in the hands of the French, no hostile force can use the railways which pass within their range. This being so, it was natural that the first measure adopted should have been to largely strengthen Belfort, Toul, and Verdun, so as to bar the straight paths to Paris; and that intrenched camps should be simultaneously established at Belfort, Langres, Vesoul, and Besançon, so as to close the route to the south and centre, and to thereby cover Dijon and Lyons. According to this theory, an invading army would have to take or turn the fortresses in front, and would be stopped by the Luxembourg frontier on the right, and by the fortified camps on the left. A fifth camp in the neighbourhood of Soissons will provide the means of attempting a flank attack on an invader, if, after leaving sufficient force for blocking Toul or Verdun, he marched on towards Paris. It is, however, round Paris itself that the greatest mass of accumulated obstacles is to be prepared; some twenty forts and camps are being constructed in a circle, at an average distance of about twelve miles from the capital, so as to attain the double end of protecting the city from bombardment, and of rendering the ring too large to allow of an investment. The entire plan is well imagined, and the critics seem to unanimously approve it;

the one objection urged against it is, that it proposes to do but little for Mézières and Montmédy, for the reason that they lie too close to the Belgian frontier for an enemy to risk a failure in attacking them. This argument is thought insufficient, especially when it is remembered that the battle of Sedan was fought precisely between these two fortresses. The details of design are of course kept as secret as possible, and no advantage could arise from alluding to them; but it may be said that, as a whole, the plan creates a new eastern frontier guard very nearly as strong as that which was lost four years ago. Originally it was thought that seven years would be required to carry it to thorough completion; but the works have been pressed on with unexpected vigour, and it seems now quite possible that they will be entirely terminated in 1878.

There finishes the tale—so far, at least, as we propose to tell it here. It is very unsatisfactory. It shows up the old faults of France, unchanged, perhaps unchangeable; and it introduces into her history a totally new defect which nobody was prepared to find in her—a strange inaptness for fitting herself to a novel situation. The capacity of the French for accepting new surroundings, and new conditions of existence, has always been a marvel to onlookers; their adaptability has passed into a proverb; and yet, this time, their chiefs seem to be incapable of rightly comprehending the changed position in which they find themselves, and of applying the changed measures which that position calls for. It might have been supposed that if there were a race in Europe specially fitted by nature to profit instantly by past experience, to turn sharp round and march off eagerly in a new direction, to apply instinctively unexpected teaching, it was, assur-

edly, this versatile, quick-eyed, mimicking French people, which utilises all knowledge, imitates all models, personates all characters. And yet, in the case before us, with some exceptions, which are found almost exclusively amongst the lower grades of officers, their skill has faded out of sight, and their right hand has forgotten its cunning. Of all the consequences of the war this is amongst the gravest, and it is, certainly, the most unexpected. That France should be conquered was foreseen; that she should have taken her beating with the astonished rage of a spoiled child who is whipped at last, after years of kisses, cake, and indulgence, is not surprising; that she should have paid off her money losses with almost contemptuous ease, appears quite natural—now that she has done it; but that she should muddle, dawdle, waver, and bungle over the reorganisation and reconstitution of her army, is certainly astonishing. Some few elements of the work are being well done; the plan of fortified defence is excellent; the system of complete *corps d'armées* in each district is wise and practical; the new rifle is a good one; but nearly all the rest is weak and disappointing. Four years have passed, and no solution is yet adopted for the Intendance and the Staff; the new regimental basis of 18 companies diminishes the army; the reserves have no existence. The great question of artillery has been dealt with amidst hesitations, indecisions, and frequent changes; the suppression of the premium of re-engagement is driving out the *sous-officiers*; the *volontariat d'un an* is a delusion and a fault; the new *matériel* is being partly paid for by forbidden *virements* of account; and as for the superior Direction of the whole, it is a compound of old prejudices, habit, and antiquated regulations, mixed up with irresolution, doubt, and vacil-

lation. It is in the insufficiencies and the defects of that Direction that the great danger lies, and it seems to be a general opinion amongst well-informed people that there is not the slightest reasonable probability of a change in it. The evidence, indeed, points straight the other way, and indicates that the directing hand is resolutely incapable of dealing firmly with all the difficulties of the case. Here is one more final example in support of this.

Two years ago the Minister of War arrived at the impression that the troops were not getting enough practical instruction, and ordered by a circular to all generals of brigade, that thenceforth the regiments under their orders were to be taken out every Monday for exercise in the country in the various operations of campaigning, and that a detailed report of the operations executed was to be sent to him in every case. One general, who commanded a brigade at Satory, took out his troops for a long walk, smoked several cigars himself, made no pretence whatever of attempting the slightest work of any kind, marched home again, and then called in his colonels, and, with their aid and that of his *officier d'ordonnance*, drew up, in much detail, a report describing the operations which he had not performed. This naturally got known in the brigade; the officers became furious, and one of them communicated the story to a military newspaper, which published it at full length. It must not, however, be imagined that the general was brought before a court-martial, or that any sort of punishment was inflicted on him; on the contrary, so far as is known, the indignation of the Ministry was directed, not against the general, but against the officer who had dared to let the public into the secret of what

had happened. This is not the sort of guidance which is likely to lift up the tone of the army, or to render it strong and earnest.

The friends of France—and there are a good many of them about the world—will mourn over all this, and will impatiently ask each other what it means, and what is really the explanation of it. It is probable, however, that these questions will obtain no answer now, and that the true causes of the inability of the French to act vigorously and decisively will not be rightly measured until a fresh generation of historians and of judges has arisen. But if it be impossible to measure the causes, we can, at all events, judge surely of their consequences, for the latter glare out at us from every corner; we cannot mistake them, however much our sympathies may incline us to try to do so; they are written in great staring letters, on open pages of the future—the weakest eyes can read them. France may perhaps be once more partially ready in 1878 (as she was in 1870), but the most enthusiastic of her well-wishers cannot presume to hope that if she does not radically change the entire management of her military affairs, she will ever win back her lost title of “la grande nation.”

One word more. English readers will naturally wonder how it can possibly be that, if all this is true, the French press has not indignantly taken up the question a hundred times during the last four years. The answer is, that half the departments of France are in a state of siege—that is to say, under military control; and that newspapers or reviews which dare to say unpleasant things to the Ministry of War may find themselves next day contradicted, suspended, or suppressed. They therefore hold their tongues.

N A N.

A SUMMER SCENE.

THE London season being at its height, with all its turmoil and its witchery, can any one spare a moment to notice a sad little face peeping out of the window of a railway cab just driving into Paddington station?

The cab draws up at the end of a long line of cabs, and the footman outside jumps down to open the door.

Out steps Nan, bag and parasol in one hand, purse in the other; and very grave indeed she looks as she solemnly inquires the fare, and marches into the station, followed by Thomas.

Can this shabby little creature be the butterfly who but yesterday fluttered and spread her wings among the gay crowds, gayest of all herself, full of busy idleness, bewildered enchantment, ecstasies of bliss and woe? Ah! poor child, her day was a short one, and now it is over.

It is hard to pass the pleasure-loving stream and go against it.

To remember that a few hours before, she had felt herself—she, even she, child, sprite, insignificant drop in the bucket as she really was—to have been for the time transformed into a princess in fairyland, with all sorts of dreams, and fancies, and possibilities hovering over her; and then suddenly to wake and find herself shaken up into a little red-haired girl going away in a hack-cab.

Nan is dowdy, too, in her travelling costume. It is the same in which she came up to town six weeks before, and very neat and becoming she thought it then; but

six weeks of fresh muslins, her new silk, and incessant smartness, have made the old grey seem dim.

And then the heat of this June day!

The finest and softest of white dresses abound in the park, and fans flutter, and parasols sway gracefully backwards and forwards. On her way to the station, Nan has passed carriage after carriage turning in thither, probably passing through, to return to the great rendezvous an hour later, when she will be many miles away.

Then when evening comes, she knows that her aunt and cousins will be preparing for that delightful party to which she, too, had been invited, and to which she might have so easily gone if only the Wyatts had fixed Friday instead of Thursday for her coming to them.

This visit has been twice postponed already, and Aunt Eliza, smiling, but serious, thinks it will hardly do again.

Nan submits to her fate.

She thinks Mr. Lefevre will be a little disappointed, and Captain Neville a little more still; but I cannot say that she has anything beyond the smallest and most complacent of regrets for her forlorn partners.

She does not like leaving Queen's Gate, however. *That* is quite another thing.

This visit is the point towards which all her lines have converged for the last eight or ten months.

It was projected in the autumn; and given up, taken back into favour, thrown out, and reconsidered

at least half-a-dozen times before the great decision was arrived at.

For it is a long way from the stony hills of Westmoreland to the metropolis; and girls like Nan Church, whose life goes round and round as if it were turned by one of those long-suffering horses in the old farm-yards, think a great deal more of a single day's journey, than some of our more delicate and fashionable young madams do of a voyage round the world.

What preparation it takes! What forebodings on the part of granny does it occasion! What timid exultant dreams on the part of Nan does it give rise to!

Hours and hours have the two spent together with only old True-man as coadjutor, contriving that wonderful wardrobe. The fashion-book has worn itself to death in their service. The maids sit at their seams in the workroom unceasingly. And when the climax is at length attained, is it not seemly in their eyes, cunning in its devices, heroic in its concealments? What though it might—it probably would—have made Worth shudder and sicken?

Does Nan forget these days? No, and she never will.

Many and many a time in the midst of her vortex they rise before her, and her heart gives a little tender ache for the foolish things, feeling as if somehow she does them a wrong in that they have grown to look odd and plain, and all but unwearable.

They are not needed, either.

Aunt Eliza gives her dresses and bonnets; and the silk that granny had fondly hoped might be made up by her cousin's maid, is returned gorgeous from a West End dress-maker; but for all that, the child's heart has never grown hard and cruel to the old things, and when

the last day comes she bravely dons the sober grey with its plaintive tints, and betakes herself off in the cab, much the same little Nan Church to all intents, as when she hugged and kissed dear granny before all the carriages at Tebay Junction.

Ah, well! her great visit is over.

There only remains her fortnight at the Wyatts, and with this she would fain dispense.

It is years since she saw her cousins, and who can tell what sort of young maidens Edie and Detty may have blossomed into, in the interval!

The Honourable Edith and Henrietta Wyatt, are not in town this season.

When their mourning for the old uncle who left Dick all his money was over, it was too late in the year, and Lady Wyatt has not been well. Lord Wyatt goes up and down; Dick has been away since Christmas; Walter at Christ Church was glad to have his Easter at home, and Dolly at Eton has no voice in the matter.

Accordingly they are all at Wyatt Hall, and Nan wishes they were anywhere else.

To begin with, she is afraid of going. Aunt Eliza demands why?

She is afraid of Lady Wyatt.

A more groundless fear never existed in the bosom of a Caffre.

She is afraid of Lord Wyatt.

More groundless still, and more idiotic.

She is afraid of the girls, of Dick, of Walter, of Dolly, who is up to her shoulder; afraid of the house, afraid of the servants. This is what she would like to say, but dares not, to Aunt Eliza.

So she stops abruptly at her fear of Lord Wyatt.

Of her own uncle!

(Aunt Eliza is Nan's aunt on the other side, and is rather proud of

having a niece who can call a peer of the realm her own uncle.)

Yes. He may be her uncle or not, but she *is* afraid of him.

To this she sticks so fast, that Aunt Eliza deigns to expostulate.

Nan is foolish, unreasonable, unrelational-like, if there is such a term, altogether fanciful and absurd. Come, she must not be silly, but above all, silly or not, she must not *show* that she is.

Accordingly Nan goes off, doing her best to keep her quakings hidden.

She is dull and sad, and very shy.

Queen's Gate had grown familiar, and the happiness she had felt there suddenly assumes gigantic proportions in the retrospect.

She cannot think of anything but the past, and as Thomas hands her her ticket, with his soft assurance that all is right, she is conscious of a faint melancholy disinclination to going anywhere but back with him. For is he not even now bound for the enchanted ground again? Are not balls, *fêtes*, flower-shows still abundantly in store for him, and does not he look impatient to be off?

The poor outcast will soon be deserted by her last friend. She sees the white stockings go farther and farther, and grow smaller and smaller, then suddenly go out like the distant speck of a lighthouse, and once more the shock of being only a little red-haired girl instead of a fairy princess, comes over Nan.

By this time she is seated in the dusky blue oven, indicated to her as a first class.

She looks daintily round upon the cushions. Dust everywhere, inevitable, inevitable.

The little lady takes out a thick green veil, and proceeds to envelope herself in its folds. Granny had tied it round Nan's head when the parting came, for, "My dear," says the old lady, "it will keep you tidy."

Not for worlds would she hint, what she nevertheless believes to be the case, that there is not a skin like her darling's in Westmoreland.

Aunt Eliza and Laura Church, however, have not been so reticent, and Nan has learnt to know that the green veil may have other uses than to keep her tidy.

She is anxious about her first appearance at the Wyatts.

Not very anxious, chiefly caring because of the impression it will produce at Queen's Gate.

Will any one meet her at the station? Hum! She changes her gloves.

Is her neck-tie smooth? Pulls out the bows.

Gets nervous. Begins to dread the arrival more than ever.

After an hour the London life has grown dimmer, and Wyatt Hall stands out prominently in her mind's eye.

The train slackens speed. She wildly tears off the veil, gives her hat a lurch on one side, and a hair-pin falls into her lap.

She doubles up the veil, stuffs it into her pocket, whence a long green string protrudes, frantically settles the hat, bursts her glove, and has hard work to be sitting quite calm and composed when the train draws up.

Calmness and composure thrown away; no carriage, cart, or wheelbarrow belonging to the Wyatts is at the station.

Nan gets out unassisted, feeling severely that her days of princessship are over; and she has redeemed her box, and the train is off again ere any one asks whither she is going.

Suddenly she is taken hold of, in the midst of a crowd of laughing voices.

Edie, Detty, Miss Blisset, and one or two children all together explain-

ing, welcoming, apologising, sorry for their fault, and declaring it was not their fault, in a breath.

The little traveller is bewildered, and very meek.

A servant seizes her trunk, her shawl is drawn from her arm, and her bag is about to follow, but to this she clings.

"Now, you are ready," says her eldest cousin. "It is so nice that you are really come at last, Nan. We thought you were 'going to put us off altogether.'"

"People never keep country engagements," cheerfully suggests the bright-eyed Detty, on her other side. "And you must have hated leaving town just now. But, you know, we did want to see you again so very much."

Nan tries to murmur some reply, but she is guiltily conscious that the desire has not been reciprocal.

How kind they are, these unknown relations! How foolish of her to have minded putting on the old grey dress, when they are in brown holland, and wear the most ancient of garden gloves!

Yet how nice they look! Edith, a slim, gracious maiden, not a hair of whose little orderly head is turned the wrong way; Detty, frizzled, sparkling. Both so kind, gentle, and full of soft, lively prattle, that she cannot choose but be at her ease with them.

They ask if she is fond of riding? She may be, but it is an undeveloped affection.

Driving? also latent.

How charming! Edith will drive her, Detty will teach her to ride.

They will have matches at croquet and archery.

They will do this and do that. Nan begins to laugh and look forward.

"You must try not to find us dull," says Edith. "Some people

are coming here to-morrow, and Dick comes to-night. Then by-and-by there is going to be a ball at one of our neighbours. I am so glad you will come in for the ball, Nan."

This is said as they are alighting, and Nan is doing her best not to show anew her quakings at the notion of a formal entry.

In a moment they are dispelled. Detty is at her side, saying, "Come to the school-room first, dear, and have tea. Mother is in her room; you need not see her till dinner-time. Miss Blisset gives us tea in the school-room just now."

Miss Blisset, the rosy, jolly soul of good nature, whose daily excitement it is to preside at this entertainment, politely begs Miss Church will take off her things first, if she feels inclined. Is Miss Church tired?

Dirty is more properly the word, and Nan owns she is dirty, but will have her tea first.

So she sits down, and drinking the hot liquid after her drive and her journey, gets a red nose, and is conscious that she is looking her worst.

"I thought Nan had been pretty," begins Edith, when the toilet separation had taken place, "but I don't know that she is. She looked so pretty at first."

"She has a good figure at any rate."

"I like her."

"So do I."

"Edie, do you think she will have a dress for the ball?"

"Oh yes, of course, dozens."

"Not if she has exhausted them all, you know."

"Well, if she has, there is plenty of time to get another, or an old one could be refreshed. That was why I mentioned it, and I will take care to say more about it to-night."

"Edie, I suppose we must be in white to-night."

"Why to-night? The blue *battistes* will do very well."

"You know Dick likes white, and he does not care for blue."

"Oh, Dick! Yes, I suppose we must. I wonder if Dick will be good to Nan."

"He will never notice her."

Nan comes down to the drawing-room a different creature. The red nose has disappeared, and a pair of shell-pink cheeks have come in its stead.

Edith looks at her cousin in wonder. Lady Wyatt makes the kindest and most unmeaning of speeches. Lord Wyatt follows suit, and then to Nan's amazement she discovers that the room is full of people.

The girls had let her infer that they were alone. They had spoken of people who were coming the next day, but had never mentioned any being with them at the time. Then who is this old gentleman in the corner, and his counterpart on the rug? Who is that on the sofa? Who followed her into the room?

Detty laughs at Nan, for these sort of people are always there. "We did not think of telling you," she says. "We forget them. We call ourselves alone to-night."

From which Nan infers that there are two ideas of solitude.

After dinner the cousins go out of doors, and grow confidential walking up and down the gravel paths.

Nan knows she has on her embroidered slippers, and would fain keep on the grass, but feels rather ashamed of thinking of such a thing, for there is something about the Wyatts, simply attired as they are, that shows they have never in their lives thought about economy.

Edith, in her thin kid shoes, is at this moment walking sedately

along a pebbly path, discoursing upon coming guests.

"First, Nan, there is Dick's friend, Lord Hefton. He is younger than Dick, but they were at Christ Church together. He is the most good-natured man, and never in time for anything. *Everybody* likes him. Then there are the Busheas. Sir John is just Sir John; there is nothing about him the least different from every other Sir John in England. Lady Bushe is rather nice. She is very tall and thin, and you think at first that she is going to be a dreadfully precise person, and of all people in the world she is the very least. She does just what Augusta tells her. Oh! I wonder how you will like Augusta!"

"Who is Augusta? Their daughter?"

"No; niece. She is a very fine lady now. She does not often condescend to come and see us; but she has overdone herself in London, and they are coming for ten days to recruit. We used to know them intimately, and always called her 'Gus;' but now she does not like that. She says Augusta is a heavenly name."

Nan laughs.

"But, you know, in many ways she is very nice, and she is really very pretty, and she dresses beautifully."

"But you don't care for her, Edie."

"Yes, I do—in a way. She is always very kind to us, and gives us such lovely presents. Look, this locket I have on she gave me on my last birthday. She is always sending Detty and me things she has worked, or little sketches of places hereabouts—and she does draw so beautifully—and she sings too. I daresay you will like her immensely."

"And who are the others?"

"Mr. Dally is one, and Dick's friend, Mr. Burnand."

The faintest possible change in Edith's voice makes Nan wait for more.

"Mr. Dally is delightful."

"Oh!"

"He will do whatever you tell him, and you can order him about just as you like. And he makes bouquets, and gets up charades, and games, and anything you want done. And he helps you so with dull people, if it is a wet day. He is always in request wherever he goes, for he can do everything."

"And Mr. Burnand?"

"Oh, he! He can't do anything. He is a *great* friend of Dick's."

"Is Dick coming with him?"

"No; Mr. Burnand comes to-morrow—Dick will be here to-night."

"Oho! it's Mr. Burnand, is it?" swiftly concludes the shrewd little cousin. "I wonder if I should be asked to be a bridesmaid!"

Unconscious Edith steps serenely on, and Detty comes to call them indoors.

Music is wanted, and accordingly music, such as it is, is given; and then the sisters conduct their visitor to a delightful solitude opening out of the gallery, where, if inclined, they are at liberty to take refuge from the drawing-room society.

"And so we come here whenever they get *too* humdrum," whispers naughty Detty; "and whenever we have our own friends, they like it too. Mr. Burnand always comes, doesn't he, Edith?"

Edie and Detty are getting charmed with their cousin; it seems as if they had really known her for years, and only needed bringing together to reveal all that past knowledge.

Time passes. "I wonder when Dick will be here," observes Edith, for the twentieth time.

"Perhaps he has gone off somewhere else, as he did last time," suggests her sister.

"Of course he will come, Detty, when he has asked Mr. Burnand."

Detty smiles, Nan laughs outright.

"Oh," cried the poor thing, in dire confusion, "how nice this recess is!"

Very nice, but not in the least laughable; and Edith's cheeks burn.

"How long is it since Dick was here last, Edith?"

This from Detty, in a good-natured attempt to turn off the awkwardness.

"Why, does he not *live* here?" demands their cousin.

Oh, dear, no. It appears that Dick is very seldom there. He is in France, Italy, Germany, India, Hongkong, anywhere and everywhere but at home. However, he is older now, and papa thinks he is settling down.

Oh, he is a great deal older than they are—he is over thirty. Isn't it a dreadful age? He hardly seems like their brother at all.

It is clear to Nan that they are greatly in awe of Dick. She has suggested, do they ever go about the world with him? They are quite amused. How could they? He does not want them; he would not know what to do with them. Oh yes, he is as kind as he can be, only he seems so much older.

Nan will not like Dick, she feels sure. Why is he coming home just when she is there? She wishes he would keep away. He must be something quite different from soft spooney William Church, who was always so polite, escorting them all from place to place, and taking as much interest in his mother's parties as she did herself.

She did not very much care for William, but his kindness had won her gratitude.

As for this Dick, she is afraid of him, and knows he will despise her.

The sisters, too, defer to his opinion quite absurdly.

Dick's likings, Dick's aversions, Dick's friends, and Dick's fancies, are the main topic of their conversation.

They are glad that her dress is white. Dick likes white.

How pretty her locket is! Dick likes pearls.

Bother Dick!

It is getting late now, and the carriage has been gone to the station over an hour.

Out comes Lord Wyatt, and looks from the window.

"Dick ought to be here."

Five minutes pass. Out toddles Lady Wyatt.

"Dick ought to be here."

Up comes the butler.

"Mr. Wyatt should be here, my lord."

"Here he is!" cried my lord, and rushes to the hall door.

Nan rises involuntarily.

"Oh, he will come to us," observes Edith, drawing up her long neck, and looking quite shy.

Detty glances at herself in the mirror, and tucks in a stray lock of hair.

Voices are heard in the ante-room, and steps drawing nearer.

Lady Wyatt rustles forward and clasps to her bosom a breadth of smoked shooting-cloth, exclaiming, "My dearest Dick!"

"I'm wet, mother; take care."

Dick is cool, but kind.

"Wet, my dear boy? So you are. How did you get wet in the carriage?"

"I came outside. There has been a shower."

Then Dick comes up to the girls, who are demurely kissed by him, and finally he says to his cousin,

"How do you do?" in a polite quiet voice.

Nan is surprised, pleased, and disappointed all at once.

This is no hero, to be sure; no elegant, accomplished, travelled, soul-charming youth, such as she had been led to expect; but, on the other hand, there is nothing of the sneering, despising, haw-haw deity about her cousin.

"So this is Dick," she reflects. "What an ugly fellow!"

Dick's hair is a coarse rusty black, cut close to his head. He has a red rough skin, a burnt neck, no particular eyes, and a nose that has run off the rails altogether.

But, on the other hand, he has a good, set, determined mouth, and the sweetest smile ever seen.

When Mr. Burnand comes, Nan sees a really handsome man, but they have not been two days in the house before she discovers that she likes ugly faces best.

What is there about Dick that makes people like him?

He seldom comes near his sisters; who are stiff and stupid in his presence, and adore him from far.

Yet when he does come—ah, well, it is the old thing over again with our poor little Nan.

Edith drives her in the pony-carriage; but the thoughts of both are elsewhere. She and Detty play croquet, and Detty wins every game.

Then there is this Augusta.

Miss Bushe is, as Edith said, a very fine lady, but Nan declines to be put down by her, for all that; and what is more, Augusta in her secret heart is jealous of the bright, popular, merry-hearted girl.

All Nan's regrets, and remembrances of Queen's Gate, are blotted out now.

The present week, day, hour, is everything. Laura Church's letter, with the long accounts of gaieties for

which Nan had begged, and which, it had really cost an effort of good-nature to write—that very letter lies half read in her drawer. Some day she will wade through it,—not now.

Dick was talking to her when the post came in, and the letter drove him away, you see. She has a spite against it.

Not a word, look, nor outward sign of mischief done, does the tough little creature give. Disgraced she may be in her own eyes, but it is something to know that she is unsuspected. Her secret is her own. Hide it, cover it up, bury it well, little girl. Other hearts than yours have done the like in their day.

Dick is not behaving well, however. It is not for nothing that those grey wistful eyes watch the empty chairs at the breakfast or the luncheon table.

Several times he has gone over to sit beside her, whether intentionally or not she cannot guess; but they talk together all the time, and she is quite at her ease with him.

This says nothing, of course; but Dick has no need to follow them out afterwards, and walk up and down with his cousin, till he makes her late for their drive, and draws forth a remark on it from Augusta Bushe.

And then that delightful long Sunday evening, when he sat with them all in the recess, talking over old times, and retailing childish stories, which Edith and Detty had forgotten. He is by Nan's side, so perhaps that is why he speaks principally to her. Next morning he goes away to the other end of the breakfast-table, and never utters a word.

To his own friends he is devoted. They go about together all day long, four neutral-tinted figures.

Now and then little Lord Hefton condescends to lie on the croquet-ground in the heat of the day, and Pax Burnand contrives to slip in to the schoolroom tea afterwards; but Dick, if he comes at all, takes his cup standing, and then goes off, perchance, to romp with his little sisters.

He does this one day at least, and it is on the only day that Nan had been let off. She is very good to the little ones, who torment her sadly, and all unconsciously. For who so good as Nan at all their games, and who can tell them wild and wonderful tales like hers? That very morning she had spent an hour in blowing paper ladies across the table for Flo. Dick had come in, and for a few seconds she fondly hoped he meant to stay; but he had only looked, laughed, and lounged out again.

Then what follows this very evening?

He comes out to Nan, who is sitting lonely and forlorn in the recess, brings his photograph book, and shows her the whole collection.

Nan finds them charming, and Dick is pleased to explain to such an enthusiastic listener. He has some more up-stairs, and goes in search of them.

While he is away, Augusta comes out.

Of course, Miss Bushe would like to see the beautiful photographs. Mr. Wyatt accordingly hands her the book they have just gone through, and proceeds to show Nan the new ones.

This is too much, and not at all what the intruder bargained for.

She looks at two, and flounces back into the drawing-room.

It gets too dark to see, so Dick promises to keep the rest for tomorrow. He and Nan are talking together, with one lying on her lap.

By-and-by the drawing-room door opens, and a shower of people emerge. They are going out of doors to get cool. "But we shan't interrupt you," says Augusta, graciously.

The girls put on shawls.

"You don't need one," says Dick, rising; and Nan finds herself walking off alone with him.

It is too bad of Dick.

All that night the child thinks or dreams of him. She cannot forget the look he gave her for "Good-night," nor help wondering if it meant anything like Edith's audible murmur, "How pretty Nan looks to-night."

Tossing up and down, over and over, in the short, light, midsummer night that follows, these words ding-dong in her ears.

She does not wonder at the sisters now, for what Dick thinks is still more to her than to them.

Recklessly she puts on her best dresses, anxiously she stares in the glass.

Nothing much to boast of, the morning after that dusky ramble. Large bright eyes, and cheeks burning with a feverish flush, these are what she sees, but what of that? They cannot betray her, and very, very quietly the slight graceful figure glides in, and very, very circumspect is Nan in her questions and answers that morning.

It is one of the hottest days in the year, and she is in white, with a rose in her bosom.

Dick looks at it, walks over, and sits down beside her.

It is so hot that the expedition to the ruins has been nearly given up, and would have been so, without doubt, if the Dents had not agreed to be there.

The Dents will drive, the Wyatts will row up the river.

Nan held her breath while the

discussion was being held, she was so fearful that Lady Wyatt should carry her point.

Lady Wyatt thinks the girls will tire themselves out, and that the picnic is a foolish affair.

But Nan thinks otherwise; and accordingly the extravagant little creature goes in her white frock, and gets it all dirty and trodden upon, and does not care in the least—or rather rejoices in her ruins—since Dick takes out his own breast-pin and fastens up the folds himself.

A fine hole that pin will make, but she is reckless.

It is a happy day.

Dick is lazy, and refuses to row; so little Lord Hefton and the amphibiously accomplished Dallie, assisted by one of the nondescripts and a gardener's lad, do the work.

Dick steers and lies back, asking Nan to hold her parasol over his sunburned face. "The sun," he says, "is in his eyes."

Nan allows him all she can, but is a little anxious about freckles herself. Miss Bushe volunteers the shelter of her large sunshade.

"No, thanks," says Dick; "this will do."

Pax Burnand has gone off in the small boat with the eldest Miss Wyatt; and from the schoolroom window Miss Blisset watched their departure, communing with herself as to all it would lead to. Edith fills her thoughts; she has no eyes for Nan; and well for Nan that she has not.

In the big boat they are very merry.

Augusta favours them with her celebrated river song, to which Mr. Dallie throws in a neat second.

It sounds charming on the water, as music always does, and Miss Bushe is much applauded. At the close she addresses her neighbour,

graciously, "Don't you sing at all, Miss Church?"

Nan starts, and blushes furiously. Where have her thoughts been wandering? Dick looks at her, and smiles. He has got into a way of looking at Nan and smiling, lately. Perhaps he is beginning to like her.

"Pray, Miss Bushe, give us another," implores little Hefton; "that last one was so awfully jolly!" *N.B.*—He takes the opportunity of letting his oar dip impotently in the water in exact time with the rest.

Dallie continues to sing and row lustily.

He is determined not to seem as if, when singing, he is unable to row, or when rowing, he cannot sing. Little Hefton, behind his back, is grinning from ear to ear; while Dick pulls the strings, and keeps the boat even, conniving at his iniquity without, a twinge of conscience.

When they land, Dallie is rather puffed; but, true to himself, he is the first to jump ashore, and has a hand for every lady and a caution for every pretty one.

"Don't get out yet, Nan," says Dick. "I'll take you over for those forget-me-nots while they are getting luncheon."

So he takes her over; and the Dents, who have been on the spot for some time, and are busily making preparations, are a little disgusted at the coolness of Mr. Wyatt.

It had been alleged that Dick had come down for their ball on the morrow,—that ball of which Edith had told her cousin.

Dick is not a ball-going man, and the Dents had taken it as a compliment.

Who is that with him in the boat? And is she coming to the ball?

Yes, Edith assures them of that. Their cousin has the offer of an escort back to Westmoreland on Friday, but she is to be at the ball.

Miss Dent would as soon that the escort had been for Thursday. The two voices on the river sound pleasantly together.

Are they never coming back?

Luncheon is waiting, and Dallie volunteers to roar a summons, putting his hands together as a trumpet.

He does it once, twice, thrice, thinking he never had such difficulty in making people hear in his life.

A happy thought strikes little Hefton.

Just as Nan is stepping off the ledge into the boat, a large stone splashes into the water a couple of yards from her.

"Oh, I say!" ejaculates Hefton, catching his breath, "that was *rather* a close shave!"

Nan is easily startled. She loses her balance, and would infallibly fall into the water if Dick had not hold of her hand.

He hauls her ungracefully into the boat, and then turns upon his friend, black with wrath.

Nan says not a word, but looks pale. Dick stops short in his scolding, and bends over her. "You were not frightened, Nan?"

"Oh, no."

"It was one of that Hefton's baby tricks. He is the greatest fool!" explains Dick, who in his heart loves Hefton a thousand times more than Pax Burnand, Dallie, or any one of his other mates, whatever his sisters may say.

"Awfully sorry!" in a violent halloo from the other side.

"Ought to be." Low growl in the boat.

Hefton is at the landing-place to help Nan out.

Dick turns the boat up the stream, and keeps him marching by the side for a couple of hundred yards. Nan's blue forget-me-nots drip on her white frock, and she knows that it is bunched up behind with Dick's breast-pin in a most inelegant fashion, but she is quite happy.

At luncheon she sits a little in the background.

Dick is obliged to take the host's part, and unwillingly exerts himself, ordering Dallie hither and thither, who would be a far more competent head of affairs than he himself.

Little Hefton sits down upon a tray of glasses, and Dick's grave face explodes in a huge laugh.

There is a great drawing of corks, and changing of plates, and clatter and fuss, and no one notices that two or three of the party are very quiet.

"We hardly expected to see you at our ball, Richard," says old Mother Dent, shining with good-nature and champagne. "We feel honoured."

Dick hands her cake.

"You never were a dancer, we know," says she.

Nan's face falls. Not dance with Dick! Then she might just as well be back in Westmoreland,—at any rate, be as well away from the ball.

Dick tacitly acquiesces.

"You don't want dancers, Mrs. Dent."

"We shall be glad to see you, at all events."

"Thanks."

"We have been in such trouble about the tent," Miss Dent privately informs the girls. "It gave way twice, and we did not dare to let mamma know. If any of you are nervous people, you had better not go into it."

None of them are nervous, but nevertheless there is an inquiry as to where the dancing is to be!

"In the saloon. We thought it best, you know, in case of accidents. Supper will be in the tent, now; and we have got mamma to let it be opened at eleven, as it will be such a charming place for people to go out and in, and get cool in between the dances. Papa has had lights hung in the shrubbery, so you can meander there as much as you like, my dear." This aside, to Edith.

"Mr. Wyatt," says Augusta, softly, "would you mind giving me out my shawl? I think the grass *may* be a little damp."

The ground is as hard as a flint; but what then? One must have some excuse.

Dick spreads the shawl.

"And now sit down for a minute yourself, and tell me about your mother," says Mrs. Dent, good-naturedly, fanning herself. "Here, between Miss Bushe and me. We will take care of you."

Dick sits down.

What is to be done next? He hates this sort of thing. He has no idea what is expected of him. So follows a quarter of an hour's dreary conversation, questions and answers.

Little Hefton has lit his cigar and moved off. Dick looks, longs, and bolts after him.

Burnand, Dallie, and young Dent entertain the girls, and Nan's blue forget-me-nots fade and droop in her lap.

Young Dent attaches himself to the second Miss Wyatt—for he is still at Oxford, and must have somebody. He has a great deal to say about Walter, and is very full of cricket and Scotland, whither he is going to read and fish in the autumn.

He assures them all repeatedly

that Walter will be down for the ball—an interesting fact, no doubt, but easily apprehended. Walter loves balls as much as his brother hates them.

There are fellows coming with him, too, Edwin says, and he describes the fellows at some length, evidently feeling that the ball has been got up specially for their edification.

Edith is very gushing, and is sure that everybody will enjoy themselves immensely. Detty thinks Edwin Dent improved, and responds merrily to his rattle; but poor Augusta and Georgie Dent, both rather forlorn and cross, have only each other to fall back upon, when the brisk Dallie has departed to overlook arrangements.

Augusta admires the other young lady's costume; and what is Georgie going to wear at the ball?

"Pink."

"Oh, pink! Anything else?"

"Well, half-a-dozen shades, but still all pink."

"And you look so well in pink!" cries Miss Bushe.

"You do, at all events, dear. What do you wear?"

"Really, I hardly know. I have several pretty things. Elise sent me a lovely combination last week; but it is almost too fine for me, with my simple tastes. I can't bear to be over-dressed."

"Oh, do wear it—there's a good girl. I don't believe it is a bit too fine. Make yourself as charming as you can; I like to see people look nice."

Then Miss Dent draws closer. "Who is that girl with the Wyatt's?"

"Hush! Take care! A cousin."

"On which side?"

"Mother—Lord Wyatt's sister."

"Oh!"

A pause.

"Does she often come here? I never met her before."

"No. This is her first appearance." (Lower.) "A nasty little thing!"

Uproarious mirth from Edwin and Detty.

They have got foxgloves, and are cracking them for each other, telling their fortunes.

Pax Burnand goes over to Edith with a stalk, but nobody thinks of telling Nan's, though she is sitting silent, with her heart aching to know it.

At length the day grows cooler, and the recreants return.

Georgie Dent and Augusta are not quite such friends as before.

There are anxious thoughts in the breasts of several about the manner of their return home; for the Dents have brought their barouche, and as their homeward road passes Wyatt Hall, it is agreed that the two parties shall intermingle, and some who drove before will return in the boat.

Who, then, are to fill their places?

The elders are already seating themselves within the ample comfortable front seat, Mrs. Dent taking more than her share, Lady Bushe less.

Sir John offers the opposite side all round, and finally gets in himself.

A small Dent is sadly forced in beside him. The poor child had come in the dickey behind with Edwin, but no such luck is in store for her going back.

Edwin is off to the river, and two of the Wyatt satellites have filled the dickey.

No, one has dismounted again, preferring the seat beside the coachman; for there is more room there, and he is fat.

There is still a seat to dispose of.

"Any of you like to drive?" It is Dick who is speaking.

A wretched silence.

"Perhaps Miss Church——," suggests Augusta Bushe.

Nan's grey eyes flash.

Yes, she will go. She steps hurriedly forward.

Oh, dear! How she had been looking forward to that homeward row all through the long afternoon.

"You don't like it," says Dick.

"Oh, I don't mind. I can go very well."

"There is no need. All right, Parker. There's lots of room in the boat."

"Oh, we are not all going in that one boat!" screams Miss Georgie.

"Dear me! I should have gone if I had thought no one else wished it," announces Augusta.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to pack us all into that one boat!" from one of the old gentlemen.

"What a lark!" from Edwin.

Nan forms a swift resolution.

"I am going to walk," she says.

"It is only four miles by the lanes, and I have often walked farther than that at home."

Everybody stares.

"A good idea," says Dick.

"Some of us can walk, at anyrate. Come along, Eddy."

But Eddy positively declines to come along. He is not out on a holiday for that. His flirtation with Detty is in full tide, and he has no idea of having it cut short in this way.

Besides, the fuller the boat, the better fun. They will be hours getting home.

Dick argues with him, and sneers at him; but has to give it up, and try Hefton.

Hefton would come, but has hurt his foot. Would really like the

walk, &c. &c., but clearly does not intend to take it.

Every one knows that Hefton is the laziest little creature under the sun, so no one thinks of being angry with him.

Nan desperately appeals to the old gentleman who had expressed disapproval of their all being packed into one boat.

She feels as if, somehow or other, all this commotion is owing to some fault of hers. Augusta looks as if *she* thought so, certainly.

The old gentleman is quite a friend of Nan's. He was one of those in the house when she came, and she has often preferred talking with him to strangers; sometimes she has even, innocently enough, made a cat's paw of him. Surely he will stand her friend now. He is a retired colonel of the Line, and she thinks ought to be able to march if he can do anything. Nan, you see, is not learned.

Will he walk with her?

The Colonel brightens up, and thinks he would rather like it.

Every one brightens, and Augusta looks almost gracious.

Dick puts the strings into Miss Dent's hands, who cheerfully accepts them. She presumes he will row.

But what is this? They are off, and he is not in?

"Are you not coming?" cries Hefton, with a rueful visage. He is in front of Dally now, and has no chance of a holiday, unless Dick is there to take his oar.

"I am going to walk," says Dick.

The boat is off, and he walks after Nan and the Colonel.

Nan and the Colonel are out of sight of the river before they know that they have a follower.

Nan is too proud to look back. She pictures the party gaily floating

off, Augusta, perchance, in *her* old place, Dick comfortable, indifferent, and thinking no more of her. Why should she think of him ?

Accordingly she is laughing and talking merrily to the Colonel, as long as the boat is in sight, and to all appearance they are making game of the weary trudge before them. There is no sign of flagging courage in either. Suddenly comes "Halloo !" from behind, the river party being well out of sight.

There is Dick, walking rather fast, but cool as ever.

The dear, old Colonel ! He instantly proposes waiting for him, while his little companion says not a word ; but her eyes are shining, and the walk has changed its whole aspect.

Dick comes up on her other side, while the Colonel apologises for their hasty departure. " We had no idea you were coming, my dear fellow."

Dick takes the forget-me-nots out of his cousin's hand, and expresses approval of her conduct.

" It was a brave idea, Nan. After all, the walk will be far pleasanter. They are a noisy set."

" I like to see a young lady step out like that !" observes the Colonel, energetically. " What is to become of our girls I, for one, cannot imagine. They never do anything but drive, drive, drive, or dance, dance, dance ; then when the ice comes they wonder how a single day's skating knocks them up. There's nothing like walking for health, happiness, and—beauty," says the old gentleman, with old-fashioned straightforwardness, and a glance at the colour in the fair maid's cheeks beside him.

Dick looks round too, and smiles, trying to catch her eye ; but Nan looks fixedly along the lane, and so he has to speak to her :

" What do you think about it, Nan ?"

" Oh, nothing. I—I don't know many girls," replies she. " Look, there they are ! There they are, in the boat. How pretty it looks at that distance !"

" A great deal prettier in the distance than near at hand," observes the old gentleman, with cheerful malice ; and perhaps the others agree in their hearts.

What a delightful old gentleman he is, to be sure ! He always does the very thing he is wanted to do, and never makes an ill-timed suggestion.

Dick sees honeysuckle in the hedges, and they wait whilst he tears it down.

He finds a robin's nest. Finally he remembers that there are strawberries on a bank close by, and Nan must come and get some.

The Colonel thinks he will sit quietly on the stile till they return. There is no hurry. Oh, dear no ! It is quite early.

In consequence the pair are away fully half-an-hour, and all the largest berries have been saved for him.

They will be late for dinner, of course.

One does not post along the roads in pleasant company ; nor can people be expected to be home to a minute who go poking about banks for strawberries, and have to sit down and rest by the wayside every now and then.

Dick insists upon these rests. He is in high feather, and talks so much and so well that Nan wonders how she ever thought him silent.

The old gentleman listens and laughs good-humouredly. Very likely, innocent as he looks, he has a suspicion that he is playing gooseberry.

Dick sits at his cousin's feet and examines the hole he has made in

her dress; for the folds have given way, and altogether it has come to a sad end.

Shall he fasten it up again? She thinks not. He informs her that it will need to go to the wash, with other general hints. Nan tells him pleasantly that he knows nothing about it.

Where are all her fears of Dick flown to? She finds herself talking to him as if she had known him all her life.

And he is listening to her, too, earnestly, and with a strange gravity upon his face, for she is telling them all about her life—her curious simple life in the old manor-house among the hills.

Only her old grandmother with her! And granny is eighty-five! What then? Yet Nan prattles on as sweetly and fearlessly as a child.

Dick does not care to move—is careless about dinner.

Thinks they have done eating enough for one day.

Is it not only now beginning to get bearable out-of-doors?

This picnic was the maddest escapade that ever was, and they really can't be expected to cut short the only pleasant part of it.

Part of this is for his two acquiescing partners; part, with more in the same strain, is issued at the head of the unoffending Detty, who, arrayed for the evening, crosses the hall as the trio trudge in.

Detty has said nothing to call forth such a tirade. She is gentle and smiling as ever, and only pauses to assure them that they may yet be in moderate time, as dinner has been postponed.

"We were so late ourselves, and then we could not get the Dents off. Are you not very tired, Nan dear? It was so good of you to think of it; and as for that Augusta, the way she went on coming home——"

Drawing-room door open. "Be quick!—there's a good girl." Exit Detty.

Nan comes down towards the middle of dinner, and finds herself far away from Dick.

The kind hostess calls down the table to reproach her for foolhardiness, while a special glass of wine is despatched immediately.

Every one asks if she is tired.

She does not look tired, but sits very still; talking to any one but Dick is an effort.

Her limbs ache, too, and the soft dining-room chair yields a delicious sense of repose.

She cannot go out with the others after dinner, yet dares not inhabit the recess by herself. So she takes a stool inside the bow-window, which is open down to the ground, and by-and-by four black figures jump out of a far-off casement, and come along the terrace.

They are all lighting cigars.

Hefton proposes the shrubbery, but Dick has had enough walking, or says so, and seats himself outside Nan's window-sill.

Happy, hoped-for moment!

He is not now in a talking vein, and neither is she.

Assured of her not disliking it, he puffs away, leaning his head against a stone mullion, and looking down on the little figure inside.

She rests her cheek on her hand, doing nothing, and Dick thinks her a perfect picture of repose.

Presently comes his mother's voice, making his picture start, and turn her head.

"Nan, my dear, are you inclined to give us a little music?"

"Don't go," says Dick.

"I cannot refuse."

"Getsome of the others to-night, mother. Nan has had a tremendous walk."

"My dear child, I had quite for-

gotten. Of course you must not *think* of moving. Poor dear! can you not find a more comfortable chair? Come, lie down on this sofa. No one will notice. Poor thing!"

Nan moves irresolutely.

It is hard on her, but she must, unless she would have it thought, have it suspected—what she would not for worlds and worlds.

Dick saves her again.

"How can you sit stuffing in that hot room, mother? It ought to make you faint. Nan had much better stay where she is. Don't you go, Nan. You'll hear the nightingales directly."

Nan never hears nightingales in the north. Perhaps her pleasure in them is a little enhanced by circumstances in the present instance, but it must be genuine, for immediately the others come up, Detty accosts her with "Oh, Nan, I am so glad you are here! I was afraid you were missing the nightingales. If you *can* come down to the wood you will see glow-worms too. They are just beginning to peep out. Don't come if you would rather not."

"Oh yes, come," says Dick. Apparently he does not object to her moving now.

The others are all standing round upon the terrace, and Miss Bushe looks sarcastic.

"I suppose Miss Church is not tired *now*," says she. Softly as the words are spoken, Miss Church understands. Her conscience is not clear. She falters. "Perhaps to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night we shall all be dancing, my dear; but never mind, you look far too comfortable to stir."

This from Detty. Nan says no more, afraid alike of friend and foe.

The girls sit down, and the two

new-comers who have spared one day from town for the country gaiety are very lively.

They arrived a few hours ago, and find the country superlatively charming—for the day. Nevertheless they work hard in their endeavours to induce Edie and Detty Wyatt to quit it. There are still a few weeks of the season remaining, why should they not run up for that time?

Miss Bushe combats the idea. Why *should* they! For her part she is tired of the racket and fury of London life, and finds a rational existence much more to her mind.

The Ladies Ann and Harriet stare. Such sentiments from Augusta Bushe are something new. Of Edith they quite approve. Mr. Burnand is undoubtedly a good *parti*. Miss Church is an elegant girl, and they rather admire her yellow-red hair.

Altogether, it is refreshing to be among a new set of people, and a good night's rest is what they have not had since Easter.

Will Nan have a good night's rest?

Dick took her to see the glow-worms after all; and this was how he did it.

Augusta goes to sing, and the other young ladies are delicate; so Edith escorts them indoors, and suddenly Dick slips off his seat.

"Come, Detty, I'll take you and Nan down to the bridge now."

Detty is charmed to be asked by her brother. Nan deliberates. Dick looks at her, and smiles in that way of his. She rises and he draws her through the window. When Augusta has finished her songs, she finds that her audience is sadly diminished.

Nan comes in with a flushed face and shining eyes. Glow-worms? Oh yes, plenty. There is no dew fallen and their feet are quite dry.

Lady Wyatt orders them all off to bed. Everybody is to sleep as long as they can, and be as fresh as possible for the ball.

The Ladies Ann and Harriet are faintly amused. Ball after ball they go to, as regularly as the nights come round, and such precautions are strange in their eyes.

Dick is talking of billiards; Dallis has flown to light everybody's candle; and Pax Burnand is making himself agreeable to Edith's papa.

Soon the house is quiet, and Nan could wish that the nightingales were silent too.

She must sleep with open windows; and through them the loud, melodious, juggling trill comes almost too continuously. Her blue forget-me-nots are in water on the wash-hand-stand, a piece of honey-suckle crammed in beside them. It was this Dick gave her, when he said that about his afternoon's amusement which is not worth repeating.

The night grows hotter instead of cooler. A low growl is heard in the distance. A swift flash sweeps into the room.

Nan, in an agony of terror, rushes along the passage to be beside her cousins; and the three huddle together in one bed, hiding their faces, and scarce uttering a syllable, while the thunderstorm rages overhead.

Presently comes their father's voice at the door, a ghostly sound. "Are you all right, girls?"

"Yes, papa."

"Go in and see what your cousin is about, then: I cannot make her hear."

Laughter from within. "She is here, papa. We are all here. Is it going off?"

"Going off? Oh dear, yes! The last was fully ten miles distant. Good-night. Your mother wanted

to be sure that you were all safe and sound. I have been round the rooms."

Their fears abated, grumbles begin. The grass will be wet for the next evening, wet for the ball. Detty was awakened from her first good sleep. Nan is sure she will not sleep all night.

A gentle patter succeeds the rush of rain on the window-panes, and Nan at length departs, shuts her own window, and congratulates herself that at all events those dreadful birds are silent at last. The room is cool, bed is comfortable, she says a little prayer, and slumbers off, waking to wonder how it had been possible for her to sleep so soundly and so long.

This day is Nan's last at Wyatt Hall. Queen's Gate has faded into the dimmest and most insipid of backgrounds, and the old life in Westmoreland is gone forever. One way or other, all will be changed for her when she returns thither.

The cousins cease not to lament her going. Miss Bushe is very cold and disdainful, and sweeps past in her dainty millinery with the slightest possible "Good morning."

Augusta is looking very well in a fresh mauve muslin, while poor, extravagant Nan has exhausted her last respectable dress, and is reduced to a shabby makeshift.

She heeds it not, but has her eyes on the floor, her ears in the doorway.

Dick is very late, and Burnand is absent too. It turns out that they went off to fish at six o'clock, and two hearts sink a little at this announcement. Girls don't understand this going to fish when things are coming to a crisis between them and their lovers. Edith sits by her cousin, and both are thinking the same thoughts.

They go out together on the ter-

race afterwards, and sit facing the river.

Detty and Lady Ann, Augusta and Lady Harriet, come out in pairs. Horses and pony-carts are ordered, and the morning is got through somehow.

At luncheon the delinquents appear. Dick comes at once to his cousin, shows her his trophies, and leans on the back of her chair talking about them; he is going to sit down beside her when his mother despatches him to carve, and Nan thinks evil of Lady Wyatt in her heart.

So on throughout the unsatisfactory day.

It is wasted—absolutely, irrevocably wasted. Days of this sort are every one's experience. They are days of mistakes, blunders, stupidity.

What but a blunder was it on the part of good Lady Wyatt to order the men out of the way, in order that her girls might be brisk and sprightly for the ball? and what but stupidity was it on the part of the men to obey?

Nan begins to look forward almost wildly to the evening.

Carefully, anxiously, does she array herself before the mirror. Her dress is all that it should be this time,—be-puffed, be-flounced, be-flowered in the most approved style, yet pure, simple, and fresh as the fair wearer herself.

Detty pronounces her perfect; hair, ornaments, everything.

Detty meanwhile is gaping at herself, as she is reflected by the great glass into a hand-glass, which she holds aloft with one arm.

"Detty, I have not got a single pair of clean gloves."

"There is the box, take a dozen if you like. I always take care to have a clean pair in my pocket."

"What size are they?"

No answer.

"These will do, thanks," says Nan. "Does Dick——" "A hair-pin, dear, don't you see? A big, fat one. There! That! Thanks!"

"Do Dick and Walter——"

"Oh, look here, Nan! can you put this right? I felt sure there was something wrong; that woman never does do my hair as I like it. Shall I have to take down the whole side? Ah! that's better. Thank you—yes, that will do. You see, Nan, I have to seize the moment when she goes out of the room——" Maid re-enters, and Nan never finds out what it was she came to discover about Dick and Walter.

Dick is reading in the drawing-room when the bevy of maidens rustle in. He looks up kindly, and Edith is emboldened to ask her brother if he likes their dresses; Burnand's eyes have already told his opinion.

"Much about the usual thing, aren't they, Edie?"

"Don't you think Nan's pretty?"

"Much about the same, isn't it, Nan?" says cruel Dick.

On this a goddess in clouds of azure gives Mr. Wyatt an encouraging smile. "Balls and ball-dresses are so stupid!" says Miss Bushe, sympathisingly.

Nan's ball begins well.

Her cousins are pleased with her, and proud of her. If she had been blind, halt, or maimed, Edie and Detty would still have done their duty conscientiously; but nevertheless they are fully able to distinguish and appreciate the difference between distributing the glances of a bright-eyed favourite among eager applicants, and inflicting the hand of a soured and sorrowful dummy upon men who can hardly be persuaded to take it.

So, first, Edith leads up a fair man, and then Detty a dark one;

and a little of the old Queen's Gate feeling comes over Nan as she whirls away among the dancers.

There is no crowd. The long lofty rooms would hold nearly double the number assembled. The spring in the floor is delicious.

Nan's feet fly, and for the first half-hour she can think of nothing but the delight of dancing.

It is clear that Dick is not going to dance.

He is lounging in the doorway, in the midst of a bundle of black coats, little Hefton with him.

Pax Burnand is dancing again and again with Edith, and Mr. Dallis is engaged to every girl in the room.

Nan's eyes begin to turn wistfully towards that doorway, but she has not much breathing-space, for she is in great request.

Must she accept every proposal? So she supposes, Aunt Eliza's teaching being that under no circumstances can a young lady refuse to dance, unless she intends sitting down all the evening.

This being the Queen's Gate creed, Nan acts up to it.

She remembers her cousin William's wrathful invectives, when he had been once, as he termed it, "thrown over," and would be loath to tempt any one to speak so of her.

Walter has danced twice with his cousin. He did not see Nan till she was in ball-attire, when he decided at once that she was pretty, but not equal by any means to Miss Bushe.

Walter is a neat youth, infinitely more of a lady's man than his brother. He thinks Dick is too much of a swell, but consoles himself with the bad make of his boots.

True to Edwin's prognostications, the fellows have also arrived, and

some of them ask to be introduced to Miss Church. The red-haired girl with her ivory-like skin, is one of the belles of the room.

She is a good dancer, too, and indefatigable; but paler and paler grow Nan's cheeks.

At last she really cannot go on.

Dick has just passed into the supper-room with Georgie Dent on his arm; and as they went by, Eddy and she were in their way. Eddy, who has been forsaken of late by Miss Henrietta, has in consequence transferred his affections; and just as Dick was behind, he was passionately imploring his partner to go out of doors with him.

Seeing the impression she makes on the fellows increases, perhaps it originally suggested Edwin's ardour.

He sticks to her. He declares, vows, and protests with unflinching earnestness that she is engaged to him.

He inveigles her into confidential seats, and detains her nearly half-an-hour at supper.

Bewildered Nan is no match for him. She is only conscious of her secret, and will work herself to death to hide it.

So she talks and simpers, and would give anything to be rid of her tormentor. But it was too much to have Dick overhear Edwin's folly. There he was, pressed against them in the doorway, quietly guiding his lady's steps, while that stupid, tiresome boy—oh, how could he do it?

Nan owns at last that she is tired.

She seats herself resolutely within the dancing-room, and as close as she can to the doorway; Dick coming in or out must not only see her, but be close beside her. She will know at least how much of this is of his seeking, how much is accidental.

Presently Edith comes floating

along, and stops, panting gently, but still with not a dishevelled hair on that small, smooth head.

"Is it not delightful, Nan?"

"Very."

"Why are you not dancing?"

"I am tired, thank you."

"Tired already! I could go on all night."

"I suppose I must not expect one, then?" says Burnand, court-ously. He has asked Nan before, but she was engaged. By his look she knows she may refuse him again without offending; so she does, and he is quite satisfied.

Dick is standing by the mantel-piece, spinning a top. Round him the men flock, as usual. Everybody wants to try. Loud laughter. The top falls off the shelf, rolls away among the dancers, and down come a couple. It is Miss Bushe and Captain Hackston, the biggest man in the room.

Angusta is greatly vexed; but Dick makes such abject apologies, and looks so vexed himself, as he really is, that she must perforce forgive him. Besides, she has taken note of Mr. Wyatt's behaviour during the evening, and is quite relieved by it; she had really almost begun to think, absurd as the idea was, that he was taken with that forward, flirting little creature.

So, on the ball goes. Tum-tum-tum, the ceaseless tunes succeed each other; and with unwearied alacrity responds the swish, rustle, and whirl of flowing robes. Going on her rounds of civility, the kind hostess lights on Nan.

She recollects that this is a stranger, and thinks that she has exhausted her partners. She is alone at this time; for Eddy, bemoaning his fate, has been compelled to leave her, to take part in what he terms a dreadful abominable duty-dance.

His going is an unutterable relief; but still Nan is conscious that she looks rather forlorn.

However, now is her only hope. She is free at last, and Dick *may* come, for he is close at hand, speaking to no one.

She has hardly patience to answer the old lady civilly, so feverishly eager is she for that mass of black satin and lace to move out of the way.

The music has stopped, and the dancers are parading. Mrs. Dent is forced aside. Now, Dick—now!

He is looking at her. He has moved.

"Miss Church," in Georgina Dent's sweetest tones, "Captain Hackston wishes to be introduced."

Miss Church mechanically rises, forgets to plead fatigue, forgets that she has just refused Mr. Burnand and persistently put down Eddy Dent, is conscious only of a pair of stern grave eyes fixed upon her, and will not have Dick think she declines for him. The moment has passed, and her hand is within Captain Hackston's arm.

Oh, unkind Georgina! And un-kinder, unkindest Dick!

So she waltzes with Captain Hackston, and trails through a weary lancers with old Sir John Bushe, who is under the impression all the time that it is a quadrille which has miscarried; and it is getting far into the morning, and the ball is nearly over.

The flowers in her bosom are not more wan and woe-begone than she.

"Why, Nan, I thought all your London dissipation would have carried you through one country ball!" cries Detty, looking as bright as a lark.

"Is the carriage come, Detty?"

"Papa and mamma went, you know, ages ago. The Bushes are just going now, and Edith with

them. I rather think (laughing) that Mr. Burnand is on the box. I asked particularly for you to stay, for I knew you could not be spared. We shall go as soon as the carriage comes back. We have only one out to go home in, you know. What is it to be, Edwin?"

"Sir Roger. I say, Miss Detty, you have quite forsaken me; let us have this together."

One more chance for Nan.

Dick can go through Sir Roger, and perhaps he will, with her; at all events there will be one other quarter of an hour, in which, hope against hope, something *may* turn up.

She looks all around. No Dick.

"Oh, there will be enough without me," to Walter.

"See if you cannot get some one else," to a member of the fraternity of fellows.

Where is Dick? The dance has begun. The first person who comes forward is her cousin, and then Nan sees that he is heading the dance with old Mrs. Dent. She has gained nothing, and is the only person sitting down in the room.

The carriage is at the door ere they have done dancing, and Detty, radiant as ever, hurries her off to the cloak-room.

"Such fun, Nan. Why, it is broad daylight! I don't want to go home at all. Walter, go and find Augusta. Oh, here she is with Dick! Mind you give us another ball soon, Eddy."

"Do come back to-morrow night, and let us have it over again," pleads Eddy, his head in at the carriage-window. "I say, I wish you would. I'll come over and ask you."

"Are they both going outside?" inquires Detty, indicating her brothers.

"Here, Walter, you get in," suggests young Dent.

"Then where is Dallie?" inquires Walter.

"He sleeps here to-night, you know. Hefton went with the last lot, and so did that other one. I say, Walter, do stay and sleep on my sofa. Do, there's a good fellow."

Walter, however, is not tempted, and the carriage rolls off among the poppy-fields in the cool morning light.

Augusta and Detty prate without ceasing, while Walter keeps up a hum of bygone waltzes.

Augusta is much concerned that Miss Church did not seem to enjoy herself, she looked so overdone that every one noticed it. It was a pity she stayed so late; she supposed she was not accustomed to balls.

Miss Blisset, woke out of her sleep by the third roll of wheels under her window, thinks how happy they all are, and almost wishes they would not talk about it, as she knows they will, the whole of that day and the next.

Hot soup follows the girls to their rooms. Nan and Augusta find Edith and Lady Ann still up, but Lady Ann is yawning, and takes her departure almost immediately. She and her sister have had their own friends at the ball, and have been brought home by some of these. They protest that they have greatly enjoyed themselves, and are a thousand times more fatigued than they have been at any ball in town this season. One does dance so in the country, it is quite delightful.

Edith has had her soup, and there is no possible reason why she should not plait up her hair, and get into bed, but she prefers to sit dallying with her brushes, and looks as smiling and wide awake as possible.

"Well, madam," says her sister,

lovingly, "I presume you have enjoyed yourself?"

So it appears. Edith has enjoyed herself immensely, hopes that Augusta has, and Nan likewise.

Of course they have, both of them. Nan takes down her hair, drawing off the little gossamer web of a net, and making a pile of frizettes, flowers, and hair-pins on the table.

They take their soup, and Augusta moves off smiling and serene.

Nan waits a few minutes longer, to see if the sisters have anything to say, any sort of indirect consolation to administer.

They have not; no thought of her and Dick has ever entered their minds.

"Good night, Edie."

"Good morning, Nan."

"Do get into bed now," says Detty, with authority. "Nan has to think of that horrid journey to-morrow. Nan, do go, there's a dear. She won't be quiet till you do, and you ought to think of yourself too," says Miss Detty, with unprecedented prudence.

Yes, Nan has her journey, and she knows that her trunk has to be packed besides.

Little would she have cared for that, if—ah, well! it is the last drop in her cup, now.

She gathers up her ornaments and flowers, and departs. Softly going along the gallery her step makes no sound, and her fingers are on the door-handle of her own room.

Suddenly the opposite door opens—she looks round—there is Dick.

Not a sound in the great house save the tick-tick of the tall clock in the passage, loudly telling how the time wears on.

Dick is going to have a pipe. He has put on a rough smoking-coat, which contrasts oddly with

his shining nether garments, and is hurrying off to join his friends, when he thus comes face to face with his cousin.

He stands still.

She stands still.

Must she, must she open the door, and when she shuts it after her, close also her last glimpse of hope? Yes, if Dick makes no sign.

She opens the door, Dick steps up hurriedly. "May I keep you for a minute?"

Her arm falls by her side.

"Come into the schoolroom."

"Yes, wait a moment."

Into her chamber she steps, flings down the rubbish on the bed, passes a comb through her tails of twisted hair, and goes after him.

Dick is standing by the window, with his knee on the ledge, his hands in his pockets, and his forehead pressed against the panes.

The clock says half-past four, and the birds are in full chorus outside.

Ghostly looks the schoolroom at this hour. There is Miss Blisset's work-basket gaping open on the table, and the book with which she solaced her lonely evening. There is the piano, whose voice never ceases by day, closed, silent. There is the blackboard on which some little figure reclines perpetually, empty, and tilted up against the wall. The very maps and globes have an air of undisturbed repose.

The books nestle tranquilly together on the shelves.

All sense of weariness has left Nan now.

She comes up to Dick in her crumpled ball-dress, with her flowing fleece of hair, and shining ornaments, a strange vision in this grim early light.

She is all in a tumult, but still she has an eye to see how nice *he* looks. One glance suffices to take him in from head to foot; no col-

lar, the red burnt neck showing against the white shirt, the rough coat and the sleek black trousers; Dick never looked to greater advantage, while she—but no matter, he turns round and draws his knee off the ledge.

Then he offers her a seat, which she mutely disregards, and there is a pause, during which they eye each other awkwardly.

How on earth is he to begin? Nan has the best of it at the outset, and that is something. He has sought the interview, and speak he must. At last he makes the plunge.

"Nan, I want to ask you a question!"

"Yes?"

"What made you go on so, to-night?"

Go on so! Go on how? What does he mean? What has she done? After all, is there to be nothing but this? Has she been dreaming of a love tale, and is she to have nothing but a lecture?

Mortifying, miserable thought!

Wretched Nan! She strings herself up, and answers slowly and proudly, "I don't know what you mean."

"You don't know. Oh! perhaps I should not have spoken. I thought you might, that was all," says Mr. Wyatt, with freezing politeness. "I see I was mistaken."

No answer.

"I need not detain you then. Pray excuse me," says Dick, with his best bow.

An answering bow, a quiver of the lips, she sweeps away.

The room is blocked somehow, or Nan does not see clearly, and her dress is caught in a garden chair. It rends—she tears it off; it rends further but still holds on—she stoops her head, and Dick sees the tears running down her face.

In a moment he is by her side.

"I can't help it," sobs the poor child, struggling for breath and crimson with shame. "I am so—so tired. Let me go."

"You must not go yet," says Dick, in her ear. "Nan, don't you know that this is *everything* to me? I am no boy to be able to fall in and out of love every second day. Come here. Sit down. Dear," very softly, "you are not afraid of me?"

Afraid? No. But she is so ashamed, she is so weak, so helpless. Will she ever dare to look him in the face again?

Yet his arm is round her waist, and one of her little shoulders is pressed against his rough coat. She must master herself, and explain if she can, or get away if she can't. Yet she can do nothing but cry. The anxieties, heart-sinkings, turning-points of that most miserable night have been too much for her at last.

Dick attacks, questions, pets and coaxes, but she is dumb.

"You shan't get away now, I will not let you," says he, quietly. "You must say something, or I shall have to say it for you. Speak, Nan."

She lifts her face to speak, and Dick clasps the little lovely face to his bosom.

And what has it all been about then? Absolutely nothing.

He had spoken to her, and she had not heard, and she had danced though he had not asked her, or some such finely-drawn nonsense.

The right is on her side, and Nan knows it is, but she cannot claim it. There is a lump in her throat, so that she cannot utter a syllable.

And he looks at her, and a great sense of his love, and his triumph, and his happiness comes over him. Why, Dick, what a heart you have!

What hidden wells lie there, unknown and undreamed of; simply because they have never been probed before!

Let them spring up fearlessly now, and unchecked; the little north-country girl with the magic of her bright, loving, contented spirit has broken the spell. And she will be a happy woman, and you have won a treasure. God bless you both!

Six hours later, and breakfast is going slowly on. One by one the stragglers have dropped in: Miss Blisset has begun her daily round two hours ago; and at last comes down Miss Nan Church, latest of all, and looking as demure as if she had been teaching a Sunday class the night before, and had had a bowl of bread-and-milk for supper after it.

She takes the vacant seat, and finds it is directly opposite Dick.

He says "Good-morning" in ceremonious accents, and then gives her a look over his coffee-cup that settles her for the time being.

Some one is asking about her train. Lady Wyatt remembers to offer her maid, and the Ladies Ann and Harriet will be charmed if Miss Church will accept their escort, as far as they can travel together.

It is very perplexing.

Dick has laughed to scorn the idea of her going, and has assured her he will make it all straight; and now he goes unconcernedly on with his cold salmon, and she even sees a smile in his eyes, when she has to make her vague unsatisfactory answers.

No sooner, however, does the old Colonel, still her constant friend, quit Nan's side, than Dick rises, walks round the table, and seats himself in the vacant chair.

Can he have sent up that red rose she wears in her bosom? Can he

now, as he turns towards her, pretending to admire it, be speaking of something quite different, something known only to their two selves?

So it is; he is telling Nan not to mind, it will be all over in half-an-hour; and then he asks her to go and wait in the drawing-room, while he tells the governor.

He is going now; and accordingly, he quits the room; and Miss Bushe again experiences a sensation of relief. Mr. Wyatt is nothing to her, of course; but she would be sorry to see him entangled in any absurd way. As Miss Church goes away in the afternoon, she has no objection to take her own departure also, especially as they will meet the Wyatts next week at Predding-tram, and then who can tell what may happen!

Edith and Detty have so many departing guests to attend to, that Nan is able to escape from them better than she could have hoped, and the drawing-room is empty at this hour.

She seizes her opportunity and steals in thither, taking refuge among the music-books.

Of course her music is mislaid; but what a wretchedly uncomfortable half-hour it is! Everybody going in and out troubles her; and what if any one should stay! Oh! why did Dick put her there? And why is he so long in coming?

Every minute is precious. She is shaking all over. And then the party of girls come along the terrace, and stroll off towards the garden, and at last he comes.

A whisper, a pause, something else, and she goes off with him like a tame dove.

Well, of course it is all right. No one who knows Lord and Lady Wyatt would doubt that. Nan escapes at last, with half the life kissed and pressed out of her, and

finds the maid raging up and down in her bedroom, and stuffing all her best garments maliciously into the bottom of the trunk, in revenge for having been kept waiting.

Miss Church must excuse her, my lady sent her there an hour ago, and she could not possibly tell what Miss Church would wish to have left out. She begs pardon, but there is so little time.

The woman is gently dismissed, Miss Church does not travel that day.

Nan takes her hat, and goes down just as she is, for Dick is waiting.

Passing out at the garden door, they meet the whole troop of men and maidens point-blank, and for once in his life Dick *does* blush.

Edith steps forward. "Nan, dear, you have been looking for us. We went down the long path to get some strawberries. Are you going? Mind you keep to the right, they are only ripe under the netting."

"All right—I'll take her," says Dick, in unmistakable accents, and no one dares to say a word.

They go off, away from the strawberry-bed, in view of the whole party, and then a smothered guffaw from little Hefton shows that the secret is out. He knows, of course.

Dick told him, the first thing in the morning, and it was he who took them all off to the garden, to leave the field clear for his friend.

"Well, Miss Wyatt?"

Edith looks as if she had seen a ghost.

"I really had no idea of that," whispers Lady Ann, charmingly interested. "You sly things, how well you have kept it to yourselves!"

Edith is not sure whether she has kept it or not, is unable to answer Lord Hefton, feels as if the ground were rising under her feet.

When she lifts her eyes at last, it is to find two other eyes fastened upon them.

For Pax Burnand has caught fire; and so, when Dick and Nan come back, they find that another pair have mated likewise; and poor Lord Wyatt never thinks of the day after a ball all the rest of his life, without a shudder.

Nobody responds to Eddy Dent's invitation, though the poor lad has ridden over in the heat of the day to give it.

They are far happier at home. When the last carriage with the Bushes in it rolls away from the door, every one feels relieved. Augusta is so odd and tired. And does she always have a headache after a ball?

At any rate they are all now of one heart and one mind.

After dinner they have strawberries-and-cream on the lawn. Nan has had her sleep out in the afternoon, and has written her letter, and the whole house knows about it. Dick lies at her feet, and the nightingales are singing in the wood below.

RIVERS.

THE time of holiday and excursion has come back to us, strange though it seems to realise the fact, after the rains and floods and disasters of this severe summer. The highday of fashion, of business, of statesmanship, is once more over, with all that conventionally belongs to the crown of summer; and though our fields are sodden and our low lands flooded, and all the world dripping and mourning, autumn is nevertheless come, with its supposed winding up of prosperity and fulness, and the universal breathing-time and moment of relaxation which the English race allows itself yearly, has dawned. There is, no doubt, a certain appropriateness in this autumn holiday; it brings a pause in nature; the work is over; the fields lie resting; it is the afternoon of the year, hot and languid; business palls upon us; and just as we go out to make our calls in that hottest and least pleasant moment of the day, so we betake ourselves to visits, to expeditions, and to travel in the corresponding period of the year. It is the custom of our period, but it was not always the custom in England, where holiday-travels have always been popular. The first record we have of an excursion in English literature points to a different time in the year. Does not the reader recollect that immortal party of gentle folks and clowns so strangely mixed, with whom Chaucer set out one spring morning five hundred years ago? Here is how he indicates the time of the journey:—

“When that Aprills with his showres
swoot
The drought of March hath pierced to
the root,
And bathed every vein in such licour,

Of which virtue engendered is the
flower.

When Zephyrus eke with his sweete
breath

Inspired hath in every holt and heath
The tender croppes, and the younge

Sun

Doth in the Ram his halfe course y-run,
And small fowles maken melodie,

That sleepen all night with open eye
(So pricketh them nature in their cor-
ages),

Then longen folk to gon-on pilgrimages.”

The picture to which these words form a preface is the first great example of the pleasure-travels which we all love, and which most of us imagine to be entirely a modern fashion belonging to the age of railways, and stimulated by the increased “pace” in everything of the nineteenth century. This is very evidently a mistake. The season and the fashion of the journey have altered; but the love of movement, of change, of novel things to see, fresh fields and pastures new, must have been as warmly present in the minds of that jovial party which started from the Tabard at Southwark on its way to Canterbury, as they are among the most enterprising band of Cook’s tourists, bound at express pace to the furthest corners of the earth. It is worth while to ask—not which is the most interesting group, for the question is not one which admits of a doubt—but which of these travelling parties is most likely to have widened their minds and sympathies and increased their knowledge, to speak according to the enlightened formula of the time; or which is likely to have amused and recreated themselves the best, which is, we think, as sensible a way of stating the question. All things considered, we should be disposed to give our vote for Chaucer’s party, to whom the heat and dust and de-

vouring speed of express trains, the worry of luggage, the breathless sight-seings, the superficial glance of a moment at something absolutely new and incomprehensible in that moment—were happily unknown. Not to speak of the immortal tales with which the journey was beguiled, how much enjoyment must there have been in the leisurely genial progress—the start in the fresh sweet morning, the noonday halt, the lingering march, with slackened bridle, where the road was fairest, the quickened pace where it was least attractive, the curious quaint villages with their friendly spectators, and all the trifling delightful incidents of the way! Even in the lumbering diligence of fifty years ago, and in the heavy-laden *vetturino*, which, alas! even in Italy has now given way to the railway, how much natural simple variety, how many gleams of human interest, were there which the railway traveller must forego! There is often something injurious to the tourist whose purse is light, and whose travels, were only the old expensive modes of travel practicable, would be brought to a speedy conclusion, in such words. But this is not how we mean them: for indeed our chief object at present is to show how the taste of the day is changing, and how many travellers, sickening of the wearisome rapidity of long flying journeys, and the dull monotony of the cosmopolitan railroad, are coming back to simple expeditions and pleasures nearer home. When the favourites of fortune, to whom “expense is no object,” have made such a happy discovery as that the delight of movement does not consist in the distance traversed and fatigue undergone, and that a leisurely ramble through a corner of your own country, or some rustic quarter of a neighbouring kingdom, will bring more real pleasure, more widening of the horizon, more cul-

tivation of the heart, than a break-neck race across Europe, or a hot glimpse at the most renowned of shrines—poorer voyagers may consent to endorse the same opinion. This excellent doctrine perhaps gets all the more warm acceptance from the cultivated classes, in consequence of those barbarian hordes whom Mr. Cook personally conducts into every holy place which time and poetry have sanctified. The *diletante* flies before these perspiring, buzzing crowds, and is at last driven to ask himself whether there is not perhaps something at home which it is worth his while to look at! In such circumstances it becomes natural to remember that a pleasant drive, let us say, through green and blossomed Kent, towards that very shrine of Canterbury which Chaucer's pilgrims visited, would be more delightful, as well as much more easy, than a thousand miles of railway prefaced by the horrible nightmare of the Channel; and that a calm cool day among that historic group of buildings in the soft silence of the Close, would bring to most sensible persons a pleasure more deep and sincere than could be attained by a dash at St. Peter's and the frantic snatching of an Easter mass among the heretic crowd who throng that show—or thronged it in the days when it was a show, before Pio Nono had taken up the rôle of prisoner.

This return to ancient usages is, we trust, becoming something like a fashion. We doubt, however, whether, with all the facilities of locomotion upon which we boast ourselves, any modern expedition could equal or come near the broad democratical character of the Canterbury pilgrimage, where high and low jogged on in good fellowship, the Miller and the Reeve getting as much good of it as the “very parfitte gentle knight” who heads the party, or the country

gentleman who nowadays would think more of himself than to travel in such society. What a pleasant caravanserai it must have been!—no noisy third class left as far behind as possible to bear the brunt of any accident, but the commonalty kept civil and seemly by mixture with their betters, and neither squire nor knight disdaining to take his share in the entertainment of the party. We wonder how Sir Reginald would fare nowadays if he had to tell a story which should please not only his agricultural worship at the knight's elbow and the Sister Superior from some house of Charity, but the farm-agent and the Scripture-reader! yet we prattle of the advance of democracy and the obliteration of all distinction of classes. The *jeunesse dorée* of that young squire who "carved before his fader at the table" would be represented nowadays by an elegant Guardsman gazing thunder-struck at those humbler members of the party, about whom he would know as much as of the elephants in the Zoological Gardens. And in spite of railways, in spite of cheap excursions, in spite of the desire of movement and change, of which we talk as if it was something completely strange and new, we do not believe that there ever was in England so charming and universal a realisation of the pleasure of travel and change as in those old primitive days, when gentle and simple set forth together, and the fresh buds of April and the spring twittering of the birds sent a thrill of revival high and low, and "longen folk to gon on pilgrimages." Yes; there is no doubt that spring is the time when that stirring and longing for nature comes strongest. In autumn we are weary and seek change, out of sheer exhaustion; but in spring it is genuine "longing" which stirs all the faculties. The wind blows

soft from the west, caressing every wayfarer; the buds thrust out their pink tips on the hedgerows; the primrose peeps out of its green leaves to see what changes have happened since last year. Have not you felt the rising tide, dear reader, even if you be no longer young? Does not the prick of the spring bring back a sweet restlessness, a pleasant stir, into your middle-aged veins? Come, we say, let us get out our ambling palfreys, our rustic shandry-dans; let us ramble through the woods as they begin to rustle with the new greenness, and feel the sun warm us, and the genial breeze blow us back into youth. Youth is but a step off in that awakening season. What pleasant haltings, what kindly encounters, what delightful leisure and true holiday, were on the road to Canterbury! And how many of us at all times are "longen to gon on pilgrimages" whose purse and whose time alike forbid us to try the long way to Rome!

Happily our own country is full of a hundred temptations to this gentle journeying. Almost all our old English cathedral towns are deeply interesting—full of quaint beautiful corners, known only to local antiquaries, and set in the greenest delightful landscapes. It is not long since the novel-reading world was intent upon certain 'Adventures of a Phaeton,' which had inspiration in them, and suggested other pleasures beside those of love-making; but there is no way in which the new return to older and more leisurely modes of travel is more apparent than in the river excursions which have become so general of late. We were about to say fashionable, but suspend the word. The fashionable world, which in its way is the highest social circle, keeps up with unfailing human fidelity its affinity with the masses, and is incapable of original-

ity. Fashion goes where the crowd goes, apportioning to each pleasure its place and season, and doing its best to make a voluntary treadmill of its diversions, just as the lower multitude does, pouring its thousands in one vulgar mass upon Brighton or the Crystal Palace in its holidays. But among those happier classes which are neither too high nor too low to choose for themselves, river expeditions have become one of the pleasantest of fashions. To float along in good weather, under the summer sky, on that soft silence of a river, which is only less full of harmonious subdued sound than "the silence which is in the lonely hills," how pleasant it is! Great trees waving luxuriant over the shining water, and every twig and every sedge nodding to itself in a glorified reflection; here the long banks of flexible osiers bending like one; there a village sunning its steep roofs, with antique rural spire behind; a little farther a mill lurking on its bit of olive stream, a pretty manor-house spreading forth its lawns, an Angler's Rest, with its boats upon the bank; here the rushing of a brown weir—there the dreamy indolence of a lock; banks all aglow with flowers; and not the banks only—have we not pushed the light keel many an hour over floating masses of soft blossom, on stems a mile long, that veined the rippling waters over them with films of brown and green—or made slow but pleasant progress through the broad leaves of the water-lilies, a cluster of great white flowers, with golden hearts and honeyed breath, rising at every hand to tempt us? Then the forget-me-nots, blue as the sky or a child's eyes, the masses of loosestrife, purple-pink, the yellow toadflax, the airier graceful willow herb, the big daisies with their golden eyes, the feathery plumes of meadowsweet! and for music the

delicious tinkle of the water against the boat, the harmonious measure of the oars, the soft rustle of the air, the splash of rising fish, the subdued insect hum. Let us suppose that, as a termination to the day's journey, the traveller comes to an old historic town lying with friendly bridges and picturesque shadows across the stream as night comes on, or to some quaint little rural nook of a village with a homely inn, and kind country people—what mode of travelling could give more quiet enjoyment or better fulfil the requirements of that re-creation which is so much more than mere pleasure? We allow that if you do not row your limbs are apt to be cramped by the long confinement; but that is soon neutralised by a turn at the oar. No doubt the taste for river travelling has been chiefly brought into fashion by the rowing so much cultivated at some public schools, and at both the English Universities. Heaven forbid that we should hint a doubt as to the completely admirable results of that kind of training! But yet we do not recommend as models to the leisurely traveller the brawny young savages in flannel, with small heads, large necks, and larger bodies, who are constantly to be met with on English rivers. These are not perhaps the highest specimens of humanity procurable, though we decline to accept Mr. Wilkie Collins' detestable hero in 'Man and Wife' as a fit representative of the heroes of the river; and even they are probably much safer in their boat than anywhere else, and out of mischief. But the delights of river life and leisure are by no means confined to idle young fellows with nothing better to think of than "training." It is impossible to walk upon the banks of the Thames, for instance, above the tidal and more public part of the river, without seeing boat after boat

glide past, trim gigs with a pair of oars, and comfortable place for two "sitters"—or bigger "four," or tiny yacht with a sail, disclosing at once by the travelling-bags in the stern and luncheon hampers, not less than by the fine colour and weather-beaten air of the crew, that they are "travellers" bound, perhaps, from Oxford, perhaps from Windsor, down the river, or going up against the stream, rushing through the reluctant water by the strain of a tow-rope, to the midsummer-boat races at Henley, or to some smaller festivity in less known regions. Often enough ladies are of the party; and it is not at all uncommon to see a cosy middle-aged couple—the man with the sculls, the lady steering—go softly with the soft-flowing tide down the mild Thames, in quiet friendly enjoyment of the still skies, mild exercise, fresh air, and each other's familiar company. One feels instinctively that they must be pleasant people to know.

Perhaps, however, the interest of the general reader will be stronger in such a party as that which has commemorated itself in a book about French rivers which lies before us.* It is not, we may say at once, a great book. The literary merit of the performance is of the smallest, and the four people indicated under the names of Stroke, Two, Three, and Bow, have neither character nor individuality enough to justify the making of a whole big book about them and their simple adventures. It would be well for inexperienced writers to learn that the machinery of a narrative which is yet no narrative, is one of the most difficult things that can be attempted in literature. Mr. Black succeeded to a great extent in the 'Adventures of a

Phaeton' already referred to, because in his way he is a great artist, and because he had a love-story on hand; but even with these advantages his secondary personages grew extremely tiresome to the reader. It is a very common delusion, especially with new authors, that to take their characters direct from the life, and to put down events as they occur, is sufficient to give life and reality to their story, whatever it may be; although, indeed, a glance at the example of the great sister-art might convince them that only the hand of a master can make a group of portraits into a picture. Never was a greater mistake. Nothing in art is so difficult as a lifelike sketch of an actual person; and, as a general rule, those incidents are the dulllest and fall the deadeast which the story-teller fondly flatters himself to be done exactly from the life. This, we fear, is an extravagantly serious warning as preface to so artless a book as Mr. Molloy's 'Autumn Holiday.' It is the story of a trip up the Seine and down the Loire, made by four men, with only as much luggage as they could carry with them, in an outrigger rowing boat, the crankiest and narrowest of river craft. Why they should have chosen this kind of cockle-shell is one of the mysteries which only the British boating-man can solve; but apart from the crazy character of their vessel, their enterprise is interesting. No one who has touched upon the Seine in any of its rural windings can forget the varied beauty of its course, the many interests that make its banks attractive; and the reader will be grateful to Two and Three, even when they are most playful, if their adventures remind him of the quaint French villages which lie so far out of the ordinary traveller's way, and

* Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers. By J. L. Molloy.

the old leisurely mode of making acquaintance with the people and life of a strange country, which used to be, though after another fashion, practised by those old-fashioned travellers who went jolting over France and Italy two hundred years ago, and really knew something about the country they rambled through in their heavy old carriages. The antique travelling coach which carried Mr. Evelyn is probably not more unlike the crazy outrigger in which the Templars of the nineteenth century accomplished their journey, than was that suave and courtly personage himself to the rowing-man of to-day. Nevertheless this expedition is an instance of the better kind of travel which we have ventured to say is becoming the fashion, and in that point of view we welcome the simple tale.

The party started from—a room in the Temple, having had their expedition suggested to them by “a spin” up the Thames from that sweet spot in the serene coolness of an August night. They carried their long skeleton of a boat up the Seine as far as Caudebec, and there trusted themselves to the by no means placid river. Caudebec itself was worth starting with. Who knows of such a place among the younger people who dash across France by railway, and know nothing of the rich art and quaint homeliness which she hides in her broad bosom? The church of Caudebec would be worth a long expedition to see, were it not in a country so full of noble churches that they are taken for granted. The rich and deep carven work of its glorious portals, the dim religious light that falls through painted windows inside, are worthy a cathedral; but nobody is aware of them except the little *bourgeoisie*, the placid Norman country-folk, who come in with their peaches and their chickens to

the markets, and listen with awe to the sound of the *barre*, the roaring of the tide, which pours up in all its force from the distant sea, making the river foam and struggle within its banks, though they are wide enough. There is no telling how old the little town is. Its river terrace was just so, with its row of houses, though not these houses, when William the Conqueror set sail for England. Here, as we have said, our boat's crew got to their “native element” and began their voyage. Seine, in despite to see the cockleshell which these invaders launched upon his broad and restless bosom, called the waters from the firmament to help drown the intruder; and the travellers did not see, what we recommend those who come after them to make a point of seeing, the great noble ruins of Jumièges, with their twin towers rising out of the fiat corner of wealthy meadow-land round which the river makes an angle. The grandeur and majestic size of the place is very striking, surrounded as it is by the perfect calm of a rural country where nothing in the mild fields corresponds with the greatness of these relics. Jumièges was trimly kept in a surrounding of smooth open lawns and parterres of flowers when we saw it, rescued by some good Christian from the dreary cruel neglect into which all such remnants of the past fall one time or other—yet somehow looking more utterly past, more dead and turned to clay, in its careful preservation, than had it been left to the tender mercies and forlorn decorations of nature.

Our travellers arrived at Duclair, their first resting-place, drenched to the skin, having seen nothing on either side of them but banks of mist and blasts of rain for hours. We confess that this gives a discouraging view of the pleasantness of travelling in an outrigger. But

travelling of any kind is miserable in bad weather. Rain is the universal damper of all enthusiasm; nothing can stand against it. The lovely Lake of Como in a wet day looks like a gloomy and angry Highland loch of second or third rate beauty; and we have seen Florence appear as uninviting as Manchester. Therefore there is no argument to be drawn from this against river-travelling. Rather the reverse; for instead of the suicidal mood in which four unhappy travellers shut up in a carriage with blasts of rain dashing against their windows would arrive at their destination, our boat's crew pulled up to the pier wet, but warm and glowing and cheerful with toil, and on the whole were not only proud of their achievement, but liked it, which in the circumstances is a great deal to say.

Next day they had worse luck still, and were swamped and almost drowned, which is not much to be wondered at considering the size of their "ship." They did not, however, suffer much—young Templars and rowing-men being, we presume, for excellent reasons, undrownable; but this misadventure proved to them what common-sense, we imagine, might have proved before, that a slim boat built for speed upon a tranquil river, has nothing to do upon a salt tide of raging sea-water rushing inland as does the tide of the Seine. Accordingly, after this pitched battle in which they had the worst of it, they gave in for the day at least, and leaving their boat, pushed on to Rouen in clothes much the worse for ducking. Perhaps on the whole they did not lose very much, as the road led them past St. Georges de Bascheville, and the dripping heroes (among whom surely there must have been at least one good Catholic) dropt into the noble church unawares without knowing what

awaited them. Thus they got to Rouen. Rouen is too busy, too great a centre of trade to escape the knowledge even of the ordinary tourist—and the reader does not require to be reminded of the cathedral, or its rival, as great as itself, St. Ouen, or that beautiful quaint portal of St. Maclou; or of the other prosaic yet historical spot, to which all English visitors should be made to go barefooted, sheet on shoulders and candle in hand, in penitence, where the brave *Pucelle*, the shepherd-saint of France, died by our cruel hands, even our Shakespeare not noble enough—him even!—to spare a mock at her. Shame to us! there are few national crimes that call forth so hot a blush. But we will say nothing about Rouen, which is in all the guide-books, and to which even Mr. Cook carries his parties. Our obstinate crew did that last wild reach after all, going back to it after they had been warned, and dried, and rested, and bringing up their absurd skiff on the height of the tide with dogged British determination. Seine beat them, however, after all, and obliged them finally to send their boat up as high as Mantes, when they embarked once more. Our more sensible reader, if ever he undertakes the journey, will take care to do this part of the way in a more solid *embarcation*, and expose his valuable life to no such foolish dangers. To be sure the weather was against them; and the history of the expedition does not hesitate to throw out hints of a yacht which is supposed to have foundered in the same waters, by way of making the defeat of the outrigger less humiliating. Yachts are foolish things, with their big sails, about the squally reaches of a river; but a good, sound, steady gig, with room enough in her to be comfortable, would, we believe,

have lived through it well enough ; and what does a river-tourist want with racing speed ?

The party missed thus, or at least only glimpsed, by land, one of the most imposing "bits" of the Seine—that curve where the white cliffs rise high overhead in dazzling precipices, and Cœur de Lion's great Castle Gaillard whitens at the top in the sunshine, fantastically carrying out in crumbling masonry the blanched pinnacles of the rock. How wide and far, over the rich peaceable country at his feet, through which Seine flows to the sea, must Richard have looked from that embattled freak of his, gigantic plaything of a rude age ! We have learned to identify this Norman prince so completely with the typical Englishman of modern imagination—thanks to Scott and other romancers—that it is with a little shock we look up to the height of those cliffs, round which the strong river rushes, and acknowledge to ourselves that the royal dare-devil who thus crowned them was our Richard. And yet the feat is like even our conventional idea of him, a big brag in stone, but *Gaillard*, with a touch of rough humour in the notion, made because he was defied to it, and suggesting no rapine and plunder, no tyrannical lying in wait for toll and tribute, like the robber-castles of the Rhine. Mr. Molloy talks of a beautiful inn in the Grand Andelys, a fine old house, filled with a rare collection of old furniture and curiosities of which we have no recollection. Our humbler associations are all with the smaller river-side village, the Petit Andelys, where, we recollect—strange thing to happen in France—the little *cabaret* furnished nothing for luncheon but a magnificent pot of *pommes de terre en robe de chambre*, worthy of an Irish cabin. The little homely church,

standing open in friendly quiet, still refuge for any wearied wayfarer or meditative passer-by, possessed, if we recollect rightly, no beauty to make it memorable, only that lowly humanness and divinity, that air of gentle separation from the world and its cares, while yet so near them, which is always touching. How much our churches lose by being shut up ! and how affecting is that look of belonging to any one who cares to enter, that homely tender hospitality waiting for who-soever will accept it, which the little village sanctuary possesses in Catholic countries. Less impressive to ourselves is the great cathedral with a thousand beauties to show us. The little rural parish church is like a homely mother with kindness smiling on the old face that is more sweet than beauty, and a welcome ever ready. The half-hour which the leisurely traveller spends there, while his boat or his carriage is preparing, looking kindly at the rude *ex votos*, drawing reverently aside, perhaps, not to interrupt the devotions of some suppliant—does more for Christian charity than scores of sermons. We remember, in a dark corner of this homely, holy place, catching a glimpse of a kneeling figure which we can almost see still, so vivid was the impression made. It was an old woman, with a printed handkerchief on her head, with one of those little round faces, shrunk up by age and exposure to the air, which one so often sees in Normandy. Her hands were clasped, her face uplifted, tears dropping now and then from her old eyes, her features and her frame all moving in an agony of supplication. What was she praying for, heaven help her ! a child dying, or worse than dying, —some matter of life and death ? Perhaps it was but to Mary she made that strong appeal ; but it

went straight to God—who could doubt?—who perhaps is less mindful of details than we are. The woman was old, and it is long ago. Probably by this time she knows all about it, why her trouble was and how it came. But such a glimpse of human suffering and emotion makes a mark in the homeliest landscape which guide-books have nothing to say to. How old and faded was the little church, how antique and primeval Cœur de Lion's old castle crumbling to decay on the summit! but the white cliffs blazing in the sun, and Seine, far older, sweeping round the bend with his strong current, were unconscious of the passage of time, and still as fresh and as living as the day.

The rest of the river above Mantes our tourists found sufficiently easy; and they are good enough to tell us all about the peaches they ate, the peasant women and caps which they admired, and the sketches they made. Of these latter, the less said perhaps the better. A fellow-feeling tends to keep us silent about the scratches by which amateurs attempt to commemorate the beautiful places they have seen, or the effects of light which have struck them most deeply; but then amateurs should keep those scratches in their private sketch-book, and not present them to the world as illustrations of a book. We trust that if the reader takes our advice and some time or other indulges in a ramble upon the Seine or any other river, he will either draw much better than Mr. Molloy and his friends, or lock his sketches carefully into his desk, where no eyes but indulgent eyes of his kindred may ever see them. Some of the pictures are ludicrously bad, and none of them worth the printing. The outrigger made its way,

however, simply enough upon the smooth inland water, and pulled round the long loop under the forest-shades of St. Germain, and past that terrace which is so full of historical associations, where the banished Stuarts looked wistfully across the running river and leafy valley, and where the Grand Monarque saw with a shiver those towers of St. Denis where he out of his splendours was one day to be carried. Seine weaves itself strangely in and out of our own history as well as that of France to which it belongs. From stout Richard, the crusader and troubadour, down to the shadow of these royal woods, what a long and strange interval! Bold Cœur de Lion looked towards England with probably no very intense affection or desire to return, from the top of his white cliffs watching the broad stream down to the sea; but poor Prince Charlie, an exile born, must have watched the gliding of the same waters with a sense that all the possibilities of life for him went the way the stream was going. Both stories are sad enough, heaven knows; but Chateau Gaillard, reflecting the strength and not the downfall of its creator, conveys a different impression from the melancholy St. Germain with its deserted palace and that sunny leafy promenade beside the stream where so many ghosts must walk.

The further route of the party is, however, more interesting and novel than the Seine; and it is the latter part of the book which is the most suggestive. The intention of Mr. Molloy and his companions was, after ascending the Seine as far as St. Mammès, to proceed by canals to the Loire. This, however, they found impracticable, the canals in question being closed and under repair. They had the not unpleasant alternative of a walk across

country to Orleans, part of which lay through the forest of Fontainebleau. The Upper Seine they describe in very tempting terms: "From Melun upwards the river is singularly interesting. It is the pastoral river in all its perfection, and, though on a grander scale, recalled parts of the Thames. For a long way we followed lofty woods of dark rich colour, that reminded us forcibly of those near Cliveden. . . . The village of Samois, very old and of a soft grey colour, with just one wooden house at the water's edge, half hidden in twisting flowers. Facing this, an opening between two islands, through which the boat stole, leaving its track through masses of white lilies." This has a delightful sound; and the expedition overland which intervened between these water-lilies and the exciting Loire must have been a pleasant variety. The boat was put upon a waggon, which, for the latter part of the way, the travellers accompanied on foot; with a pleasant pause for the verdant quiet of princely Fontainebleau.

They launched their boat once more at Orleans, and from thence managed the dangerous passage with few painful and no tragical misadventures. It was a daring enterprise; but success has justified the venture, so there is nothing to say on that subject. The Loire, however, is of a very different character from the generally well-conducted Seine, which, so far as it is free from the revolutionary influences of the tide, is a friendly river, meaning no harm. The Loire always means harm. Now and then, when it is excited, it overflows its banks, carrying ruin and desolation around; anon it shrinks into a scarce distinguishable channel marked out by danger-

ous quicksands—quicksands which swallow up totally, without help or warning, the unhappy man who touches them, incautious swimmer, or rash bargeman,—not to speak of the more innocent sandbanks which choke the way, and upset the boat without swallowing the men. The stream that rushes through this narrow and devious course, threading its complicated way, now here, now there, across the entire breadth of the channel, is strong enough, in its tumultuous current, to sweep away everything it encounters, and leaves the traveller no time to think how he is to extricate himself from any entanglement of sandbanks. Notwithstanding all this, however, its attractions are great. Few rivers can boast so many interesting places, so many old towns, cathedrals, castles. The reader will remember Madame de Sevigné's shuddering terror of the torrent which lay between her and her daughter; but the names of Blois, Amboise, Tours, and many more, will also occur to him,—attractions which perhaps the great letter-writer of France would have cared much less for than we do. Mr. Molloy's illustrations do but little to attract us to these notable places. But another book of very different pretensions does better justice to the Loire, and makes even a guide-book pleasant reading. This is the volume of *Etchings** lately published by Mr. Ernest George, to which there is attached so slight a thread of literary description, that Mr. Molloy's narrative is of the greatest advantage to link on one picture to another. Mr. George's book is entirely a river book; but, notwithstanding its name, it is not the Loire alone which it illustrates. Many of the noble old towers, and masses of princely build-

* *Etchings on the Loire.* By Ernest George.

ings, and picturesque old bridges, which he gives us in bold black and white, with all their delicate decorations, and varieties of light and shade, dwell upon the smaller rivers that flow into the Loire, and add richness and attraction to the impetuous splendour of the greater stream.

We cannot imagine a more delightful suggestion than is conveyed by these two volumes taken together for the enjoyment of a leisurely holiday. Moving about with little fatigue from one place to another, down the course of a great river and its tributaries, how much fine art and peaceful nature would fall in the traveller's way! Before the railway days—even at a period quite recent—this used to be done after a fashion, and the tourist journeyed in river steamboats, when the weather and the sandbanks permitted, along the course of the great river. But the railway has superseded everything, and there is now no occasion for the steamboats. We cannot say that after Mr. Molloy's experience, we should be disposed to recommend an outrigger, or even a more practicable boat, for the navigation of the Loire—for the possibility of being stranded all day long upon a hot yet solid sandbank, or sinking into a quicksand, is too exciting to be pleasant; but no doubt the expedition would be quite practicable in other ways. Even the very recent past has thrown an interest of its own around the region, so short a time ago the scene of the greatest conflict of modern times; and the country people and their villages are fresh and natural and characteristic, unvitiated and undebased by any *grande route* of modern travel. We do not know if Tours is still the centre of a faded English colony, living there, heaven knows why, with some forlorn notion of cheapness or of education, as they live at

Avranches and Dinan, and other dreary places, making a *sanctum sanctorum* of dullness in the dull little town—a lower depth than the French even *en province* can attain to, and that is saying a great deal; and teaching their children Norman-French, as who should settle at Kelso or Dumfries to study English in its perfection. Nowadays, at least, a country town in England is as cheap as a country town in France, and, all things considered, as interesting as a habitation. But Tours would do admirably for the headquarters of our leisurely traveller, just as at home Wells or Winchester would suit the same enjoyable purpose, revealing many beautiful old centres of human activity, along with a fresh and characteristic country, and a people worth making acquaintance with.

Mr. Molloy and his party began the second part of their journey by a brief exploration of one of the tributaries of the Loire, the Loiret, of which the description is charming. It is but seven miles and a half in length, a toy river, which rises bubbling up in one lively spring in the gardens of the Chateau de la Source, rising up full-grown out of the earth, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, and bursting at once into a navigable river. The Source is surrounded by lofty "trees, and completely shaded from the sun, and the water was clear and transparent as glass." The grassy banks of this *bijou* stream are clothed with *châteaux* and cottages,—“with balconies over the water, covered with great rose-bushes, and clematis twisting down to the deep, cool water. Vines seemed to grow in profusion; and the river had a way of turning so as never to let you see where it was going, but dived into big trees, beckoning you to follow it. No loneliness on the Loiret—

there was not room for it—only in little bits where it wandered off from its course up a narrow inlet through ferns and white willows, and wild birds had it all to themselves.” The Loire itself, however, was not so inviting. Beyond Orleans the travellers found it dreary and monotonous. “A few bleak hills were all we saw for five miles, except sand and water;” and the stream meandered through deserts of sand, which, notwithstanding that every little town they came to had a history, was discouraging. But on the other hand, to make up, how interesting were these little towns! Their first halt was at Beaugency, a quaint ancient place dominated by a large old tower where the whole population turned out to *fête* the strangers in their curious toy-ship. If the river was as featureless as it appears in the sketch these gentlemen furnish of their next day’s voyage, we can scarcely suppose that the pull to Blois was particularly interesting; but then to float down upon Blois was no small sensation. “To come out of the solitariness of the river, let the boat drift with the tide, and turn round to watch the gradual unfolding of the cities, was in its way akin to the feeling of hearing for the first time one of the great symphonies of Beethoven,” says Mr. Molloy, who is fanciful and musical, giving several specimens in this volume of his gifts in the art of Song. The following brief passage gives, however, without any metaphor, a very good description of the peculiar enjoyment of the river-traveller; and all who have attempted any similar expedition will understand it and sympathise:—

“But for the risk of wearying, we could dwell for pages on this one great charm of our wanderings, the happy independence of our little boat

—the first on these waters where none but fishermen had yet passed. Dropping down to those old cities—seeing the towers, churches, and castles open out from so many points of view and with ever-changing aspect—lying, perhaps, for an hour in one spot in the lazy delight of only looking—leaving them again, and seeing them die in the vague blue of the distance, as we went once more into the loneliness of the river.”

This expresses very truly the sentiment of a boating journey. There is one familiar scene, for instance, which we ourselves are in the habit of approaching by water from one side or another, on half, at least, of the fair evenings of summer; yet we never drop down upon that noble pile of buildings standing across the stream, without some of the fresh delight of discovery which fills the mind of an explorer in strange waters, that feeling of re-creating for one’s self, as it were, by the first sight of it, some wonderful group of towers and trees and human housetops, brought together by art and nature, time and fortune. Gradually there comes into full sight one point after another; the bridge expands its noble arches, the great towers define themselves, the lofty church-spire rises into heaven. The pleasure is exquisite in its kind, and not so evanescent as the moment which it fills.

Mr. George, whose beautiful book here supplements the simpler narrative, does not give us much of Blois—only a fine interior from one of the existing rooms in the castle, and a view of the magnificent open staircase—a beautiful spiral stair, veiled only, not closed in, by the noble architecture of the place front, which was built by the first Francis of France, and is worthy of that romantic and splendid monarch. But the castle of Amboise supplies

one of his finest subjects, and we can fancy no more delightful termination to a day's journey than to come slowly in sight of this grand pile, rising over the row of high-roofed houses that skirt the water's edge, less splendid by far than our own Windsor, but charmingly picturesque in its kind. The houses that nestle below it are as irregular as heart could desire, thrusting forth all kinds of antiquated gables and peaked roofs, to reflect themselves in the river; and high above upon the rock rises the stately palace, flanked on all sides by strong towers, in which, small as it is, the always splendid court-life of France might find room to show itself. The wealthy Loire, abounding in tributaries, has here another subject-river flowing into it, the *Amasse*, which gives its name to the *château*. Mr. George's clever etching does full justice to the fine mass of the flanking towers, through which—a quaint arrangement—a winding carriage-way, cut in the rock, leads up to the habitable palace with its gay garden on the summit. There is scarce a period of French history, of which the ancient place does not keep some recollection. Hollowed out in the rock are great vaults, *greniers de César*, where the Romans once kept the stores of their commissariat. Clovis and Alaric met upon this bank. Louis XI. pierced it with *oubliettes*. Francis I. held high court within its walls; and from the balcony, which adds a more modern luxury to those long Louvre-like windows, a group of women and boys once watched the drowning victims of a massacre, perhaps not the first, and certainly not the last, which Loire has seen. This last event comes into the tragical history of the Huguenots; and here twelve hundred of them perished

according to the story, while on the balcony stood Catherine de Medici with her three boys, destined in succession to hold a feeble sway over France unhappy, and thus learning how to do it; along with the girlish bride of one of them, Mary Stuart—our unfortunate Mary—getting her share of that horrible training. What dismal fortune belonged to that royal group! The murdered Huguenots, to whom the swift stream and devouring sands gave summary burial, had little to envy in them.

Mr. George gives a second illustration of Amboise, an exquisite little chapel dedicated to St. Hubert, and quaintly poised on a lofty pinnacle of rocks, the sides of which have been built into the semblance of a tower. It stands high in the air over the picturesque old street—one of those delightful surprises of Gothic architecture which are always so captivating to the imagination. It is strange how, with all our progress, we seem to have lost this art of turning to advantage the vagaries of nature. The fantastic inequalities of the rock, which add so much to picturesque effect, would probably be levelled by the contractor as the first step in a nineteenth century erection. These rocky banks of the Loire, however, have been largely made use of both by gentle and simple; for not great castles only profit by that natural masonry, but lowlier villages peep out from the living wall, with homely chambers hollowed out, and mossed bits of roof stuck into the crevices. How these rock-villages manage to festoon themselves all over with richly-laden vines and climbing flowers, it is hard to understand; but the warm South has laws of its own, and the exhilarating *mousseux* of Vouvray gets its sparkle somehow out of this rocky river-side, which to many

readers will no doubt give them a charm the more.

The Cher drops into the Loire at Tours, and on the Cher stands the *château* of Chenonceaux, which furnishes Mr. George with another charming subject. This beautiful combination of medieval grace and Renaissance splendour is literally on the Cher, being built across the bridge which spans the stream, one of those picturesque expedients which apparently have ceased to have any charm for the modern mind, captivating as all such buildings are. Fancy a smaller Louvre planted upon a swift-flowing ample river, boats glancing under the massive arches which support the palace, and noble windows looking up and down the great stream, full of reflections. It was built on the foundation of a fortified mill, thrust a little way into the stream, and communicating with the bank by a bit of fine bridge with a gateway-tower, which Mr. George considers worthy of a separate picture. Diana of Poitiers, to whom this castle of dreams was given by Henry II., built out the bridge to the opposite side; but before her royal lover was well dead, the place was snatched from her by his wife, Catherine de Medici, who built an art-gallery along Diana's bridge. Thus those spites and jealousies which look so mean in private life, came to a splendid conflict of art, and the queen remained victorious, as having the last word—which, after all, however great may be the splendour of the reigning favourite, lawful queens in the end generally do. Chenonceaux is not very far from the sombre stronghold of Loches, which is situated on the Indre, another tributary of the Loire—sombre in its recollections, and in the dreary range of prisons it encloses, but as brightly picturesque

in its exterior, and in the characteristic old town that clings around it, as any of its neighbouring castles. It would be hard to find anything more picturesque than the huge gate-tower which admits the traveller into the city, its lofty and massive strength set in a picturesque line of gables and pinnacles and lesser towers rising sheer out of the river, as it appears in Mr. George's drawing. In another of his etchings, he shows us how romance, the indulgent romance of far-off days, can soften the aspects even of that grim edifice which contains Cardinal Balue's cages, and the many dungeons of the eleventh Louis—and draws for us the lonely tower rising high into the air, in which the fair and gentle Agnes Sorel, most blameless and high-minded of royal favourites, spent her lonely days, and planned kind services and bounties for the humble folks about. Agnes is one of the rare figures whose offences history has condoned; and indeed it is instructive to see how, throughout all French history, it is the king's mistress, not his wife, who has the best *rôle* to play—until, indeed, we come to the days of the Pompadour, in which the chronicler ceases to exercise such an undue amount of charity.

Tours and Angers both furnish Mr. George with admirable subjects, the latter supplying a group of old houses, a street-corner which carries us back into distant centuries—so perfect are they and untouched by any modernising hand. But we cannot follow the artist so far afield as Narbonne, Carcassonne, and Toulouse; tempting as are his drawings, they have no immediate connection with the Loire, and would lead us to new routes and different landscapes. Neither need we continue Mr. Molloy's experiences to the end

of his cruise, which led him from Nantes up the Edre into the wilder regions of Brittany, where Art grows less remarkable and Nature more primitive. The design of the party seems to have been to make their way by canals to Dinan, and thence down the Rance to St. Malo; all which, we believe, is perfectly practicable, though accident prevented them from carrying out their plan. They, however, accomplished 250 miles upon the dangerous Loire, despising quicksands—from which they had one narrow escape—and pushing their cockle-shell now through the devious and narrow channel in one part of the river, now down the rushing stream two miles broad at another. We doubt whether it would be safe to counsel other travellers to follow their example, unless assured of equal pluck, perseverance, and strength; but they may well be congratulated upon the success of so daring an enterprise. May they live to explore more rivers and write better books about them! It is impossible to breathe a more friendly wish.

Mr. George contributes to our river-knowledge another set of charming drawings from the Moselle.* The Rhine, perhaps, like the Loire, is too great and too rapid for boating purposes, not to say that its scenery has been vulgarised by too much frequentation, and the robber-castles and climbing villages remind us rather of scenes in the opera than of a characteristic landscape. But its tributaries have escaped this invasion of commonplace; and all the chief features which give beauty to the central stream may be found in full force, and with the added charm of freshness and quiet, in the lesser rivers, of which the Moselle is one of the chief. The ruder

character of the *Schloss* and cottage, which belong to the banks of the German river, is very apparent in Mr. George's effective etchings. Here are no fine combinations of palace and castle, no glimpses of court-life among the feudal towers; but a narrower, more rugged type of architecture, adapted to necessities less princely. Less historically interesting, too, are the associations which are recalled by the Teutonic stream. No great monarchs, no large national events; but only, here or there, a little local feud, squabbles of opposing nobles, encroaching bishops, village tyrants, make themselves apparent, fighting out their quarrels in a limited space out of hearing of the world. Schloss-Elz, one of the most striking and picturesque objects on the Moselle, is an admirable illustration of this. A more picturesque mass of building could not be; there is scarcely a flat line in the whole castle; it runs into every kind of striking irregularity possible, throwing up turrets, gables, dormer-windows, quaint oriels, quainter projections and interruptions, so that every corner is a fresh surprise to the eye. It is mysterious, romantic, weird; a place for wild supernatural romance, for mystic stories, for primitive sequestered existence. It stands up before us in the etching wild, simple, strange, upon its narrow rock; its little mountain burn stealing round; its long bridge leaping the ravine; with the freshness of the hills around it, and scarce a tree to break upon the unity of the picture. How different in its quaint narrowness, the home of some river baron, fiercely at war with all his neighbours, from the breadth and royal state of the *châteaux* on the Loire, from

* Etchings on the Moselle. By Ernest George.

which we have just come! And here, instead of all these royal and national souvenirs, the wars of the lords of Elz with the nearest priest, the Archbishop of Trier, fill the narrow record,—less deadly than the other, and less notable. But the change of scene, now that all these feuds and fights are over, is refreshing as well; and the Moselle, with its green hills of vineyards, its homelier high-peaked houses—with just such timbers as may yet be seen in many an old English village—is as charming, if less exciting to the leisurely traveller, than the great river far away on the sunny side of France, where we have been wandering. The difference, indeed, is very striking. But the Moselle is not without its splendours too. Trier, the home of that Holy Coat which was the object of many a medieval pilgrimage, stands picturesquely on the river-side; and so does Metz, which may be yet more interesting to many on account of more recent recollections. Mr. George gives us a fine glimpse of this town, of which we have lately heard so much, with, on one side or the other, so much commotion of interest—rising from the river-bank, a conglomeration of picturesque roofs, with the fine cathedral rising over all,—and bids us rejoice that Marshal Bazaine, guilty or not in other matters, at least served the interests of art by sparing the city from bombardment and destruction. What was a poor bit of national honour, a rag of an old flag (any foreign artist might be forgiven for thinking), in comparison with those high roofs, and the unspoiled glories of the cathedral? The Moselle—in deference to its old French possessors let us allow the additional prettiness of the extra syllable—is rich in picturesque villages straggling along its margin,

with the vines rising over them upon the slopes, in all the luxurious yet orderly wealth of a wine country. Here and there a bit of the stream itself shows dimly in the background, coming in behind an old tumble-down mass of brick and timber, or the quaint towers of an old gateway. How bold and fine, for instance, is the line of lofty primitive houses at Cochem, rising straight up into the sky from the brink of the stream, the high-pitched gables looking as lofty almost as the round, soft, verdant hills; half stone, half wood, each storey projecting a little beyond its neighbour, the lowest of all being at least three storeys above the ground, their quaint simplicity is charming. But there are no particular associations, nor are any wanted. The charm is of primitive old-world life continued under scarcely changed conditions into to-day, and not in great names or glimpses of the great story of generations past.

There is no real reason why it should seem rather a descent in interest when, from that conglomeration of rivers which we call the Loire, with all their noble castles and fine towers, and the rich district through which these streams make the pleasantest of paths—and from the corresponding network of rivers of which the Rhine is the chief artery—we come back nearer home to our own Thames, the most accessible of all streams, and not the least interesting. The river which winds its way through London is not so great nor so romantic as that which passes Paris on its way to the sea. But thanks to some of our national defects, our long delay in everything we undertake, and our dislike to do anything we can help, the Thames where it passes through London, still with some broken-

down wharfs and piles of old decaying houses on its banks, is less flat than the Seine. To be sure we are all very much pleased with ourselves about the Thames embankment, which is a rival to those quays of Paris so long held up to us as models; but all the same, notwithstanding its recommendations, there can be no doubt that the water-side used to be more inviting to an artist before the embankment was thought of—as it is still, or was, not very long ago, further down and further up the stream. The water upon which Windsor stands majestic, and which Oxford watches through the willows, cannot be without its interest for Englishmen, and neither Loire nor Rhine, nor any of their family, are so perfectly adapted for holiday navigation. The Thames possesses to perfection that tranquil charm of river-scenery which exercises so peculiar a fascination upon all who have fallen under its sway. The calmness, the silence, the subdued and exquisite harmony of sounds (which, after all, is what we mean by silence, not mere negation of all sound at all), the perpetual soft movement—if not of ourselves on the river, yet of the river itself without us—the life which is so full and abundant, yet never disturbs, only soothes the spectator,—all this is to be found, without crossing the Channel for it, at our very doors.

We suppose there is something of the charm of paradox in this fascination of a river, the spell which makes fanciful persons seek running water wherever it is to be found; the perfection of sound in silence, of motion in quiet, of life in a scene which is without life, so to speak, without a human creature near, yet peopled to extremity, and all one hum of existence, although an

articulate voice abashes and terrifies the echoes.

"The muse, a poet never fand her,
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown a trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang."

There is no such "company" to the solitary as running water. Something of the same quality is possessed by a fire in winter, the friendly familiar sound of it, its glow, its warmth, its cheerful *pétilllements*, warming the mind and imagination as much as the body, and giving life and variety to an empty place. The river, however, is the more poetical companion of the two, contradicting loneliness with a hundred sweet expedients, diversifying itself with shadows and reflections infinite, with the leaping fish, the insects that are never at rest, the sedges and rushes that wave now in one cadence now in another, the soft ripple and tinkle of its peaceful progress, the mimic tempests into which it can break when it wills, the flashing among the pebbles, the soft fall upon the grass margins, the tender play among the flowers. It is never, yet it is always, the same—different every moment, yet identical, if you come back to it after fifty years—the same willows trailing their long branches over the stream, the same rushes stooping and bending before the breeze, the same tall poplars standing straight up like monumental pillars from the green bank. And the same skies—yet never the same; for to those who know a river every hour has its different kind of reflections, and the shadow of any glorified pollard in the stream might act as a sun-dial, so distinct are the soft variations of morning and evening, and the hot hush of the noon. Burns it was who held that doctrine that the "trotting burn's meander" was the haunt of the muse; and Shelley had

the habit of pushing his boat up the current from Marlow, under the shade of the Bischam woods, and thence letting it drift at the "sweet will" of the stream; and Spenser loved the "sweet Thames" which "flowed softly" while he sang his wedding song. There are no lack of poetical associations with the gentle river.

To come out of the sweetness of the river, as we have been trying to describe it, into the mysteriousness of books, is an unpleasant change. Mysterious indeed as are a great number of these productions of human fancy and industry, we cannot but pause before the handsome and pretentious volume called '*Life on the Upper Thames*,'* with more wonder than usual in the question, what was it written for? what purpose was it intended to serve? Mr. Molloy's book is not of very great literary value, but yet there are suggestions in it which are good for much, and it may set the heart on fire of some of those "longen to gon on pilgrimages," who may do more justice to the subject. But why '*Life on the Upper Thames*' should ever have been written—what it is good for now it is written—how any one could be so foolish as to enshrine its platitudes on such beautiful hot-pressed paper, in such delightful type, and to make occasionally rather pretty drawings to illustrate them,—is a problem to which we confess we can give no solution. If any simple reader should suppose himself likely to get information about the Thames, or anything higher in interest than a water-rat upon its banks, he will be rudely undeceived. The elaborate steel engravings, of which the book is full, give views, indeed, of a number of extremely ugly lay figures, en-

gaged in solemn imitations of some popular industries, such as osier-cutting, sheep-shearing, &c.—things which are not precisely what we most wish to know about upon the Thames. With all these illustrations, there is not one view of the river worthy to be called such. Here and there a tailpiece gives us a pretty bit of bank with a willow, as in "Sheep sheltering from the sun;" and the boy fishing for perch, and the man spinning for trout, would make pleasant sketches enough if the man and the boy could be taken out. The little vignettes at the bottom of the pages are the best, and represent one flat reach (we know it) with a long unbroken course of water, fat bushes at one side, a high green bank at the other, some stray water-lilies in a corner, and the curious triangular leaves of that beautiful water-plant called the frog-bit (hideous name, but probably not less intelligible than its Latin synonym), breaking the white foreground. Thames is not all like this, any more than it is all like Clieveden; but no indication of the Clieveden variety of river-scenery is given in this important big volume, by which the most conscientious reader is very unlikely to get any information which he could not obtain at first hand, and more satisfactorily, from the writers upon fishing and natural history whom Mr. Robertson quotes with the utmost liberality. An instance of his literary accomplishments may be given in the fact that he quotes a sentence from the American Lowell, in which the well-worn simile of a stalking-horse is introduced, as a proof that the use of that quaint machine must still be common in America! Mr. Robertson, however, has the virtue of hav-

* *Life on the Upper Thames*. By H. R. Robertson. Virtue, Spalding, & Co., 1875.

ing actually seen three stalking-horses, one of which, and a very remarkable object it is, is still, he says, in use. So much claim to originality as this discovery gives him his book may be allowed to possess—but no more. He professes to tell us about the barge-people, and their curious, dreamy, outdoor life, but really throws no light upon the subject; and his fishing and shooting are like reflections of other people's shooting and fishing. Nothing is more usual than to hear a bewildered critic asking why such and such a weak or foolish novel has been put into print; but a great deal more wonderful than any novel, however foolish or weak, is such a performance as this—a book which must have been costly in the preparation, and is absolutely without value, either of one kind or another,—the most oddly foolish and unmeaning production which it has, for a very long time, been our fate to see.

The traveller, however, who may be tempted by its own beauty, or by its readiness of access, to make the Thames the object of a leisurely tour—or the fisherman, who hopes to find in its fresh-flowing weirs or shady pools an opportunity of pursuing gently his favourite sport—will find a great deal more help and interest in the very humble little book* professing to be nothing but a guide-book, which a photographic artist, whose headquarters are at Oxford, has dedicated to the river, than in the beautiful print and costly illustrations of Mr. Robertson. Taunt's 'Guide to the Thames,' in its small and cheap edition, costs only half-a-crown; illustrated with pretty photographs of the stream, it is only, we believe, half-a-guinea. Mr. Taunt, who puts a red mark in his map of

Oxford, with charming sincerity, to indicate where his own shop stands, and where his patrons may supply themselves with his Guides and photographs, has measured every mile from Oxford to Putney, and gives a succession of exquisite little maps for the guidance of the traveller. We do not pretend to set up this humble brother of the pen as a new light in literature; but the little essay with which he winds up his instructions, and which he calls "Camping out," is, we promise the reader, a very amusing composition, as well as useful. Mr. Taunt's reasons for recommending this kind of river tour—which we too, in humble imitation of a much better authority, have been pressing upon the attention of the reader—are too captivating to be withheld from him. They come to us with all the authority to which a man's opinion is entitled who has just come back from a three months' tour on the Thames. This is perhaps rather long for those who could not lighten up the tranquil enjoyment of the voyage by any wholesome excitement in the way of selling photographs or guide-books; but still the inducements to follow the artist's example are charmingly put, and with much eloquent insight into the wants of the time. This is what Mr. Taunt says :—

"There are perhaps a number of reasons why camping-out should be enjoyable. First, we live in an age so fast and energetic that the mind and body get thoroughly used up, demanding in the same interval rest and renewal of vigour, that may fit for after-periods of toil; and what greater pleasure can there be to a man tired out in body and mind than to throw himself on his back under some wide-spreading tree, and listen to the gentle stream that murmurs by † or, with rod

* Taunt's Map and Guide to the Thames.

in hand, to watch the nodding float which in disappearing rouses him from a pleasant reverie? And again, *the custom of our age is so polite and graceful as to be at times a positive tax on a man's time and person, making by contrast a wild life enjoyable; in fact, the ennui that often takes possession of us would entirely disappear if we were not so highly civilised.*"

We are sorry to be obliged to say that we have not ourselves remarked in the manners of boating-men, of indeed among Oxonians in general, that excess of politeness and gracefulness which the river oracle declares to be a tax upon a man's time and person; but let that pass: Mr. Taunt probably knows better, and we bow to his decision. The camping-out, however, which he recommends, is certainly wild enough and primitive enough to do away with too much elegance, and bring the most highly civilised aquatic back to nature. The little encampments which are not very uncommon during the summer on the quiet backwaters of the Thames, are picturesque enough to the spectator who, dropping down the stream in the twilight, may catch a passing glimpse of the small white tent pitched upon the (generally wet) grass—the glow of a gipsy fire, at which one big young man in white flannel (and as little of that as possible) is cooking the beefsteak among the smoke, while two or three more lie on the grass about, their trim boat pulled up in a bank of forget-me-nots at the water's edge. It is pretty to look at; but we doubt whether it is, after all, particularly comfortable; and, for our own part, we prefer the riverside inn, rustic and simple, which with a little trouble can always be found handy. Mr. Taunt does not care about the tent any more than we do. He

sleeps in his boat; and very precise are his directions how to make it comfortable. Either way, the life is savage enough, and does not contemplate anything like the more enlightened pleasures of Mr. Molloy's cruise on the Loire, where the travellers had always an eye for the nobler attractions of the way. Mr. Taunt's directions about the preparation of meals in this wild holiday are as striking as his preface to it:—

"Now a word on cooking and buying things. 'It's no use my camping out, I can't cook,' says one. Don't tell me, but try it; you will soon learn. What! not able to cook a beefsteak or chop, boil some potatoes or cabbage, and get up a plain dinner? Well, you are the very person who ought to camp out; it will teach you self-reliance. If you are afraid of the cooking, get your wife or your sweetheart to show you how; don't be ashamed to learn *even from them*; you won't find much difficulty about it."

There is something in the god-like case with which these recommendations are issued which is very sublime; but, alas! we have less confidence in human nature than Mr. Taunt has, and feel it but too probable that our dear reader's wife or sweetheart might scarcely be able to instruct him offhand how to cook a beefsteak and boil potatoes, if he did kindly condescend to learn "even from them." Would that the river-god would teach our cooks his mystery! However, let us repeat that we do not recommend sleeping in the boat like Mr. Taunt, or pitching a tent upon the river-banks like our young friends on the backwater. The river, dear reader, as you may have suspected, is damp. As we get to the end of a day's journey, can we not see before us in the late twilight, a white mist almost like smoke hanging low over the surface of the water, hold-

ing out a faint little flag of warning? and the dews are heavy on the hot July evenings, and penetrate even through waterproof; and the backwaters are muddy and full of slimy things; and when the darkness comes down close, and the colour goes out of everything, even out of that blazing thicket of pink loosestrife, and the scarlet poppies that burn among the corn, the water has a way of looking very mournful, glittering in a pale blackness and whiteness, with a moan and shiver on the bank instead of the musical ripple of the morning. The Swan at Streatley, for instance, is a much more pleasant place to spend the night in, in a white little bedchamber all fresh and airy, with honeysuckles coming in at the window, and a grey beautiful old church within a dozen yards; while the kindly village lies beyond, and the rush of the impetuous weir sounds softly all through the summer night.

But time fails us to tell of the picturesque nooks that you glide upon in every corner in our dear familiar river. Churches not grand and stately like those upon the Seine, but quaint and old like natural growths of time, centres of village life and death, the living church and the dead gravestones alike all moss grown and subdued to tranquillity, passionate grief or loss, or even devotion, being out of place in such peaceful corners; and the kind open houses all cheerful and friendly, with green lawns gay with flowers, and the quaint buildings of the little towns crowding down to pile themselves, roof upon roof, by the stream, as if they had no room for the sole of their foot, though miles of broad unoccupied country lie round them, and no such need exists. There are no picturesque and splendid terminations to a day's journey, such as

Blois or Amboise, Loches, or Chenonceaux—no ruined castles upon the hilltops as on the groups of rivers that cluster about Rhine, no Schloss-Elz rugged and picturesque. Except the villages with their devout old hereditary churches, and the quaint little towns which are not exciting, there is no grand object to interrupt the calm of the Thames—but one. That one, however, is more imposing than Blois and Amboise put together, though we are so much used to it, and it is so easily accessible that we scarcely realise its grandeur. It is Windsor, the noblest royal residence, the most splendid feudal castle now existing anywhere, so far as we are aware—lifting up its noble old donjon over the picturesque dependencies that climb its hillsides, and looking far over its park and forest, over the broad and rich plain which extends that park to the far limits of the horizon, with the calm dignity of a monarch assured of no possible rival. Windsor is so far common that it is but twenty miles from London, and consequently a place which anybody may “do” at an hour's notice. If it happened to be five hundred miles off it would be one of the great points of travel, attended by all the miseries and vanities that dog the steps of tourists. To drop down from the higher river upon this great epic in stone is worth days of river-journeying. As it stretches out lengthening upon the view, the long spreading line of princely turrets, the fretted pinnales of St. George's, the gigantic antique mass of the Curfew Tower, all crowned with the great donjon, massive yet light against the blue sky; its feet clothed in luxuriant clouds of foliage, and old red houses creeping down to their protector, it is impossible to imagine a more splendid object. And we do not

know any other place in any other country where a castle so noble combines with its own attractions the splendour of such a chapel as St. George's, great at once in itself and in its associations. It is well worth any fatigue or trouble—but that the effort demands more—to see the afternoon sunshine pouring through those lovely arches, gilding the dust of glory upon those old banners which mark the knightly stall of each companion of the Garter, while the white-robed choristers sing below like angels, and the noblest music that man has ever made goes echoing through wide nave and dusky aisle, bearing the praises of poetry more noble than man could make unaided, to the listening heavens.

But Windsor is the one great climax of the Thames. Above and below the beauty of woods and water is great, but there is nothing else to rival the royal castle. Every one knows the enchanting prospect from Richmond Hill, the drooping willows of Twickenham, the quaint red-brick glories of Hampton Court.

But these are public and common in comparison with the quiet reaches where the traveller has the water and the sky and all those delicate reflections which unite them, to himself; where the woods wave soft and green and warm, and the water-lilies stop the way; where there are trout leaping in the fragrant rush of the weir, and perch lurking under the rushes, and everywhere the genial blessed air of summer, the glowing sunsets, and deep hush of noonday. Perhaps the intending tourist will feel it not far enough or strange enough to refresh him after the toils of the season. Let him go where he will by the mountains or the sea, and heaven speed him! for the moment has come to get free, to breathe full, and wander far.

"Now longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

But neither Alp nor ocean will give him more refreshment than the River—which is our last word on the subject, let all the railways and all the excursionists say what they may.

THE DILEMMA.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XVI.

FOR poor Yorke, returning to Mustaphabad from his pilgrimage in camp, on learning that Olivia was actually married, the outward circumstances of the time were eminently calculated to foster the desire which possessed him to be miserable. He could not, indeed, but admit feeling a pleasurable sensation on finding a well-thatched roof over his head again, and doors to keep out the dust; but life at Mustaphabad was very dismal, and the prospect of living through the monotony of the long hot season seemed, in his temper of mind, utterly dreary. There was nothing to work for, nor work of any sort to be done. Drills were over, and everybody who could get away on any excuse had gone to the hills; some to remain there till October,—others, including Spragge, on sixty days' leave—at the end of which time it might be hoped the first fall of rain would have restored parched nature and somewhat abated the heat. A few minutes passed in the sepoy's lines at daybreak sufficed to dispose of all regimental business, when such of the officers as were present with the regiment assembled to drink tea on the shady side of the mess bungalow, and discuss the extremely small points of interest offered by the local papers, being chiefly tantalising accounts of picnics and cricket-matches at the hill stations, till the advancing sun came over the roof and drove them to the shelter of their respective houses. By this time it would be about seven o'clock. Then the doors are closed to keep out the rising, dust-laden wind, and the solitary occupant of his bungalow has to

get through the long day as best he can, trying to read books in which he feels no interest, perhaps trying to kill the hours by sleep, till the western wall of the station racquet-court throws enough shade over it to allow of the players assembling there. This, and the plunge in the station bath, which lies handy to the court, and whither the players' servants repair at sunset with their masters' changes of raiment, is the only part of the day worth living for, the evening mess-dinner being an ordeal to be dreaded, for by this time the different members of the mess have completely thrashed out each other's ideas. "Is this life," thought Yorke, riding slowly to the mess through the dusk, one evening after his bath—"is this life to last forever? Each day so long to spend, so short to look back upon! And this is called a military career! Even study is impossible. I can read no longer for reading's sake—shall I never find any useful work to do?" Nor was his frame of mind made more contented by a letter received that day with the English mail, distributed to the station during the afternoon, which his servant had brought down to the bath-house, and which Yorke read as he dressed after his plunge. It was from his only sister, who lived with his mother in the small but favourite cathedral town of Wiltonbury, and, as usual, was full of the exciting news which such a residence was calculated to supply; the most important item being the arrival of a new incumbent to a proprietary chapel of the town, whom both mother and daughter had met at a tea-party on the previous even-

ing. "He is such a beautiful preacher," said the fair writer, "and evidently a real Christian, which is more than can be said for all the clergymen of the Close, whose service, as Mr. Morgan says, is so much of the senses and so little from the heart. But he prays that his ministrations here may be blessed for good in the whole place as well as in his parish. He expressed great interest about you, and hoped your profession would not dispose you to worldly-mindedness, but said that temptation was often a means of grace. Indeed, he told us a most interesting anecdote after tea about a young officer, belonging to the Indian army I think he said, who drank himself to death, leaving a wife and six children quite penniless, but whose deathbed was beautifully touching—so much repentance, and such perfect trust and thankfulness to fall asleep. And oh! my dearest Arthur, when I think of all the temptations you are exposed to in the dissipations of an Indian cantonment, with its gaiety and elegant mess-rooms and billiard-tables and smoking, I often tremble lest they should be too great a burden for you to bear. But, as Mr. Morgan says, we must put our trust above, and all will be for the best.

"We have had a sad example here, which brought you very forcibly to our minds. Young Johnny Mills, who had such a splendid opening in the County Bank, has become dreadfully dissipated; they say he is to be seen standing about the Red Lion at all hours of the night, and then late in coming in to business in the morning, till the manager has threatened to dismiss him if he is late again. Poor Mrs. Mills and the girls are in dreadful trouble about him. As mamma truly says, it seems quite providential now he was not allowed to carry

his attentions further. And now, my ever dearest brother, with heartfelt prayers for your happiness in this world and the next, ever your fondly attached sister,

"REBECCA YORKE."

"This may be a scene of trial, if not exactly of temptation," thought the young man, with a bitter smile, as he looked round the mess-table after the cloth was removed, and surveyed the company—Major Dumble the commandant in the centre, with his hookah, last relic of a bygone age, and his tumbler of cold brandy-and-water, the rest with cigars, and the black bottles before them containing such portions of beer as remained over from dinner; Brevet-Major Passey, who was living *en garçon* at the mess, his wife and daughter having gone to the hills; Grumbull, the doctor, doing likewise in the absence of his family in England, with a guest seated by him, a young medical friend, who was passing through Mustaphabad on his way to join his regiment; Captain Braddon puffing his cigar, grim and silent; Braywell, the only other lieutenant present; Ensign Dobson, and little Johnny Raugh, the junior of his grade, who had just been appointed to the regiment, and was greatly impressed with a sense of the fastness of military life as typified by the 76th N.I. The servants had left the room, dimly lighted by oil-wicks in glasses attached to the bare whitewashed walls, and the punkah, pulled by a sleepy man in the veranda, flapped languidly to and fro.

"Well, boys," said Major Dumble, a large, stout man, looking round the table with an amiably stupid expression on his face, "what's the news to-day?"

"Can't expect any news, major," replied Dobson, "in this awful dull place. Dullest station ever was in

I think," added the young man, yawning—"wish the hot weather were over."

"Well, I rather like the hot weather," observed the major, blandly; "there's no drill for one thing." Here a languid smile possessed the company, all except the visitor, who did not take the joke; and the major recovering himself added, "At least drill in moderation is very well, but I must say I enjoy the long days; plenty of time to one's self, and no interruptions. I like to have time to turn round in."

As Major Dumble was known not to possess a book in his house, save the Bengal Army List and the Military Pay Code, and was not burdened with correspondence of any sort, his day in his bungalow must unquestionably have afforded him ample time wherein to perform that operation. But it was generally understood that the worthy commandant of the 78th distributed his time pretty equally between refreshing naps, discussing bazaar gossip with his servants, and feeding his poultry, the major being a connoisseur in fowls, and supplying his surplus stock in a friendly way to the mess at cost price.

"Oh, it's all very well for you, major," continued Dobson, "who have all the business of the regiment to look after, but I'm blessed if I can get half-an-hour's work a-day out of my company. These hot-weather days are disgustingly long; I almost wish sometimes there was a little drill going on, to kill time and give a fellow a little exercise."

"You should play racquets," observed Braddon; "you are sure to go to the bad if you eat three heavy meals a-day and don't take exercise."

"Oh, I can't be bothered with racquets," replied the ensign; "it's too much trouble, and makes one so hot."

"Ah yes, these military gentle-

men find all play and no work a little tedious," said Grumbull to his friend; "but we medical officers have to work away just the same all the year round; hot weather or cold, no holiday for us."

"How many men have you got in hospital now, doctor?" asked Braddon.

"It isn't the number of patients that make the work," replied Grumbull; "it's the system. One must visit the hospital morning and evening, and all the routine has to be gone through just the same whether the hospital is full or empty; returns to be filled in, and stores to be counted, and all the rest of it. They turn us medical officers into regular clerks," he continued to his friend, "as you will find when you come to have medical charge of a regiment."

"Yes, it is quite like cutting grindstones with razors," said Braddon; "you ought to have a secretary, at the least, to keep the medical accounts of the regiment, so that you might give your undivided attention to your five sick patients. That is the number in to-day's return, I think."

"You are very satirical, as usual," replied Grumbull; "but I think when a man has had a scientific education and taken a university degree, he might be trusted to issue an ounce of quinine, or a scrap of lint, without filling up a return in duplicate."

"Ah, I can't go with you there, doctor," broke in the major; "where you have stores, there you must in course have returns,—else how are you to audit? As old Counter, the late auditor-general, a precious long-headed fellow he was too, used always to say, 'Show me a voucher, and then I shall know where I am.' Why, bless me!" continued Dumble, with enthusiasm, as reminiscences of his former occupation crowded

upon his memory, "when I was in the pay department, I have had as many as five hundred vouchers passing through my office in a week; and never an arrear of any sort, either, everything audited up to within fifteen months of date."

"So you are a university man," said the young guest of the evening to his host; "Edinburgh, I suppose?"

"No, Aberdeen."

"Ah, well, no doubt, a university degree is a very nice thing—it gives a stamp to a man, so to speak; but I think nowadays the rising men in the profession go more to the London hospitals, and come out as M.R.C.S. That is what I did myself. There are so many openings, you see, for a fellow who makes a name for himself in the hospitals—dresserships, and clinical lectureships, and what not. Both Fiston and Thelsson wanted me to stop on in London," added the young man, modestly, "but I was anxious to see something of the world, and to investigate some forms of tropical diseases, so I took an assistant-surgeonship. I am very anxious myself to get some experience of cholera, for example. Where is one likely to meet with it, do you think?"

"You need be under no anxiety on that score, sir," said Braddon; "you will find it very accommodating and ready to wait upon you wherever you are."

"By the way," said the young medical man, turning to his host, "have you read O'Hara on Cholera? Just out, you know, published by Churchill & Co."

"No, I haven't," replied Grumbull; "and, what is more, I don't mean to. I don't want O'Hara or anybody else to tell me what cholera is,—me a man who has been twenty years in the country."

"I suppose, then, you go in for the germ theory?"

"No, I don't believe in germs [Dr. Grumbull pronounced this word as if it were spelt jurrums], or any newfangled stuff of the sort. Look here, my good sir," he continued, bringing down his hand with a thump on the mess-table, "you have cholera on the plains of Bengal, and you have cholera on the highlands of Thibet, fifteen thousand feet above the sea, haven't you? Well, then, I say, isn't the thing as plain as a pikestaff? It's the variations of temperature that cause cholera, of course, and I don't care what anybody else says."

"The cholera is an awful thing when it breaks out in a European regiment," observed the major, after a pause.

"Have you ever served with a European regiment, sir?" asked the stranger, turning towards him.

"No, sir; and never wish to. The European soldier is a queer customer sometimes, I can tell you. I heard once of a man in the old Diehards; the captain of his company was finding fault with him because his knapsack wasn't straight, and he turned round and bawled out, 'I haven't got eyes in the back of my head, have I?' Now no sepoy would have answered his officer like that."

"Ah, and do you remember that story of Poynings and the European gunner at the siege of Bhurtপুর?" said Major Passey, a small weather-beaten old fellow, with a red face and white hair, who had remained silent up to this point.

"Ah, what a fine man Poynings was!" continued the commandant. "He exchanged out of the 19th Lancers when they went home in 1832, into the 23d Dragoons."

"No, the 22d Dragoons," said Passey, in correction; "the 23d went home in '33."

"Ay, so it was. Poynings was commanding the 22d at Cawnpore,

when we were there in 1834. He would sit at mess over the bottle till gunfire the next morning, and then his charger would be brought to the door, and he would ride off to parade as steady and fresh as if he had been in bed all night. He was a man of very good family, too, was Poynings; he had a cousin an Irish peer. Ah, those were fine times! wheat was down then to forty seers, and you might keep a horse for five rupees a-month. The 22d lost a hundred men from cholera that very year."

"Ah, what a splendid corps the 22d was!" observed Passey, after a pause, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"It was indeed," said the major. "Cawnpore was a fine station in those days for a young fellow to learn his duty at; brigade parades and grand guard-mounting regularly once a-month, all through the cold weather. Old General Mudge was commanding the division. He died in 1836. It was thought he would have got into Council if he had lived."

"Wasn't it Mudge who had the row with Poynings, because he inspected the 22d in his carriage?" asked Passey.

"Yes, to be sure, so it was. Mudge couldn't ride, you know; he had been in the stud department for a great many years; but he spoke the language like a native. Only fancy, he was a regimental field-officer when Lord Lake was commander-in-chief."

"There's a fine picture of Lord Lake at Government House in Calcutta," observed Passey.

"Ay, and of Warren Hastings too," continued the major. "When I entered the service, the colonel of my battalion (we were the second battalion of the 38th then) had known Warren Hastings. He remembers seeing him arrive at Cal-

cutta from up-country, and get out of his palanquin, with silk stockings on, and buckles on his shoes. Only think, silk stockings and buckles in a palanquin! Dear me! what changes one sees in dress, to be sure!" continued Dumble, philosophically. "How do you like the new tunic, Passey?"

"Have there been many changes in the uniform of the army since you entered the service, major?" asked young Raugh, to whom the subject of dress was one at present of leading interest, and to whom it had been a blow and disappointment, on joining the regiment a few weeks before, to find that the officers had already taken to white jackets, and that there would be no opportunity of airing his brand-new scarlet coatee till the next cold season.

"Changes! I believe you," replied his commanding officer. "Why, when I went to wait on the Marquess of Hastings on first arrival, with a letter of introduction—it was from Hambrowe & Co., the great wine merchants—they supplied his lordship; my father used to get his wine from them too, and very good wine it was;—well, when I waited on Lord Hastings, he was sitting at his desk in full uniform, with his cocked-hat on the table before him—and that in the middle of the hot weather too!"

"Ay," said Passey, in support of this statement, "I can remember, too, when I came out—that was in Lord Amherst's time—the adjutant-general used to sit in his office in uniform all day."

"Oh yes! Lord Amherst, he was a good governor-general enough," said Dumble, a little testily, as if impatient at this interruption to the logical sequence of his thoughts; "but he wasn't nearly so fine-looking a man as Lord Hastings. Lord Hastings was commander-in-chief

as well as governor-general, and commanded in the Mahratta campaigns. Then there was Lady Hastings too. She was a countess in her own right."

"Talking of campaigns," broke in Braywell, whose comparative youth had prevented him from taking a share in these interesting reminiscences, and who had been maintaining his enforced silence with visible impatience,—“talking of campaigns—it is just a year since we finished the Sontalia campaign."

"Was your regiment in the Sontalia campaign, sir?" asked the young surgeon.

"No, not the regiment," replied Braywell; "I was there on the staff—baggage-master to the right column; and precious little I have got for it either. Here I am back again on regimental duty; might just as well have never gone down there. Yes; this was the very day of the battle of Deoghur, and a very hot affair it was."

"Must have been," observed Braddon, "with the hot winds blowing."

"You're such a fellow for chaff, Braddon," remonstrated Braywell; "you know what I mean perfectly well. I was on the right of the line, with the brigadier; there was a detachment of the 84th N.I. there, and things were looking awkward. The jungle was so thick you couldn't see twenty yards ahead of

you, and the arrows and spears were coming in like paint. I never saw anything like it. Our fellows were at it for about four hours, and must have fired full fifty rounds or more before the enemy gave way. They were there in swarms, but not a man showing himself, the crafty villains—most determined fellows—and their arrows coming in like paint——"

"Was anybody in the gallant detachment killed or wounded?" asked Braddon.

"Their arrows coming in like paint——," continued Braywell, too intent on the pleasure of securing a new listener to heed the interruption.

"Oh, confound it! I can't stand this," said Braddon in a low voice to Yorke—"we have had this fifty times before; come along and have a cigar outside." So saying, he rose from the mess-table, and Yorke followed, leaving the two veterans dozing over their brandy-and-water—young Raugh sitting opposite to Braywell, with wide-open eyes, listening with unabated attention to the oft-told tale of the battle of Deoghur, while the young assistant-surgeon, leaning back in his chair, and running his hand through his fine head of hair, was also attending with as much interest as could reasonably be expected from a scientific mind occupied for the moment with mere military topics.

CHAPTER XVII.

Yorke had of late become somewhat intimate with Braddon. The latter was a disappointed man, remanded not long before from the headquarter staff to regimental duty; and his temper, soured by the misfortune which had marred a career of promise, rather jumped with the young man's present frame of mind.

Yorke indeed was the only man in the regiment who saw anything of Braddon except on duty or at the mess, and he would often pass some of his long hours in the other's bungalow, in desultory talk or reading the books with which Braddon was well supplied. It was, however, only during the day that they

met. Braddon usually passed his evenings alone, and although no one in the regiment had ever seen him the worse for drink, rumour had it that the vice which it was supposed had been the cause of his downfall was becoming a confirmed habit, and that he seldom went sober to bed. On the present occasion, however, Braddon proposed a move into his compound, where on the gravel space before the veranda were a couple of lounging-chairs and a low table with bottles and glasses, and seating himself, invited his companion to take a cheroot and glass of brandy-and-water. Yorke accepted the cheroot, but declined the other refreshment, and the two began talking.

The conversation turned naturally on late events and the temper of the army, for already there had been hangings and disbandments. At the mess-table the subject was avoided, because some of the servants understood English; but in private little else was now talked about.

"Braywell, after all, is no worse than others, with his tomfoolery about hot fire, and gallant conduct, and the rest of it," observed Braddon, at one point of the conversation. "It is merely what he has been brought up to. Look at the way in which Lord Ellenborough belauded the troops which did not surrender in Afghanistan or had the pluck to face the enemy in the open. That wasn't the way old Lord Lake and the Duke went to work. We have gone on pampering and buttering up the sepoy whenever he does his duty, till really one might suppose it was the recognised business of a soldier to run away, and quite a surprising and creditable circumstance if he does not. Every little skirmish, too, nowadays is magnified into a great battle."

"Still we had our real battles too," said Yorke. "Surely there has sel-

dom been harder fighting anywhere than in the Sutlej campaign."

"But the sepoy did run away then; at any rate a great many of them did, and a good many Europeans too. For the matter of that, Europeans know how to run away very freely sometimes, but then there is this difference between them and the sepoy, that they are always thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and ready to come up to the scratch again fresher than ever; but at the end of the first day at Ferozshah the sepoy had got the heart pretty well taken out of them; Lord Hardinge clubbed what European troops he could get together next morning and went in at the enemy; and if that handful of men had not been game, we should have been driven out of the country. There were no reserves to speak of."

"And yet the sepoy have fought well at times."

"Yes, and will fight well again if kept in order. The sepoy is a brave fellow enough—no man faces death, as a rule, with more indifference when he is in the humour; but you can't expect mercenary troops to fight properly without discipline."

"But don't you think the discipline, on the whole, is good? Where would you find less crime in an army, or better conduct?"

"Well, they don't drink," said Braddon, bitterly, "and so have no cause to misbehave; and they are obedient enough, no doubt, so long as you don't give them any orders."

"How not give them any orders?"

"Oh, of course, so long as you give them any customary orders, which they think proper, they will obey you readily enough. If a parade is ordered for to-morrow morning, I daresay you will find all the men there. But tell them to do anything they don't like—to intrench themselves on a campaign, for example, or to use a new kind

of cartridge, or to march to a bad part of the country out of their turn—and then see the sort of fashion in which you are obeyed. It wasn't so long ago that our own noble regiment refused to go on a campaign for the precious reason that they had just come off a campaign. Or meet the sepoy of another regiment off duty, and see if he treats you as a soldier should behave to an officer. No; discipline has departed from the Bengal army this long time, and small blame to it. Everybody in office, from the governor-general and commander-in-chief downwards, has been doing his best for years past to undermine it, taking away power from commanding officers in one direction, and adding privileges in the other, till there is nothing left to hang any discipline upon, and the wonder is that the machine keeps together at all. Your commanding officers are mere dummies to take charge of the parade and draw a certain amount of pay; just as well perhaps that they are no more, considering the sort of creatures some of them are. Poor old Dumble, for example, isn't exactly the sort of man to put much responsibility upon."

"But how is it that the authorities are blind to this state of things, if it is so bad as you make out?"

"They are not blind; at any rate, not all of them. Lord Hardinge, who was a thorough soldier if ever there was one, saw plainly enough what a rotten state we were in. One day after the battle of Sobraon, when the staff were talking rather freely about the behaviour of certain regiments, he turned round and said—I was about headquarters, then, you know: 'I can tell you what, gentlemen—the next enemy you

will have to fight is your own army.' And his words will come true, if we don't look out."

"Then do you really think there is any danger of the whole army ever turning against us?"

"I don't know exactly about that. The native officers and the old soldiers will hardly be such fools as to throw up their pensions, and then the Hindoos and Mussulmans wouldn't care to row in the same boat, so that there are a good many chances in our favour; but I confess I should like to see every native regiment cut down to eight hundred strong, and half-a-dozen more European regiments ordered out."

Yorke noticed that while they were talking, Braddon had more than once filled his glass. This was the first time he had been witness to the habit in which it was suspected by the regiment that the latter indulged, and he would fain have interposed with a word of caution and remonstrance. But a sense of delicacy restrained him at first, and now his companion was beyond remonstrance. His voice had become thicker; and when, a few minutes later, Yorke got up to go away, he was becoming indistinct in his utterance and loud in his denunciation of the authorities; and the young man went off to his bungalow sad at heart at witnessing the falling away of his brother officer, good soldier and clever man as he was, and with the latter's forebodings about the future of the army still in his ears. Braddon and Falkland had used almost the same words. Was, then, the confidence he had expressed to Miss Cunningham in the loyalty of his regiment a mere foolish infatuation, as baseless as his dream of gaining her love?

CHAPTER XVIII.

A few more idle days were passed in the torpor of heat and false security, before the great storm broke out, engulfing at once some of the small European communities in India scattered over the country, surprised and defenceless, while others for a time endured only the bitterness of expectation. Rumours of the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi reached Mustaphabad in a few hours, and to the horror and indignation aroused by the first news, there soon followed unspeakable dread and suspense as the tidings came from one station after another of treacherous risings and murder and anarchy, and those who had so far escaped felt that the same catastrophe might at any moment overtake themselves. Here, as in every place where there were both white and black troops, the gravity of the situation was vastly aggravated by the difficulty of framing a plan of action; for to make preparations might have been to accelerate the outbreak. And the position of the officers of the native regiments was peculiarly embarrassing; for while they seemed to be regarded by the rest of the community as if in some way unwittingly the cause of the calamity, and shared for the time the odium aroused by the misconduct of the sepoys in other places, they for their part were not only precluded by their position from taking the precautions which the other European residents made against a treacherous outbreak of their men; they would also certainly be the first victims. Right bravely, however, they faced the danger, professing unlimited confidence in their men—a confidence which, whatever they felt, they exemplified by sending their beds down to the parade-ground, and sleeping there unarmed in front of

the men's huts on the edge of the plain, the armed sentries marching to and fro beside them. And at times, indeed, when talking to the men—men who had never before been otherwise than docile and respectful, it seemed impossible to doubt their protestations of loyalty, their declarations even of detestation at the conduct of the regiments which had mutinied, and their professions of eagerness to be led against the common enemy. And yet a change had come over them which could not but be observed—a certain sullenness of manner, a look as if of suspicion that they were suspected, which the officers in vain endeavoured by their own appearance of confidence to ignore. Nobody else, however, expressed any confidence in the sepoys, or hesitated to avow the expectation that sooner or later they would follow the example of the mutineers elsewhere; and the officers of the hussars and European artillery were all for marching down on the native lines and disarming the sepoys by force, with sabres and grape *ad libitum* if the latter should show their teeth; and Brigadier Polwheele, who was ready to hear advice from every one who offered it, although quite unable to make up his mind about it, received numerous proposals to this effect from the self-constituted critics of the situation; for military etiquette had disappeared for a time under the first excitement of the crisis, and people walked in and out of the brigade office as if it were a tap-room. The Brigadier, however, at this juncture was disabled [from active duty by a fall from his grey cob, which had happened three weeks before, causing fracture of the small bone of the leg; and the command of the station practically

devolved on Colonel Tartar. Tartar was a man of decision; but while the European force at his disposal consisted only of cavalry and artillery, he was desirous of avoiding extreme measures which might precipitate an outbreak of so large a body of sepoys. In ten days a regiment of European infantry and another of Ghoorkeas, with a supply of ammunition, would arrive at Mustaphabad, when it was his intention to disarm the native regiments, and then, having made his rear safe, to march with the remainder of his force to what was now the seat of war. Meanwhile the needful measures were hurried on for taking the field, and all the soldiers' wives and children were sent off in bullock-carts to the hills, under escort of the few European soldiers who were not fit for active service, and a detachment of the Nawab's troops, who were believed to be stanch. Most of the married officers took advantage of the opportunity to send off their families also.

During this time the outward aspect of the place remained unchanged; during the day-time the roads bore the same deserted aspect as usual, and the fierce hot wind had them to itself, while at sunset the residents took their customary ride or drive along the mall. But in the European barracks the guards were strengthened, and strong pickets were always on duty, while the hussars and artillery horses stood saddled in their stables. The miscellaneous European residents were all privately warned to make their way to the hussar barracks if any firing should be heard; and a cordon of observation was drawn between the European and native lines, the officers of the native regiments remaining alone with their suspected sepoys. Their tents were pitched with those of the men on the regimental parades, for the native regiments had been formally warned

that they were to make part of the field force, and the officers had sent their baggage to the camp and slept there every night; but they still spent the days in their bungalows to avoid the fierce May heat, and dined in their respective mess-houses—for even among men expecting to be murdered, the formalities of life must be gone through. Ten weary, dreary days. In the European quarters there was plenty to be done, for the camp equipment of Europeans is multifarious, and hot-weather campaigning-clothes had to be improvised; but the sepoy's wants are simple and few, and after the tents were duly pitched and camels provided for carrying them, there was little remaining to be done; and the days passed slowly enough for the officers in their bungalows, now looking cheerless and dismantled, or in the mess-house discussing such items of news as found their way to Mustaphabad despite interrupted posts and telegraphs—news ever growing blacker; simulating a confidence which no one felt, talking over the details of the duty which they professed to have before them, of leading their men against the mutineers, to wipe out the stain which rested on the army; half hoping that their particular regiments might prove an exception to the rule of treachery then paramount, half expecting to be shot down suddenly, unarmed and defenceless.

"They have got a capital opportunity for polishing us off this evening, if they want to do so," observed Spragge, cheerily, who with all other officers on leave had rejoined at the first tidings of the outbreak, as they sat down to mess-dinner on the first evening of his return; "half-a-dozen of them could do the trick nicely, if they feel so disposed;" but the joke fell somewhat flat—this particular fate of a massacre while at the mess-table having already befallen the

officers of another regiment down country; the suggestion was considered ill-timed in the presence of the servants, who might understand what was said; moreover, the mess-orderly sepoy was standing in the veranda—and the dinner passed off without any further attempt at jests or badinage.

One morning, after more than a week had dragged itself out in this fashion, Yorke received orders to march to the Residency with two companies to strengthen the guard there. In the state of combined suspense and monotony which made up life at that time, a movement of any sort was an acceptable change. Everything being ready for marching, the detachment started half-an-hour after the order was received; and Yorke, as he mounted his horse to follow it, was for the moment in good spirits, although he could not but be struck by the change in the European mode of life made in the last ten days, as typified by the manner of his march. When last he set out for the Residency, the authorities had been careful to choose the cool of the evening for the march. Now it was made in the full glare of a May sun at mid-day. And as he rode along in the rear of the detachment, and to windward of it to keep out of the dust made by the men's feet, it came upon him suddenly that he had been untrue to the memory of his love. During the last ten days his thoughts had scarcely once been occupied with the past; was this, he thought bitterly, to be the end of the great passion he had been hugging to his breast, and was it fear or excitement that had deadened his senses? But now as he drew near the house, his old feelings came up again. Yet no! not the same feelings. To cherish a common sort of love for the woman who could now never be his, would, he felt, be desecration. She must

now be, it seemed to him, as a saint to be worshipped rather than a woman to be loved, and his heart bounded at the thought that he might now have the opportunity of proving his devotion in a way that could give no offence to the purest mind. Yet he did not even know if she were still at the Residency, or whether she had been sent away with the other ladies to a place of safety in the hills.

The detachment marched in to the Residency enclosure, and halted in the same place where Yorke had encamped before—the very spot of which, only three months ago, Olivia had made the pretty sketch, and when Yorke, standing by her while she plied her brush, had bewailed the monotony of military life, and its want of reality. No want of reality now, at any rate, and the only monotony that of suspense. Letting the detachment pile arms and break off, to take shelter under the trees which skirted the Park wall, Yorke walked across the grounds to the house, under the portico of which divers scarlet-coated attendants were lounging as usual, and followed the man who went forward to announce him into the house. As he entered the large drawing-room, Mrs. Falkland came out of a side room and advanced to meet him. It was just here that they parted the last time he saw her, when he went off, credulous young fool, burning with love and elate with hope, to be crushed to the earth presently with shame and despair. But three short months had passed, and now hope and love had been crushed together;—and yet not love. Yorke felt in his heart that his love for the beautiful woman before him was as deep as ever; but he felt also with honest pride that it was love of a different kind; that for the future devotion must be given without acknowledgment or return; and, mingled with his anxiety at seeing her thus exposed to the

threatening danger, was a feeling of elation that he might be near to share, perhaps even to shield her from it.

As Olivia came forward, Yorke noticed that she looked paler, and the rich colour and tasteful ornaments in which she had been wont to attire herself were replaced by a simple white muslin dress trimmed with a little blue ribbon, in keeping with the weather, but which made her, he thought, look taller and thinner. But he thought her also lovelier than ever.

Olivia blushed slightly, as she came forward and held out her hand. Did she at all guess what wild work she had made with his poor heart? "You have come with the troops, I suppose?" she said; "my husband is very anxious to see you; will you step into his room?" And she led the way to Colonel Falkland's office.

Falkland was writing at a table in his shirt-sleeves, for the heat was intense, and the punkah was not at work. Hot though it was, Yorke thought he would never have sat down in that guise before Mrs. Falkland, if she had been his wife. The colonel held out his hand to greet him, but without rising. He wanted Yorke and his detachment, he said, to strengthen the Residency guard. The greater part of the treasure had been sent into cantonments for the use of the field force about to march, but there were still about three lakhs of rupees — a considerable temptation to the roughs in the city, who were quite ready to rise on the smallest provocation, but would keep quiet so long as the troops on guard remained stanch, which they would probably do, so long as the main body at headquarters stuck by their colours. What did Yorke think about his own regiment?

Yorke said that they were well-

conducted and steady enough so far, but he could not help admitting that a change had come over the manner of the sepoys, as in men who knew they were suspected, and deserved to be, after the treachery displayed at other places. Still, foolish though it might be, he could not help believing that they would prove an exception to the wholesale treachery everywhere manifested.

"Well, everything depends on General Slough; he has been sent down to take command, and arrived in cantonments this morning. And yet not everything. A blockhead may easily precipitate matters, but a Hannibal could not keep the sepoys from mutiny if they are bent on it. I am going down to cantonments presently to see what plans are determined upon, as soon as I can get my letter-writing done. This is the misfortune for us civilians," continued the colonel, looking wearily over his table covered with papers; "we have to be writing when we ought to be acting. I have been sitting here quill-driving ever since daybreak, and have not got through half the work yet. There are fifty things still to be done for the troops, and expresses to be sent in all directions."

"Cannot I act as your private secretary, sir?" asked Yorke; "I shall be only too happy to be of use."

"Thank you very much, my dear boy, but I think you should keep by the Treasury with your men just for the present. Here is my private secretary," he added, taking his wife's right hand, as she stood beside him, with his left, without looking up; and as Yorke quitted the room to join his detachment, he thought to himself that he could never have ventured to make her his drudge, or to hold out a left hand in that way. With him she must always have been as one superior,

to be treated like a queen ; and he could not but admit in his state of self-abasement that Falkland was the more fitting husband for such a bride. Yet what a honeymoon for her !

Passing out of the portico, Yorke met Captain Sparrow coming on foot towards the house, and they stopped to exchange a few words, standing on the brown surface, which at that season did duty for grass, in the full blaze of the mid-day sun. Sparrow was pale and anxious and excited, nor had the arrival of the detachment tended to reassure him. It was perfect madness of Falkland, he exclaimed, to send for more sepoy, and to think of holding the place by force, instead of giving up the Residency and falling back on cantonments. The troops were to march eastward that night, and then the city would rise, and they would all be murdered, as sure as fate. "He won't even agree," continued the captain, "to my giving up my own house and joining him in the Residency, lest it should seem to invite a rising ; and for the same reason he wouldn't send Mrs. Falkland away. It's all very well to show a bold front, but to my mind a few reasonable precautions would be better. I don't fancy being caught like a rat in a trap. All this pretence of confidence where you don't feel any seems simple infatuation. But it is no good remonstrating with him." And so saying, Sparrow passed on into the house.

The court-house, which Yorke had to guard—a long one-storeyed building with an arched veranda on each side, situated on the open plain a short distance beyond the Residency enclosure-wall—was not this day the scene of much business, the Commissioner being absent in the cantonments, and Captain Sparrow too busy, as he said, to attend,

so that only the East Indian assistant was present to conduct the Treasury routine ; and the suitors who, having come out from the city, seemed disposed as they were there to make a day of it, sat squatting for the most part under the clumps of trees which surrounded the building, where also their ponies and the bullocks which had conveyed their carriages were tethered, discussing like the rest of the world the news of the day, momentous enough in itself, and not likely to have lost in importance from being retailed through the country by word of mouth ; and Yorke fancied that they looked curiously at him as he passed by at the head of his men, as if wondering languidly how soon the latter would set on him.

As soon as the camel-borne tents came up, Yorke had them pitched under these trees ; and, having posted his sentries in the veranda of the rooms occupied by the treasure, he passed the day himself in the Commissioner's waiting-room. Society was still so far organised that *punkah*-pullers were obtained ; but it was symptomatic of the state of the times that the attendants had forgotten to lower the rush-blinds according to custom, so that the room swarmed with flies. At one o'clock his servant brought luncheon, cooked under a tree ; but the beer was almost as hot as the curry ; and flies, heat, and suspense combined, made eating almost impossible. Thus went the long day, Yorke ever and anon scanning the prospect from the veranda, looking through the trees towards the Residency to see if he could trace aught of what was happening to its inmates. It seemed impossible to realise the condition of affairs. Life all around was as quiet as ever. The sepoy, not on guard lay undressed and asleep in their tents ; such of the suitors as had remained were for the

most part also asleep under the trees ; the different court-messengers were trying to get to sleep on the shady side of the veranda. Towards the Residency not a soul was stirring. Even the crows were overcome by the fierce afternoon heat, and sat still on the boughs with their beaks open, gasping for breath. And yet how enviable his position at present compared with that of so many of his countrymen, who, if still alive, were wandering outcasts over these burnt-up plains, struggling under the fierce heat to find some place for shelter ! And his turn was coming. Yet could it be that peaceful aspect was the forerunner of another such tragedy as had already occurred in other parts of India ? The events of the past three months—the races and balls and other small events which

then made up the business of life—seemed already to have faded away into the distance like a dream. The monotonous peace of those times had been found fault with as dreary and dull ; how gladly would such dulness be welcomed back again in place of the dread expectancy of their present state ! And, thought the young man bitterly at times, am I not to be permitted to have even the chance of dying like a man after striking a blow in self-defence—must it be my fate to wait here inactive till it is my turn to be shot down like a dog ? Then again to these despondent feelings would succeed a sensation almost of joy, as he recollected where he was, and that he had come back near to the presence of his old love ; could it be, after all, that their fates were bound together ?

CHAPTER XIX.

At last, the long hot day began to wear to an end ; and towards evening Yorke saw Colonel Falkland's carriage drive up under the Residency portico, whence presently a messenger came to summon him.

He found the colonel standing on the gravel walk outside the house, apparently to avoid eavesdroppers, talking with Sparrow and Maxwell the doctor. He looked grave and anxious. "I am telling our friends here," he said, when Yorke came up to them, "the result of the council of war held in cantonments this afternoon. It was about as unsatisfactory as such councils always are. It is a thousand pities that Tartar was superseded. General Slough is an old woman. There were two straightforward courses to pursue. Either disarm the sepoys at once, boldly shooting them down if they resisted ; or else take them with the field force, and show con-

fidence in them. This would be the only chance of keeping them stanch. Old Slough has decided on a middle course, which will certainly fail, as all middle courses do. One regiment of native infantry is to be sent to Johtuck, nominally to guard the treasure there, in reality to get it out of the way ; another is to go to Meharunpoor for the same reason ; the third is to stay here. Of course the sepoys see through this ; in fact it is an invitation to them to mutiny and take themselves off. They march for their destinations to-night ; the Europeans march at two o'clock to-morrow morning, leaving the 80th N.I. behind ; and we have about twenty-four hours to prepare before the rising which will now certainly take place.

"Well, now, to business. We at any rate must stick to our posts, and stand by the Nawab, who is really behaving very well under great temp-

tation to do otherwise, to the last. I have arranged with the people in cantonments that this house shall be the rendezvous. Every house there is thatched; and there is not a defensible hole or corner in the place. Brigadier Polwheedle is there still, not being fit to travel, and his wife, Buxey the paymaster, and one or two others; and there will be the officers of the 80th, if they can get away. The Nawab has proposed that we should occupy his palace, which is a very strong place; but that is on the other side of the city, and the people from cantonments might never be able to reach it. This house is substantial, and stands well in the open; and if we have only time to get ready, we may be able to hold out here till relief comes. I should have wished to begin preparations ten days ago, but as long as there was a chance of saving things by keeping up appearances, I was bound to hold my hand. All that has been done so far is to store some food. A part has been brought in already, and the Nawab has a further supply at my disposal.

"You might arrange, Maxwell, to bring in some medicines to-night. Take my cart, and fill it up with the needful things from the dispensary.

"I want you, Sparrow, to go to the palace at once with a message to the Nawab. No," he continued, noticing the expression on his assistant's face, "I think there is much less danger of coming to grief if you ride through the city at night than if you go by day. Just step aside for a moment, and I will explain what has to be said.

"Now then," said the Colonel, returning to where Yorke stood, after despatching his unwilling messenger, "let us arrange what has to be done to-morrow, for there is not a moment to be lost. It is unfortunate that

we have no engineers here, to show us how the house might be retrenched; this is one of the occasions that come up in life to reproach us for past idleness and opportunities lost; and you, Yorke, I believe, did not go through Addiscombe; but I know you are a great military student. What are your ideas as to the best way of fortifying the Residency?"

"There couldn't be a better house in India for the purpose, sir. Have you any spare treasure-bags over at the Treasury?"

"Hundreds."

"Then let us have them filled with earth in the morning, and block up the verandas with sand-bag walls; also the portico in the same way. The bushes in the garden near the house should be cut down, so as to destroy cover. The stables are a long way off, but unless they are occupied, and loop-holed on the other side, the enemy might collect to any amount behind them and in them. Occupying them, the Residency itself would not be exposed to fire on that side."

"True; and we should save the horses as long as we can—we may want them. Poor Kathleen, I should be sorry if she were to change hands without value received, and become the property of a general of rebels. But I think the stables are too far off to include in our scheme of defence."

"Well, then, sir, don't you think we ought to include Sparrow's house, at any rate? It is within easy musket-shot of your own, and would be very troublesome if occupied by an enemy; whereas, if we are in possession of it, there is open ground beyond, and we should in fact cover another front of our main fortress with a strong outpost."

"True; but think how this would weaken the garrison. And we don't even know yet whether we shall

have a garrison. At best we shall not be more than a mere handful. No; I think we shall have quite enough to do with the main building. Let us concentrate our resources on that."

There was some further discussion about the arrangements for the morrow, and then Yorke wished the colonel good-night, refusing his offer of dinner (it was now nine o'clock, and quite dark), although he would fain have taken another look at Olivia's anxious face; but, just as he was leaving, he turned back and said—

"Excuse the liberty, sir, but is it too late even now to send Mrs. Falkland to some place of safety?"

"Some place of safety! Where is such a spot to be found? I know of only one—the centre of the European force which is to march from cantonments to-night. But my wife could not ask for a privilege denied to the other ladies. Besides, the troops will have enough to do by themselves, without being encumbered with women and children."

"I feel sorry," added the young man, with some hesitation, "that you did not send her to the hills with the escort that went a few days ago."

"Yes," replied Falkland, slowly, and looking down on the ground; "I suppose a man seldom has his duty put before him in such form as to require him to sacrifice what is dearer to him than his own life. It seems both careless and selfish to have kept her here, does it not? But it looked at one time as if everything would depend on our showing a bold front in every direction; and if the Commissioner had manifested want of confidence by sending his wife away, he might have turned the balance. At least so it seemed to me at the time. Poor child!" he added, as if speak-

ing to himself, "she is hardly conscious of her heroism, or what it has cost her husband to allow her to practise it. Had I known that the people in cantonments would be such fatuous blockheads, I might have acted differently. But it is useless to indulge in regrets. There is nothing to be done but to keep up a bold front to await the crash as best we may."

"Then do you think, sir, that it is quite certain the rest of the army will follow suit and go?"

"I do; all the supposed safeguards have failed us so far. Hindoos and Mohammedans have not shown the jealousy of each other that was expected; and the native officers, who had the strongest inducements to be faithful, seem to be taking the lead everywhere. And although several regiments are holding back for a time, not one has shown a distinct sign of standing by us, or displaying an active part against the mutineers. I expect we shall have the whole army on us sooner or later, although it may be by degrees."

"Then what chance have we against such numbers with our handful of Europeans?"

"Not much, apparently. But a good deal may be hoped for from luck, and the blunders the villains may be trusted to make. Already they have made a great mistake in not rising at the same time everywhere. Of course, my dear boy," continued the colonel, laying his hand on Yorke's shoulder, "you will not repeat what I say. I speak plainly to you because I see you are the sort of man to be trusted."

On returning to his little camp by the court-house, Yorke found a note from Spragge awaiting him, brought by a servant who had come out from cantonments with the rest of his things. "We are just starting for Jolteuck," said the writer.

"The old women who command here have not got the pluck to take us with them, or to disarm us, but send us away because they funk keeping us with the force. Of course the men see through the dodge, and there is a change come over them already. They look as sulky as fiends. If our dear old colonel had been with us still, we might have had a chance; but poor Dumble has gone quite foolish, and is about as fit to have charge of the regiment as a hospital nurse would be; and we shall have a flare-up before long, and no mistake. I write in an awful hurry. Good-bye, old fellow, and better luck to you than we are likely to have."

Just as Yorke had finished reading the note, the senior native officer of the detachment came up to make

his report for the night; the old man's manner was quiet and respectful, as usual, and conveyed no impression that anything was wrong. Dismissing him, Yorke threw off his shell jacket, and, lying down on the little cot which had been placed in front of the tent, watched the scene before him. A few yards in advance of his own tent was the little line of sepoy's tents, but the men were mostly sleeping outside, to get what air was to be had; a few were sitting in groups, passing the pipe round and talking. In advance was the guard tent, with two sentries pacing up and down before it. Watching the peaceful scene, and wondering whether it was really to be the precursor of a life's crisis, the young man fell asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

Next day was a busy one. From before dawn a gang of coolies, working under orders of the Commissioner's jemadar, were engaged in filling the bags brought from the adjacent Treasury, with earth obtained from a shallow trench dug in the lawn, while water-carts were employed to loosen the hard-baked soil; another party were cutting down the shrubs and bushes in the garden, and an army of tailors from the bazaar were squatting on the veranda floor, sewing bags to supplement the supply already available. Soon the space between the veranda pillars began to be blocked up with the first courses of a strong barrier designed to be seven feet high, loop-holed and bullet-proof. "You see, my friend," said Yorke, in Hindustani, to the native officer whom he had brought with him, nominally to superintend the operation—"if the roughs in the city rise, the court-house would be a

difficult position to hold against a mob, even with my gallant sepoys. So we will retire with the treasure into this post until the regiments from cantonments march to our help." The old soobahdar raised his hand to his cap, and observed, gravely, that the European gentlemen were famous for their skill in military science; and Yorke did not care to pursue the conversation.

While they were thus engaged Falkland and Sparrow rode up, with half-a-dozen mounted orderlies behind them, returning from a ride through the city.

"We have been upholding British rule, you see, as long as it lasts," said Falkland, dismounting; "but the roughs are beginning to show their teeth, are they not, Sparrow? and, what is worse, there were some sepoys in the bazaar, out of uniform, whose manner was most insolent. However, I think we read them a lesson

this once, if it was the last time—didn't we, Sparrow?" he added, smiling; and, indeed, from the expression on that gentleman's countenance, it seemed as if the morning ride had certainly been exciting.

Yorke longed to ask some question about Olivia, when just then she appeared in the veranda, and invited them to come inside and take some tea. The room into which they followed her, now cut off from the outside air, was hot and stuffy, and filled with the dust thrown up by the work going on outside; the punkah-puller, dispossessed of his usual post in the veranda, was squatting in the room; the servants were moving the furniture, and, among the general disorder, Olivia, dressed in a light morning robe, seemed alone to retain the calm and orderly appearance of other days. Yorke noticed the expression of anxiety that overcame Falkland's face as he looked at his wife; but she seemed determined to express no fear, and, as they drank their tea, every one avoided the subject which was uppermost in their thoughts. As for Yorke, he felt quite angry with himself as he returned to his work, at finding how small a place was now occupied in his mind by the luxury of grief.

The Commissioner made a show of doing business in the court-house in the afternoon—driving over as usual for form's sake in his carriage, although the distance was but a few yards. "I hear," said he, taking Yorke aside, before going into court, and after he had spoken a few words of exhortation to the native officers and the guard, "and the information seems reliable, that the regiment left behind in cantonments last night, the 80th, will certainly rise, although the time is not fixed: they are in communication with your regiment and the other one which has marched away. My police

in the city are utterly rotten and ready to join. The Nawab, who is behaving admirably, notwithstanding strong pressure put on him from the other side, may be able to keep the city quiet with his people; but I doubt it. I have about twenty men I can depend on altogether. But on the other hand, a note has just been brought by a runner, from across the river, to say that they are keeping things square over there, and that a Sikh regiment is under orders for this; it may be here in a week. Meantime I hope we shall be able to hold the Residency. Everything depends on whether the sepoys attack us or march off for Delhi."

Another weary day was passed by Yorke in the court-house, marked only by heat and suspense, and which seemed as if it would never come to an end. Towards evening a Residency servant came over with refreshments and ice sent by Olivia, and brought a note in pencil from Falkland. "The rising is fixed for to-night. I have this from two quarters. Be on your guard. Your men will certainly join. Do nothing to precipitate it; but whenever your men declare themselves, and you can do no good by stopping, make your way over here as fast as you can."

So then the supreme moment was come at last; was it to be his fate to be shot down unresisting, as so many others had been already? or might he have the bitter happiness of at least making a fight for it, and dying in defence of his idol, like a gallant soldier? "What a fool I was," he thought, "never to have bought a revolver while I had the chance!"

Thus musing, and in a state of highly-wrought expectancy, the young man sat in the waiting-room of the court-house, sipping his iced water to keep down the choking sensation in his throat, and making believe to eat the dinner which his servant had placed before him.

Then, as it grew dark, he put on his sword, and mustered the men for evening roll-call, inspected the guard, and went the round of the sentries. There was nothing in the manner of the sepoy to indicate that any movement was intended; but he noticed that, on going off duty, they did not strip to their waist-cloths, as would have been usual, but dressed themselves in their light tunics, and that they wore turbans instead of their ordinary cotton skull-caps. This looked bad; but it seemed useless to say anything.

By-and-by Yorke lay down on his bed before the tent—this time, however, fully dressed—and as he looked around him, the unlovely baked-up landscape, lighted up by the young moon, seemed to have new charms. Was he looking on it for the last time?

With his head on the pillow, he could watch the men, and he observed that, although quite quiet, none of them lay down to sleep; nor did they appear to be smoking, but sat talking in little groups in a low tone.

But nature will assert itself, even when a man is expecting death; and while thus lying, and, as he thought, on the alert, Yorke fell into a doze, from which he was suddenly awoken by the sound of a cannon.

Was it the morning gun in cantonments, four miles off?

It was the cantonment gun, but not the morning gun; it was the gun at midnight—the signal for the outbreak.

Yorke started to his feet.

The sepoy, too, sprang to seize the muskets piled before their tents, and began to fall in. Yorke advanced towards them, for it was light enough to see what had happened, calling out in Hindustani, "What are you doing, sepoy? Are you mad, to behave like this?"

There was a stir among them, and several muskets were pointed at him; but while the old soobahdar stood irresolute, others ran forward and surrounded him. At first he thought they meant to kill him, but their movement was really to protect him from the rest.

"There will be no harm done you," said they; "but it is of no use to resist." And hardly understanding how it came about, Yorke found himself half led, half hustled, into the Residency park, when the men suddenly left him standing alone, and returned to their fellows.

So then the crisis was over; and he had done his duty and yet got off with his life—thus far faring better than many a comrade in the like case.

Just then he was startled by a man coming up to him out of the darkness, who turned out to be one of the Residency servants, who had been watching the affair, and told him he would find the Commissioner at the house.

Falkland was standing on the steps of the portico, with Sparrow, Maxwell, the jemadar, and some half-dozen servants armed with muskets.

"So," said Falkland, grasping his hand warmly, as Yorke explained briefly what had happened, "my information has turned out true. The scoundrels have behaved well so far, in letting you off without injury, and it looks as if they meant to go away quietly."

"What is the next thing to be done?" asked Yorke.

"Nothing but to wait upon events. If the sepoy march upon the city and us, we have only to sell ourselves as dearly as possible; there are four of us behind a breastwork, and I think I can depend on these good fellows"—pointing to the servants who stood in the portico; "but if they go off, as I expect they

will, we may yet be able to keep order in the city. The fugitives from cantonments will be here shortly, if they have succeeded in getting away. But do you go inside for a moment; you will find some one there very rejoiced to see you."

In the dining-room, dimly lighted by a single lamp, Yorke found Mrs. Falkland standing alone. "Oh, my friend!" she exclaimed, advancing and holding out both hands to greet him; "so you are safe. We have passed a dreadful time here, knowing the danger you were in, and so close to us all the time; but my husband said nothing could be done to help you, but that you must be left to face it alone. Oh! if only the others can be saved in the same way!" There was a smile on her face, pale and anxious though it looked; and to Yorke, returning to join the others outside, it seemed, as he felt that her greeting was warmer than would have been earned by a lifetime of ordinary neighbourhood, that even the mutiny was not without its compensations.

Everything was still and quiet within the park.

Falkland and Yorke went out to reconnoitre.

Advancing across the lawn, and looking over the park wall towards the court-house, they could hear men's voices in the still night.

"It is your men looting the Treasury," said Falkland; "they evidently mean to go off with the money. So far good."

And indeed, in a few minutes, the detachment marched past them, along the road outside the wall, so close that they could distinguish the old native officer marching at the head of the column. In the middle was a cart, laden no doubt with the plunder. They were evidently marching to join the mutineers in cantonments.

"If they take the road," whispered

the colonel, "they will meet the fugitives from cantonments, and not let them off so cheaply as they did you. I have got some of the Nawab's horsemen patrolling the road, but they are not to be depended on. Ride after them, Yorke; Kathleen is ready saddled in the stable hard by. See which way they go. If they go by the road you can head them and warn all the fugitives you meet to turn aside till they are past. But probably the rogues will take a short cut across the plain to the native lines."

Yorke did as he was bid, and rode after the sepoy, keeping a little way behind them, and off the hard road, so that they might not hear the horse's steps. In a short time he came back to the Residency, whither Falkland had now returned, announcing that the men had turned off the road as he expected, and made straight for the native part of the cantonments. So far well; the fugitives coming up the road would not be molested.

Presently the night was lighted up by a bright glare, increasing every minute. The bungalows in cantonments and the deserted barracks were being fired. Soon it became almost as light as day, although the fires were four miles off, and from the roof of the house the blaze could be seen high above the trees, as one after another the great thatched buildings shot into flames.

Still everything remained quiet about the Residency. One or two of the small party patrolled the building; the armed attendants sat on the portico steps; Olivia on the roof watched, awestruck, the conflagration. Then the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of wheels, and a carriage driven at full gallop entered through the gates, and came up the avenue to the outside of the portico, ingress under-

neath being prevented by the sand-bag barrier.

It was the brigadier's carriage; the old gentleman was helped out by Mrs. Polwheedle, and came limping up the steps. Sundry boxes also were handed up.

"Oh, Colonel Falkland!" gasped the lady, "the life we have been leading since the European troops went away. I don't think I could have stood another day of it; and the servants so impudent too. I'll pay them out, the rascals, if ever I get a chance. I thought we never should have escaped; and when the gun fired, the brigadier wanted to mount his horse and go down to the native lines, but I would not hear of it. It was his duty, he said, to go and see what he could do to stop the outbreak. He was on the sick list, and must obey my orders, I said. Duty, indeed! to go and get shot by those infernal blackguards, and with the carriage all ready too. So here we are. We were attacked on the road by a couple of horsemen; but I held out a pistol at them, and they sheered off, just as they were coming down on us."

"It is just as well you did not fire," said Falkland, "for I suspect they were some orderlies of mine sent out to patrol the road, and warn you if there was danger ahead."

Soon other fugitives arrived in haste and flurry; Captain Buxey in

his buggy, Major and Mrs. Peart and their daughter in a carriage, the bazaar-sergeant's East Indian wife with a couple of children, a Mustaphabad shopkeeper, and later on several officers of the 80th on horseback. There had been no regular attack on the European residents; on the signal-gun being fired, the sepoys of the 80th (the regiment left at Mustaphabad) had turned out and formed on parade, a few of them only leaving the ranks and opening a desultory fusilade towards their front into the darkness. The officers of the regiment, whose horses were ready saddled, had hastened down to the lines from their respective bungalows; but being received with threats and this dropping fire, had turned and ridden slowly off to the Residency, whither the other residents had already, at the sound of the firing, made their way.

All the Europeans known to be at the station were now accounted for, except the colonel of the 80th and the bazaar-sergeant. Some of the officers thought they had seen the former in the darkness making for the parade, but had lost sight of him. The bazaar-sergeant, as his wife related, had sent her and the children off in his pony-carriage, and said he would go down and try to keep things straight in the bazaar.

CHAPTER XXI.

The night wore on, the glare from the burning cantonments growing ever brighter, till the rays of coming dawn mingled with it. The ladies sat or stood in the drawing-room, or went on the roof to watch the conflagration, finding even at such a time a sort of pleasure in discussing the particulars of their flight, and comparing notes on the

property they had brought away; while of the men, some, organised in a little company, patrolled the park, and some rode down the road towards cantonments to see if they could get any tidings of the two missing fugitives.

At last the day arrived to throw its light on the strange-looking group which had escaped the ship-

wreck of the night—the pallid, dishevelled ladies, the bundles of clothing littering the well-ordered room; outside an equal contrast between the peaceful aspect of the grounds and the condition of the house itself, with the verandas blocked up with sand-bags, and covered with dust and earth, the hasty trenches dug round it, and the tools scattered about, left by the workmen overnight on the scene of their unfinished task.

Soon as the daylight became stronger a strange thing was discerned—a party of sepoy's mounting guard over the tents still left standing by the court-house; and to Yorke advancing to discover what this meant, a corporal came down the road to salute and explain matters. There had been a split in the camp, it appeared, and this little party of seventeen men in all had parted with their comrades, and come back to be true to their salt. The detachment, in their hurry to be off, had left their tents standing, and Yorke's, with all his little property, was untouched, and his horse was still standing picketed under a tree. Yet the men, as Yorke went up to greet and praise them, did not seem very proud of their behaviour, and their manner was as if they rather looked to be suspected. A few spirited words from Falkland, however, who had come down on hearing the news, seemed to put them more at their ease. He told Yorke to move them up to the Residency. "Let us show perfect confidence in them," he said, "for they deserve it."

"Good gracious! you are surely not going to let those villains come here!" cried Mrs. Polwheedle, as from the portico steps she saw the little party marching up with Yorke at their head. "Stuff and nonsense about loyalty. Loyalty, indeed! Don't talk to me about loyalty," she

continued, as Colonel Falkland explained the circumstances; "it's a mere trap for springing upon us and murdering us when we are not expecting it. I am as sure of it as that my name is Martha Polwheedle. The brigadier mustn't allow it. Where is Polwheedle?" And while the lady bustled away in search of her husband, who was trying to recover his dazed senses by pouring water on his head in an adjacent room, Falkland established the sepoy's as main guard on the portico, placing Major Peart in command of it, and detached a couple of sentries to the court-house.

Meanwhile the business of the day was ushered in by the servants bringing tea for the party, just as if nothing had happened, and Falkland set to work to organise matters. While some of the officers were attached to the guard, a part of them rode with him, attended by the half-dozen of the Nawab's horsemen whom he still retained about him, through the city, which so far remained quiet; and Falkland had notices posted up inviting all able-bodied men to come forward and enrol themselves in a levy he meant to raise forthwith, and they paid a visit to the Nawab at his palace. "A curious state of things we have arrived at," he said on his return to Yorke, who had been left in charge of the working parties; "to be dependent for our lives on the man whom we have dethroned, and who has most reason to hate us. The Nawab has only to hold up his hand, and all the scum of the city would rise in an instant, and there would be a speedy end of the business as far as we are concerned. It must be a strong temptation to the poor little man to take his revenge, but I think he believes in our eventual success; at any rate his minister does, and is prepared to be stanch. But there is a strong

opposition party in the palace headed by his brother, who is in active communication with the mutineers; so we cannot answer for the result of an hour. However, every hour gained is something. It is well I sent the detachment of his troops away except these half-dozen; they would certainly have fraternised with the mutineers if they had stopped at the Residency."

While the rest of the party were thus engaged, Egan and M'Intyre of the 80th rode down to cantonments to see how things looked there, returning in a couple of hours with their report. Every house in the place was in ruins, nothing remaining but the charred walls, while the gardens were strewn with papers and rubbish not worth carrying off. There was not a sepoy to be seen, but pillagers were wandering about in every direction, camp-followers from the bazaar or people from the surrounding villages, and the place where they had all lived in more complete security than could be found in any other part of the world was now the scene of utter anarchy. Riding round to the bazaar at the back of the station, they found things there were just as bad, the place full of people—armed, some apparently for self-protection, others wandering about in search of plunder. As soon as they were perceived they were received with howls and execrations; and in attempting to push their way towards the police-station they were fired upon down the street, the shots coming apparently from that building, and they were forced to retire. Returning back by the way of the deserted native lines, they came upon the body of the colonel of the 80th, lying stiff and stark on the parade, just as he must have fallen the night before, his glazed eyes staring upwards at the blazing sun. No

help could be got for removing the corpse, and again the plunderers, seeing the young men halted, began to collect in a threatening way, and the latter were fain to ride away, leaving it there to be devoured by the village dogs and jackals.

Within the house, the ladies, unable to realise the situation, or to settle down to it, spent the long day in disjointed talk, the most active lively part being taken by Mrs. Polwheedle, whose indignation sustained her while others were anxious and depressed, and who recounted more than once to the listeners her experiences of the last few days. "Brigadier," I said to Polwheedle, "as sure as my name is Martha Polwheedle, these villains will rise suddenly and murder us all, unless you are beforehand with them; retire with the Europeans and take up a position. That is the thing to do as a brigadier and a military man; retire, and take up a position. But the brigadier wouldn't do anything, and my words have come true, sure enough."

"You don't understand these things, my dear," said the gentleman referred to, who lay on a couch with a basin of water beside him, in which he was dipping a handkerchief and applying it to his forehead—"you don't understand these things, my dear. It was not a purely military question; there were other considerations besides. I am sure I did everything for the best," added the poor gentleman, dabbing the wet cloth with energy on his temples.

"Fiddlestick for your considerations!" replied the lady; "much consideration the villains showed us. I know if I hadn't insisted upon having the carriage kept ready, for all you said about showing confidence and not making preparations, we should have been

murdered in our beds; and if I hadn't seen to having a few things packed up and put into it beforehand, you wouldn't have a clean shirt to your back, any more than Major Peart there, who has only got what he stands in. However, here comes Tiffin; it's well the Commissioner's servants have not run away as well as all the rest." And indeed an array of attendants now entered to make preparations for the mid-day meal, pretty much as if nothing had happened save that their attire wanted the usual accompaniments of waistbands and turbans, and was otherwise somewhat slovenly. But the Commissioner was absent in the city; and Olivia, as she invited her guests to seat themselves at table, was too distraught with anxiety to notice the omission.

Towards evening, when Falkland returned home from a second excursion with his party, hot and dusty, he was able to report that things still looked quiet. The Nawab's guards were doing their duty; some of the runaway police had returned to their posts; and the fresh levy he had raised amounted to about two hundred men, many of them the biggest scoundrels in the place, but there were not arms for more than a few of them at present to do any mischief with, and by the promise of high pay they might be kept out of mischief for a time. The worst thing was that there was no news of relief coming, or indeed news of any kind from any quarter. It looked as if the whole country was up, for messengers must certainly have been despatched from the settled districts.

The gentlemen partook of a scrambling meal, and then the watch was set for the night. The ladies were accommodated in Olivia's rooms; the gentlemen not on duty slept on the gravel paths outside the portico, for the heat inside

the house was stifling, the sandbag wall round the veranda — now almost completed — stopping all ingress of air. Yorke's turn of watch was from eight to midnight; when relieved he lay down on a vacant cot and was soon fast asleep, tired out with the excitement and want of rest of the last forty-eight hours.

It was just dawn when he was awakened by the tramp of horses and sound of voices, and he jumped up, thinking that an attack was being made, but soon recognised his friend Spragge, who was sitting on his pony close to his bed, with other officers of the 76th, recounting their escape to their friends on watch. The regiment had reached Johtuck, thirty miles from Mustaphabad, by a forced march, on the morning after they started; and the next day was passed quietly in camp outside the town. The following night — the same in which the outbreak occurred at the latter place — they were suddenly aroused, as they lay on their beds outside their tents, by the crack of musketry and the whizzing of bullets. Some sepoy, clustered in little groups by their own tents, were deliberately firing at their officers from a distance of about thirty yards. The latter at once made for their horses, which were standing ready saddled in the rear. "Some of the grooms had bolted," said Jerry; "and small blame to them, for they were getting what was meant for us; but my fellow held on to my tat, which was plunging and backing from the noise, like a man, which, considering the many lickings the poor beggar had had, was very creditable to him. I gave him ten rupees as soon as I could get on the pony's back, and told him to fish for himself as best he could, and then I began to make tracks after the others; and I think we should all have begun

to skedaddle, when Braddon calls out, 'Steady, boys—there's no hurry; let us retire slowly to the right flank, not too close together, but keeping each other in view;' and so we were riding off at a foot-pace, when little Raugh calls out, 'My pony's shot!' 'Catch hold of my stirrup, Johnny,' says Braddon, turning round, 'and then I'll give you a lift as soon as we are out of this.' 'Holloa!' says Braddon, presently, 'here's the major in difficulties;' and sure enough there was old Dumble's horse turning round and round, frightened at the bullets, I suppose; the groom had bolted, and the poor old major was trying in vain to get his foot into the stirrup: and in about half a minute the horse had got loose and was galloping off into space. 'We mustn't desert our commanding officer,' says Braddon to me. 'Look here, Jerry; just bear a hand, and I'll give the poor old chap a lift in my dog-cart.' So he jumps off his horse as cool as a cucumber, tells Johnny to mount it and be off, and puts his mare, which was standing picketed there with her harness on, into the dog-cart. I had to help a bit, you know, for the mare was precious fidgety—as well she might be—for the bullets were coming in pretty thick, I can tell you. Why those brutes of sepoys didn't come up and finish us off, I am sure I can't tell; but no, the cowardly beggars stood by their own tents, potting away, missing us over and over again at thirty yards. Perhaps they didn't want to hit us after all, but only to frighten us—at any rate, we all got off scot-free. But will you believe it, the poor old major could hardly get into the dog-cart when it *was* ready; there was Braddon at the reins, talking to the mare as she jumped about, and saying, 'Now then, major—damn it, major, do please make a spring,

—there is really no time to be lost;' and there was the old major, bobbing up and down, and always jumping short. It was the richest thing you ever saw; I should have been ready to die with laughing if I hadn't been in such a precious funk. At last I gave the major a hoist, and he just managed to get into the back seat of the cart—enough to lift the mare off her feet almost—Braddon jumped up in front, and I mounted my pony again, and away we all came, and not a soul of us touched. We should have been here yesterday, but early in the morning we saw some horsemen in the distance who looked very like irregular cavalry, so we took shelter for the day in a village. The people were civil enough—perhaps because we were a good-sized party, and well armed; and we got flour and milk, and food for our horses. Braddon wouldn't let a single villager leave the place during the day lest they should convey intelligence of our being there, and at night we came away.

"Braddon gave all the orders, for the major was regularly scared, and poor old Passey was quite knocked up with the heat and the marching. Twice the blessed dog-cart got upset in the dark, going across country, and once we came to a water-course, and had to go several miles out of our way to find a place to cross. Such a scene as the country was, too; the villagers up everywhere, and apparently having out all the quarrels of the last hundred years. Fires and firing in every direction. At last, steering by the stars, we came in upon the trunk road, and then it was all plain sailing, and we could push on. We passed through the cantonments, which were silent and deserted—it seemed so strange to be riding in this way past our own houses, and I should have liked to look in at our shop and see that the thieves had

left a clean shirt or two, but Bradou would not allow of any loitering, and the moonlight showed plainly enough that all the bungalows had been fired. So here we are, Arty, my boy, safe and sound the whole of us; I have got just ten dibs in my pocket, and not a rag to my name but what I am standing in. I say, by Jove, what fools we were not to invest in revolvers while we had the chance! I wonder if it's possible to get anything to drink."

The coming of the fugitives caused quite a revival of good spirits. The ladies came out with greetings at their escape, and busied themselves with serving out tea and food to the wearied travellers, and Yorko and the others who still possessed wardrobes supplied them with a change of raiment, while the Commissioner's washermen were put in requisition to rehabilitate their own; and leaving the new arrivals to rest themselves, a part of the others set out to patrol the city. But there was a revulsion of feeling, when later in the

morning two officers of the 82d, the third of the three regiments which had garrisoned Mustaphabad, and which had been detached to Meharunpoor, rode up, faint and weary, to the Residency. Their story was nearly the same as that of the officers of the 76th. Their men had risen almost at the same time, but the officers had not been so fortunate. Two at least were seen to fall before they could mount their horses; the others, riding away into the night, got separated, and never came together again. These two only found their way to the rendezvous: the remainder, although looked for all day anxiously, were never again seen by their fellow-countrymen; whether shot by their own sepoy, or murdered afterwards by village marauders, their bodies lay somewhere festering in the sun, among the numerous victims of the times whose precise fate was never ascertained, denied even the rude and speedy funeral rites of death on the battle-field.

CHAPTER XXII.

Still no news of succour or from distant stations; and the preparations for defence were pushed forward earnestly under the influence of a growing belief that they would be needed. And, in the afternoon, came tidings of a disturbance in the city. The Nawab's brother had raised the flag of rebellion, all the so-called troops in the Nawab's pay had joined, the minister had been assassinated, and the Nawab was a prisoner in his own palace. Falkland rode out again with some dozen of the officers, but nothing could be done. The police had disappeared or fraternised with the rebellion, and as they rode into the main street, the party was greeted with a straggling fire from the end and the houses on

both sides, due apparently in part to the new levy, which had gone over with its arms. "Not a single loyal man among them," said Falkland, bitterly, as he gave the order to retire, himself slowly bringing up the rear; "not one honest man except the Nawab himself; and it would be hardly wonderful if the poor little man were to go with the tide too, and purchase his liberty by proclaiming himself independent. He can hardly be very sorry to see the English down on their luck; their friendship for him has not conduced much to his prosperity."

"I believe the Nawab is at the bottom of this himself," said Sparrow to the officer next to him, as he pushed along at speed out

of the town, at the head of the little cavalcade, "for all his pretences about coercion. I do believe he means to assert his independence again, and to take advantage of the mutiny to try and get back his country again. These native princes are capable of any villany."

They got back safely to the Residency, but it seemed to the members of the baffled party as if, notwithstanding the dangers so many of them had gone through already, they had not realised till now the full crisis of the situation. So long as the city was open, there was at least the semblance of British power remaining; but now Falkland's authority was limited to his own house and grounds, and as if to mark the current of native opinion, several of his numerous servants were now missing. Almost the last message sent to him by the murdered minister was to inform him that the three regiments of mutineers had halted on their way to Delhi, and were in communication with the Nawab's brother, who was urging them to return, and stamp out the last remnant of English government left in this part of the country; if they should take this course, instead of marching on to join the other mutineers, they might be expected by morning, and only a few hours remained for final preparation.

"Is there not still time to escape?" asked Brigadier Polwheedle, lying on a sofa in one of the side rooms, as Falkland explained to him the state of things. "The road is yet open to the eastward; could we not still make our way to the hills, the ladies and myself in carriages, and the rest on horseback, before the sepoys return? We shall only be murdered if we stop; what can a handful of men like us do against three or four thousand? Besides, resistance would only infuriate the sepoys against us."

"I do not see why we should not keep off fifty thousand, for the matter of that," replied the other, "so long as food and ammunition hold out. The place is perfectly musket-proof; the rebels have got no guns, and they will never dare to come at us across the open. We are good for a week at least, and by that time there ought to be relief."

"You must go without me, brigadier, if you do go," said Mrs. Polwheedle, who had entered the room through the open door while this conversation was going on; "for nothing on earth shall induce me to trust myself a single yard out of the place, and among these treacherous natives, now we are here." And Brigadier Polwheedle did not pursue his proposition for a retreat. But after the Commissioner had left the room to give some orders he said, "I think, my dear, I had better go on the sick list, and let Falkland take the command regularly."

"Give up the command!" cried the lady, as she stood beside the couch on which he was reclining; "why should you be such a fool as to do that? Why, it's the very thing you have always been declaring you wanted to have, a command on service. Why, if you go on the sick list, you will be of no more account than that missionary fellow, and me not much more neither. No, brigadier, don't you talk of such nonsense, for I won't hear of such a thing."

"Well, but, my dear, you see I can't get about, or be of much use——"

"And who wants you to be of much use?" interrupted the lady; "you don't want to walk about here—and for the matter of that, there isn't any place to walk to, unless it's into the drawing-room. You can give your orders just as well lying here as if you had nothing at all the matter with your leg."

"But I don't feel fit to give any orders; what with the heat, and all the excitement and responsibility, my head feels quite giddy and confused; and then my eyes, too, are so inflamed,"—and as he said this, the poor old gentleman again dipped a cloth into the basin of water beside the sofa, and applied it to his forehead.

"Never mind, old man," said his wife kindly, stooping down and patting him on the shoulder; "you will be better in a day or two, I daresay. You just lie quietly here and agree to what Falkland proposes, and he will look after everything. You can give advice, too, you know, if you like; but don't you give up commanding, whatever you do. Why, the Government will make ever so much of you when the reinforcements arrive."

Meanwhile Falkland was assembling the little garrison, for such it might now be styled, outside the building. To the officers he explained the circumstances of the case; that the return of the three sepoy regiments was now imminent, and that the place must be defended till relief arrived, which might be expected in about a week, for which time there was sufficient store of ammunition and food. Then turning to the small detachment of faithful sepoys, he gave the same explanation in Hindustani, and praising them for their fidelity and stanchness under the great temptation they had undergone, he now gave them—under the brigadier's authority, he said—permission to withdraw before the blockade should begin. Any man who liked to go was free to return to his home, and should take a certificate of his good conduct and promise of promotion, to be produced hereafter when the country was resettled.

There was silence for a brief space after this harangue, while the

group of officers behind Falkland surveyed anxiously the faces of the little line of sepoys confronting him, stolid and unmoved under this harangue. Then the corporal stepped out with his musket at the "advance," and rapping it with his left hand after the mode of saluting in those days, said simply, "We will stay here, Sahib," and then stepped back again to his place.

Many of the officers would have liked to shake hands with the gallant fellows, but anything like demonstration was withheld, from a feeling that to treat them more familiarly than usual would look as if bidding unfairly for their services. Falkland merely said, "Well done, sepoys! I did not expect any other reply"—and dismissed the detachment.

Then he assembled his servants, or rather the remnant of them, about a dozen, told them what was coming, and that those who wanted to go were at liberty to take themselves off, and were invited to do so openly. Those who elected to stay should receive double wages, and the families of any who might be killed a pension. They, too, all declared their willingness to stand by their master; but some of them spoke in a sulky, hesitating way, as if they did not mean it.

Only a short time now remained for final preparations. The fortification of the house was now as complete as it could be made; the last thing to be done was to demolish the servants' houses, a long range of sheds extending along the north-east side of the park. The roofs, of wood covered with thatch, were set on fire, and the walls partially pulled down; but the tenacious mud bricks resisted the efforts of the small working party, and the demolition was incomplete. The stables were treated in the same way. The horses, a large number

of which were now collected in the place, were sent away with their grooms in charge of the jemadar's brother, to be kept at his home in a village about thirty miles off, three only being retained, Falkland's Irish mare, his wife's Arab, and Yorke's gallant grey, which were brought under the portico and picketed there. "Another sacrifice to appearances," said Falkland to Yorke, looking on at the demolition; "if I had done my duty, these stables should have been razed to the ground a week ago. They will give the enemy cover, if we really are to be besieged."

"It must be nearly three hundred yards from the house, sir," replied the young man; "Pandy won't do much execution at that distance. Sparrow's house is in more dangerous proximity; I wish we were going to occupy that as an advanced post."

"Had we known that the garrison would be reinforced in this way by your gallant sepoya, the thing might have been done; but there is not time now to store it, and after all we shall not be too many to hold the main building properly."

That evening all of the party who were not on picket-duty assembled for supper in the large dining-room, where the table was laid with a semblance of order, the grey-bearded old butler standing behind the chair at the end of it, dressed in white as usual; and a person in ignorance of what had happened, looking on the scene, would have been puzzled to account for what was fantastic about it. The room was dimly lighted, and the fare was frugal in kind and limited in quantity, for the supply of food must be husbanded; but champagne-bottles were on the table, for Falkland said that the stock of that wine had better be drunk first; and although the garb of the officers was peculi-

ar, most of them being in any garments they could borrow, and all wearing swords and pistols or revolvers in their belts, the ladies were dressed in the ordinary way—Mrs. Falkland in a robe of white, which seemed as fresh as if just put on, while the folds of her rich brown hair were as neat as ever. Nor was conversation wanting. The certainty of coming dangers was felt to be a relief from the suspense of the last few days. To those who had been fugitives, their present position, after the perils they had escaped, seemed comparatively one of security. They were rested, and their appetite appeased, and the spirit of youth asserted itself. To all, the sense of numbers and the firmness of purpose imparted by Falkland's bearing gave courage, and good-natured jests at the situation freely circulated. The party were in fact quite merry.

Yorke sat next to Olivia. The latter had been about to take her usual place at the head of the table when stopped by Mrs. Polwheedle.

"I suppose we must consider this a garrison mess, now, my dear. I brought a lot of things with me in the carriage when we came—your butler has got the most of them; and so, I believe, did Buxey. We must all contribute what we can, without ceremony; I am sure I for one could not think of letting the Commissioner provide everything. The brigadier ought to be at the head of the table, of course, if he could come, but perhaps in his absence it would be better if I took his place—don't you think so?" and so saying, the lady sat down in the chair, and Mrs. Falkland, with a gentle smile, moved aside and took a place at the side, next to Yorke as it happened, who hastened to place a chair for her, feeling for the time as if even the mutiny were cheaply undergone, since it

procured him such favour. During the last two days they had scarcely exchanged a word, but Olivia had greeted him with such kindly smiles, whenever his duties had brought him into her presence, as the youngster felt to be more than a recompense for anything he had done. He hoped nothing, and expected nothing; but to be received by her on the footing of a trusted friend, as he felt himself now to be, seemed sufficient happiness for such a one as him.

"You are eating nothing, Mrs. Falkland," he said. "You ought to take something; this may be our last quiet meal before—before business begins."

"No, thank you. Eating seems impossible just now;" and then correcting herself, as she noticed that her neighbours were busily disproving the assertion, she added, "but then I have not earned any supper. I feel terribly useless here—simply an additional source of anxiety to all of you."

"Don't say that, pray," said the young man, eagerly. "The feeling that we have to defend you will give the best stimulus to the defence. But I wish you were a thousand miles off," he added, "for all that. What a pity Colonel Falkland did not insist on your going away while there was a chance! However, it is too late for regret now."

"Is that a kind wish, to wish that I should be from my husband,

and leave him to go through this peril alone? It is selfish to wish to be here, I know, for we add to your troubles and anxieties, and of course you would rather that we were out of the way."

"Don't say that!" cried the young man with fervour; "and yet I don't mean it. Of course we should like you to be saved from this peril and discomfort, and all that; but I feel as if I could fight with tenfold vigour when I know that I am trying to defend you from harm."

"Thank you," she said, simply; "I think I must try and find my husband, and get him to have something to eat: he allows himself neither rest nor food;" and so saying, Olivia rose, while Yorke felt ashamed of himself for having talked like a braggart. It would be time enough to speak about what he could do when he had the opportunity of actually showing himself a soldier. And for a few moments the young man sat oblivious of the scene, almost of the fact that his late companion was no longer a maiden, repeating, as he had been wont to do, each word of his scanty conversation with her, when recalled to the reality of life by the voice of Mrs. Polwheedle saying to her next neighbour, "Just ask young Yorke to pass that stew that is before him." That lady apparently considered that a state of siege did away with the need for using prefixes to surnames.

CHAPTER XXIII.

During the following night the whole garrison remained on the alert, while the picket on duty made frequent rounds through the grounds. These so far were empty, but the court-house appeared to be occupied in force, and the hum of men stirring in the city could be distinguished

in the stillness of the night, and the frequent discharge of firearms was heard, whether in fight or in sport could not be told. The brigadier, at the suggestion of Captain Buxey, had proposed that some of the servants should be sent out to bring back news of what was

going on; but Falkland objected that a spy might also convey information of the state of things inside the fortification, and the idea was not acted upon. Nor, when morning broke, were the garrison long left in doubt as to what was impending. One of the two officers stationed as an outpost by the ruined servants' houses brought word that a large body of trained men, apparently sepoy, were marching down from the city across the plain to the court-house. They halted behind it; but the look-out man on the Residency roof, notwithstanding the intervening trees, made them out before they got under shelter of that building to be about a thousand strong, evidently sepoy, dressed in the short white jacket and waist-clothes usually worn when off duty, but wearing their regulation cross-belts and pouch-boxes, and led by their native officers, one or two of whom were on horseback.

Falkland ordered the advanced sentries who had been stationed round the building, and at some distance from it, to fall back on the picket, which stood drawn up on the road half way between the house and the entrance-gate, the rest of the garrison being in rear immediately before the portico.

Presently several men could be seen in the veranda of the court-house reconnoitring the situation, and apparently consulting what was the next step to take.

The picket stood on the walk, a motley band, some white, some dark, in various dress and variously armed; the sepoy with their muskets, the Europeans for the most part with sporting rifles, but all standing firm in double rank, as if on parade—Braddon, who had been selected for the command, at their head. Falkland was a few yards in advance, watching the proceedings through his field-glass, with

Yorke, who had been acting as a sort of orderly officer to him, in attendance.

Only parts of the court-house and adjacent ground could be seen for the intervening trees; so that, although the distance was inconsiderable, some observation was needed to make out the situation clearly.

In a few minutes a party of sepoy could be seen, fifty or sixty in number, running out from behind the court-house and dispersing in skirmishing order along the park-wall. Some were soon hidden behind it; of others the heads could be seen above it.

Then muskets were levelled at the picket, there were some puffs of smoke along the top of the wall, and instantaneously the sounds of angry bullets whizzing past.

It was the first time Yorke had heard the sound of a shot fired in earnest; and he experienced the curious sensation which a bullet produces when aimed at the listener.

The shots were all wide of the mark, but singing as they flew by, they seemed to be very close.

"The rascals fire in the air as usual," said Falkland to his companion, in a quiet voice, and with a grim smile; "see the advantage of your system of musketry instruction, Yorke." After a few seconds, while the firing continued, he added, "Tell the picket to retire within the enclosure."

Yorke turned to convey the order, and would fain have run to the picket, for the whizzing of the bullets, about his ears as it seemed, was increasing in frequency; but it would not do to appear excited where every one else was cool, so he executed the commission at a walk, looking much more unconcerned than he felt.

"It's about time," said Braddon in reply to the message, as he gave the word to the picket to march

within shelter. "I hope the colonel doesn't mean to stay out and get shot; the brutes will be getting the range soon."

Yorke returned to Falkland, who was standing with his hands behind his back surveying the ground in front.

It was now broad daylight, and just then a bullet hit the gravel almost at their feet.

Falkland turned towards Yorke and smiled again. "I think we may follow the others now," he said, and led the way to the portico.

"Let us come up on the roof," he added, when they got inside.

"This is very satisfactory," he remarked, turning round to Yorke as they mounted the staircase.

"Very, sir," replied the young man; "I began to think we should get knocked over before the business began."

"Well, that is satisfactory, too," rejoined the colonel when they had reached the roof, and were standing together by the parapet, which covered them nearly to the waists; "but I was referring to Pandey's mode of attack. It is very satisfactory to see him beginning in this respectful style. If they had made a rush on the place, and had been prepared to lose a few men in doing so, there is no saying how matters might have gone; but if they are going to con-

tent themselves with potting away in this feeble manner, they may keep at it for a century without hurting us. See, there goes a reinforcement of skirmishers! the whole wall will be lined with men presently, and the other sides of the building are going to be blockaded in the same way." As Falkland spoke, two bodies of sepoy, each three or four hundred strong, could be seen marching off from behind the court-house to the right and left, as if intending to occupy the ground on the remaining sides of the park.

"I think they are firing at us now, sir," said Yorke presently, as a bullet came singing past, apparently close to his ears.

"Possibly, but more probably an indication of your true sepoy's ineradicable propensity to fire at the sky. However, we have seen enough for the present. But we shall want a snug place for a look-out man here. Have some of your spare sandbags brought up, to line a bit of the parapet with."

No wonder people admire Falkland, thought Yorke to himself, as he descended the staircase to execute the order; he certainly is a splendid fellow; but if she were my wife, I don't think I could risk my life in that way.

Thus the siege of the Residency had begun.

THE SWINE-HERD OF GADARA.

(A FANCY.)

No morsel in the wallet, and no drop
 I' the bottle,—pleasant!—and five hours to come
 Of pitiless August-sunshine, ere I turn
 My hogs along the weary sweltering league
 That leads them home to John ben Ezra's sty.
 Home!—aye, the brutes are happier than the man!
 I would I were a swine too, hoof and snout,
 So might I share that bestial sense of home,
 And seek my straw contented. I am baked,
 Broiled, dried-up, juiceless as the dusty bones
 In the old tombs that honey-comb these hills
 From base to crown. There's drink enough below,
 If one could reach it, where Gennesareth
 Lies all ablaze i' the sun. How pleasant 'twere
 To plunge one's parching palate and hot skin
 A minute in its waves! But I'm no goat:
 One might as well, descended, try to tread
 Its waters and keep footing, as essay
 Descent adown this slope precipitous
 That walls their flood.

Ah me! the old home-days
 That once I knew—the life that once I led!
 The meanest hireling in my father's fields
 Hath all he would, and more: and I, the fool,
 The peevish, fractious idiot, that must fret
 And sicken of mere fulness of content—
 That must forestall his heritage—that needs
 Must fling to losel, pandar, parasite,
 In revel and in riot, what by this
 Had grown the princeliest having of our tribe,
 And all to reap ingratitude, contempt,
 And penury, turned eyes, and giftless hands,—
 Sheer-starving here on half a drachm a day,
 And self-detested in the loathsome trade
 That earns the niggard pittance, must be fain
 To grovel with the filthy brutes I guard,
 And cheat my gnawing belly with the husks
 They hardly care to crunch.

That screech again!
 There comes the howling madman from the tombs
 That worries me with daily jibe and taunt
 And curses: and he's strong, too—that's the worst—
 Lean as he is. I saw him grapple once
 With Dan of Gadara, the wrestling Jew,
 And fling him, stunned and shattered, to the earth,
 As I might smash a melon on the rock.

I would my old boar's tusk were in his flank !
 Where shall I hide me ?—Hah ! he turns away,
 Thanks to those trampers on the distant road
 That catch his eye. He'll scare them ! Little dream
 Their worships of the lion in their path.
 Why,—what is this ? I have seen him face ere now
 A score of Herod's stoutest men-at-arms,
 And scatter them in panic ; and lo ! here
 He nears these pilgrims, cringing, like a slave
 Before an angry master ; or a hound
 That eyes the lifted lash, nor dares to bite,
 Nor dares to fly. I cannot catch his words,—
 The distance blurs them ; but his gesture owns
 Some power his devil does not dare gainsay,—
 Some fascination that, despite himself,
 Attracts and spells him. He's a proper man
 That seems their chief,—a marvellous proper man !
 With what a calm majestic confidence
 He heads the huddling dozen at his heels !
 By heaven, it's strange !—the madman kneels to him—
 Clasps suppliant hands,—most wonderful ! I catch
 No glint of arms,—no sign of force to quell
 The fiend that dwells in him, yet—manifest
 The maniac owns his Master ; seems to wait
 Command, submissive, rises, bows the head
 Of reverence, takes the hindmost place i' the troop,
 Meek as an infant, follows like a sheep
 The pilgrims on their path,—most wonderful !
 Pray heaven he come not back more mad than erst !
 Curious !—what sudden gust was that which swept
 Athwart me ? What strange rushing as of wings
 Innumerable plied ? There's not a cloud
 In all the dome of heaven, no sign of—He !
 What ails the swine ? I've heard men say a pig
 Can see the wind ; there's something in this breeze
 Visible to them, I see not. How they start,
 And leap, and whine, and squeal !—why, God's my life !
 They're off—the old boar the foremost ! Sheva ! ho !
 The lubber does not hear me ; fast asleep,
 I dare be sworn, beneath the sycamores,—
 Quick ! to the cliff and head them back !—too late !
 There's a black torrent pouring down its side
 That never will flow back !—an avalanche
 Of pork,—boat, sow, and pig and pigling,—bent
 To perish !—pell-mell, helter-skelter, down
 They blunder headlong, shrieking, jostling, each
 Borne down by the other, conscious of the plunge
 To come, yet mad to take it. Souse ! the lake
 Is seething, foaming, round a hundred specks
 Of struggling, floundering blackness !

Gone ! all gone !

He made a gallant fight though, at the last,

For life, my tough old boar. Ha! ha! all sunk!
 Drowned—dead as Pharaoh and his charioteers
 In the red gulf! The unclean are cleaner now!
 Old John ben Ezra drove a sinful trade
 In curing hams :—Moses! thou art avenged!
 A judgment! yea, a judgment! Ha! ha! ha!
 Who laughed beside! methought strange voices pealed
 Derisive echo. Sheva's fled; there rests
 No creature else that breathes—yet I could swear
 I heard it. There's a something in the air,
 The place, this sudden, silent solitude,
 This wholesale monstrous bestial suicide,
 That's weird and awful. Did I mock? God wot,
 'Twas scarce a chance for mocking! Let me think
 A moment,—I am sped! I dare not face
 My master with a tale that whoso hears
 Will deem me madder than the madman was,
 Cured by the pilgrim,—cured, if I may trust
 These eyes that saw him emptied of the fiend
 That held him thrall'd.

That whirring as of wings
 I heard, that passed me cliffwards,—was it thus
 His devil parted!—Hah! and towards my swine?—
 No; 'tis not possible!—the Sadducee
 That taught my boyhood used to laugh to scorn
 The creed of angel, devil, and all forms
 Of super-mortal essence: else indeed
 'Twould seem—What matter? what is done is done.
 Bear he who will this news to Gadara
 And Rabbi John ben Ezra. I not grudge
 Sheva that errand, or the stripes he'll earn
 For bearing it. I shall not claim from John
 My last week's wage. My path must lie elsewhere
 Henceforth, yet where I know not. On what road
 I faint, what matter! or what ditch I choose
 To die in!

Life is sweet, though—body and soul,
 However oft they quarrel, yet are friends,
 And loth to part. Existence may be nursed
 On locusts, or the treasure of wild bees
 Filched from the baffled bear :—what hinders yet
 To live so, free o' the desert, like that grim
 Half-naked Preacher that, two years ago,
 Down south by Jordan in Bethabara,
 Thundered "Repent!" in the astonished ears
 Of both the jangling self-sufficient sects,
 Watching in scornful pity while he cleansed
 The simpler multitude. A viperous brood
 He called them—well he might—but yet he bade
 Not even these despair.

Repent!—Did chance
 Or Heaven recall that crying? Is there hope
 Ev'n yet for such as I?—

I will arise,
 And go unto my Father, and will say
 Unto him, "O my Father! I have sinned
 Both against Heaven and in thy sight, and I
 Am no more worthy to be called thy son!"
 Home! Home!—what sweet old music long unheard
 That thought hath reawaked! God grant it prove
 No mocker, for it seems to promise there
 A Father reconciled, a son forgiven:—
 Home! Home! and Hope!—Oh! should the dream come true!
H. K.

MY SWAN-SONG.

To —.

I.

SING!—How should I sing,
 Maiden, for thy pleasure?
 My harp hath many a broken string,
 And few that keep the measure.

II.

Of its olden tones
 Should some faint chords linger,
 Waking, ghostlike, in response
 To a straying finger,—

III.

Blent, like sun and shower
 In false April weather,
 Forth at once would pour
 Tears and song together.

IV.

Defter hands fit lay
 For thine ear must borrow;
 Mine are weak and chill to-day,
 And will be cold to-morrow.

H. K.

Θάλασσα! Θάλασσα!

HERE is no common sea.
 On sweeps the brave Greek galley, and the main
 Resounds with rhythmic beat of oar and song.
 Who rules the wave but we!
 Back, Tyrian traders! bear ye back again
 Cedar and myrrh, and purple sails that long
 For our light breeze, who loves the Greek alone,
 Since first on all her coasts the light of Hellas shone.

The dimpled sea for us, for us the laughing sea!
 Nor unsunned deeps are here, nor mountains dim;
 But by a wondrous shore,
 Warm with sweet light and soft with bush and tree.
 We lift our joyous hymn,
 And ever more and more
 Feel the live leap of oars that smite the plain,
 For merry Greeks are we, and spring is come again.

Leap on, good boat, leap on—we are hot—with love
 For the wide streets of marble Sybaris,
 And 'mid the crowd would stand
 To see the light white cloaks, and curls that move
 On lighter air. No fairer show than this
 Moves on the Attic strand;
 No steeds more spotless draw the car of day
 Than these gold-hooved that ring along the sacred way.

Full many a youth is there,
 Who lies in roses, fearful lest the sun
 Slip through the screen to burn his forehead pale;
 'Twere well these warriors fair
 Should ride with us, and ere the day be done
 Breathe the brave sea-smell on the quickening gale,
 Or at noontide when we move lazily
 Should feel the broad bare light strike from the burnished sea.

O the fair shore,
 All thronged and mystical with olive sheen!
 And here a passion of white blossom glows,
 And here is wondrous store
 Of rosier bloom, and from the tender green
 Of the new leaves peeps out the brier rose;
 Gleams the pale lemon on pale lemon-trees,
 And golden-ripe the fruit of famed Hesperides.

Look, Agathon! Beside the silver-grey
 Of yon blunt olive—look! What is't that hies?

The flutter of white raiment—nymph or maid?
 Haste, Petale, away!
 For where a pool in shadowed hollow lies
 The young Narcissus in his hair doth braid
 Bright new-born flowers, and the boy, I ween,
 Will die for his own love, if thou wilt not be seen.

See, in the cleft between those soft brown hills,
 How the goats clamber! See
 The long-cloaked herdsman, how he strides before!
 Herdsman? 'Tis Phœbus leads them by the rills,
 If such a thing may be.
 Push in, old pilot, nearer to the shore,
 For we would see this god in country guise,
 Who toils awhile with men ere yet he mount the skies.

The hills are all alive!
 The fauns are out, and from the soft low brake
 A satyr peers, a nymph starts up to fly.
 Where the light shadows drive
 Along the slope, oh! doth he sleep or wake,
 Who in such utter stillness there doth lie,
 That the lithe lizard darts across his breast,
 And o'er him hangs the lark with rapture half-expressed?

Methinks from out the vineyard cold and bare
 He hither stole to dream
 Of autumn's glory and the laden vine,
 Swinging from tree to tree in drowsy air,
 And vats o'erbrimmed with purple. Well I deem
 'Tis Ampelus who loves the lord of wine,
 'Tis young-eyed Ampelus who slumbers here,
 And sees 'mid all his rout the jocund god appear.

Wreath round him, dancing nymphs in order meet,
 And wake him slowly with your low-voiced song,
 And with arms, voices, feet,
 In harmony the tender strain prolong,
 Till ope those eyes for laughter once again,
 And the young faun in glee leap-down toward the main.

Alas! we rest not here,
 Nor dream with him beside the sunny shore.
 What if we dare a splendid deed—to fly
 Beyond the Italian coasts, nor longer fear
 The outer ocean and so come no more
 In these safe seas to lie,
 But, passing o'er the waters wild and grey,
 Find a new race to rule beyond the dying day.

More knowledge still we seek,
 More potent arts to sway the souls of men:

Beyond far western seas perchance may dwell
New scholars for the Greek,
New place for temples fair on hill or glen :
Methinks the mighty waters swell
With prophecy ; and where the sun sinks down,
Slow rises, like a mist, full many a stately town.

Vain, vain ! rash tongue beware !
Is there no god to scourge us for our pride ?
Let us be wise, my Agathon, nor dare
On unknown course so frail a bark to guide.
When thou and I are on the inland sea,
What place in all the world so fair for me and thee ?

Shake out the sail,
And cease with toiling oar to vex the foam :
The shade creeps up the hill, a single star
In the deep sky is pale :
The goats move slowly home ;
And from the rocks afar,
Where, like a waving veil, the thin mist clings,
Sweet as a dream of old the fabled siren sings.

J. R. S.

REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

PUBLIC expectation has, for almost the whole of the period which has elapsed since the memorable dissolution of last year, marked out the session of 1875 as an important epoch in English party and political history. It has been the first session for exactly thirty years that the Conservative party has had, from beginning to end, the uncontrolled direction of affairs, possessing a compact majority, with a prepared policy and matured schemes of legislation. A whole generation has passed away in the interval; tariffs and electoral registers have been reformed; and all the great questions concerning them, which have absorbed the energies of statesmen now fast disappearing from the scene, have either been swept away, or have dwindled into insignificance; wars have changed America, revolutionised Europe, and reconstituted India; and the whole face of politics, foreign and domestic, has been entirely altered. During the whole of that time the Liberal party has been in the ascendant; during nearly the whole of it Liberal statesmen have been in office: at its close a few years of "destructive legislation" was followed by a period of singularly restless movement on the part of democratic leaders in England, and of Home-Rulers in Ireland, which Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, in its declining years, was unable to control; and the long ascendancy of Liberalism was terminated by a signal overthrow. A session, curtailed of a third of its usual duration, with a Ministry suddenly called to office, immediately followed. And therefore it has been to the session which is now drawing to a close that expectation has turned, in order to esti-

mate rightly the true character of Conservative legislation and tendencies under the altered circumstances of the country. During the long triumph of their opponents, some of the greatest measures were carried by Conservatives. The opportunity has come to distinguish between rival factions, and to dissipate the growing confusion in which party names and meaning have, in the course of years, been involved. In that sense, and from that point of view, the session is one of considerable significance; and although the details of its legislation possess more interest for the classes specially affected than fascination for the journalist, still the general character of the session, and the course which politics are taking, are on the whole pre-eminently satisfactory.

The session has been unusually barren of great debates; nor can we hope for the revival of parliamentary eloquence whilst neither foreign affairs nor home events excite any controversy capable of stirring passion, or involving broad differences of political principle. Compared with the critical condition of affairs in nearly every European country, which tasks all the energies of the statesmen of the Continent; the unruffled calmness of English politics is the most hopeful feature in modern civilisation, and attests the triumphant position which the nation has achieved. Nor is there anything in the immediate prospects of public men to stimulate that rivalry which, in the absence of exciting events, might infuse some vigour and spirit into their debates. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the Opposition, and the installation of Lord Hartington in his place,

following in the wake of the elections, were full of a significance which has not been lost on the extreme members of the Liberal party. The protest within is as emphatic as the protest without, against any further attempt on the part of the Extreme Left to define the principles or policy of the Opposition. The only course now left to the promoters of that singular agitation which preceded Mr. Gladstone's fall, is to expiate in silence the follies and extravagances of the past. Whiggism is again in the ascendant; and as it is no longer permitted to an enthusiastic Liberal to manufacture new opinions merely to distinguish the party, it is necessary to await the course of events. The moderation and firmness of the new leader have been manifest through the session; both on the Agricultural Holdings Bill and the motion to enfranchise agricultural labourers, an extreme course was plainly discouraged by him; and when Mr. Gladstone superseded him in the criticism of the Government finance, the result was to strengthen rather than weaken the hands of the Ministry. Taking the general course of the debates, and of parliamentary conduct, it may be said that both Mr. Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote have distinctly increased their authority and reputation; while, on the other side, Mr. Fawcett is perhaps the only member of the Opposition who may be said in any way to have improved his position. Of the three great orators who remain of those with whom this generation is familiar, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have ceased to take a prominent part in politics. On the other hand, Mr. Disraeli has wisely left the conduct of all the Government measures, with one exception, to the heads of the Government departments. He probably feels that

after all his celebrated rivals have disappeared, or virtually withdrawn, there can be no fresh parliamentary laurels for him to win; and it may be that the spectacle of his foremost opponents in the House has not been without its warning, not one of whom, except Mr. Forster, in rank below the Prime Minister, has ever conducted a measure of any public importance through Parliament. Such poverty of legislative experience is a serious weakness to a political party, and an unsatisfactory result of its long official career.

The only break in the monotony of events has been the occurrence of the great French "scare." It was said at the time that Russia had "conquered once more the primacy of the Continent." However that may be, both Parliament and the public learnt with satisfaction that England had once more exercised her influence abroad, and expressed her opinion decisively with regard to the maintenance of peace. The other incidents of public interest have been the outbreak of an epidemic in the recently-annexed islands of Fiji, the sole interruption to the prosperity of our colonial empire. The departure of an expedition to the North Pole, and the projected visit of the Prince of Wales to India, have interested and gratified the public; and the grumbling propensities of the British taxpayer have found no other outlet than the extremely moderate expenditure involved in a visit of English royalty to the Indian Empire. The only sensational subjects of the last six months have been a small agitation for the release of a convict, and a difference of opinion between Parliament and the Press as to the status of parliamentary reporters, rendered memorable by Lord Hartington's mistaken endeavour to alter the usages of Parliament without

previous arrangement with the Ministry. Neither subject is worth much discussion, or disturbed for any length of time the work of purely remedial legislation, which, both in its quality and its quantity, has distinguished the session.

Ireland, no doubt, is the first subject which occurs, whilst applauding that tranquillity and contentment which happily prevail in the United Kingdom. Count Münster, it is true, not very long ago, rather went out of his way, and in so doing excited some Irish dissatisfaction, to warn us of what is preparing in Ireland, the relation of which country to imperial interests bears, or might have borne, some resemblance to the connection between Imperial Germany and its Catholic dependencies. But as far as the session is concerned, all that we have to note is the passing of the Irish Peace Preservation Act through both Houses of Parliament. The Coercion Code, which it replaced, was called for immediately after the Irish Church and Land Acts were passed; so that whatever the other merits of that famous legislation, its immediate fruit was not so satisfactory as its authors hoped. Under that Code Ireland had been governed for four years; and according to Earl Spencer, who was the Lord-Lieutenant responsible for its administration, its result was eminently successful. "Instead of anarchy and outrage prevailing over large districts, there had been an almost immediate cessation of that state of things." Lord Spencer took credit, no doubt very justly, to the late Irish Government "for the way in which that legislation had been administered, because he thought that the Acts of Parliament had been put in force with success, and, at the same time, without curtailing the liberty of any loyal subject of her Majesty. The only persons whom these laws controlled

were miscreants who had devoted themselves to the instigation of outrage and murder." That being the object of the legislation, her Majesty's Government, from time to time, as circumstances appeared to them to improve, withdrew considerable portions of the country from the application of that law. And in the past session they proposed, through Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the re-enactment of the expired Code with very considerable relaxations, pointing to the abolition of all coercive measures, as far as mere political offenders were concerned, and merely insisting upon exceptional powers so far as agrarian outrage and the excesses of the Ribbon Society required to be dealt with. Nevertheless, the Irish members in the House of Commons fought the Bill step by step, and raised over and over again the question of any coercive policy being necessary at all. Much time was consumed in that way; not altogether uselessly, for the Government made several concessions of importance, and the Irish members publicly acknowledged the fairness and courtesy with which they had been treated by the Ministers. It seems to be generally admitted that, though stout and sturdy, the opposition was strictly within the rules of parliamentary warfare—although how much of it represented national repugnance to the measure, and how much represented individual love of declamation, it is difficult to say. Its great achievement was the repeal of a clause which was passed by the last Parliament, not merely without opposition, but without discussion. Ireland thus regained the right of suing out a writ of *habeas corpus*, to which the warrant of the Lord-Lieutenant will be a sufficient answer. The Irish members of the last Parliament naturally thought that this right was perfectly valueless, and passed a clause which

abolished it. It is restored by this Parliament; and if it gratifies the opponents of the measure, it certainly does not fetter in any way the hands of the Executive. If the tone of the discussions was satisfactory to the Irish members, the degree to which relaxation has been carried, and the circumstance that it has been considered safe and politic, must be satisfactory not merely to Ireland, but to England also. Lord Spencer, though he entered fully into the reasons why he had not been able himself to restrict the coercive measure of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, expressed his full confidence in the present Irish Government, and stated his conviction that the ministry "would handle the present measure with justice, and still further relax its stringency, if it saw its way to do so." Lord Carlingford, the late Chief Secretary for Ireland, also pointed out that the measure "very considerably relaxed the severity of the law. He did not grudge her Majesty's Government any credit they might derive in Ireland from that fact, but he thought that the people of Ireland ought to know that it was a fact, and that the Government and Parliament have been engaged all this time, not in framing a fresh law for coercion, but in largely relaxing the law which had been deemed necessary for some time past." The Irish people can scarcely have cause to complain of any injustice or undue severity in their treatment, when one of the principal opponents of the Ministry, himself largely responsible for the recent government of that kingdom, "believes that it will be recognised in Ireland that both the Government and Parliament had brought to the consideration of this subject the utmost patience and the utmost anxiety to deal with Ireland as we would deal

with ourselves if we were legislating for any part of England or Scotland under similar circumstances."

We are disposed to place this inevitable legislation for Ireland first in interest and importance in reviewing the work of the session. Assuming, as every rational person does, the necessity for restrictive measures, the actual legislation was a message of peace and conciliation to the Irish people; and, notwithstanding the protracted opposition of the Irish members, it is probably so accepted by the Irish people. In other respects, the relations between the Irish members and the leader of the House were, in this session as well as in that of last year, distinctly satisfactory and even conciliatory on both sides. They contrast significantly with those which existed at the time of the general election between the late Government and their Irish supporters, when the menace of Home Rule on the one side, and studied ambiguity on the other, showed plainly that the functions of Government had been abandoned in panic. The long-continued alliance between the Liberal leaders and the Irish members appears to have terminated in a mutual and embittered estrangement; but the English public may well rejoice that the Administration of the day no longer rests upon their support, and that they no longer hold in their hands the balance between rival parties. The result is to establish a better understanding between the two countries, and leads us to hope that the measures of the past session may be the first of a series which, under Conservative rule, may tend to the gradual equalisation of law between them.

It will be remembered that towards the close of the late Administration, her Majesty's Ministers were frequently applauding the ex-

traordinary prosperity of the country; and at the same time, in equally emphatic language, bewailing their own unpopularity. Mr. Gladstone himself referred to the decline of his power as inevitable, and retreated behind a network of figures as to the average duration of Ministries. But it is worth while to remember that by the time Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet had closed its second session of Parliament, it had not merely completed that Irish legislation, which in the result did not pacify Ireland, but it had, partly by the dictatorial tone of its chief, and partly by its education policy, promoted serious disunion amongst its followers. And from that time it entered upon a course of steady and rapid decline: its foreign policy alienated the party, from Lord Russell downwards; its home policy exasperated the nation; eventually its members were not on speaking terms, and its followers were in open revolt. It may at least be claimed for Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet, that at a corresponding period of its existence no such crisis has arrived, and no symptoms of declining authority have appeared.

Not merely is its Irish policy singularly successful; it is the only Government, having regard to the bitterness produced by recent explanations and pamphlets, which is capable of conciliating the Irish people. In its foreign policy it has maintained a firm as well as a pacific tone. In the recent European complication, Germany and France alike acknowledged its good offices, and nothing has occurred to weaken public confidence in Lord Derby. The Colonial and Indian empires have been administered with success. The Cabinet is united and supported by a united party; the Prime Minister maintains his usual authority and popularity with-

out unduly absorbing into his own hands the whole conduct of public business. Nothing has occurred to shake the authority of the Cabinet, or to diminish its popularity. It has to all appearance gained at present in vitality and strength.

It is, however, by its home legislation that an English Cabinet usually stands or falls. The principal measures of the session besides the Peace Preservation Act for Ireland, have been the Regimental Exchanges Acts, the Acts relating to Artisans' Dwellings, Public Health, the sale of Food and Drugs, the management of Friendly Societies, the Labour Laws, County Courts, Scottish Entails, the Transfer of Land, Agricultural Holdings, the National Debt, and the Supreme Court of Judicature. Those Acts have been or probably will be passed in spite of the length of time consumed in the Irish debates, and in spite of the Government declining to follow the custom, so subversive of the privileges of private members, introduced by the last Administration, of taking supply on Mondays without debate on going into committee.

Reviewing the character of this work, which, in point of quantity, must be admitted on all hands to be considerable, the primary circumstance to be noted is, that the details of these measures were not enlivened by any serious attempt to question the principles which they involved. In other words, in spite of an active Opposition, they commanded general support and approval,—a circumstance of extreme significance, having regard to the imputations, not yet entirely exploded—for Liberal prejudices harden into adamant conviction—of Tory reaction and Conservative hostility to progress. As the Ministry settles itself in the saddle, and the people

receive and accustom themselves to expect at its hands wise and prudent measures, we shall probably emerge from the period of dull re-crimination and pointless invective. Last year, the measures of the Ministry were denounced, sometimes as a spoliation, at other times as a reversal, of the projects of their predecessors; and in either character were equally unwelcome to the Opposition. This year the charge of reaction was confined to the Regimental Exchanges Bill; for upon the question of restoring the House of Lords' jurisdiction, the 'Times' was the solitary champion of "progress." The objection to several other measures was that they were not sufficiently "compulsory;" while the attack on Sir Stafford Northcote's plan for the reduction of the national debt was in Mr. Lowe's words, that according to all experience the English people could only be "hoodwinked" into paying their debts by means of terminable annuities. It is important to estimate by the light of the conduct and language of the day, the spirit in which either political party will guide the new democracy, and endeavour to govern England by means of the enlarged constituencies. Over and over again the Ministry have laid down the principle, that their reforms will proceed, by making legislation and opinion go hand in hand together and react upon one another, whether the subject is that of reducing debt, promoting education, improving artisans' dwellings, or altering the relations between landlord and tenant. The high-handed policy which is so dear to Liberalism, and which a little reflection will show is its sole *raison d'être*, has been illustrated in office by a sufficient course of violent and harassing legislation; and in opposition by the spirit of its criti-

cism. For ourselves we prefer that "compulsion" and "hoodwinking" should remain as lingering echoes about the Opposition benches, instead of becoming the animating principles of a triumphant majority.

There seems to be every indication that the reception awarded to Sir Stafford Northcote's Budget has strengthened the position of the Government. Fortunately for him and the general success of his finance, there was sufficient room for adverse criticism to tempt Mr. Gladstone into the arena, in a very able speech, which arrayed against him in the most telling manner all the objections, some of them of a most hypercritical nature, of which his policy and scheme and administration were susceptible. Few Ministers are strong enough to withstand the depressing influence of their opponents' patronising approval. And the Chancellor of the Exchequer gained immensely in the eyes both of Parliament and the public, when it appeared that not merely was his finance subjected to powerful and searching criticism from no less an antagonist than Mr. Gladstone, but that he himself was ready with a complete and telling reply on nearly all points, in a speech which has been generally applauded for its skill and tact. The shadowy nature of the estimated surplus gave to Mr. Gladstone his best weapon of attack. But every one felt that upon that topic, although the argument proceeded on the footing of that surplus being only £417,000, still, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Gladstone (for both were responsible) were right last year in discounting an expected increment of nearly two millions, and applied the same method to the finances of this year, the estimated surplus would have been £900,000 larger than it was. The case was not

urgent enough to necessitate fresh taxation; the mistake of last year had bequeathed a certain amount of embarrassment to this: but at any rate it had been admitted, and was not repeated to anything like the same extent, or even one whit beyond what was inevitable. And Mr. Gladstone indirectly and unconsciously afforded the best vindication which has yet been offered of those estimates of last year, which we, in common with many others, have frequently condemned. He drew attention to the fact that the annual voluntary expenditure of the country has grown by £1,360,000. Some additions were no doubt inevitable; but probably the Chancellor of the Exchequer felt that he would be in a more favourable position for enforcing economy, and exercising an effective control over the spending departments, if his resources were strictly limited, than if he had a large probable surplus to draw upon. The Finance Minister must always represent the House of Commons in dealing with his colleagues; and it is one mode of drawing closer the bonds between them, to accept in the first year of office a very small disposable surplus. Doubtless the Chancellor sailed a great deal too close to the wind; but the advocates of economy at least ought not to denounce too strongly the financier who prefers to risk his reputation and a chance of a small deficit, rather than give the indirect stimulus to expenditure which is produced by the prospect of an excessive surplus. At all events, there is truth in the observation that, except for its influence upon the reputation of a Minister and the fortunes of a party, there is no such very great calamity in a possible deficit, having regard to the extraordinary prosperity of the country. Still, the balance of argument preponderates in favour of safe estimates

and a reasonable surplus; and we may rejoice in the implied, if not expressed, promise, that the experiment of last year will not be repeated.

The plan for reducing national debt which has been adopted both by Parliament and the country with singular unanimity of approval will, unless unforeseen events supervene to render it abortive, be sufficient to render this session memorable in time to come. Recognising the principle—which it has cost a variety of painful experience to establish—that the only mode of paying debt is to raise money by taxes for that purpose, and to appropriate it when raised to that purpose and no other; the Chancellor of the Exchequer insisted that that method had proceeded as far as was practicable by means of terminable annuities, and must now be supplemented. Instead of the elaborate and abortive scheme of 1866, the mere exposition of which “gave everybody a headache,” the Government appealed to Parliament to enact that hereafter a fixed annual sum, eventually 28 millions, will be paid to the National Debt Commissioners, whereby a surplus, growing rapidly as the charge for interest diminishes, will be available for reduction. The rallying point of opposition to this simple plan deserves to be remembered. Terminable annuities were a device by which all experience had shown that the English people would consent to be “hoodwinked” into paying their debts! It was idle to contend that the same people, though admittedly fit for and inured to habits of self-government, would ever have the moral courage or self-control to pay openly a fixed annual sum towards the discharge of their liabilities! The principle apparently involved in fixing on the sum of 28 millions is that, at periodi-

cal revisions of its relations to the public creditor, the existing generation is not entitled to appropriate to its own advantage more than a moiety of the relief effected by the antecedent reductions of the charge for debt. The charge for interest at the present time is, in round numbers, 24 millions a-year, showing a diminution of 8 millions in the last 60 years. Of that sum we accept half for our own benefit, and apply the remaining moiety to effect further reductions for the benefit of posterity. And if we are able to adhere to that arrangement till 1905, by its means, and by means of casual surpluses, a very large reduction will have been made; and at the beginning of the fourth generation from the close of the war the annual charge for debt will have been reduced 18 millions—to which, on Sir Stafford Northcote's principle, the then House of Commons will be bound to add another 7 millions, to continue the work of reduction in the same spirit of equity between present and future generations as that which has marked the scheme of the Ministry.

There have been several bills bearing indirectly upon the subject of local government and local taxation, which clearly indicate that the present Government, like their predecessors, have no intention of submitting a "large showy measure" on this question for the consideration of Parliament. Both Mr. Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote expressly stated at the beginning of the session that, while they had no intention of hindering reform by propounding a sensational measure, they would not follow the example of Mr. Gladstone's Government in declining to revise to any extent local taxation until the whole system of local government had been recast. Measures have been proposed with a view to fix the attention of Parliament upon

the administration of local finance, the progress of rating, the progress of local indebtedness, and the growth of expenditure. In most of the measures of this session the question of local administration has been dealt with; and it is impossible that any future Parliament should ever lose sight of it. The immense difficulties in the way can, according to Mr. Disraeli, only be gradually overcome; and a Government which has consolidated and amended the sanitary laws, facilitated the improvement of the dwellings of artisans, and endeavoured to revise the system of making loans to local bodies for public works, and to provide for returns and audit of local expenditure, can hardly be said to shrink from the difficult task before it. No public man, not even Mr. Fawcett, who led the Liberal opposition in respect of this subject, appears to have any definite and comprehensive plan to propose, or even any clearly understood object in view. The Government have been making sensible and steady efforts in the direction of piecemeal improvement, and have pledged themselves next year, if we remember rightly, to introduce a Valuation Bill, with a view to uniformity of assessment. Their predecessors sheltered themselves with the plea that nothing ought to be done till the whole local organisation of the country should be recast.

Besides these useful but fragmentary measures of local reform, a review of the session must include within its notice the Merchant Shipping Acts Amendment Bill, designed to render the lives of sailors more secure, and so far matured as to insure legislation early next year; the Transfer of Land Act, designed to facilitate the sale and purchase of real property; and the Agricultural Holdings Bill, which in all

probability will pass, intended to secure to an improving tenant in a great majority of cases a fair return for the capital which he has invested.

The Employers and Workmen Act, and Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, have effected a reform of the labour laws which was cordially welcomed by every one in Parliament except Lord Robert Montagu. They belong to a class of measures which must prove to the working class that their interests are safe in the hands of a Conservative Administration. The general principle has been affirmed that breaches of contract between employers and employed should be treated civilly and not criminally. "There should," said Mr. Cross, who is entitled to the credit of two of the principal measures of the session, "be an absolute freedom of will between master and servant, and between servant and fellow-servant—a man should work if he liked, he should not work if he did not like; he should belong to a trade's-union if he liked, but should not be compelled to belong to a trade's-union." The unanimous approval with which Mr. Cross's Bills for these amendments of the labour laws were received renders comment superfluous. No question has yet risen, or is threatened, which in the smallest degree tends to alienate the working classes from the Government. On the contrary, the legislation of the session, when its effects are experienced, will probably convince masses of Conservative working men, whose existence has been so often denounced as an impossibility, that their social condition and wellbeing, the way in which they are housed, the mode in which their health is preserved and their rates expended, are more earnestly attended to and improved by a Conservative Ministry than

by its predecessor. The sanitary, and physical condition of the labouring classes is quite much the speciality of one side of the House, as the sensational lation, which only secondarily concerns them, is the province of the other.

With regard to National Education, Lord Sandon's code was unanimously approved. It considerably raised the standards; so far from the department being open to the imputation, sought to be made last year, of impeding the working of that Act of 1870, Conservatives have always been accepted, and for which they themselves largely responsible only fault found with the new by the greatest enthusiasts on the subject was, that its demands were impracticably high. It is no necessary advantage that the relief of difficulty, which only two years ago was big with revolution, in the present state of politics, never occurred. The Government has made a determined effort to infuse an intelligent spirit into elementary education; and probably the notion of such religious instruction as children not yet in their teens are able of imbibing is a violation of their parents' conscience, will afterwards rank as one of the exploded commonplaces of Liberalism. The minute relating to pauper children, and the Endowed Schools Amendment Bill of 1874, raise no prejudice against Lord Sandon must be fairly conceded that he has already lived it down, and has established his reputation as Minister of Education.

The charge of reaction and aggression, which so glibly fell from the lips and pens of Opposition the earlier days of the Administration, has died away during the session. It was raised, but not ally persisted in, with reference to

Regimental Exchanges Bill. The accusation, loudly repeated, that this was a reversal of a policy which in abolishing purchase cost the country millions of money, naturally fixed upon this Bill the attention of the public. But the debate in the House of Lords for ever set that accusation at rest.

The opponents of this Bill had long looked forward to a full statement of their case at the hands of Lord Cardwell. It was made; and Lord Derby's reply to it did more than any single speech to convince the country of the soundness of the proposal. It reminded the House that the general opinion of the army, the majority of that portion of the public which interests itself in army questions, the recommendation of the Commissioners selected by the late Government for their eminence and impartiality, were all in its favour. Then as to the alleged intention or imputed result of the Bill,—that it would indirectly restore the abolished system of purchase,—Lord Derby pointed out that he himself (and it is well known that others of the Ministry shared his sentiments) had opposed for twenty years the purchase system; and that, at any rate, no one wished, now that it was gone, to restore it. "The thing is done; the inconveniences attending every large change are mostly got over; the officers have many of them received their money. To try and revive the purchase system openly would be insane; to try and do it insidiously would be dishonourable, even if it were possible." Under this Act, which simply facilitates exchange for purposes of convenience, and to promote efficiency, no officer can, as before, buy himself into higher rank or higher pay. All that either party to an exchange gains is, that he is "quartered in a place which, for purely personal

reasons, whether of health, family, or taste, he finds better suited to him than another." In those which were always the non-purchase corps—viz., the Engineers and Artillery—the system of exchange existed, and was never condemned by the opponents of purchase. No likeness, far less identity, was ever discovered between the two systems of exchange and purchase, until it was necessary to find a purely party ground of opposition to the Ministerial Bill. As to giving, by its means, undue advantages to wealth, or demoralising private soldiers by the example of their superiors, money in all classes and callings gives power; no new relative disadvantage is introduced. Admittedly, exchanges do not interfere with the discipline or efficiency of the army; the sole contention was that the paying for them was objectionable. "My answer," says Lord Derby, "is, that if you forbid exchange in all cases except where the respective situations are of exactly equal eligibility, you really do forbid them in the great majority of cases." It was felt that such a prohibition was unnecessarily rendering military service less attractive as a profession. It will never be attractive in respect of its pay. True economy as well as efficiency points to rewarding its members by good social position and any other advantages which are practicable, amongst which liberty to exchange is one of the most highly valued. The British army is recruited on the exclusively voluntary principle; it is scattered over the whole face of the globe, and it has to endure every variety of climate. A system which modifies, by a self-adjusting method, the hardships and inconveniences entailed by the exigencies of public service, and adapts itself as far as possible to individual wishes, certainly goes far to render military life less unattrac-

tive, and is favourable to economical administration. And tried by the test, not of what is most agreeable to the officers, but simply of what is best for the State, Lord Derby conclusively showed, and his elaborately reasoned speech told with the public, that the Government measure was wise in policy, and carefully matured in respect of its provisions.

The legislative proposals of greatest constitutional importance which Parliament has discussed during the present session, are undoubtedly those which affect the Supreme Court Judicature Act of 1873. Parliament has seldom witnessed a greater *fiasco* than that which arose out of this marvellous measure of law reform. It was a gigantic effort to remodel the judicial system of the country; and its history seems to show that no more questionable praise can be bestowed upon a Bill than to say it is by no means a party measure. Whether the subject in hand is a treaty, a budget, or a parliamentary enactment, both executive and legislative measures appear to prosper best when the two great parties in the State are at arms' length with respect to them, and afford to the country, by their rivalry with regard to them, the means of understanding both sides of the questions raised, and arriving at a matured decision. The party system and its spirit enter so deeply into our parliamentary government, that measures carried without their aid, or while they are in abeyance, lose half their vitality. The assent given under such circumstances is only half-hearted and incomplete, probably for the reason that public attention is not sufficiently concentrated upon proposed legislation, until it is made the subject of party rivalry and contests. The measure perhaps slides through the Houses of Parliament with greater facility, but it does so with-

out spreading its roots in that public opinion and approval from which in this country legislation of any importance must draw the main strength of its existence.

It is seldom that any legislation has challenged more thoroughly that party or organised opposition which it failed to receive. A Judicature Commission was issued under Lord Derby's Government in 1867; and after abortive attempts to legislate in 1871, a Bill was brought into Parliament by Lord Selborne in 1873, which substantially followed the commissioners' report; except that instead of confining itself, as the report did, to the establishment of a supreme court, with the power simply of intermediate appeal from all its decisions, it must needs go out of its way to confer upon the new court a power of final as well as intermediate appeal, and with that view partially to abolish the jurisdiction of the House of Lords. In regard to a proposal of this importance and constitutional magnitude, it was essential that public attention should be drawn to it, and its provisions examined. And it would be difficult to suggest a more favourable subject for party spirit to expend its useful energies upon. Not merely did it contain those destructive clauses, which were wholly beyond the scope of the commissioners' investigation and report, but they were framed so as to effect a half demolition of an ancient constitutional authority in what was called a tentative manner—that is to say, by an operation which it would be equally difficult to complete or to cancel. In order to give the new tribunal unchecked and unrestrained authority in England, it was not merely (which no one now complains of) to combine together all the existing courts of law and equity, of Admiralty, Probate and Divorce, into one vast tribunal

with the united power of all these courts; but the peers were to be deprived of the ancient appellate jurisdiction over England which they had exercised for ages, and which was forthwith to be transferred to the new tribunal. For this purpose the ex-Lord Chancellors and other law lords were to be made judges of it; while the House of Lords, with its authority weakened by the withdrawal of its most experienced judicial members, who would naturally prefer the new court, was to retain the rags and tatters of its former power, and exercise it for the exclusive benefit of Scotland and Ireland. As soon as the act was passed, and the profession and public alike contemplated its coming into operation, it is not too much to say that it was equally distasteful to all three kingdoms, although, in the abeyance of party spirit, it readily passed through both Houses of Parliament. And the reasons are obvious. England is by no means convinced of the wisdom of either abolishing the House of Lords' jurisdiction in this summary manner, or of erecting in its place a court of utterly uncontrolled and unrestrained power. Every one admits the wisdom and authority with which the Lords have exercised their appellate functions; no one questions the advantage of maintaining this constitutional check and restraint on the proceedings of courts of justice, which exercise not merely so much judicial, but, as is well known, though they are always at pains to deny it, so much virtually legislative action. On the other hand, the result of the Act was, in Lord Penzance's words, that "one court in England, hearing between 400 and 500 appeals a-year, should pronounce judgments that were absolutely irrevocable for all time, except through an Act of Par-

liament. A court possessed of that power would have been capable of doing an inconceivable amount of harm to the judicature of this country." So much for the position of England in this matter. Then Scotland and Ireland could hardly, without their own consent, be placed under the appellate authority of a purely English court. The consequence was, that a residuum of authority was to be retained by the Peers for the advantage of those kingdoms. A tribunal, condemned as unfitted to supply the needs of England, or any longer to administer justice in one kingdom, was, after being shorn of most of its strength and all its *prestige*, to be kept alive for the satisfaction of the other two kingdoms, and intrusted with the supreme appellate jurisdiction over them. The *fiasco* scarcely needed the cynical explanation of Lord Selborne, that the motive for this queer arrangement was, that the national pride of Scotland and Ireland should be aroused, that they should remonstrate against subjection to a condemned and half-abolished tribunal, and themselves petition to be placed beneath the authority of the new English court. The sagacity of this statesmanship is obvious! A half demolition of the judicial prerogatives of the Peers was sufficient to complete the power of the new court as an English tribunal; the remaining half might remain to bid for the contempt of the Scotch and Irish—which it was sure eventually to obtain—in which case the authority of the new court might be extended over the whole of the United Kingdom. And that is the result which, in the absence of any legislation this year, would have actually happened. But while, by the Act of 1873, the above result was imminent, the Lords resolved not to part with their jurisdiction, and

passed a bill postponing the destructive clauses of that Act. It is seldom that legislation has landed public affairs in such extraordinary confusion. The Commons had it in their power to refuse that postponement; or, on the other hand, they might have declined to allow the remainder of the Act to come into effect until the whole question was settled. There was the existence of the new court, the existence of either half the jurisdiction of the House of Lords, the question whether the Act of 1873 should be partially or wholly postponed, and in either case the question of what substituted arrangement should be made. There was ample room for difference of opinion between the two Houses, and a considerable complication might easily have arisen. If there were any truth in the suggestion that the Act of 1873 had strong supporters, and that the Government had merely withdrawn their first Bill of this year upon this subject from sheer timidity, the prospect would have been a most serious one. But the House of Commons reversed the hasty legislation of 1873 as eagerly as the Lords. Obviously, the Government had no option in the matter but to repeal the destructive clauses. Those who menace our ancient institutions, and those who fear those menaces, may perhaps note with advantage, that the vigorous vitality of a useful institution is not quenched by even a legislative demolition, when hastily and imprudently effected.

In any event, it is worth while to point the moral of hasty and ill-timed legislation. The Government which was responsible for it had already once resigned, and were in a very similar position to that in which they endeavoured to reduce the House of Lords—viz., they had lost all authority in England, and were

only credited with a residuum of their former influence in Scotland and Ireland. The circumstance that first Lord Cairns, and afterwards Mr. Disraeli, should have lent themselves to forward the scheme, reluctantly, and even with expressed regret, only shows to what an extent the functions of opposition were abandoned during some portion of Mr. Gladstone's administration. The House of Commons was apparently shocked at a half-demolition of an ancient jurisdiction; perhaps the Irish and Scotch supporters of the late Government scarcely appreciated the arrangement made by Lord Selborne for their ultimate welfare. So the House proposed to complete the projected destruction. Lord Cairns, however, soon put a stop to this. He had given the sanction of his approval to the abolition of the English jurisdiction; but both Scotch and Irish must remain, or he would raise the question of privilege, and dispute the claim of the House of Commons to originate any measure, or clause of a measure, depriving the House of Lords of any part of its ancient authority. Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the Commons, denounced the claim of privilege; but, as Prime Minister, he deprecated the loss of his Bill, and succumbed to the menace of opposition. Even then it must have crossed the minds of many that a serious mistake had been committed, and that, under the patronage of the 'Times,' and by virtue of a tacit or expressed understanding between Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, a measure of very considerable magnitude had been passed without sufficient discussion, and under very questionable circumstances.

One clear proof of the rash and hasty character of the legislation of 1873 is that the obvious sequel to it, the proposal also to transfer the

Irish and Scotch jurisdiction, which was inseparably connected with the other, and could not have survived it, has three times, in three consecutive sessions, in two Parliaments, somehow or other proved abortive. And that result ensued, notwithstanding that every one recognised it as the sign and symbol of the whole controversy, and knew that the destructive clauses of Lord Selborne's Act must either be completed or repealed altogether. Meanwhile, not a single petition was presented with the object of abolishing the jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Not merely was the first supplementary Bill of this year denounced by the Committee of whom the country has heard so much; the whole of the Irish Bar and the Incorporated Society of Solicitors in Ireland protested against that abolition. So also in Scotland the Lord Justice-Clerk was opposed to it; so also the Writers to the Signet, who had petitioned against it: both the Bench and Bar of Scotland expressed their disapproval. And, when the Bill of this year was withdrawn by the Lord Chancellor, it was open to any single member of the House of Lords to have objected, and not one was found to do so. Lord Cairns said, "I paused and looked round to see if any objection was to be made, but there was none; and the question having been put, was taken as a case of withdrawal, no person objecting. If an objection to such a course is made, by one person, it is fatal; but if objection is made, the assent of the House is taken for granted." It happened while there was a notable attendance of peers, in place of notice having been given of an amendment on the occasion of the Bill going into committee, in connection with the appeal to the supreme tribunal. It results,

then, that the withdrawal of the measure was the unanimous act of the House. The feeling in the House of Commons must have been equally strong; otherwise, and if the change of policy had been merely the work of a clique of intriguers, the Administration would have received a most serious defeat or check in that House. No one objects to what is called the fusion of law and equity, if by that inaccurate expression is meant the doing full justice in each suit, whether rules of law or principles of equity (either or both) are applicable thereto. That end might have been attained within, quite as well as without, the precincts of courts which are associated with centuries of English history. The courts, however, disappear, and a commodious palace of justice will rise in their stead; possibly in time some great reformer may replace the "venerable Abbey" itself by a Spurgeon's tabernacle! But in the meanwhile there cannot be a doubt that the public generally approves the determination to retain the jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and there are equally grave reasons for upholding Lord Brougham's celebrated tribunal, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Colonies and India have always regarded the right of final appeal to the sovereign as a valuable possession. It is impossible to believe that the new court, nineteenth and more of whose business will be purely municipal, will ever acquire in the eyes of colonists that imperial character which goes so far to preserve the ascendancy of the existing tribunal, and the sentiment of reverence on the part of the colonists.

Testing the character, therefore, of the session simply by the light of the statute-book, it may be deemed satisfactory by all who are content with such legislative measures as it is suited to the wants of the

and the wishes of the people. The Ministry have accomplished as much as could reasonably have been expected, though it is less than they attempted, and although some measures, foreshadowed at the beginning of the session—as, for instance, that of University Reform—have not been heard of since. The character claimed for the legislation is that it consists of moderate and progressive improvements, and that it largely concerns itself with the physical and sanitary and educational condition of the classes least able to protect themselves, and for whom the action and assistance of Parliament are specially needed. “Harassing” legislation has been so emphatically condemned, that even Mr. Lowe, who told his constituents that no useful law could be otherwise, nor Mr. Bright, who considered that even the Ten Commandments were included in that category, would venture to revive it. The principle of “compulsion” and the practice of “hoodwinking” are for a time in abeyance; and the order of the day is to remedy real and substantial grievances by measures which shall conciliate the goodwill and insure the co-operation of those for whose benefit they were carried. They have commended themselves, in spite of being denounced sometimes as an insidious reaction, sometimes as mere “toy balloons,” to the common-sense and judgment of the public. The Conservative party may fairly congratulate itself, not that its rule is associated with heroic completeness, compulsory violence, or sensational achievement, but that under its guidance steady progress has been made in that work of remedial legislation which is so often sacrificed to the exigencies of personal ambition. We are entering upon a new chapter of English history; and those who, looking to all the unsettled state of men’s minds

on all the most important topics which affect society, consider that the Liberal party requires a radical reform in its views, its discipline, the internal relations of its sects, and its external relations to the chief promoters of disturbance, before its renewed triumph could be otherwise than a national disaster, must regard the work of the session as a worthy instalment of sound and Conservative progress. As the Government continues its work, and the reformed constituencies which pronounced the decisive verdict of last year find that the alternative to destructive legislation is not the bugbear of Tory reaction, but a series of prudent and beneficial measures, conceived in their interest and promoted for their welfare, a stronger barrier than ever will be formed against the influence of those extreme politicians who two years ago succeeded in wrecking Mr. Gladstone’s Government, and rending in pieces a famous but now obsolete party. All the questions for which that party contended are finally settled. Civil and religious liberty has triumphed to the full extent of the meaning of the term; and in its turn is menaced by those who would abolish religion, and attack, on high philosophical grounds, the principles and institutions which lie at the root of all society. “We are now emerging,” as Mr. Disraeli said more than two years ago, “from the fiscal period in which almost all the public men of this generation have been brought up. All the questions of trade and navigation, of the incidence of taxation, and of public economy, are settled. But there are other questions, not less important, and of deeper and higher reach and range, which must soon engage the attention of the country. The attributes of a constitutional monarchy,—whether the aristocratic principle

should be recognised in our Constitution, and if so, in what form; whether the Commons of England shall remain an estate of the realm, numerous, but privileged and qualified, or whether they should degenerate into an indiscriminate multitude; whether a National Church shall be maintained, and if so, what shall be its rights and duties; the functions of corporations, the sacredness of endowments, the tenure of landed property, the free disposal, and even the existence, of any kind of property,"—these are the problems of the future, as they affect the polity and municipal institutions of these islands. And if from these exclusively national concerns we turn to the general spirit and tendency of the age, the events which have hurried over Europe during the last five years show that the tendency is to a wanton and unnecessary disruption of human life into separate spheres, to an internecine conflict between the spirit of religion and the spirit of modern thought and civilisation. Everywhere the cry is raised that mankind are drawing off into two separate camps—free thought and servile submission—till the harmonious action of secular and spiritual influences bids fair to be impossible. There has been no period within living recollection when England could less afford to be governed by the combined action of Radical philosophers and Irish Ultramontanes. An alliance between materialism and medieval superstition—or rather between their respective votaries—for common purposes, is no longer possible. And while the deadly contest between them rages abroad, and occasionally threatens us at home, it is of the utmost importance that a strong political party, independent of both, should exist, distinguished for its moderation, capable of directing the public

mind, with a view to harmonise rather than to separate the powerful agencies of liberty and religion, and to maintain that accordance, to which Europe is a stranger, but which is the glory of English history, between the two great powers, temporal and spiritual, which between them control the human mind, and regulate the most vital of human relations and interests.

We claim for the Conservative party its right to govern on the ground that it is a national and comprehensive confederacy, and that its policy and spirit are in accordance with the matured opinion of all sensible and moderate men. Diatribes against Tory exclusiveness and reaction are a pure anachronism, as much out of date as a charge of devotion to the Pretender. Both parties have in their past history much to be proud of, and much sincerely to regret. Confining our attention to the present and the future, it is clear that, whether from its fault or its misfortune, the Liberal party is disorganised, defeated, and demoralised. It is at discord with itself and with the age which it has lost the power of guiding. The Conservative party, on the other hand, has reformed itself; and under the guidance during the last thirty years of the late Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, men of as broad sympathies and as wide reach of mind as the best of their opponents, has divested itself "of those excrescences which were not indigenous to its native growth;" and, while true to the tradition of Pitt and its most famous chiefs, has again taken its stand upon unrestricted competition, liberty, and the principles of the Reformation. Meanwhile power has passed to the hands of the large masses of the people; it is no longer possible to govern England in the interests of one class, or by the strength of extreme men; but it is

of infinite importance to secure justice to all classes, and to provide the masses with leadership. Such leadership can never be obtained by excluding the chief national party of England, and relying, as hitherto, on the support of agitators without, and of the Irish contingent within the walls of Parliament. It seems to be admitted that the only basis on which the Liberals could be reformed is that of disestablishing the Church of England. And every year that passes over our heads, as well as every phase in the present conflict between Rome and Germany, between the Papacy and civilisation, only shows of what inestimable political advantage is a National Church which shall guide religious feeling in alliance with the State.

Those who consider that, in the task on which political parties are now employed—viz., of interpreting while influencing, and executing whilst guiding the national will—greater disturbing influences are at work amongst Conservatives than amongst Liberals, must be strangely blind to the signs of the times. The extreme men amongst the latter were strong enough to drag their party down to the crushing defeat of last year; and did so deliberately, on the avowed ground and the frequently repeated boast that they alone represented true Liberal principles. Those who pretend to fear that reactionary influences are as potent as extreme views in impeding sound government and sensible legislation, may not merely look back at the past two sessions,—the ease with which the Endowed School Act Amendment Bill was withdrawn and never reproduced, and the unanimity of approval which the most important legislative proceedings of the Ministry have received,—but may also study the language of Lord Salisbury, who, rightly or

wrongly, is credited with paramount influence over what is called the Extreme Right. After referring to the dissolution of 1874 as a great national protest against not merely the tyranny of a majority, but the tyranny of the extreme men in a majority, he applied the lesson for the benefit of those over whom he exercises unbounded influence; and in so doing has given emphatic testimony to the unity of purpose and policy which distinguishes the Cabinet. "The lesson we have taught our opponents we have not been ashamed to learn ourselves. Some of our friends may complain that we have not imprinted upon our measures the bright and strong colour of party. Undoubtedly, the temptation to do so may have been to many of us very great." We have a majority in both Houses of Parliament. We might have carried measures which would have told more distinctly the school from which they came than those we have placed upon the statute-book; but it was our duty to consider the history of the British constitution, and to look to the past as well as forward to the prospects of the future. The precedent we have set for the present will act upon the future. The pendulum will swing back again, and that which we have sown in moderation now will enable us and our successors to reap a harvest of moderation in the years that are to come. And, therefore, I feel that the Government has done right, and I am sure it will meet with the calm approval of its supporters, who will remember in the hour of their triumph the lasting interests of the nation, for which any victorious party after all is only a trustee. Above all, this duty lies upon us—that we should not give any countenance to the doctrine that a majority which, it may be, is passe-

ing, gives a warrant for extreme and partisan legislation."

There cannot be a more emphatic recognition of the truth which has been the animating principle of Tory leadership during the last thirty years, that the Tory party is nothing unless it is national. The "school" to which Lord Salisbury refers may exist within its ranks; but it does not embrace more than a section, and it has no representative on the Treasury Bench, or capable of influencing the policy of Government. Fortunately for England, it has never been tossed backwards and forwards between the extreme men of either party; on the contrary, each side has learnt in its turn that the triumph of its enthusiasts is the downfall of its cause. Three memorable dissolutions have vindicated this truth, and snatched the country in succession from the violence of Mr. Fox, from the intolerant hostility of the Duke of Wellington to reform, and from Mr. Gladstone's fanatical allies. On each occasion the people transferred the supremacy of party, determined to stem its violence; and at the present juncture of public affairs it is more than ever important that strength, wisdom, and moderation should predominate in the counsels of the Sovereign.

We close our review of this session with the remark, that if we are right in attributing to it unusual significance, we may at the same time pronounce it to be satisfactory both in its actual results and also in its indication of ministerial policy, and of the soundness and strength of the party organisation. The legislation has, all of it, been widely and generally accepted as beneficial to the classes concerned, effected in sympathy with their wants, and with a view to insure their approval and co-opera-

tion. No single measure has been produced which gives the slightest countenance to the charge of reaction, of exclusiveness, or narrow views of the relations of classes. Whatever was said to the contrary in reference to the Exchanges Bill was abandoned after Lord Derby's speech—a speech which carried conviction to the mind of the whole country. The recent speech of Lord Salisbury shows that if, as our opponents delight to predict, the path of well-considered progress will be abandoned for the undue advantage of some favourite class or institution, such deviation is denounced beforehand as a breach of trust on the part of a victorious party towards the nation for which it is a trustee, inviting as its merited punishment reprisals in the future. The spirit, then, in which the policy of Ministers is conceived must content all classes of the country. But the chief grounds for exulting in Conservative reascendancy are to be found in the improved relations which exist between the Government and the people, between the Cabinet and every part of the empire, between the nation and foreign powers; in the extinction of all dangerous agitation, and in the removal of that incubus of outside domination, which at the close of the late Government menaced public tranquillity and the self-respect of society. Whatever may be the nature of the problems and difficulties with which in future years the nation will have to contend, every man of sense must feel that no contribution towards solving them can possibly come from reviving a party of discordant sects, whose mutual antipathies and separate violence showed plainly that they neither have, nor are likely to possess, a common principle or aim. The *idem sentire de republica* has vanished from their ranks; and until it returns—un-

til reunion indicates that their policy is matured, and that their present crude ideas have ripened into conviction—they cannot hope to lead the people or guide the public mind. It is thirty years since England has possessed a really strong Government which was neither formed upon a principle of violence, nor in some way or other rested upon the support of those who strove to coerce and direct it. Conservative ascendancy means that the country is under the guidance of responsible and experienced statesmen, and that the domination of leagues and demagogues is thoroughly in abeyance. Whatever faults and shortcomings there may be in the past history of the party, or even in the present spirit and mental attitude of some who fill its ranks, everyone must feel that in the experiment of ruling England with household voters and vast constituencies, occasionally liable, as we have recently seen, to wholly unworthy influences, an organisation which yields this result must be a satisfactory instrument of government. And if in

times past it has been successfully wielded by the hands of England's greatest statesmen, we may fairly hope that it may be again the means of giving to this country, during what may prove to be critical years in its history, the guidance of a wise and sagacious rule. It is in our opinion of the utmost public advantage that a strong party, thoroughly in accord with national sentiment, in full sympathy with its ideas of progress, and capable of repressing instead of nursing into disproportioned importance the more destructive influences of the age, should have started into triumphant existence. And it is due to its celebrated chief to acknowledge that the result is mainly due to his wise and far-seeing leadership; and that to his genius and eloquence we owe the existence of a party which now represents all that is best and wisest in the English character and aims, and is finally dissociated from those influences which in times past have alienated it from the confidence of the country.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXIX.

SEPTEMBER 1875.

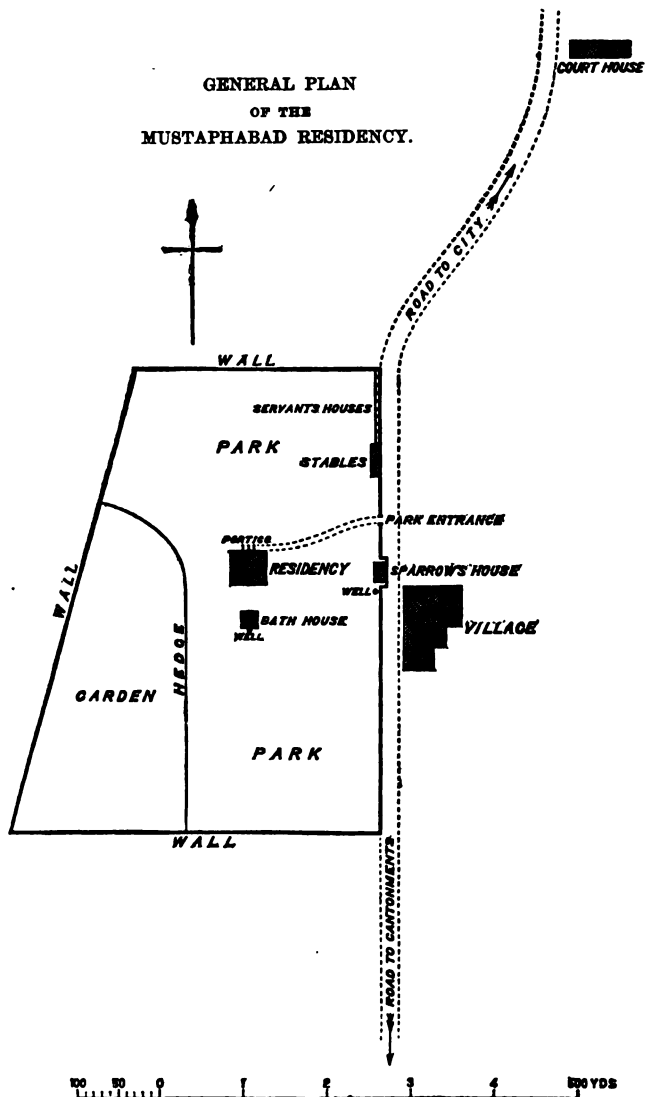
VOL. CXVIII.

THE DILEMMA.

PART V.—CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Residency at Mustaphabad, which was now to become the scene of an eventful episode in the history of the Great Mutiny, stood, as has already been explained, in a park of about fifty acres, surrounded by a strong brick wall, stuccoed white, and about five feet high. On the east side this boundary was distant about a hundred and fifty yards from the house; and immediately within the wall, and exactly east of the main building, was Captain Sparrow's house—or, as it was generally called, the Lodge,—the wall at this point being indented, and projecting into the outer road, so that the back wall of the house was without the general line of the boundary wall. The carriage entrance was about fifty yards to the north of Sparrow's house. There was no gate here, but only an opening in the wall about twenty feet wide, whence the road led by a slight sweep up to the portico on the north side of the house; a rough barricade of carts and carriages removed from their axles had been placed in this gap. Fifty yards more to the north came

the end wall of the stables, which ran along the enclosure, their back wall corresponding with it, the open front of the stalls facing the park. In continuation of the stables was the range of servants' huts, also running along the wall and extending up to the north-east corner of it. The north wall was distant about two hundred and fifty yards from the house, and three hundred yards long. The west wall met the north wall at an obtuse angle, and ran obliquely to meet the west end of the south wall, which latter was more than a quarter of a mile long, and nearly three hundred yards from the south side of the buildings. Thus three sides of the park boundary were parallel to the house, and the fourth inclined to it,—the whole enclosure forming a trapezoid, the triangular portion of which was occupied by the vegetable and fruit garden. This garden was separated from the lawn, at the distance of some fifty yards from the house, by a thick hedge. Outside the park wall on the east side ran the road from cantonments to the city, about



three quarters of a mile off, traversing the plain on which stood the court-house, surrounded by a grove of scattered trees. Opposite Sparrow's house on the other side of this road, was a village surrounded by a mud wall. On the other three sides the park was surrounded by fields, at this season bare of crops. A line of well-grown trees ran along the wall on all sides; the park itself was dotted with timber and laid out with grass, the turf being at this season of the year as hard as the roads and of a bright red colour. The garden, on the west side of the park, was thickly planted with bushes and fruit-trees.

The building itself has already been described in general terms. It was a very large rectangular block, substantially built of brick without regard to economy in the thickness of the walls, stuccoed red outside, flat-roofed, one storey high, with the floor raised about five feet from the ground. The portico was on the north side, and from underneath it a flight of broad steps gave access to the house, the centre rooms of which consisted of an anteroom, dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room, leading in order from one to the other, all very lofty and spacious, and communicating by two large folding-doors in each wall. On the left or east of the landing-place was a sort of pantry and store-room, used to heat the dishes brought from the distant cook-house before dinner; and on the right a guard-room, communicating with the top of the steps, and in which also was the staircase to the roof. Next to these four public rooms on the west side was a suite of four large rooms, used in ordinary times as the Commissioner's private office and dressing-room, his wife's bedroom, her boudoir, and her maid's room, communicating with each other and with the public rooms by fold-

ing-doors. A similar suite of four rooms, one of which was used as an office and occasional dining-room, the other three being usually reserved for guests, was on the east side. Outside these two suites of rooms were wide and lofty verandas, supported on substantial pillars, extending along the east and west sides, and terminated by bathing-rooms which projected into them at the four corners. There was a similar veranda on the south, outside the billiard-room. Part of the middle of the east veranda was also occupied by bath-rooms attached to the guest-chambers. The centre rooms were somewhat higher than the outer, and were lighted when the doors were closed by rectangular clerestory windows. The outer rooms, again, were higher than the veranda, and were lighted in the same way.

South of the house, and about thirty yards from it, was the bath-house—a rectangular building containing a swimming-bath about thirty feet long by twenty broad, enclosed on all sides by a wide platform, raised a few inches above the level of the water. The roof was supported partly on pillars which ran round the edge of the bath, and externally by a wall resting on brick arches which extended round the building on the outer edge of the platform; the spaces between the arches had been filled up with a brick wall seven feet high for the sake of privacy, leaving the space above open for circulation of air. The bath was supplied with water from a well adjacent to it on the south, worked ordinarily by bullocks and a Persian wheel. The platform of the bath-house was four feet above the ground, and was approached by a flight of steps on its north side, opposite the billiard-room veranda.

Such was the building which was now to be defended. Large, airy,

of the 76th, or twenty-two in all. Thus there were fifty-one effective combatants altogether.

Six of the Commissioner's servants, including his old butler, were still present of those who had promised to stay, and one native groom had been retained in charge of the horses picketed under the portico.

The women were—Mrs. Falkland, Justine, Mrs. Polwheedle, Mrs. and Miss Peart, Mrs. Hodder, Mrs. O'Halloran, the newly-made widow of the unfortunate bazaar-sergeant, and Mrs. De Souza, the wife of one of Falkland's clerks. There were also Mrs. O'Halloran's two children. The only native female of the party was Olivia's ayah.

Altogether seventy souls were collected within the building.

Hitherto there had seemed to many of the European members of the community thus strangely collected together, a sort of unreality in the situation. They had heard of bloodshed and massacres in other places, but so far they had gone through no experience of actual violence. Even when they escaped from the cantonments, the flight took place at night; and although firing could be heard, they had seen no enemy, and were not actually molested. Since that time, although they had been huddled together in this enforced companionship, everything without had seemed perfectly quiet, and, save for their own disordered appearance, there was no sign of outrage or rebellion. Only last evening when they were strolling round the house in the dusk, to get a breath of fresh air, the park presented a scene of perfect peace and quiet, even the ordinary traffic on the road outside being suspended. Possibly, then, to some of the party it may have seemed as if either what had taken place in other parts of the country was a horrid dream, or else that a special

good-fortune attended them, and that the worst in store for themselves would be the burden of a day or two passed in this way, in discomfort and on their guard, until the expected relief should arrive. But now, as the sound of rapid firing suddenly broke out around, and the quick patter of the bullets could be heard against the walls, the truth dawned upon these poor women that no special providence would shield them from the same horrors as had overtaken so many of their friends and fellow-countrywomen. For them, too, awful moments had come, when they were called on to face battle and murder and sudden death; and some of them, as they stood trembling in the great dining-room, might well think that the enemy were upon them, and their last moment had come, as they heard the tramp of feet hurrying up the stone stairs and into the outer hall.

It was the body of the garrison returning from the outside, and who now passed by them swiftly to reinforce their respective posts, giving as they went by in their excitement a hurried word or two of encouragement.

Every man's place had been assigned to him beforehand, and within a few seconds after the re-entry of the picket, the garrison was distributed in the appointed order, awaiting the attack.

The distribution of that force had been arranged as follows:—

The main guard of six Europeans and six sepoy was established in the portico under command of Captain Braddon. Major Passey commanded the bath-house picket, consisting of four Europeans and four natives. A party of four Europeans and three natives was posted in the east veranda, under Captain Underwood, the senior officer of the 80th; and another of the same strength,

under Major Peart, in the west. Dumble, Buxey, and two other Europeans, with the two doctors and five sepoy, formed a reserve to reinforce whatever part might be necessary. This reserve was stationed in the anteroom or entrance-hall.

Yorke was attached to Falkland as his staff officer, but his post when

not required in that capacity was in the western veranda; and his heart beat high with excitement as he thought that his share in the struggle was, as it were, to guard Olivia's own room.

Falkland, also kept his jemadar unattached, in personal attendance on himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

The different parties were now at their posts watching through their loopholes the fire of the enemy, which as yet had not been returned, for all that could be seen was the head and shoulders of an occasional sepoy, rising up for a moment from behind the wall to deliver his fire, and then crouching down again.

Meanwhile the ladies remained in the dining-room, where also was the brigadier on a sofa, in a state of expectancy. None of them felt as if the state of tension could last, or as if it were worth while moving from their places for the present. Thus they waited for the sound of the assault, which every moment they thought must be made. And here, surrounded by outer walls and the blockaded veranda, the firing made but little noise.

Presently there was a crash of glass from a picture frame hanging against the wall. A bullet, aimed too high, passing over the sandbag rampart in the veranda, had come through the outer room and lodged in the dining-room wall, piercing the head of one of Landseer's stags on the way.

The ladies started up, all but Olivia, who kept her seat, though pale, and some one gave a little scream.

Just then Falkland looked into the room. "Ha," said he, "we forgot the pictures; we must have

them down, or the place will be covered with broken glass. You are not frightened, my love, are you?" he said, taking the hand of Olivia, who had gone to meet him, between his own, and stroking it fondly, while he looked down on her with a gentle smile. "You see, as long as the bullets go up here, you are in no danger."

"Not afraid, except for *you*," she replied, laying her disengaged hand on his arm, while the large eyes looked up wistfully from the pale face. "Oh, Robert dear! pray be careful of yourself; Mr. Yorke has been telling me of the risk you ran just now. I don't want to be selfish, but think how much to all of us depends on you."

"Don't be alarmed, my child," said her husband, smiling again, and patting her on the shoulder; "it was necessary to show these scoundrels that we were not afraid of them; but now that we are all safe inside, I am going to set an example of caution to everybody."

"But cannot we women be of some use? It is dreadful being made to sit here doing nothing. Cannot we help to load your rifles, or something of that sort?"

"Better keep here awhile. I am in hopes the rogues will take themselves off in an hour or two, when they see there is nothing to be got by stopping."

"Hark! what is that?" cried

Olivia, starting, as a sharp crack was heard outside.

"Our fellows opening fire," said her husband. "You will soon get accustomed to the noise. I have told them only to fire, sir," he continued, addressing the brigadier, "when they see a chance of doing execution; that is in accordance with your wishes, I believe;" and so saying, he hastened away.

Strict orders had been given to the garrison to be careful of their ammunition, which was limited, and not to fire unless with a chance of doing execution, and, so far, not a shot had been returned to the continued but harmless fusilade directed at the building. Some of the mutineers, emboldened at this, had jumped over the wall and taken shelter behind the trees, thus getting a few yards nearer to the building, from which position they could aim more leisurely.

"Here is a case within the colonel's orders," said Passey, who commanded the bath-house picket, as from a loophole in that building a sepoy could be seen distinctly, reloading his musket, hidden by the trunk of the tree from the main building, but exposed to view from this projecting angle. "Now M'Intyre, you are a dead hand at an antelope running, I know; see if you can't hit a pandy standing. Here's one of old Cunningham's Westley Richards; you shall have the first shot."

The subaltern, who was standing on an empty beer-chest placed against the wall, took the rifle which Passey handed to him, and aimed through a loophole, the others watching the result through other loopholes.

M'Intyre fired; the sepoy staggered and fell.

"Well done!" cried Passey, getting on the box to look out; "you have drawn first blood. The beg-

gars will be a little more cautious about showing themselves now, I expect."

"That rifle shoots the least thing too high," said M'Intyre, returning the weapon and resuming his own. "I aimed at the fellow's stomach, but I think I hit him through the heart. I'll try my own next time, major, if you please."

"Here they come on our side," said Egan to Yorke, as the two, also mounted on empty boxes, stood looking through the loopholes of the west veranda.

"I see the bushes moving, but I can't see any fellows."

"You can hear them," at any rate," said the other, as the bullets lodged in the sandbags with a thud, or, passing over their heads, rattled against the back wall of the veranda.

Indeed, the garden seemed to be now full of men, who kept up a continuous but ill-directed fire against the building.

"The fellows fight more like Red Indians than respectable sepoys," observed Mr. Egan; "however, they are sure to give us a chance before long."

Presently he fired.] ["Look here, Yorke!" he cried; "come here if you want to see one of the noble enemy. Do you see a pair of legs just by that plantain-tree? That's all I could see; but I aimed where I thought the body must be, and the legs haven't moved since. See, they are dragging the body away. I must have another go at them," and he fired again, and the shot appeared to take effect, for the dragging operation ceased.

Thus the affair went on, a scrambling fusilade kept up by the assailants, the garrison only returning the fire when there was a fair chance of doing execution. A man climbing over the wall too deliberately, fell headlong from the top under

McIntyre's unerring aim; and the same marksman had sent a shot into a group of men standing in front of the court-house, a distance of nearly four hundred yards, laying one low and dispersing the rest. Two or three of the party which now occupied Sparrow's house had been seen to fall; Braddon, from the main picket, had shot two. Yorke, also, had made his first hit; a man moving from one bush to another, musket in hand, stooping as he went, but still exposing himself, fell prone at Yorke's fire, and crawled away slowly, and the young man felt half savage and half sick at the result of his shot. His ideal of war had been associated with taking life in the abstract only, and the first actual taste of blood, albeit of a would-be murderer's, caused a sickening sensation, which, however, soon yielded to excitement, and the love of killing inherent in mankind. And now a couple of good shots sent up to the roof did some damage before the assailants in the garden, thus laid open to view, had time to withdraw more under cover. Altogether, when Falkland went the rounds, fifteen or sixteen of the enemy had been distinctly accounted for, but no one of the garrison had been touched.

These losses made the rebels more wary. The party which had occupied the garden retired to a safe distance, and the fire on all sides sensibly abated.

"I begin to feel like grub," said Mr. Egan to his comrades, after a time. "This is an exciting if not a very dangerous occupation, and makes one peckish, not to say thirsty. I feel as if I could dispose of any quantity of pegs if they were to be had. I wonder what time it is. By Jove!" he continued, pulling out his watch—"fancy, it's only eight o'clock!" And in truth, although

the garrison seemed to have been undergoing an interminable siege, the day had scarcely begun.

Shortly after this, breakfast was served—tea, hot cakes of unleavened bread (the Indian *chupattees*), and stew with rice. The pantry by the portico served as the kitchen, and for occupation by the servants, while that opposite it was appropriated to the sepoys, who cooked for themselves. The flour and grain had been stored in the northeast spare room, while the Commissioner's stock of sheep and poultry had been penned in a part of the platform of the bath-house. The ladies and the reserve took their meal in the dining-room; the different guards each furnished a detail of one of their number to receive their portion, except that stationed in the bath-house, which had been supplied with a day's provisions and a native servant to cook; for the trench leading to it afforded but imperfect cover, and Falkland would allow no one, except to convey orders, to go to and fro.

Various weak points in the sand-bag parapet had been discovered, especially where it joined the round pillars of the veranda, at which points two or three bullets had found entrance. These were made good, with eager zeal, and then the garrison awaited patiently the next movement of the enemy, one member of each picket, mounted on a box, keeping a lookout through a loophole, while the others sat, arms in hand below.

As the sun mounted into the sky, the heat became fiercer than ever. The rainy season was approaching, and the high winds of the Indian summer had ceased, but not much air could find its way through the barrier, although many of the doors were open. In ordinary times it would have been declared impossible for Europeans to support such heat without punkahs, but now it was

unnoticed. The ladies fanned themselves, the gentlemen wiped their faces. All were composed, but no one discussed the future.

The heat had the good effect of quieting the enemy. Towards noon the firing ceased entirely, and the first excitement of the defenders having passed over, they began to think about rest. A fourth part of each picket were allowed to leave their post at a time, to wash and dress; of the rest, a part were allowed to sleep in turn, which they did on cots brought into the verandas, or on blankets stretched on the pavement, while the remainder kept a look-out. But none of the enemy could be seen stirring. At one o'clock dinner was supplied, flour-cakes, and stew and rice as before, with a bottle of beer between every two persons. The sepoy, going off duty by turns, cooked their single meal of coarse wheat cakes, which they devoured in silence, sitting gravely on their hams and stripped to their waist, taking afterwards a long draught of water from the separate store they had previously themselves drawn from the well, for to drink water obtained in any other way would have been pollution; and then passing round the "hubble-bubble" or simple hookah for each to take a whiff.

Then Colonel Falkland, who had hardly had a minute's rest since the outbreak, fell asleep on a couch in the drawing-room, and slept till evening, his wife sitting by him and keeping the flies off his face with a brush of peacock's feathers; while Miss Peart took the children into a side-room to prevent their disturbing him, and made them some little rag dolls to play with—for poor Mrs. O'Halloran seemed bewildered with the situation, and sat, for the most part, fanning herself silently.

Towards evening the firing was suddenly resumed, waking Falkland

and other sleepers. One of the bath-house guard had incautiously exposed himself in passing through the covered way, by standing on the edge of the trench to take a look at the situation, with the parapet scarcely covering his knees, and had drawn a fire which showed that the assailants were still in force; but it slackened after a few minutes, and then stopped.

At sunset another meal was served out.

"We have come out to see if we can get a little cool air," said Olivia, appearing with Miss Peart in the western veranda after the hasty meal was ended; for by this time the restrictions on the movement of the ladies had been tacitly abandoned, and they went about the building at pleasure: "these centre rooms are getting to be almost unbearable, and I think they are worse now than during the day, because one expects to be a little cooler in the evening."

"This veranda is hardly any better, I am afraid," said Yorke, rising from the empty beer-chest on which he had been sitting, and which did duty for a banquette, "for it has had all the afternoon sun upon it. Why not go on the top of the house for a bit, as soon as it is dark, and get some fresh air? You will be perfectly safe there, if you keep to the centre, and don't go near the edge."

"That would be nice, indeed; I will go and see if Colonel Falkland will allow it." And the ladies withdrew presently from Yorke's post, not to be seen again that evening, for the roof was found to be so cool by comparison, that Falkland had shawls and bedding taken up, and the ladies passed the night there, quite unnoticed by the enemy.

With many the coming darkness was looked forward to with dread, as the enemy might be expected

to take advantage of it for a real attack; and the sense of security afforded by the strength of the position, and its easy defence during the day, was succeeded, as the shades of evening advanced, by a fear of danger from some unseen quarter. And Falkland, refreshed by sleep, went round the building at frequent intervals to see that the guards were all at their posts. When night came on, too, a supply of water had to be drawn for the next day, and carried in jars to the main building. The platform-well having been surrounded with sandbags, and thus, in fact, included in the bath-house defences, the garrison of that post could draw water unseen by the enemy at pleasure, but it could not be taken along the covered way in the day-time. The task of conveying the jars devolved on the reserve, Falkland standing the while outside the covered way, to note if any sounds could be heard indicating a night attack. But although a movement of men could be heard about Sparrow's house, both then and throughout the night, the enemy did not fire a shot, or attempt to disturb them, and hopes began to arise in the breasts of many, that the rebels meant to take themselves away.

"The fellows will be off to-morrow even if they don't go to-night," said the brigadier from his couch to every one who came near him, still bathing his eyes with a wet rag dipped in the basin of water beside him; "Falkland says they are sure to do so; and in any case, he says that relief is sure to arrive by morning. The cowardly fellows will sheer off when they see the gallant Sikhs marching down on them, I'll be bound." And indeed, in all hearts the hope was strong that the attack had ended with the first discomfiture of the mutineers; and as night wore on, those who were at

liberty to take rest lay down to sleep off their anxiety, while those who were on duty remained calm and silent at their posts. No lights were allowed in the verandas; some lamps threw a dim illumination during the night over the large centre rooms.

"We are so much indebted to you, Mr. Yorke, for your happy suggestion," said Olivia, as the party were drinking tea next morning in the dining-room—a recreation in which Yorke, being off duty, was able to join; "I can't tell you what a comfortable night we passed on the roof; it was quite cool, and has completely invigorated me; and then whenever one awoke there were the stars shining overhead, and everything so peaceful, it was difficult sometimes to realise where we were. But it seemed very selfish to be lying there so comfortably, while all of you gentlemen were on the watch in the dreadful heat below."

"I am sure I could hardly sleep a wink for the hardness of the roof," said Mrs. Polwheedle; "and we pay for having been cool up there, by coming down into this dreadful close room. You people who have been here all night have no notion how awfully stuffy it feels after the fresh air."

As Mrs. Polwheedle had slept soundly during the greater part of the afternoon, it was not surprising that her night should have been wakeful; while it did also occur to Yorke (that she of all the party should have had least cause to complain of the hardness of the pavement, in respect that nature had furnished her with an ample cushion; but he did not commit this *repartee* to words.

The party thus assembled, sitting in a circle at one end of the drawing-room round a small table on which the tea was placed, formed a curious contrast to the surroundings; for

except that the room had not been dusted, that the picture-frames were piled on the piano, and various bundles lying about, it presented the ordinary aspect of a handsomely-furnished apartment; but the occupants were a strangely-assorted group. By general consent, coats and collars had been dispensed with by the men; and with several of the community a light under-waistcoat did duty for a shirt—the supply of the latter article of dress being very limited in the garrison—and with a pair of white or flannel trousers gave the wearer the appearance of a dirty racquet-player, while incipient beards added to the general seediness of aspect. All the men had their firearms beside them, or between their knees. The ladies generally did not look to much

better advantage, although Olivia had somehow managed to make herself neat before descending; and her beautiful hair, coiled in neat folds round her stately head, was in contrast to the general slovenliness of the rest. Miss Peart, indeed, had washed her face before joining the party, and was clad in a clean muslin robe of her hostess; but as she sat in a low lounging-seat drinking her tea it was evident to the company that she had given up wearing stockings for the time; while Mrs. Polwheedle had apparently discarded stays and undergarments generally, as conducive to heat and supererogatory during siege life, and sat fanning herself in a rocking-chair, clad in a crumpled wrapper which yielded to each impress of her ample figure.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The hope imparted to the garrison by the stillness of the night and early dawn, that their enemies might have abandoned the blockade, was dissipated with the return of daylight. The Sepoy encampment was still standing pitched among the trees behind the court-house; large bodies of men were drawn up near that building, detachments from which could be seen from the lookout place on the roof to march down with a semblance of discipline to relieve the advanced pickets which lined the park walls; and about sunrise a lively fire began again, especially from the east wall and Sparrow's house, the roof of which was now discerned to be protected by a parapet of sandbags piled up during the night, in imitation of the defenders' method, while the doorways and veranda facing the park had been blocked in the same way; sandbag loopholes had also been made at various points

along the top of the adjacent wall, so that the assailants were now on an equality as regards cover, and having apparently unlimited ammunition, they fired briskly, although with more care than on the previous day, evidently aiming at the loopholes of the garrison. The covered way to the bath-house was now completely commanded from the roof of Sparrow's house; and as Falkland passed along it to visit the guard there, attended by Yorke and the jemadar, the party had to run the gauntlet of a sharp fire.

"It's precious lucky, sir, there were no rifle companies among our three gallant regiments," said McIntyre to the colonel, as a bullet, coming through a loophole from which he had just withdrawn, whizzed through the bath-house, and lodged in the wall on the other side, "or we should have a few more of these gentry."

"You're an awful dab at field-

engineering and that sort of thing, Arty, I know," said Spragge, who had just entered the smaller building, bringing a bag of flour for the day's rations to his friend; "but you haven't made allowance for a fellow of my inches. Just look at this," he continued, holding up his pith helmet, in the top of which were a couple of round holes; "precious lucky my poor old nut was a little lower down, wasn't it? I don't want to give Johnny Raugh a step just yet."

"Pandy is quick to take a hint," said Falkland to his aide, "and we could not prevent their making sandbags, as long as there is any cloth left in the country. But we must try if we can't manage to control their spirits a bit." And returning to the main building, he collected about a dozen of the best shots on the east side, with orders to select each a loophole in Sparrow's house, and to aim carefully as soon as it should be occupied, and then sent Yorke to creep along the covered-way, on his knees, holding up his hat on a stick just above cover. The *ruse* succeeded perfectly. In a few seconds the hat was observed; muskets protruded from every loophole on the other side, and a sharp fire was opened on the moving object. The riflemen fired in return, and as the fire of the enemy was immediately checked, some execution might be inferred; after this manœuvre the enemy became more cautious. Towards noon the dropping fire which followed this affair slackened, and was followed by a time of perfect quiet, as on the previous day.

The second day of the siege; and it seemed as if they had been shut up for a month. To the first excitement there now succeeded the monotonous discharge of the prescribed routine. The great event

was to be off duty at meal-time, so as to be able to meet the delegates from other pickets, and compare notes. The ladies had now taken on themselves the office of bringing their meals to those on duty; and Yorke and the others in the west veranda had the happiness of receiving their plates of curry and damper from Olivia's hands, which the young man would fain have kissed with gratitude as he relieved them of their burden. Seen under the aspect of this crisis, she no longer seemed to be a wife. This must be a dream, thought the young man; she is more like an angel than a being of this world; no harm can come near her; and he felt quite happy at his post.

Most of the officers bathed in the bath, two at a time, and with orders not to splash or make a noise. The billiard-table also was frequented; and some cards had been hunted up, and a party sat down to whist. But the cards curled up with the heat, and got dirty and dusty, and the game was soon dropped. Moreover, Olivia, remembering that her father had left some cheroots behind him—Falkland did not smoke—had unpacked and made over the precious windfall to Buxey, who had taken charge of the commissariat; and Buxey served out two cheroots a-day to each person—a No 2 after dinner, and a No. 1 in the evening. They were very good; and never were cigars more appreciated, or smoked more completely to the end.

By tacit consent the question was avoided, how long the blockade would last, or what would be the end of it; but Buxey said there was a capital stock of provisions. No one, however, but Falkland knew what was the state of the ammunition. This was stored in an underground chamber, constructed by the architect of the Residency

as a retreat for the hot season, according to a mode of building not unfrequent in the early days of Anglo-Indians, but which had never been used for that purpose.

One thing especially which imparted spirit and confidence to the garrison was the bearing of the native portion of it. Falkland's determination to trust these men had been viewed by several with alarm in the beginning, lest the defence should be undermined by sudden treachery within. Captain Sparrow had been very free in his criticism to all who would listen to him on the foolhardy rashness of his chief; and Mrs. Pölwheede had tried in vain to persuade the brigadier to insist on the sepoy being kept together in the portico outside the building, instead of being distributed about it, and had spent a good deal of her time at first in watching their deportment. If a sepoy looked grave, he was meditating desertion; if he laughed—and most of them seemed now in capital spirits—he was chuckling over some plot in contemplation; a respectful bearing was set down to cringing, the crouching of the tiger before its spring; and if any one seemed more free in manner than usual, the villain was chuckling in his insolence over the prospect of having the sahibs in his power. But the most timid or suspicious could no longer withhold their confidence, on seeing how heartily their dark-coloured allies had thrown themselves into the spirit of the defence. Had the enemy been their bitterest natural foe instead of the comrades of a lifetime, they could not have shown a greater alacrity in the play of sharpshooting; the difficulty was to make them husband their ammunition. Two of the sepoy who proved to be good shots had been supplied with rifles, and Falkland's jemadar had come to be regarded as next to M'Intyre the

marksman of the garrison. The six servants, too, did their duty with perfect *sang froid*; and the ayah was ready at all times to brush any lady's hair, as well as that of her mistress.

"Pandy seems to have had enough of it for the present," observed Braddon between the puffs of his cigar to the little party assembled that evening in the portico, which post he commanded; and as he spoke the silence was unbroken by any firing; nor, looking through the loopholes, was there an enemy to be seen in any direction.

"I calculate we have accounted for at least thirty of them," remarked Mr. Hodder, the missionary, who wore a black alpaca coat and trousers, as the symbol of his calling, but had been doing active duty as a sharpshooter, and now sat on a cot, smoking, with a repeating rifle on his knees; "say thirty, besides speculating on the parties who have not been marked down; at least as many more, I'll bet. The remainder perhaps have taken the hint and gone to their own place too."

"That still leaves two thousand nine hundred and seventy pandies unaccounted for," said Sparrow, who from the first had maintained a consistently doleful appearance, "besides all the blackguards in the city, whom the Commissioner so wisely provided with arms two days ago. They won't be so easily choked off, take my word for it. This silence means some new mischief, you may depend."

"Well, sir," replied Hodder, a little sallow man with a clear eye, and a face smooth save for a small light beard, "and if they do try any of their tricks, the sooner they do it the better; I guess we are ready for them; we know a thing or two; and we shall give them a warm welcome, I expect." And Mr. Hodder tapped his repeater cheerfully, and indeed

his remarks only reflected the spirits of the garrison. The ease with which the enemy had been kept at bay, and their own immunity from any loss so far had given general confidence. Relief must come soon, and it would be easy to hold out for a long time in such a fortress as this, and against assailants so unenterprising.

As soon as it was dark the ladies again ascended to the roof, and the night passed away in perfect quiet, save that about one o'clock, as Falkland, who had got some sleep during the day, and spent the night on the alert, was going the round of the sentries, the officer who was posted in the covered way—a sentry had been stationed there each night, and the post was a favourite one, the open air being much cooler than the inside of the buildings—reported that he heard an unusual noise in the direction of the entrance-gate.

Falkland stopped to listen. There was certainly a sound as of the movement of men. He went to fetch Yorke and the jemadar, who were asleep in the west veranda, and they came back with him to the trench.

Putting their ears to the ground, they could distinctly hear the sound.

"They are doing something to the barricade," said the jemadar to his master, in an undertone, in Hindustani; "shall I go and see what it is?"

For a moment Falkland hesitated. Could the man be intending treachery?

Yorke seemed to divine the colonel's thoughts, for he whispered, "May I go with him, sir?"

But Falkland at once cast the unworthy suspicion from him. And after all, if any native wanted to desert, nothing was easier at any time of the night. The man being told he might go, jumped over the

low parapet, and disappeared in the darkness. In about five minutes he returned. He had been down nearly to the gateway. The barricade which closed the entrance there had been made of some carts and carriages, including Falkland's own barouche, taken off their axles and fastened together. Ameer Khan could not tell for certain what the enemy were about, but they appeared to be employed in removing it.

Then Yorke obtained leave to go down and reconnoitre. The enemy had no sentries, and were so busily engaged on their work that he got within a few yards of them without being perceived. There was no moon, but the night was not dark, and lying down he watched their proceedings for some minutes. He could just make out some figures at work, and could hear the grinding noise of something being dragged along the gravel. They were evidently removing the different obstacles which composed the barricade.

Looking round to his right the outline of Sparrow's house stood out against the sky. From where he lay it was almost in his rear; he had been so intent on watching the barricade during his advance that he had not thought about the house and its occupants, and he shuddered for the moment to think how easily he might have been seen by them, and his retreat cut off. To be killed in open fight was a fate he was ready enough to meet; but to be murdered out there, without help, and without being able to sell his life, and no one knowing what had become of him,—what a horrid fate that would be! But the place seemed perfectly quiet, and dismissing his nervous fears, the young man walked stealthily towards the building. No one was stirring, and he advanced as far as the wall of

sandbags which the enemy had built up along the front of the house. This he found to be about ten feet distant from the edge of the veranda, and standing by the end of this rampart so that his body would not be distinguishable from it, he took a leisurely view of the place. The veranda seemed to be full of men, all fast asleep; others lay on the gravel path between it and the rampart, one of them, with a calico wrapper over his head and shoulders, so close that Yorke could have kicked him with his foot. After watching the scene for a few seconds, till even in the darkness the whole grew clear, he stole back to the covered way to tell Falkland, anxiously awaiting his return, what he had seen.

This removal of the barrier looked like mischief, and before the short June night had given way to the early dawn, the garrison was got under arms, and the captains of posts warned to be on the alert, while Falkland ascended with Yorke to the roof to reconnoitre. Mounting the staircase, they advanced to the edge of the eastern parapet. The stars were now disappearing, and the line of park wall could just be distinguished here and there in the gaps between the trees, as well as the roof of Sparrow's house.

"Everything quiet," observed Yorke, in a whisper; "Pandy is not awake yet, any more than our own poor ladies," glancing as he spoke backwards at the recumbent figures behind them, with rugs and shawls thrown over their dresses, most of them still asleep, while one or two, awakened by the footsteps, were sitting up leaning on their elbows, among these latter one whom his quick eye made out to be Olivia, and who, disengaging herself from the shawl thrown over her dress, was rising and coming towards them.

"See, what is that?" whispered Falkland, pointing across the park, "are not these men? Yes, I can make them out distinctly now; the ground behind the wall swarms with them. They mean mischief evidently;" and as he spoke, a number of figures in white could be seen in the twilight clambering over the wall and forming up on the inside.

Falkland rushed down the stairs with Yorke at his heels, but just as he reached the bottom, he turned to the latter, and pointing upwards said, "Just run back and tell them all to lie down and keep under shelter till this business is over."

Yorke ran up again to the roof. The top of the staircase was near the edge, and coming out of it his attention was irresistibly caught by the sight which presented itself below. On all sides a swarm of sepoys, rushing out from cover, had surrounded the building, and halting at about fifty paces opened fire upon it. They were dressed in white, with small skull-caps and bare legs. Some lay down as if skirmishing on parade, others stood boldly up on the lawn, reloading, or taking aim. The flashes of fire, bright in the grey twilight, seemed almost to encircle the building. And coming up the main road from the entrance-gate was a strong column with their arms at the shoulder, led by a native officer waving his sword.

Yorke stood spell-bound for a moment watching the scene, till, becoming sensible that some one was standing close behind him, he turned round. It was Olivia. A light scarf round her shoulders concealed the crumpled dress, but her long tresses had escaped from their bands and hung loosely over her shoulder.

"Is this to be the end?" she said, hardly looking at him, but gazing

with dilated eye, in which, however, there was no sign of fear, at the spectacle below. "What can we women do to help?"

"Nothing," he returned, "except to keep out of fire. You really must," he continued, in a pleading voice, for they had been observed on the roof, and the bullets began to whizz past them; and then seeing that she stood as if spell-bound, he suddenly seized her hands in his, and pressing her palms back on the wrists forced her to the ground. This was done in an instant. "I am only obeying orders," he said, smiling, as he rose up and let go her hands; "keep like this, quite flat, and you will be safe." Then turning to the others, who were now, some sitting, some standing, bewildered, he cried, "Down, all of you, flat on your backs!" and then rushed down the stairs.

Hurried though he was, the young man could not help being struck by the contrast between the scene within and that which he had just seen without; the crowd of sepoy's pressing round the building, and the blaze of fire as seen in the cool morning air, the dark barricaded portico below, with the handful of grimy-looking defenders in the sweltering heat, some firing through the loopholes, the rest standing in reserve on the steps, ready for what might happen. But there was not much time for deliberation. The attacking column, some hundreds in number, was already upon them, spreading round the portico; and the foremost, seizing the protruding muskets with their hands turned the aim away, and, pressed on by those behind, pushed against the frail wall which blocked up the two carriage entrances and the spaces between the pillars, and tried to turn it over, pulling down the sandbags at the top at the

same time and throwing the wards, the dust from which, as fell to the ground, mingled with smoke to obscure the scene.

There was no firing just at this moment. The defenders of the portico had already discharged their muskets and had not time to load. Those in the rear could not fire in that direction for their comrades in front. For a few seconds, although a fusilade was kept up all round, only sounds immediately about the portico were the shouts and orders of the rebel party, freely given by the sepoy's within, their scuffling as they pressed against the wall, and the stamping of the frightened horses trying to break loose from their tethers. Nothing could be seen by either side of the other sandbag rampart protected by the assailants as well as the defenders.

Presently a hand protruded from the wall, clutching it by the top, as if some one were going to pull it over. A sword gleamed in the air and came down swiftly on the exposed wrist, and the armless man dropped lightly down inside the wall. It was Amcer Khan who struck the blow, springing forward from the side of his master's steps.

Just then a piece of the portico part of the wall came down, a section three feet in width, at the east side of the portico. Here it stood one of the seventeen stout sepoy's, a stalwart young man, low, who brandished his musket by the barrel, ready to strike the first man who should enter through the gap. There was irreconcilable among the assailants closest to the wall, but a man from behind called to them to step aside, and fired his musket the sepoy fell. The next moment the rebel leader jumped through the gap, making a fair cut at Braddon, who stood near the wall. But the latter parried, and in

running him through the body, the tall fellow threw up his arms, and Braddon with difficulty extricated his sword as the man fell face foremost on the body of the prostrate sepoy.

"Hand me a musket, quick!" cried Braddon, stepping into the gap. "And me!" cried Yorke, taking his place beside him. There was just room for the two where the rampart had given way, leaving them exposed down to their knees. On the other side was a crowd of the enemy, almost close enough to touch, but too crowded to fire or fight. Behind Braddon and Yorke were now some half-dozen men whom Falkland, surveying the situation from the steps, had sent forward on the spur of the moment to load and pass their muskets. The rest of the defenders of the portico were distributed around the wall, some therefore having their backs to the critical point; while the remainder of the reserve, standing on the steps by Falkland's side, were firing over the heads of the defenders into the crowd beyond as fast as they could load.

A flash, and surely the frail defence must have given way; but the crowd without swayed to and fro irresolute, while the two officers, levelling the muskets handed to them, shot the two men nearest, who fell dead under the wall. There was a short pause, and they fired again, and again two men fell. Still the crowd held on, pressing, struggling, and the men behind shouting orders to each other and to those in front, which no one obeyed. Again there was a pause in the duel, while Yorke, facing the enemy, waited for another musket, and he felt for the moment as if any one of them might seize him by the collar and drag him out, and one fellow, imitating his tactics, raised a loaded piece and levelled it in his

face. He can't miss me at that distance, thought the young man; and a grim sense of the absurdity of the situation came over him, as he stood waiting to receive the shot, and the flash of fire seemed almost to scorch his face; but the bullet whizzed past harmlessly: and the next moment Yorke, feeling a musket put into his hand, returned the fire with better effect, and his opponent fell at his feet.

All this takes longer to tell than it did to happen. Three times the two officers fired, and six bodies lay before them just outside the gap; others fell from the shots of the defenders on the steps. A backward movement took place among the crowd; some began to move towards the rear, the men in rear of the column began to stream off in increasing numbers, and soon the whole column was running down the road in flight for shelter, an example followed at once by the skirmishers round the building. A few men still showed front, here and there, remaining as solitary units where just before the ground had been crowded with white figures, retiring slowly and facing about to deliver their fire. But they gradually disappeared, and in a few minutes the park was again deserted, save by the bodies of the slain which lay strewn about the ground. Then the victors in the portico raised a shout of triumph, echoed from other parts of the buildings; and then panting for breath, looked at each other in silence, feeling for the moment all the exhaustion which follows great vital efforts.

Falkland, assured that the attack would not be immediately renewed, sent Ameer Khan to the roof to fetch the ladies down, and hastened with Yorke round the building to see how the rest of the garrison had fared. The attack had been simultaneous on all sides; but the assailants, for the

most part, had done no more than advance out of cover to within a few yards of the building, and open fire against the loopholes, exposing themselves freely without doing any damage in return. A rush had, however, been made at the trench leading to the bath-house, and a bold attempt made to enter both buildings from it. The south door leading from the billiard-room had fortunately been fastened, and a dead sepoy lay in the south veranda, shot while trying to force it open, and Falkland had to step over the bodies of three more lying in the trench. The bath-house presented a solid wall, loop-holed, to the enemy, against which no impression could be made; but the arch leading from the trench, which formed the entrance to the building, had not been filled up, but was guarded by a sandbag traverse about two feet in rear of the opening. Here some of the bolder assailants had tried to force their way, and the leader had been shot on the steps after cutting down young Raugh, who stood defending the entrance. The north archway was also an open one, and here a semicircular parapet had been constructed to enclose the well; and in guarding a loophole at this point, McIntyre had been hit while in the act of firing himself, by a bullet which shattered his left arm above and below the elbow.

"Poor little Johnny," said Spragge, who was supporting him, and trying to stanch the blood which streamed down from the sabre-cut in his shoulder, "they

might have hit one of their own size. But, by Jove, sir!" he continued, addressing Falkland, who had stopped at sight of the wounded lad, "it was Johnny who saved us. There was such a row by the well, we were all looking that way; and if he had not kept the doorway for a bit, they would have taken us in rear, I do believe; but I don't think there is much harm done—is there, Johnny, my man?" Nor did the wound appear so bad as that of McIntyre, who, however, stood coolly, without wincing, while some of the party were making a sling out of a towel to support the shattered arm.

Maxwell was summoned to the scene, and recommended that the wounded officers should be brought to the main building at once. Thither McIntyre walked without assistance, and Raugh, who felt faint, supported by Yorke; but the rebels had so far recovered themselves as to open fire sharply from Sparrow's house as the party passed along the trench, with no further effect, however, than to send a bullet through the top of Yorke's helmet. It had been arranged beforehand between Maxwell and Falkland that the south-east room should be used, if necessary, for a hospital; and the two wounded officers were at once put to bed there, and their wounds dressed by the surgeons. McIntyre's injuries were very severe, although Maxwell hoped to save the arm; Raugh's wound was a clean though deep sabre-cut, which Maxwell pronounced would soon heal up.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Meanwhile there was plenty of excitement in the other parts of the building, as the event of the morning was discussed, especially in the dining-room, where the reserve were

now assembled, drinking their tea. "Let no one say that Pandy cannot fight," said Braddon, who, having been hit slightly by the glaze of a bullet, was returning to his post after

having had the wound dressed; "it is lucky that all had not the pluck some of them showed."

"He is a strange mixture of courage and cowardice," said Falkland, who was making his report to the brigadier: "nothing could have been better than the style of that fellow you disposed of, Braddon, but he was not supported."

"That was one of our corporals," said Major Dumble; "I have just been having a look at the bodies. It was the reserve that did the business; it's always the reserve, you know, that has the hardest work: you people behind the wall were all right, you know; we on the steps were quite exposed;—weren't we, colonel? Thrice I fired, and each time laid my man low; I can show you which they were, brigadier, if you could manage to come out and have a look." And Dumble, who had up to this time been very subdued, had now put on quite a mild swagger, and seemed on good terms with himself again, as he drank his tea, holding his musket over his left shoulder the while, and looking round to the company for approbation. "Thank ye, Dumble, but I was out there all the time," said the brigadier, "and saw it all;" and indeed the old gentleman had hobbled to the top of the portico steps at the first noise, and had witnessed the attack from that point, and now, returned to his couch, was listening to Falkland's report of what was going to be done to restore the defences, and nodding his head from time to time to express approval.

But by degrees the excitement of the morning passed away, and as soon as the broken parapet had been restored, and the dead bodies of the enemy thrust outside it, those who were at liberty lay down to rest, while the others stood listlessly at their posts, undisturbed

by any sound, for the enemy's fire had now stopped altogether. Falkland, too, having seen all done that was necessary, had lain down in the dining-room and was fast asleep. But the ladies had now for the first time an occupation in nursing the wounded, especially in fanning them with the hand-punkah, if only to keep off the flies with which the building swarmed; and had formed themselves into watches for carrying on the duty continuously.

"Hollo, Arty! is that you?" said little Raugh, his body covered with a sheet, his shoulder and right arm bandaged up, turning his eyes, without moving his head, towards his brother subaltern as the latter entered the sick-room about mid-day, where Mrs. Falkland sat by his bed plying the fan, while Mrs. Hodder was performing a similar office for poor M'Intyre,—*"I am as jolly as possible; don't you wish you were me?"* The boy meant it as a joke, and without any allusion to the young man's feelings; but Yorke could not help blushing, and Olivia looked confused. "Of course," continued the patient, "I don't mean to say I am not sorry the other fellow should have to take my turn of duty; but it is very jolly lying here to be petted, and having a regular bed and sheets, and all that sort of thing. Oh, Mrs. Falkland, I do think you are an angel!" and the lad put out his hand to convey hers to his lips. "Now, Mr. Raugh," said his nurse, laughing, "pray be steady, and don't move your head. The doctor has ordered him to keep perfectly still," she said to Yorke, by way of explanation, "so that the wound may heal by first intention."

As for Mrs. Polwheedle, without taking any regular watch—for, as she observed, there were enough without

her, and some one must superintend matters generally—she was in and out of the sick-room at all times; and when she joined the party in the dining-room for the mid-day meal, clad in an old wrapper, her appearance would have qualified her for immediate appointment as monthly nurse to any institution; and she gave her instructions very fully to the other ladies as to what they were to do. “Kitty, my dear,” she said to Miss Peart, as that young lady took her place at the table,—“suppose you take a little of that curry to young Raugh—he might fancy it; and take him my half-bottle of beer too—I am sure it can’t do him any harm. As for M’Intyre, poor fellow, the lower he lives just now the better. Now, Polwheedle, don’t fidget so, my good man, but just lie down quietly, and try if you can’t manage a bit of something.”

Grumbull, too, had risen to the occasion. His share in the surgery business had consisted principally in looking on while his senior Maxwell examined and dressed the wounds; but in virtue of his office he now walked about with his shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and was very solemn and mysterious.

The garrison had now time to recollect that it was Sunday, and at Mr. Hodder’s suggestion, all who could be spared from their posts assembled in the drawing-room during the forenoon for divine service. The ceremony was a brief one. The little party stood in a semicircle, Mr. Hodder, arrayed in black alpaca, alone of the men laying aside his weapon for the time, while he read the fifty-ninth Psalm, and then, after offering an extempore prayer, gave them a short address by way of sermon. “These were times,” said the preacher, “when Christians must feel drawn together in a special degree. Let brotherly

love abound. They must discern the work of the Lord in this ordering of chastisement for their faults, vile and unworthy creatures that they were, by the hands of their enemies, who were now seeking like raging lions to devour them; but the saving hand of Providence, which had been stretched out to guard them so far, might be trusted to shield in all the dangers still to come. Though they walked through the valley of the shadow of death, they need fear no evil. Above all, let brotherly love abound, not only among themselves, but extending to the poor misguided heathen who were now drawn up together against them. If they were to return anger for anger, and cruel scorn for cruel deeds, wherein would the Christian be better than the contemned Hindu or Mussulman? Let them act and think as Christians, although maintaining their cause to the last with the sword of Gideon and David.” Mr. Hodder spoke through his nose, but with both fluency and earnestness; and never was a congregation more devout than the little party of beleaguered worshippers. “Now let us conclude with a hymn,” said Mr. Hodder; “if any lady will oblige us by playing the symphony, I guess I can lead off the melody right away. Mrs. Falkland, ma’am, perhaps you will preside at the piano.” A strange and unexpected sound truly, arising from the motley band in the stifling noonday heat—a song of fervour if not melodious, startling the other defenders at their different posts, and some faint echoes of which may have reached to the besiegers, to remind them that it was the Feringhee’s sacred day.

Mr. Hodder was popular in the garrison for his unselfish ways and good spirits, but his theology did not jump with the general feeling.

“Your sermon seems to have

been more eloquent than logical, from the account I get of it," said Braddon, when Mr. Hodder returned to his post in the portico. "If your sentiments are right, there is nothing for it but to pull down the barricade and let the enemy come in and make an end of us."

"Not at all, sir," rejoined the other; "our mission in this country is to evangelise these benighted heathen, and I expect we can't do that noways if we are all to be cut off out of the land. No, sir, we must put them down first, and improve them afterwards. Samuel was a very proper man, I guess, and he hewed Agag in pieces before the altar because it was his duty. A man's duty ain't always what comes sweetest. If these poor misguided creatures come to attack us, I'll shoot at them straight, and I'll go on shooting till they stop coming; but I don't bear any malice, and when it's over I'll be right pleased to go and live among them again."

This, the third day of the siege, wore on in perfect quiet; the enemy were evidently discomfited by their failure, and desisted for the present from any further molestation. But a grave difficulty now presented itself, the disposal of the unburied dead. A sickening smell had pervaded the building in the afternoon, the cause of which was known only to the few initiated—the burning of the corpse of the faithful sepoy, whose funeral pyre, lighted in the veranda, formed a heavy drain on the limited supply of firewood available. But the corpses of the enemy could not be got rid of in this way, and more than thirty of these could be counted, some close to the building, others in various parts of the grounds. Two of the bodies were of men not dead, as could be seen by an occasional movement of the

limbs, and the younger men, when they perceived it, were for leaving them to perish slowly. "Serve them right," observed Egan, when somebody suggested that he should send a bullet to finish the work,— "dying straight off is too good for them;" but Falkland, when the matter was reported to him, ordered that they should be fired at, and after a couple of shots all movement ceased. On this firing taking place, which happened about mid-day, there was a great show of heads from behind the wall and in Sparrow's house, showing that the blockade was still maintained in force; but it was not replied to.

A notice in Hindustani was now written with a burnt stick on a table-cloth, to the effect that the enemy might carry off their dead without molestation, and hung over the side of the building from the roof, but no answer was made to it.

"I suspect they mean to poison us out," said Braddon to Falkland, as they surveyed the position from the roof.

"That would hardly be like Hindus," replied the colonel; "no, I suspect they think we mean to lay a trap for them. It is a pretty commentary on the sort of confidence in our good faith we have succeeded in inspiring our sepoys with."

Something, however, must needs be done. The corpses, under the burning sun, had already swelled up into bloated mishappen masses, and a swarm of crows had settled down to their loathsome feast, joined in the afternoon by the more cautious vultures, some of which had already alighted on the ground, while others, in ever-increasing numbers, circled in the air above.

"Young Yorke is a better engineer than I am," said Falkland, again discussing the situation with Braddon, later in the day. "We ought to have occupied Sparrow's

house in the beginning, and we shall have to do so now, *coute qui coute*."

"Won't it be rather a weakening of our strength, sir? We should have to leave a dozen men there at least, and we are none too many here as it is."

"So I objected, when Yorke proposed it, but the place is a regular thorn in our side. By occupying that house, you see, and knocking some loopholes through the wall in the other side, we should be able to command the park wall right and left,—take it regularly in flank, for the house projects beyond the line of the wall. In fact the whole of one side of this building would be set free, and it is only on this side that we need fear anything from them. But that is not my chief reason," continued Falkland; "we absolutely must get rid of these carcasses. Now there is a well over yonder, just by the wall, which we should get access to by taking the house, and we could throw the bodies into it and cover them with earth. The thing must be done to-night, too, or we shall be all poisoned to-morrow. The air down below is bad enough already as it is."

Thus was the plan settled. It was kept as quiet as possible; and the brigadier, who hobbled after Falkland into a side-room to discuss the details of the enterprise, was enjoined not to let his wife or the ladies know of the matter. Falkland determined to make the venture at midnight, by which time the occupants of Sparrow's house would probably be asleep, and, from what Yorke had seen the night before, keeping no guard; this would admit of intrenching the place before dawn.

At midnight, accordingly, a party of six climbed through a gap made in the portico breastwork,—Falkland, Yorke, Braywell, Sparrow, an

officer of the 80th, and the jemadar,—and ranging themselves in line at two paces distance from each other, made a rush swiftly but silently across the lawn. At the same moment, another party of six, led by Major Passey, rose out of the covered way and made for the same point. Braddon had remonstrated privately with Falkland at being left out of the business, but the latter said that it was necessary to leave some one besides women in the castle, in case the party should come to grief; and when Braddon urged that in such case the commandant would be the man most wanted, Falkland rejoined, smiling, that he was only second in command, and that it was the recognised duty of seconds in command to lead assaults and do work of that sort. Sparrow had been told off for the party, because his knowledge of his own house might prove useful. "Oh, of course," said he, when he was told what was going to happen; "by all means. I shall be most happy to do my best." But his countenance did not harmonise with the satisfaction he expressed; and presently he said, "Of course the objection has occurred to you, sir, that both the Commissioner and his assistant will be absent from the building at the same time. However, no doubt you have good reasons for the arrangement, although it seems peculiar."

"Sparrow wants to command the party himself, I do believe," said Braddon, sarcastically.

"I think your objection is a good one, Sparrow," said his chief, after a pause; "you shall stay and represent the civil element here. You are too hard on him, Braddon," he continued, after the little council of war was over, and the two were alone; "it is not a man's own fault if his nerves are not

strung up to the right pitch." But Sparrow, after spending a miserable hour thinking over the matter, with Braddon's sarcasm stinging in his ears, and tormented by the recollection of the smiles of the others, came afterwards to Falkland, and obtained his consent to be allowed to go.

As the two little parties rushed out from the opposite ends of the building on their errand of battle, the men left on guard on the east side of the building climbed up and leaned over the parapet, breathlessly peering into the darkness for signs of the issue of the enterprise. The ladies, meanwhile, except such as were on duty in the sick-room, were asleep on the roof, unconscious of what was going to happen. The stormers, armed with muskets and fixed bayonets, moved down quick and silent on the point of attack. It was as Yorke's account had led Falkland to expect; the occupants of the building were fast asleep, without guard or sentries, and as the two parties turned the breast-work at the two ends, they came at once on some men lying in front of the veranda steps, and driving their bayonets into their unresisting bodies, pushed on to the veranda, killing or wounding at each step. But now there was an alarm, and a scuffle, with figures springing up in the darkness, and the flashes of firearms as the startled garrison snatched up their muskets. The alarm once given, the stormers now fired in their turn their muskets and the few revolvers they had with them, and then, pressing forward, plied the bayonet again. For a brief space the grim conflict lasted, some two score of men crowded into a few feet, lighted up for the moment by the flashes of fire which seemed to scorch their faces, and made the succeeding darkness still blacker. The firearms once dis-

charged, there was no time to load again, and the silence was only broken by here and there an oath or a cry, and the dull thud of blows and bodies falling heavy on the pavement. But the struggle was not for long: on the one side were numbers, but of men surprised out of sleep, without their bayonets, and not knowing who were before them; on the other a band of determined men, working together with a purpose carefully planned. For a little while the occupants of the post, after firing off such weapons as they could snatch up, stood huddled together irresolute against the back of the veranda, struggling feebly against the thrusts made at them; then the survivors made their escape into the rooms of the house at the back and so over the wall into the road, the stormers groping their way through the dark house after them, and striking down such of the hindmost as they could overtake.

"Is that you, Yorke?" whispered Falkland to a figure beside him, brought up like himself in the pursuit by the park wall outside the back of the house; "pass the word to form up here; we must see if our numbers are all right. And you, Egan? Well done! you are always to the front. Run back and tell Braddon to send the reinforcement at once."

On this spot the muster took place; Braywell and Sparrow were missing; the other ten were unhurt. Leaving Passey and his squad to line the wall, Falkland returned with the others to the house to examine it, the lantern which the jemadar had brought slung over his shoulder being now lighted. In each room were one or two bodies, but the greatest carnage had been in the veranda, the floor of which was covered with dead and wounded. Lying across the body of a sepoy

was Braywell, his brains shattered by a musket-shot fired close to his head.

"Despatch the wounded," said Falkland, "and drag the bodies outside. But where can Sparrow be?" "Here," said a voice, —and he came limping up towards them. "I am afraid I have not been of much use, for I got this ball through my ankle before I got up." And the jemadar carried him off on his back to the big house.

But the first person to relieve the garrison of their suspense was Egan, who was seen by the lookers-on—the guards below, the ladies awakened by the firing peering down from the roof—coming out of the darkness, just as, the noise having ceased, they were able to conclude that the post had been won. The thing was done in splendid style, he told Braddon as he came up to the portico, with no loss, he believed. The colonel wanted six hands more and the crowbars and ropes. And the reinforcement which was waiting for the orders, hurried across.

There remained four hours of darkness in which to strengthen the post for defence, and to execute the loathsome task which had rendered the capture of it necessary. Loop-holes were knocked through the back walls of the house at such a height as to be capable of use by standing on the tables which were placed against the walls; the sand-bags on the roof were turned round from the west to the east, so as to form a parapet towards the road; and the rampart in front of the inner or west veranda was extended at an angle, and connected at each end with the house, so as to secure the garrison from surprise; and for the rest of the night the work of defence went on briskly, more lanterns being brought over to light up the interior. But the other work to

be done was the more laborious; the bodies of the enemy slain in the morning had to be dragged to the well near Sparrow's house from all parts of the grounds, and it could not have been completed but for the help of the sepoys of the garrison. Falkland had not detailed any of them for this duty lest caste feeling might render them unwilling to obey; but the corporal came to Braddon and asked why they were not called on to help; the sahibs could not do it all alone, and could they not be trusted outside the building? So half of them were sent out, and the aid was not at all too much. The castle was almost denuded of defenders during the night, but the enemy were too much cowed to venture on attacking it, although keeping up a desultory but innocuous fire all night in the direction of the noises they heard, as the different working-parties were distributed to collect the dead. "This is just like the fellows in the picture clearing the arena for a fresh set-to," observed Sprague to Yorke as they were engaged in dragging one of the bodies by a rope to the well; "but it is rather hard lines that we should be made to do the slavey, as well as the *ave imperator morituri* dodge. Who could have thought that an ensign in the Honourable East India Company's service would ever be called on to fight his own men one minute, and work as a scavenger the next?"

All through the night the loathsome task went on, the enemy firing constantly, although not venturing within the park wall, while Mr. Hodder and one of the native orderlies dug a shallow grave for poor Braywell's body; and, by morning, only a patch of dried blood here and there on the parched-up surface of the park, to which the early crows resorted in little flocks, as if discussing their disappointment at being balked of

expected feast, betokened the
ter of the previous day.
still remained, however, to
the blood-stained floors of the
a, which looked after the
ter of the night a veritable
el-house. The rebels had de-
ad some of the furniture, and
ied the glasses of the pictures
ng on the walls, and a stray
had enlarged the nose of a
orn swain prominent in one of
engravings, but the damsels
aces had satisfied Captain
ow's æsthetic taste, still looked
on the company with simper-
smiles, in horribly grotesque
ast to the blood-stained floor
. Jars of water and brooms
now sent for from the big
; to make, with earth sprink-
the place habitable for the
t to be stationed there, of
Passey, who had shown con-
and coolness throughout the
ce, was placed in command.
r, drinking-water and rations
ie day were sent across, for
must eat, even though their
ie damp with rebel gore.
e advantage of this occupation
e Lodge was at once apparent
light broke. The back of this
, as has already been mentioned,
sted beyond the line of the park
which the loopholes construct-
ring the night completely com-
ed; so that when daylight per-
d fire to be opened from them,
it or two sufficed to clear the
and the men who were lining it
d, some towards the court-house,
others to the village which
red the other side of the broad
pposite the Lodge. The effect
is retreat was to relieve the
side of the Residency com-
y from fire. The intervening
id was still commanded by the
shooters behind the north and
walls; but they were too far
or accurate fire. At first the

passers to and fro, bearing water
and provisions to the picket, were
disposed to run across the park by
way of shortening the ordeal of
stray bullets saluting them; but the
example of Falkland strolling leis-
urely back to the Residency after
his night's work with his eyes on
the ground and hands behind him,
was soon taken up by the others;
and the enemy, seeing that it was
disregarded, gradually slackened
their fire.

"Well, my love," said Falkland
to his wife, as she met him in the
entrance hall, "bearing up as brave-
ly as ever, I see," and he held her two
hands at arm's length, and looked
her fondly in the face. "There is
one person at any rate on whom the
siege makes no impression. No,
my dear," he said, as she made a
gesture of moving towards him, "I
am not fit to be kissed; I feel like a
dirty butcher, and look the part
thoroughly, I am sure."

"Dear Robert, how can you talk
like that?" replied Olivia, as break-
ing down his guard, she imprinted
a gentle kiss on his grimy face.
"But, oh! Robert, I don't want to
seem like a coward; but must you
be always leading the way into all
the risks?"

"Somebody must do what has to
be done, I suppose, my child," he
said, gently; "we can't all be stop-
ping behind and telling the rest to
go on."

"But the brigadier says that, as
second in command, it is quite con-
trary to etiquette for you to be
heading a storming-party."

"The brigadier is an old wo—
is quite wrong; but, after all, the
risk was quite trifling: the work
last night was more disagreeable
than dangerous. But will you see,
my love, if the commissariat can
manage some tea for us, while I try
to get rid of some of this dirt? How

have the wounded been getting on during the night?"

"Pretty well, I think; I have just come from them; but Mr. McIntyre is very restless with pain, poor fellow, though he has no fever, and Dr. Maxwell says Captain Sparrow's wound is not dangerous. Johnny is quite in spirits at the news of your success, but saying it is a shame he is not allowed to get up and help."

To Yorke, who, following the colonel, and standing in the doorway just behind them, had witnessed the meeting, this little scene had caused a qualm of pain. Somehow during the siege he had come to regard Olivia, not so much as Falkland's wife, as a sort of angelic being, separate from everybody else, whose very presence rendered danger or defeat impossible. There had so far been nothing of wifely ministrations to witness. Falkland himself had been too busy and preoccupied to pay any attention to her, never resting save to take an occasional nap in the public room, on a sofa or on the floor; while, as Olivia came before him, sometimes to bring him his rough meal when on watch,

with the warm sisterly greeting she always accorded him, stopping perhaps for a few minutes to tell him the little stock of news collected in the public rooms, she seemed to be the Miss Cunningham of former days come back again. Or when he caught glimpses of her in the sick room, she appeared like a sister of mercy, removed from all association of love and passion. But now the stern fact came home to him again, and, weary with labour and want of sleep, and under the influence of the reaction of the night's excitement, he turned aside without coming forward to greet her as usual, and took his way to the men's dressing-room downspirited and sad at heart.

"Poor Braywell," said one of the portico guard, as they were discussing the action of the night, "he had the makings of a good soldier; his turn has come quickly, but a soldier could not wish for a better end than his has been."

"Aye," said Braddon, "and how the poor fellow would have enjoyed describing it to us, if he had been here to do so."

IN MY STUDY CHAIR.

ALL kinds of wise sayings have been uttered and recorded about books—how they are the means by which we make the great minds of other generations our personal friends, and so forth. But these grand reflections, with all their undeniable truth, are meant of course to apply to the contents of books, and then only in a limited degree: for a good deal of print and paper was employed by the small minds as well as great minds, in ancient times as in modern. But books themselves, after long companionship, come to have an actual personality, for many of us. They are to me “a substantial world,” in more senses than Wordsworth’s. The material tangible volume becomes a personal friend,—like the familiar walking-stick, or well-accustomed pipe. The very leather and lettering form themselves into a countenance—sometimes quite as expressive as some of those which belong to our human flesh-and-blood companions. Such distinctive physiognomy is not patent to any one except the owner. The casual bachelor finds an embarrassing family likeness in all babies: but to the mother’s eye there lies a world of individual expression in the winking and staring eyes, and the pimple which represents a nose, in the face of her own particular offspring. I could pick out any one of my own books, which has any claim to old acquaintance, from the bottom of a pile of strangers, almost at a glance. The very stains upon their backs and sides are known to me, and in some cases have a history of their own—scars which tell of more or less honourable warfare. There are many such volumes whose loss would be out of all proportion

to their actual value in the book-market; and the idea of their being replaced by a smart new edition would be an outrage to their owner’s feelings the same in kind, if not in degree, as an offer to make up to a mother the loss of a pet child by the importation of a bran-new baby.

Few modern books are of a character thus to take rank as personal friends. Many are pleasant enough companions for the hour: but, for the most part, we go our way and forget them. Being a respectable household, and feeling our literary duties and responsibilities accordingly, we subscribe to “Mudie’s.” Down comes by rail the monthly box, and the red and blue volumes strew the tables in the women’s quarters, and frequently find their way, it must be admitted, to the study of this present writer. Well, here and there, no doubt, a very pleasant volume comes to hand, which makes a perceptible addition to our stock of ideas, and shows us something either of the world without us or the world within us in new and interesting aspect. But how unfortunately rare are such books, now as ever! and how much more difficult it is, in the present inundation of printed paper, to pick out of the heap of rubbish the one or two—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—which it is really worth while to sit down and read. As to being guided in such selection by reviews, in the first place, tastes in literature, as in other things, honestly differ; and it is by no means certain that the book which interests the reviewer will interest you; and in the second place, everybody knows how a good deal of this reviewing is done. It is not that a favourable notice of any volume is matter of bribery and corruption,—

our periodical literature is far too respectable for that; nor yet that a truculent critique is often the mere indulgence of a personal grudge. Such unwarrantable abuses of what ought to be considered a public trust are not unknown in literature, but they are of rare occurrence. But the converse practice is common enough, and notorious enough, and threatens to degrade professional criticism to the level of an auctioneer's advertisement. An author's book finds its way mysteriously into the hands of a personal friend for review, and the critical notice becomes a mere laudatory congratulation. "On arrive quand on a des camarades." The obligation is possibly repaid in kind: and it would be amusing, if it were not irritating, to trace in some patent cases the working of this "*camaraderie*."

In these days, when everybody reads, or at least thinks it becoming to have books lying on the table, it is not wonderful that books of all kinds should be manufactured; and therefore, not at all wonderful that many of them should be so bad. There seems no hope of any improvement in this respect. The general spread of education and of the power to read (one can hardly say the taste for reading) has this effect amongst others: that the great majority of readers now do not know a good book from a bad one. Nay, in many cases they prefer the inferior article, if it appeals successfully to some of their lower tastes. There are people who honestly relish a quartern of gin more than a glass of Ruederer's champagne; and it is mere folly to submit the finer flavours of your *chef* to the palate of a man who can enjoy a garlic stew. It is all very well for your delicate Horace to anathematise the iron stomachs of the reapers; they can laugh, in their turn, at the squeamish fancies of the poet.

Even in decent society—in conversation with people who from habit and education might be presumed to have had their taste in reading decently cultivated—one is startled from time to time at being called upon to admire some new book which one has cast angrily aside for its utter folly or stupidity. It is embarrassing to one's politeness (especially if you are helping to make talk with a fair neighbour at a dinner-table), and risks the being set down as cynical or conceited, to assert conscientiously that the thing is utter rubbish; it would seem to imply an incapacity on the part of your neighbour to discern good from evil. Yet something might be done in the way of discouragement of such trash by pronouncing against it courageously, and even fiercely, in society. A good many people order books very much as they would order an article of dress or furniture—the last new thing which is talked about, or which they see in other people's houses.

But what would fairly be ground of surprise, if we did not all feel almost equally guilty in the matter, is, that we should be so eager to read indifferent new books, when we have so many excellent old ones which are rarely opened. Even in an ordinary book-room, which the possessor would hardly care to dignify with the name of "library," how much is there which would far better repay the reader, even in point of interest, for the time expended than the modern red and blue volumes which are shovelled in upon us, month after month! The most voracious literary appetite cannot keep pace with the current supply, even after the heap has been carefully sifted, and the large residuum of rubbish got rid of. The consequence is that very much of our best English literature of the past is becoming less and less known to general readers. Southey says that if he had to cut

down his library (of 14,000 volumes) to nineteen authors, he would retain Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser and Milton, Lord Clarendon, Thomas Jackson, Jeremy Taylor, South, Isaak Walton, Sir Philip Sidney, Thomas Fuller, and Sir Thomas Brown. Southey's taste may be said to be somewhat severe, and some whose judgment is at least equal to his would have made more than one substitution in the list; but, taking it as it stands, with the exception of Shakespeare, and perhaps Milton, how much is known, beyond the names, to average readers of the present generation, of the authors who are thus selected by high authority as representatives of English literature? I am partly shocked and partly ashamed sometimes, when in the course of conversation with some of my younger friends I venture to make reference to some book of the past which would have seemed to me the common property of all educated Englishmen, to find that I am speaking as it were in an unknown tongue. A young lady of my acquaintance, who was really in other respects fairly well-informed, had never heard of any 'Spectator' except the modern newspaper which bears that name. It was impossible to tell her that she ought to be ashamed of herself; so that one felt one's self rather ashamed at having ventured on the allusion. It is true that on the other hand I have been sometimes discomfited by my own ignorance in the matter of such modern standard literature as 'Happy Thoughts' and 'The Comic History of England.'

I confess to a feeling, which I suspect is shared by other book-owners also, that the mere possession and ownership of a volume involves the right to consider one's self in some sense master of its contents. The adepts in mesmeric science have professed, by placing a book under

their pillow, or on the top of their heads, or even on the pit of their stomachs, to know as much about it, or possibly more, than people who have read it in the common oldfashioned way. [If this system of study were at all communicable by teaching, it would surely make rapid fortunes for its professors at either of our universities.] Is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the intimate relation between a book and its owner places them, at least to some extent, in intellectual *rapproch*? Can a man be utterly a reprobate, for instance, who keeps Jeremy Taylor on his shelves in any decent kind of binding? If it was something for the meaner flower to have lived near the rose, is it nothing for a man's moral improvement to have drank in, from time to time, the delicate russia-leather fragrance of a St. Chrysostom in folio? I remember once walking with a friend through his library (he, like myself, held that books were very good company even while they stood upon their shelves) when he remarked somewhat apologetically, nodding towards one of the compartments, "I want to strengthen my divinity." I knew perfectly well what he meant. It was not that he was troubled by any speculations of our modern rationalists or materialists. It was simply that in his literary parliament he felt that special interest was not adequately represented. By the next time we met he had become the possessor of Matthew Poole's 'Synopsis' and the 'Critici Sacri'—a magnificent line of vellum folios. "Those," he remarked, pointing to them with the evident satisfaction of a want supplied—"those I call solid divinity." I doubt whether he had read or ever would read much of them, but I feel sure he was the better for them. He must have felt that there he held the key to all Bishop Colenso's

arithmetical puzzles, and that Mr. Voysey's 'Sling and Stone,' and all such small heretical artillery, would rattle harmless against the seven-fold shield of that orthodox vellum. To have an author on your shelves to whom you *can* apply for help in case of need, is something like the comfort of having a doctor sleeping in the house during the critical period of a fever; you may not want to call him up in the night, but there he is, ready and able, if wanted. I am no geologist myself, and should be puzzled to answer off-hand, if asked, whether I am living on the oolite or the blue lias; but I have the most perfect confidence in the last edition of our county history, with its special supplements, and should not feel my ignorance half so much when I have this member of my literary family to represent me. I feel like the father whose son has taken a first-class at Oxford, or whose daughter is the belle of the season, and who is conscious of a distinct share, as proprietor, whether in the beauty or the scholarship.

Let me confess, therefore, that I have a distinct affection for my books wholly independent of any literary gratification to be derived from them. Some of those which I could least bear to part with are books which I never have read, and know that I never shall read, in the flesh. Just as one can sit in silence with an old and intimate friend, or walk by his side with a quiet satisfaction, without caring to be continually chattering, and the feeling of companionship is none the less real because each is pursuing at the moment his own separate line of thought;—so it is with some of the occupants of my study-shelves. I look lovingly at their honest faces (I have already said that a book's face lies in its back), wearing the same familiar aspect that they have

worn for years; I know that there is good stuff there within, should I ever have occasion for its use, and am perfectly content with this kind of inheritance *in posse*. Good heavens! how many dear old friends have we all, from whom a three days' visit would be utterly insupportable, if they were bound to give utterance, and we to listen, during all that time, to all that is in their excellent hearts; or if we were bound to keep them incessantly in conversation! And what a thinning there would be both of books and booksellers, if no one was allowed to possess or hire a book which he did not mean to read!

So it becomes an increasing delight to me, the lazier I grow in the matter of actual reading, to sit in my arm-chair in the little room which is called my "Study," and look round at the faces (miscalled the backs) of my old friends who are ranged round its four walls. My eye wanders along that shelf of Greek and Roman classics, drawn up there in a decent and comely order, now rarely broken by an invading hand. There they repose, in a sort of honourable retirement—a company who have seen service, like the Roman *emeriti*, and are like to see it no more. I do not profess to be among that crowd of English gentlemen who (as we are told on excellent authority) constantly read their Horace; nor am I in the habit, like some modern statesmen, of beginning every day with a tonic morning-draught of Homer. Still, the inside of those volumes is not entirely unfamiliar to me; and there are occasions—say, when the rare advent of an old college friend raises the question of a disputed quotation,—when some one of the veteran battalion is called to the front and put through his facings. But those shelves contain for me much more than the history and the poetry of

Greece and Rome, interesting and important as those may be. Bound up in those worn volumes there lies for me the history, and a great deal of such poetry as there was in them, of my earlier years. If I were to range them in the chronological order in which they came into my possession, they would serve quite as a *memoria technica* to me in the way of autobiography. I have often thought of so arranging them; but the line would dress so very badly—fat duodecimos coming in between tall octavos—that I cannot make up my mind to such an unsightly order of parade. Even in a library, one has to sacrifice something to appearances. So, as in the case of biographical records, I keep the shabbier and less reputable-looking, as much as may be, out of sight, in the top shelves and the dark corners. I know where they all are, but it is not necessary to force them into the glaring light, and so call the attention of my friends and of the public to their unprepossessing features. I can still, in my own fancy, marshal them consecutively according to the date of our first acquaintance, and gather under the head of each volume a more or less pleasant set of reminiscences.

There lurks in that farthest corner, only dimly perceptible even to my experienced eye, a dirty and broken-cornered copy of the 'Colloquies of Erasmus.' That was my first Latin text-book; the combined torment and interest of my earliest scholar-days. For I had a high idea, when I first set foot on the ladder of classical learning, of the dignity of beginning Latin, as approximating me in some degree to that manly status which all small boys earnestly aspire to. The difficulty of the thing did not in the least diminish this feeling—it was something like getting up on a very tall

horse; the pony, of course, was much easier and safer, as was the English history book compared with the Latin declensions; but the pony and Mr. Markham were also accessible to girls, which, in the days of innocence to which my memory goes back, was not the case with Erasmus' Latin. The old churchman's "Colloquies" are little known to modern school-boys, and indeed it was an unusual text-book even in my youngest days. But it chanced that my earliest preceptor was of an old-fashioned type, and apt to forget that the world of letters had moved forwards since his own school-time. Yet when I now take down the little shabby volume, and turn over the dogs-eared leaves, I very much incline to question whether we have moved in the right direction in teaching Latin to children. The quaint dialogues in which my old master used to take the one part himself—spouting out his Latin phrases with a sonorous twang which would horrify modern ears, while he made me boggle and shuffle through the other—made me acquainted with some of the vocabulary and idioms of the language more rapidly, I think, and perhaps quite as accurately, as the repetition on paper and *viva voce* of those disjointed sentences which make up a modern Latin 'Delectus' or 'Palæstra,' or the monotonous and tantalising utterances of a very popular exercise-book which I find in the hands of my own youngsters, in which one Balbus seems to be perpetually admonishing some unknown boy, and Caius arriving with the news that it is "all over with the army."

Boys have, or used to have, a good deal of natural curiosity; and to any but the veriest intellectual dunce some kind of cohesion in the story—whether it be history, dialogue, or fable—tends to excite the interest, and put some spirit into the task: and this dealing with Latin words

and phrases as though they were mere counters to be moved by certain rules into certain places, seems to be making Latin, if it ever is made by such a process, in a very mechanical fashion. I have been appealed to sometimes—as the benevolent parent in the domestic drama—to help in the manufacture of this kind of patent Latin, during the holidays: and having contracted in my younger days the not unreasonable habit (as it was then considered) of trying to understand what I read, I have caught myself sliding into a weak curiosity as to what that wall was which Balbus was so constantly building and never seemed able to complete, or what was the private history of “the boy” whose name I could never find mentioned, or what army it was that met with that terrible disaster.

Now the Dialogues of Erasmus generally contained a little drama of their own, not the less amusing from its quaint contrast with the sayings and doings of modern life. Look at this dialogue between Nicholas and Hieronymus, two schoolboys of the day, who are mustering up boldness to ask the master for a holiday. With all its antique quaintness, it is surely at least as likely to coax a boy into Latin as the drier food which is given him now.

Nicholas. Our feelings, and the weather, and the day, all invite to play.

Hieronymus. They do invite us, verily: it is only the Master who gives no invitation.

Nich. We must hire an orator, to extort a holiday from him.

Hier. Extort indeed! You may twist the club out of the hand of Hercules before you twist a holiday out of him. Yet nobody was fonder of play than he was once.

Nich. True—but he has long forgotten that he was ever a boy himself. He is very ready and liberal in the matter of caning, but on this point he is miserably stingy.

Hier. Well, we must put forward

some fellow as our “*legatus*”—somebody with a good amount of cheek—whom he won’t frighten with his savage answers.

Cocles is asked to undertake the office, and rather unwillingly consents.

Cocles. Good morning, Master.

Master. What does this nonsensical fellow want now?

Cocl. Hope you are well, worshipful Master.

Master. A very suspicious politeness. —I’m well enough.

Cocl. Your whole flock desires leave to play.

Master. You do nothing else but play, leave or no leave.

The ambassador promises, on behalf of himself and fellow-scholars, that they will “make it up” again: that cheerful delusion, still common to men as to schoolboys, by which we so liberally discount the future. The master asks what pledge they will give for this repayment. Cocles, in true classical phrase, offers to pledge his head. The master, with a grim wit which the late Dr. Keate would have highly appreciated, suggests that his “other end” would be more appropriate. But the holiday is given, which makes the lesson end quite pleasantly.

There is an amusing dialogue again between Silvius and Johannea, who are going up to lesson with the miserable consciousness that they don’t know it, and discuss the probable result—the more terrible in prospect because most likely “the squint-eyed usher” will take their form that particular morning. And there is a lively scene in the playground, where a French and a German scholar play a game of bowls together, and the French boy, who is beaten, is sentenced by the umpire as a penalty to shout three times successively—“*Floreat Germania!*”—a more terrible sentence to a Frenchman now.

Erasmus has led us into a wandering and perhaps heretical discussion, and must go back to his corner. If the scholastic world goes round like the world of fashion, our grandchildren may possibly be found learning his "Colloquies" again, just as our wives are wearing their grandmothers' hats and farthingales.* I am almost tempted now to take down that thin volume that stands very near him, and see whether 'Phædrus' Fables' would still amuse me as they used to do. I remember that the book actually has pictures in it—fancy a modern Latin school-book with illustrative woodcuts! It was none the less useful as a means of instruction on that account, so far as I see. If you did not know that *simia* was Latin for an ape, you had him there bodily in the cut, which was quite as likely to make you remember him as if you had looked the word out in half-a-dozen dictionaries. Sometimes, indeed, the pictures were more obscure than the text, and were chiefly of service in exciting the youthful curiosity as to what they could possibly mean. One was tempted to work out the fable as a key to the hieroglyphic that headed it. The viper and the file, and the old lady screwing up her nose to inhale the scent of the empty wine-jar, were wholly unintelligible by any light of nature; and the translation or "crib," to which every small schoolboy resorts in these days of cheap literature, was a very rare luxury then: so that there was no clue to the mystery but through the Latin itself: and I shudder now when I remember how hard that Latin was. But the sense of the fable stuck to the memory when one had got a notion of what the words meant; and there was even a feel-

ing of a small literary conquest having been made, a positive result of one's work, which surely our modern small boys can never have after droning through a dozen lines of a *Delectus* or 'First Latin Book.' It is all the difference between an hour on the tread-mill and a job of useful work.

It would be too much to introduce here all my old friends—and enemies—who line those two or three shelves. But those two octavo volumes of Brunck's *Sophocles*, clad in the peculiarly hideous binding in which old R——, the school bookseller and binder, rejoiced, mark a kind of birthday in my literary history which makes them interesting, in spite of their unnatural ugliness, to my eyes. That second volume was the first book put into my hands at a great public school. The strange irrationality of the whole proceeding strikes me now with a sort of ludicrous wonder. I think it struck me even at the time, almost child as I was, and went nigh to sow in my mind the seeds of that dangerous heresy that I had "more understanding than my teachers." To be plumped down at once into the middle of a Greek tragedy, merely because the form in which I was placed happened to have left off work at that particular point, at the end of the half-year, was surely a curious instance of school red-tapism. Nearly half of my fellow-disciples of the "Upper Fourth," let it be borne in mind, were either new-comers or promotions, and therefore in the same difficulty as myself; without the faintest notion of the structure or character of the Greek drama, of the metre of the verse, of the subject of the tragedy itself, or of the previous scenes and action; and hav-

* Since writing the above, I see with satisfaction the announcement of a new school edition of the "Colloquies."

ing had no opportunity, had we been ever so studiously inclined, to make any acquaintance with these matters beforehand; for the list of necessary books had been only put into our hands the afternoon before, with an "order note" to the school bookseller. And thus I and my fellow-victims were launched into the "*Philoctetes*," of all plays in the world, at the 676th line, as I can remember now, even if the network of pencil-marks in the old book were not before me as unquestionable evidence. What it was all about I never had the remotest comprehension when we finished it. A good-natured class-fellow, to whom I appealed for some explanation of the continual shouts of "*Pap-pap-pai!*" on the part of the hero, was good enough indeed to inform me that it was all "because he had a bad foot;" but curious questions of this kind, on the part of a "new fellow," were not by any means encouraged in those days, as savouring either of "cockiness" or of an undue inclination to "sap;" and my informant, having been in the form two years, was evidently not much of a literary inquirer himself, or at all inclined to encourage such pursuits in others. I shuffled through my four or five lines about as well or as ill as the others, when I was "put on" to construe; and I can see by the book, where the pencil-marks and other traces of occupation cease, that we got about half through the "*Ajax*" also before I was promoted into the form above. Such was my introduction, and such the whole of my acquaintance, until some years afterwards, with the "sweet singer of *Colonus*;" and it may be in some measure owing to the unfavourable circumstances under which we were first thrown together, that I have never been able thoroughly to appreciate the beauties which other readers—cer-

tainly better judges than myself—profess to find in him. For in my new form we took to *Æschylus* at once. There the old tragedian stands—in very decent preservation; for with the young gentlemen of the *Shell* it was rather the fashion to take care of one's books, and even to bestow upon them, when they began to fall to pieces (as was very soon the case with the wretched half-cloth in which they were done up), some kind of more or less ornamental binding. *Half-russia*, with the top edge gilt and the other leaves uncut, seems to have been the style most fancied; and I confess I think the public schoolboys of the present day have worse taste. It was very common also to have one's working copy of an author interleaved, for notes and illustrations; a most convenient arrangement for those among us who had any talent for original drawing, or a knack of caricature. The fair white pages were very tempting for this purpose; and the pencil which ought to have been noting some less obvious derivation of a word, or other philological matter, was often busy in producing a likeness more or less happy of old M—— trudging down from his house to first lesson on a rainy morning, in tucked-up gown and Hessian boots, or of the sharp features and negro-like hair of his more awful chief. My copy of *Æschylus* contains, I see, by way of frontispiece, an original sketch of the *Furies* in full cry after *Orestes*. It does not at this present time strike me as equal to the conceptions of *Blake* or *Flaxman*. Yet it enjoyed considerable popularity in its day, and caused an amount of sensation, when handed along the form during lesson, which drew down from old M—— a peremptory demand that the book should be handed up to

him for inspection. The judgment of that sound scholar and conscientious teacher was not so appreciative, I well remember, as that of my younger critics. "You will write out the Chorus three times—Greek and English"—was M——'s judicial sentence on my picture. But the public feeling of the form ran so entirely in my favour, as the promoter of new and cheerful views of Greek tragedy, that half-a-dozen volunteers came forward after lesson, each offering to relieve me of one-third of the imposition. Let me be excused if I look at the old scrawl, after so many years, with a modest self-satisfaction. I have filled one or two sketch-books since, with much sober painstaking, but nothing in them has attracted the same public attention. An odd volume of Homer's *Iliad*, which I take down from the same shelf, is illustrated in similar fashion. Fancy portraits of Helen, such as no Greek artist ever conceived—but possibly quite as like her, seeing that she must have been above a hundred years old when Troy was taken; also of "ox-eyed" Juno and "owl-eyed" Athenè—the latter a kind of anticipation, I am proud now to observe, of Dr. Schliemann's late discoveries of little owl-faced images among the ruins of Troy; the fight between Menelaus and Paris, in ample-crested helmets, and very little besides (those were the days of the prize-ring, be it remembered, when Tom Cribb and Spring, stripped to their drawers, were heroes in the eyes of sporting schoolboys); Jupiter and Juno holding their little domestic dialogue—Juno very "ox-eyed" indeed (rather like a mad ox), on this occasion; and various other sketches of gods and heroes, treated in a free and familiar style. The companion volume was carried off, as I discovered long afterwards, by a school-

fellow who once shared my limited *penates*; we occupied together what was called a "double" study, holding two arm-chairs, two tables, two bookcases, and one very hard-stuffed bench called a sofa. I heard from him, some years afterwards, saying that he had found the better half of my *Iliad* in a box of books which he had carried off to India; and I heard again that it had been looted, with other valuables, by a runaway kitmagar, or some such person. No doubt it figures now in some bazaar or Hindoo gentleman's library, as one of the curiosities of English literature. But the widowed volume serves as a link of kindly remembrance, whenever I look at it, between me and the old friend whom I shall most likely never see again.

The shelf below contains a copy of the *Orations of Demosthenes*, in no less than eight volumes, on which I never had the heart to bestow even a decent half-binding, so that there they stand in all the bareness of their whitey-brown boards, as they came from the school booksellers', untouched, for the most part, save only the second volume, whose unhappy back is treadbare. That also recalls the absurdities of a system which one would imagine could only have been devised in the interest of the said booksellers. Three of the so-called "private" orations were all I ever read, out of that one volume. Yet we had all been told to order, and our parents had to pay for, those three heavy octavos, Reiske and Schäfer's edition, containing the whole of the orator's works. More than this—there are five additional volumes, comprising what is termed an "*Apparatus Criticus*"—a farago of notes in horrible German Latin. These latter, I remember well, we were only "recommended" to get by the authorities: but the word "notes" con-

veys to a schoolboy's ear the notion of some help under difficult circumstances—a sort of shove to indolent and backsliding scholars: and an "Apparatus" of that kind seemed to promise largely. Therefore,—more especially as the cost of the additional volumes was only "put down in the bill," and did not come out of our private pockets,—all the more aspiring geniuses of the Upper Fifth naturally possessed themselves of a property which at any rate looked learned, and might be useful. In the latter hope we were grievously disappointed. Not only was the Latin at least as difficult of interpretation as the Greek of Demosthenes; but the whole aim of the German critics seemed to be to contradict, discredit, and abuse each other. When we had waded with some difficulty through a long and involved explanation of some passage given on the authority of "Reiske," we had the satisfaction of finding it supplemented by a brief but emphatic rider from the pen of his brother commentator and editor. "*Nihil horum probandum*" (Not a word of truth in all this); "*Falluntur Wolfius Reiskiusque*" (My learned friends are both in the wrong); or even more curtly—"Inepte" (Stuff). Well—this was not encouraging to a schoolboy in search of classical knowledge: and the "Apparatus Criticus" was soon loudly voted a humbug. Some copies of that erudite work found their way into the hands of the fags whose duty it was to tear up "scent" for the school paper-chase: but the abominable German paper was so flimsy that complaints were made that the scent "didn't lie"—whatever the commentators did. My own copy escaped; for even in those schoolboy days I had, as I have still, a respect for a book as a book, without any intention of reading it. One result these dis-

appointing volumes had with some of us, as we rose higher in the school, which the master who recommended them to us assuredly never contemplated. It was the custom, in the majestic and erudite Sixth Form, which celestial estate it was not given to every one to reach, to take down notes of every lesson; and for this purpose each of us was furnished with a little square table of his own (holding a small leaden inkstand, which was continually coming to grief), and was expected to provide himself with a note-book wherein to record the *obiter dicta* of the headmaster. He took occasion, soon after my arrival in the form, to suggest that it would be good practices for us to make our notes in Latin. Immediately there occurred to more than one of us recollections of our old friends Reiske and Schæfer. To imitate such great scholars must be the correct thing. We wrote—some of us—quite as good Latin as they did—which is not claiming much for its elegance. But the great delight was that, when we had rendered into such Latin as we could muster impromptu the observations of our instructor upon some special word or phrase, or his rendering of some difficult passage, we could have the satisfaction of adding, like our old friend and mentor, Schæfer, our own little criticism on the great critic. "*Sic pessime A—*" (This is A—'s very bad version)—"*Ineptissime*" (most absurd), did not take long to write, and were felt to be a most satisfactory assertion of freedom of opinion—more especially if one had been called up to construe, and floored, in that particular lesson. Once, when this fashion of commenting was just in its bloom (for we soon got tired of it), we were considerably startled at A—'s requesting some half-dozen of us, when the lesson broke up, to show him our

books. It was done in perfect haste—probably just to see whether any of us did take notes in, and what sort of Latin it

He glanced cursorily over one of the books, and then took none. The lesson had been in *vidides*; and my last-written contained the translation given the master of a passage whose meaning was obscure and disputed. I added my mite to the controversy—"Sic vertit A—; *perperete*" (This is A—'s version being decidedly). A slight frown, then a more perceptible grin, played over his countenance; but it had cleared away when he gave back the book, and said, "Thank you in quite his usual tone. Of course he had too much sense, and too much of a gentleman, to take notice of a bit of schoolboy never intended for his eye, or note-books might, in some cases be considered private; but that all the more credit from us at this time, because he knew, and knew, that Thucydides was not a strong point, and my impertinent remark was very likely true.

There is a row, again, of small ones, rather of the nature of school playthings than tools for serious use—an almost complete set of Latin authors, in the beautiful type of the brothers Barbou, which even now seem, to my eyes, among the prettiest books that ever been printed. But the tenderness with which I handle them—it would be the smooth gilt edges to read—springs from a deeper root than their outward charms. Most of the volumes were bought with my own pocket-money as a schoolboy, and picked up from time to time, as volumes came into the market, as I could afford the cash, out of my miscellaneous collection of old hand-hand books which R—, the school bookseller before-named,

had accumulated from past generations of departing boys and masters during half a century of business. They had long lain in a back-room in dust and darkness, when suddenly there sprang up amongst a certain set of the boys a mania for old miniature editions of the classics, which was absurdly violent while it lasted. One particular friend of my own had caught the taste from his father, and was really, for his years, somewhat of an authority in the matter of type and edition. But most of us were as ignorant on such points as old R— himself, who had not the least idea of the value of this old literature, and never knew what prices to ask, which made the process of bargaining for the little volumes we coveted all the more interesting. Both parties got more cunning in time; and a little Elzevir Horace, which had been bought for a half-a-crown at the first hunting over the old stock, changed hands more than once at considerable advances. For we young bibliomaniacs bought, sold, and interchanged with each other continually, without which excitement the pursuit would, I suspect, have soon become dull; and great was the rivalry in the display of new bargains and acquisitions. This diminutive copy of Aristophanes—the eleven comedies packed into one tiny 48mo volume, printed by Raphalengius in 1660—was always an object of admiration, and passed through more than one owner's hands before it rested finally in mine. Its attraction consisted not only in its beautiful old gilt vellum dress, but in the marvellously complicated contractions used in the old type, which defied any of us to read it. Towards the end of the half-year, when small bills and cricket subscriptions became over-due, and funds ran low, some *dilettanti* collectors were glad to realise; and

then great were the opportunities for the happy few who had strength of mind enough to husband their resources. I was at least able to hold on with my few treasures; and though the passion for such old ware has worn out with me since, I should be almost unhappy to miss any one of my quondam favourites.

The almost necessity for some sort of classification of one's books according to their subjects has dissociated from their old companions some few volumes, which ought, on the biographical principle, to stand side by side. So, indeed, they very nearly did on my limited school-book shelves, where it was thought more conducive to the harmony of appearances that the volumes should be ranked, like soldiers, according to height. I have to cast my eye now from case to case to note the few volumes here and there which were the parting-gifts of school friends. It was not the fashion with us to indulge very largely in such testimonials. We had not so much money to spend in "leaving-books" as our Etonian contemporaries—and perhaps not such indiscriminate friendships. My own memorials of this kind are not numerous; but there are some which are valuable as all that remains to me now of the givers. The original owner of that small copy of Burns lies in some neglected grave in the Crimea; but he is still in my mind's eye the same fine tall fellow as when I said good-bye to him before he sailed. The edition is a vile one: but it was in that my first acquaintance with the poet was made, and the words would hardly read the same to me in any other. So it is with those three volumes of 'Percy's Reliques.' They opened quite a new world of literature to me, when the friend to whom they once belonged brought them

with him from home at the beginning of one school half-year. The work was then somewhat scarce, not having been often reprinted, and few of us had ever seen it. The swing of the old ballads, and their rude repetition or phrases, has the same kind of attraction for boys, and for the same reasons, that the *Iliad* has. We very soon knew many of them by heart, and used to astonish and rather disgust our less poetical school-fellows by the occasional shouting aloud, in season and out of season, of fragments which were to them uninteresting, and more or less incomprehensible.

Our first affections naturally laid hold on the more heroic and stirring ballads. We learnt, with great delight, how

"More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of Wantley."

But the especial favourite was the ballad of "St. George." It contains—as may be remembered by the reader, if he is skilled in such lore, or seen, if he cares to refer to it—a kind of epitome, in more than one version, of the exploits of ancient heroes, which commended itself greatly to our tastes—especially by the quaint way in which they were jumbled together. Abraham and David, King Arthur and Lancelot, Gideon and Jephtha, Alphonso of Spain, "Cutlax the Dane," Valentine and Orson,—all were mere nobodies, says the poet, when compared with St. George of England. One verse especially we used to chant forth, loudly and triumphantly—possibly attracted by its classical associations:—

"Hannibal and Scipio in many a field
did fight;
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy
knight;
Romulus and Remus were they that
Rome did build;—
But St. George, St. George the Dragon
made to yield.

George he was for England, St.
 Charles was for France—
 'Honi soit qui mal y pense'!"

school-fellows were not the persons who were startled by our acquirements. Boys in lays were by no means so easily fed as are their successors; and very often the *pièce de résistance* on our boarding-house on Saturdays was a meat-pie, or p-pie, as we preferred slightly to call it. I have no doubt looking back upon things with the calm judgment of graver years that the pies were excellent; but despised and abused them, retaining the relics of the dinners—as no doubt, in due measure, they did. Judge of the effect produced upon the feelings of the good lady who presided over our dinner-table by the station, which struck us as very appropriate, from the old story of "The Lady Isabella's Pie."

He cried out the scullion boy,
 as loud as loud could be,
 for her life, good master cook,
 do make your pies of me!"

And the preceptor who sat at the head of our table, charged with the maintenance of order, was nearly as shocked as the dame herself. How much more about Greek than English ballads, and how the lines were a profane imitation of our own. Fortunately we were too high in the social scale to be subject to any correction on his part, and a remonstrance was all that followed so far as we were concerned. Some of the small boys who took up the same parable, however, in the least knowing what it meant, on the following Saturday a pretty sharp taste of the tutor's cane.

The 'Reliques' were bequeathed to me by my friend when he went off to college, in memory of the many pleasant hours we had spent together in making acquaintance with their contents. Pleasant sunny hours, lying under the trees in the school-close on half-holiday afternoons, with the sharp crack of some score of cricket-bats ringing cheerily in the distance—or hardly in the distance, since a ball would come hopping from time to time within an inch of our heads as we lay there; and hours no less pleasant in the long winter evenings, when we sat together in that snug though limited apartment before-mentioned (to a half share in which he had succeeded), when next morning's lesson had been got more or less ready, and we were free to follow our own literary devices. We have spent pleasant hours together since, sometimes not uncheered by desultory gossip about old books; but no after-reading has ever renewed the charm which lay in making first acquaintance with those treasures of old English poetry. I should have been converted into a Royalist at once, even had not my natural instincts lain that way, by the "Loyalty Confined" of Sir Roger L'Estrange, and the charming address of Colonel Richard Lovelace "To Althæa from Prison;" although that brilliant cavalier died in neglect and poverty just before he might have seen "the king come to his own again," while L'Estrange, scarcely more fortunate, lived on under that ungrateful Restoration, "with no other reward than the consciousness of having suffered." Surely no one could ever forget their first introduction to Raleigh's grand apostrophe to his soul—"The Lye"—especially when read in the belief that it was written (as it certainly was not) the night before his execution. It may be true that these old poems team with quaint conceits,

and betray in almost every line the careful polish of their composition; but, where the result is so perfect, the recognition of the art employed in their structure does but add to the reader's enjoyment. Are they more artificial, when all is said, than Tennyson's carefully-sought epithets and cunning alliteration? It is only when the art of the poet has nothing to recommend it beyond its artificiality, that it fails to please.

It was in those volumes, too, that my eyes first lighted on many another well-known gem of old English song, the music of which has chimed in my ears ever since. How could it be otherwise with that delicious canzonet of Carew's, bearing the prosaic title of "Unfading Beauty,"—

"He that loves a rosie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires;"

that grand song of George Wither's,

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Dye because a woman's fair?"

or the charming little epistle of Lovelace "To Lucasta on going to the Wars,"—it is but these three verses,—

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To war and arms I fly:

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield:

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

[It might seem to Lucasta a less adorable inconstancy when he went over to Althava—but let that pass.]

The sentiments have been imitated often enough by modern song-writers; but what imitation comes

up to the grace of the first, or the fire of the second? Or again, to take a somewhat different class of compositions; that most musical dialogue between "Ulysses and the Syren," by Elizabeth's poet-laureate, Daniel; or the remarkable stanzas, famous even in Ben Jonson's day, though they have preserved no fame for their unknown author,—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

With all our modern philosophical poetry, when has philosophy been clothed in a more sweet and graceful shape than in these lines:—

"I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vaine
To get what must be lost againe?"

Such poetry is no doubt open to the grave objection that it is perfectly easy to understand, and stands in no need, as some modern poems do, of what old scholars called a "perpetual" commentary for its elucidation.

Let me not put the old volumes back into their place without a mental act of gratitude to the good Bishop of Dromore. If in his case a taste for literary antiquities led to a bishopric, many men have been raised to that right reverend bench for worse reasons. But it will not do, I find, to go on taking down these gift-volumes of past days. The "In Memoriam" is in some cases a painful one. Of the friends who gave them,—

"Some are dead, and some are changed;"

and though even in the latter case I have no desire to discard the volumes, they had better rest on their shelves with the associations of the past.

(To be continued.)

NORTH-WEST PEMBROKESHIRE.

STRANGE to say, there is still untrodden ground for tourists even in Wales, and an outlet for puzzled *paterfamilias* to draft off his young ones to, from baked *pavés*, in a London July. Fishguard—or, as the inhabitants more mellifluously call it, Aber-gwain (from its being at the mouth of the Gwain, or *sheath*, river)—15 miles N.W. of Haverfordwest, is a place whose praises have indeed been sung by few. Murray almost passes by, without noticing it; Black only notices to disparage it, though with how little truth we shall presently see. Yet it is not hard to predict that it is a spot we shall soon hear a good deal more about, and that it may ere long vie with our South England watering-places as a seaside residence, and surpass them as a port. It has already often attracted the attention, with that view, of keen-eyed Admiralty surveyors and railway contractors. In the year 1869 an Act was passed to connect it with the Great Western line, and to plan a harbour as a packet-station; but the powers of the Act were allowed to run out. Another bill has since been before Parliament having a similar object in view, for constructing “a railway, commencing in the parish of Wiston, by a junction with the Great Western Railway about 550 yards west of the Clarkson Road station, and terminating in the parish of Llanwnda, on the western side of Fishguard Bay, about 100 yards N.E. of the new lifeboat-house.”

Its bay, sheltered from every wind but the N.E., and so deep as to be safe anchorage for vessels of large burden, confronts, at a distance of only five-and-forty miles, the equally sheltered and more capacious

one of Wexford, shortening for any steamer the present passage from Milford to Waterford by something like twenty-five miles, besides avoiding the dangerous and much-dreaded navigation at the mouth of Milford Haven.

It is a long pull through—that nightly mail-train run from Paddington to Haverfordwest, or, as the railway slang abbreviates it “H’west.” How merrily you start, in your snug corner in an “engaged” compartment, on that balmy July evening at 8, in the fast mellowing twilight, for the outing you have so well earned, or to which, at least, you have been looking forward these many months, to recruit your “weary brain and shattered nerve”! And how cheerfully do the young ones of the party “tide” through the first hour’s run to Reading, and the second hour’s run to Didcot, and the third hour’s run to Swindon, and then, regardless of their fate, think half their labours over—

“And all goes merry as a marriage-bell!”

Far different is it when you get well “down” the line, when all the weary world has gone to rest (except our one mail-train, and a sleepy official or two upon the platform), when the gas-lights burn dim, and the night air strikes raw and chill, and the marvellous punctuality of the first few hours ceases, and we get “behind” time, first a quarter, and soon a half hour, and need Mr. Forsyth for a fellow-passenger to keep things straight, and to remind the careless guards that there *is* such a thing as a breach of contract; and then time has to be “made up,” and a fearful spurt or two ensues, and you fly past deserted

stations and sidings and "facing-points" with an oscillation which threatens every moment to dash you to pieces—and is not joy! And if you *do* survive, and escape scathless, how cross, and cold, and jaded, and belated you turn out about 7 A.M. at Lord Kensington's favourite borough to get a bad breakfast at the S—— Inn; the metropolis of our far west, and about as neat and picturesque an assize town as ever was, with its fine old castle overhanging the river, and, like many of these *Ultimæ Thules* of civilisation, having several good shops and handsome churches! But even now you are three hours off the pretty little town which we wish to be your destination; and the distance, if you do not walk it, must be performed by 'bus or waggone— the first seven miles through the valley of the Clwydd and the Trefgarn rocks, as fine a bit of scenery as any in Wales. If you take the former more plebeian vehicle, we promise you you will never henceforth despise an omnibus-driver. Albert Furlong, the son of an innkeeper at Fishguard, who fills that position, is a hero—*was* one at nineteen, just sixteen years ago. The thing is readily proved. In the 'Times' of February 22, 1859, will be found a long paragraph, headed "Heroism," relating to the rescue, by the said Albert, of two shipwrecked mariners on that part of the coast. Scores of seamen stood by, and refused to swim across the raging channel which separated the mainland from the rock to which these unfortunate men were clinging, and even tried to dissuade him from the attempt. Failing to do this, they ran away, that they might not—to use their own words—"see him drown before their eyes," judging by his youthful appearance

a rescue was impossible. The life-boat, which had been launched, was useless owing to the violence of the surf. It was a cold winter's day, and he was four hours in the water. This noble young fellow—now a handsome man—recounted to us, as we sat behind him, his narrative with the utmost modesty. He had indeed three trophies to bear witness to his high courage, and the authenticity of his story, in the shape of three medals—one from the Humane Society, another from the Life-boat Association, and a third from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society; but he had not even preserved the record of it in the newspapers. He "had given them all away." So, when I got back to London, I looked through a file of the 'Times,' found the account of it, and sent it him to hang up in the parlour of his little inn, to show his customers; for surely such a light should not be hid under a bushel. He went on to tell us, that the dangers of the road, his present calling, are not much less than those of the ocean—not, indeed, in the shape of highwaymen, but of the broad-wheeled waggons which he meets of a dark winter's night, which are always on the wrong side of the road, and will never get out of his way.

If any one will take the trouble of following, on a good county map, the geography of this interesting district, he will be struck by its peninsular character, the sinuosities of the coast-line, and its remarkable headlands, among which stand out pre-eminent, Penmaenglas, and Dinas and Strumble Heads. At the former, on a point called Carreg-Gwastad, took place, on 22d February 1797, in the heat of the first French Revolution, that landing under General Tate—himself an Irishman—of 600 French regular

and 800 convicts, described till bearing the marks of their on their wrists and legs, and sweepings of the jails," which lives in the memory of the itants, and is the great his- l event of the place, having considered a subject of suf- : national moment to justify al proclamation for a day of al thanksgiving for "our pre- ion from the dangers which ened the country" from it. inhabitant, and one only, I called on in the hope of g some details, survives, who an eyewitness of the disem- tion. He was then a boy of : 12, and at work with his in the fields which overlook art of the coast, and is there- by this time, it may be sup- , a rather antiquated specimen manity! Poor old Davies, he sat, in the quiet chimney- of his daughter's snug farm- , all but unconscious, and : little about landing or no g; so that my curiosity met perhaps its proper reward. So ed were the natives at the n apparition of three ships of suddenly exchanging English rench colours, and standing in e shore, in the midst of their ful workday avocations, that rl, who was drawing beer for arming men, is said to have ered off miles across the y to spread the news—with g still in her hand!

ies himself ran home for sts and prog, and hid himself o days in the rocks and thick of the neighbourhood. One

Williams, though doubtless ssing a very happy time of it moment (for in attempting to from her cottage she was d and wounded, and other- ill-treated), did not, in the

long-run, make a bad bargain of it; for she was granted compensation in the shape of a pension of £40 per annum, which she lived just 55 years and a half afterwards to enjoy—thus putting into her pocket the pretty little sum total of £2250 sterling, and dying at the good old age of 89.

The first thing which is said to have struck terror into the enemy was the appearance on the hills of a line of Welshwomen, with their high hats and mantles, which they mistook for a regiment of the Grenadier Guards: and no wonder, for the mantles were of bright scarlet; and the hats—which still remain the costume of the elder females in these parts—measure 9 inches high, and 4 deep in the rim; 18 in circumference at the top, and 23 at the bottom, of the crown. So great an interest is taken in every relic of the "great event," that we were shown with pride by the owner one of the whittles which had taken part in it, and been worn by her aunt on the occasion—the said owner being, by the way, the happy (or unhappy?) mother of twenty-seven Welshmen and Welshwomen (almost all of whom she has survived), and looking as bonnie and likely to live another twenty years as any one I ever saw.

Every farmhouse was pillaged, and every lawlessness practised. One officer plundered the church of Llanwnda of its chalice, which had that name rudely engraven on it; and, offering it afterwards for sale in Carmarthen, parried the curiosity of the purchaser (whose ignorance alike of French and of reading he must largely have counted on) by declaring it came from La Vendée! The true cause, however, of the French discomfiture, was an almost providential wreck a few weeks before of a vessel laden with spirits, the

casks of which had found their way into every house in the neighbourhood, where they in turn became the booty of the invaders, who soon, being maddened with drink, and losing all discipline and self-control, gave the Welsh time to collect, and laid down their arms on the 24th on Goodwick Sands, surrendering at pleasure to Captain Lord Cawdor and 300 militia. The old parish church was turned into a prison for a night; and the following day they were marched off to Haverfordwest, and thence to Milford and Pembroke, where some hundred of them, aided by two young Welshwomen, effected their escape from the "Golden Prison," through a subterranean passage, on board a sloop at anchor in the harbour, whose crew they overpowered.

The ships, moreover, which had brought them, had sailed away unexpectedly, to the great surprise of their comrades, who were thus left without the means of retreat. Their fate, however, was not more fortunate than that of the land force. Taking a course direct across St. George's Channel, one struck on the Arklow banks and smashed her rudder—a corvette, which had been pressed into their service just before the landing, taking her in tow, till they were both captured off Brest on the 1st of March (St. David's Day, by the way) by the St. Florence frigate, Sir H. B. Neele, Bart., and *La Nymphe*, Captain Cooke. They were taken to Portsmouth, where the frigate was put into complete repair, and afterwards commissioned in the British service under the name of the "Fishguard." The two others got safe to Brest.

The origin of the descent is lost in obscurity. Some say it was instigated by a Welsh prisoner at Paris, who had represented to the French that his countrymen were

disaffected, and that they had nothing to do but land, and the whole country would rise, and they might march on London with wooden swords! The result proved how great a libel this was on the loyalty of our British brethren—if we except, as we fear we must, the treachery of one James Bowen, a farm-servant at Trehowel, which overlooks the landing-place, who had been previously transported for horse-stealing, and was now observed in the ranks of the enemy, guiding and directing them.

Other alarms of renewed attempts of invasion followed, as might be expected. The minds of a credulous and simple people for a long time after caught the sound of arms in every unusual moaning of the wind, and every noise after dark. And indeed it must have been the height of alarm, and a case of

"*Timor addidit alas,*"

which on one of these occasions enabled, as we are told, the organist of St. David's Cathedral to accomplish the distance from thence to Haverfordwest for help in forty-five minutes!—seeing they are a good sixteen miles apart, and that the reign of King Railway had not yet asserted itself in these regions.

Lovely is the little eight-mile valley of the Gwain—lovely as any spot in Wales. On either side hang, precipitous and dense, high woods of beech and birch, of fir and oak. Here, if you like it, at last reign Silence and Loneliness to your heart's content; for you will *hear* nothing all day long but the cushat's love-note above and the plash of the river below, and you will *see* nothing but a couple of lone chapels and old stone bridges. The more lordly, but not more lovely Nevern, pursues a parallel course a few miles further north,

bold background rise the most tops of the Preselly, Preselly, *alias* Procelly, *alias* range, which runs through Pembrokeshire like a backbone, which Carn Eglwyn, towers as a lion *couchant* over the little town of Newport, most conspicuous.

The river has its legends and its heroes; and those of the Gwain hardly be complete without mentioning the professional little who most days, when there is "anything likely," may be filling his creel for sale at the market with all the confidence of a professional—Hugh Barzay, a comical man, just five feet high, whose motto *bonum* was, "If I am ever so high I am never like to be," the proud possessor of a retriever; and who, when it came to H'west, thought the dog as splendid as they well be, but when he got to Bristol was wonderfully surprised; but be sure, "If ever I go to London will be the death of me in a

the valleys, with their rivers of trout, their dank fern-festivals, and their evergreen heads, are the very joy of the tourist. Each, too, has its own original, quaint, old country-houses, the world-looking places, and, be or two exceptions (as Trevellyn the fine and well-kept residence of Mr. Barham), unoccupied, or decayed, or converted into farm-houses—but all telling of a former richness of no mean consideration the centre of a county's liberties.

For example, Jordanstown, the home of the Cockburns, now that he has survived the cruel trial, likely to become the property of the Lord Chief-justice of England; or Pontfaen,

formerly the residence of the Langharnes; or Temple Druid, of the Pryces; or Tregwynt, charmingly situated on its private bay; or Manorowan, the seat of the Lewises; or Llanstinan, so perpendicularly placed beneath the road that leads to it that you might almost jump off it upon its roofs, the seat of that truly estimable, painstaking, kind-hearted, and upright English judge, the late Sir Charles Crompton, who was always taking new country places, and enjoying each, when off circuit, with the zest of a school-boy, and of whom no better panegyric can perhaps be found than that of the old Welshwoman who keeps and has kept the lodge at Llanstinan for forty years, that "he was not a bit of the gentleman." On my asking with astonishment what she meant, having had the pleasure of his acquaintance and experienced his courtesies in many a pleasant way in another county, I was soon satisfied when she added, "Because he would come in and sit down beside me, and talk to me like any common folk." *Hauteur* and pride were evidently associated in the good woman's mind with the definition of a gentleman, although perhaps erroneously so.

Fitful is the summer here, and to be made the most of. That is the worst of it. Delicious breaks, indeed, and bursts of sunshine, doubtless there are, and exhilarating breezes that send blood into the healthful veins—ever. But also rain, rain, rain, that would have pleased the pen of a Wilson—and storm, storm, storm, as the five wrecks of one winter, all still visible in our bay, bear witness. Wondrous, too, are the transformation scenes of Lady Nature. Here is a faithful diary of three or four successive days we had in August. Sunday—cloudless sky, without a

sigh in the air or a trembling on the aspen-leaf, making a blue satin sea, with a sun-stroke temperature, looking so settled as if it never could be otherwise, and life were an Elysium. Monday—Woke with a canopy of white, light, fleece-like clouds—a very vapor-bath of mist—covering the opposite hills, and concealing from view every one of the clean, cheerful cottages which we used to look out on all day long at the distance of half-a-mile; and then uprose majestically that wondrous veil, seeming rather to descend to the lower parts of the valley, and out peeped from it, one by one, the tops of the heather-and-gorse-clad crags, making a fringe of gold and purple to the glorious curtain. Tuesday—A brilliant morning rainbow, just where yesterday's cloud had hovered, resting one foot of its glorious arch on our little bay, and the other on the green marshes around it. Wednesday—A Highland "spate" from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., tearing up roads, flooding cottage cellars, crumbling cliffs; many coasters dropping anchor for shelter in the roadstead—and *such* fierce driving gusts of storm and rain, as if things never would dry up again, and it would never end. But it did end as suddenly, and things did dry again, and all vestiges of the deluge were soon over, and the landscape did brighten again, and the face of nature stood refreshed by the generous torrents.

An excursion to Procelly "Top," above the Vale of Cwm Cerwyn, the Vale of the Brewing Tub," as it is called, from its depth and roundity—or, as some name it, Cwmgarw, "the Vale of the Stag,"—is an inevitable duty for those who would wish "to do" Pembrokeshire thoroughly. It is the highest ground in the county, and about 1750 feet above sea-level, but a

sloshy, disagreeable hill to climb, something like Snacfell in Man, with clouds continually gathering over it, and making an ascent a more troublesome business than one would imagine, and rendering it very necessary to mark well the stones which, till within a few hundred feet of the top, divide off the different sheep-walks. We had to watch and wait for a fitting day for it, and when we had got one on which we could pronounce the clouds high enough, had still to keep a good look-out that they did not gather again and lower, so often is the "top" lost in mist, and so suddenly the climate changes. The best way for a carriage to get near it is from the unpronounceable village of Mœnchlochog, about ten or twelve miles from Fishguard; but the pedestrian will probably foot it all the way up the valley of the Gwain, ascending the range from the west, and so coming along its ridge to the "Top." The scene, when one is fairly on the summit, amply repays the hour and a half against-collar work, and is probably one of the finest panoramas in England. All Pembrokeshire and many adjoining counties stand mapped out before you; Plylimmon in the far E., and Snowdonia in the far N., and the Wexford hills in the far W.—the waters of the British and St. George's Channels, and St. Bride's Bay, and Milford Haven, glittering in the nearer distance. There is heather on a great portion of the range, lending, as usual, its exquisite tints, and mellowing many a landscape of which it forms the background; but the top is covered with patches of couch-grass and coarse bents, with a spongy, quagmire soil. It has nothing of the grandeur of Cairngorm, nor the bright verdure of the Cheviot; but withal, it is

huge and imposing, and though the coach-road from Carnarthen to Cardigan passes within a mile or two, lonely and deserted in the extreme. Probably fewer feet of tourists stand upon it than on any of our great national landmarks. An overthrown cairn forms with its ruins a hollowed basin, affording a precarious but most necessary shelter for a few moments' repose from the piercing winds which sweep over it, chill and cold, even in the height of summer, and make one glad to descend again.

Fishguard, like so many others in Wales, is one of the Lord Chancellor's livings, and was one of the first augmented under that celebrated Act which in 1863 earned such credit for that "truly Christian man," Lord Chancellor Westbury. From the sale of his richer livings, £400 was spared for poor Fishguard; £300 more was made up by the vicar's friends, and £600 by the ecclesiastical commissioners, which, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, has given an addition to it of some £40 per annum. The living, after being somewhat unfortunate in its former incumbents, has been for the last twenty years most worthily filled by the Rev. William Rowlands, whose kindness every stranger at Fishguard will soon appreciate—a kinsman of one whose memory still lingers revered in the Principality as the "great apostle of Wales." This is a high-sounding title, it is true, and the apostle may be one of whom perhaps many of our readers have never heard. Still, he was a great character in these parts in his day, and played a conspicuous part in the spiritual life of the last century, as those who are curious may find in an interesting account of him in the article, (vol. 85 of the 'Quarterly,') entitled "Methodism in Wales;" or in the 'Family Treas-

ury of Sunday Readings' for January 1867, by Mr. Ryle. The Rev. Daniel Rowlands began his ministerial life as curate of Llangeitho, Cardiganshire, but was ultimately ejected from the ministry by having his license revoked for field-preaching. His sentence, now that we are getting so used to "missioners" and "mission-priests," to "compel men to come in," and to outdoor services and midnight preachings in the Haymarket and round the doors of the Argyll Rooms, may sound a rather harsh one; and probably had he lived a century and a half later, his exertions would have met with a different reception. Even as it was, the result which cut him short in his professional career in the Anglican Church seems to have but served to increase his reputation and fame, and to have drawn larger numbers to his preaching. From every part of Wales, from the mouth of the Wye to that of the Dovey and the Conway, the people flocked to hear his eloquence and receive the sacrament from the hands of one who had acquired the dignity of a martyr. The appearance of mountain-valleys threaded by vast numbers of simple people from afar, is described as most picturesque and affecting. These multitudes, "hungry and thirsty, their souls fainting on the way," were refreshed by the glad tidings which they heard. "The usual organisation of Methodism followed, and the revival of the Church degenerated into a schism, which has become hereditary, and (a less faithful hope than ours would add) irretrievable."

The Welsh clergy must not be judged of by the English type, and Lampeter is not Oxford. They are not ashamed to own to a humble origin and humbler intermarriages; and the distinction between the dif-

ferent grades of society, which gives such influence to our clergy in their intercourse with their people, is soon obliterated here. Before one was accustomed to this merger of family pride, one was puzzled to understand how the village blacksmith, for example, who was also our green-grocer, and displayed untempting little green apples in his cottage-window, as the insignia of his trade, could presume to call himself the brother-in-law of the ordained curate under whom we "sat" every Sunday in the parish church. Then, again, the Rev. — was of course the son of his father—the husband, by the by, of the aforesaid handsome contributor to the population of the Principality—and yet it was new to me to see the one selling out an ounce of tobacco over the counter to whoever chanced to order it, and at the same time to be introduced to the other (who was on a visit to his father at the time) as the curate of an important rising watering-place, who had received an excellent public school and university education, whose name figured in the Oxford Calendar as the holder of an £80 scholarship, and who was as good a specimen of that undefinable thing called "gentleman" as one often meets with.

One of the great advantages of abolishing, as they are rapidly doing, the use of the Welsh vernacular in Church and schools, notwithstanding the plea put forward for it from its antiquity by Mr. Gladstone in his speech at Mold two years ago, would surely be the delivery of all Christian men and women, if it were possible, from the jargon of the present names of places; but I fear *they* can hardly be Anglicised, or that we shall ever have a modern Atlas of the Principality. It is painful to be expected to pronounce such names, *e.g.*, as Llanerchllwydog, Maenlochog,

and Llanfairnantygof. English, however, somehow does not seem to present the same difficulties to the natives, who show certainly an extraordinary aptitude in acquitting themselves creditably with the "Sassenach." I asked the respectable middle-aged sexton of —, who understood me easily and spoke English fluently, whether he had ever learnt it; and he told me that as, when he was young, they were taught nothing but Welsh in the schools, all he had picked up was from memory and observation. They must be indeed acute observers and willing learners.

Fishguard is remarkably situated: the old town, on the banks of the river just where it enters the sea; and the new, on a precipitous cliff-like terrace above it. A commanding black headland, called Castle Hill, mounted with a battery now disused, but capable at short notice of being put into active service, guards both towns, and gives a fortified appearance to the place. The first time one sees the roads leading from the shore-town (looking, as hilly roads always do at a little distance, so much more perpendicular than they really are), one is tempted to ask how any four-legged animal can ever pull anything out of it. But raw-boned Welsh horses can do anything, and the omnibus to Newport descends and ascends that little mountain safely twice a-day.

Five-and-twenty years ago, too, it must have been a bonnie place for sport, for fish and fowl were "plenty," and the 'Land and Water' if then existing, would have culled many a charming bit of natural history from it; and though, like all other places, much changed for the worse in this respect, and only two or three couple of snipe can now be ac-

cured by a good gun before lunch, where fifteen or twenty used to be, it still preserves its character to a considerable extent, and retains more than most places its simplicity. For example, there being no butcher's shop, one still has to bespeak the all-important and delicious mutton of the country days before—although one has not quite to lie in wait and *scramble* for it, as some friends of ours had to do a few years ago at a Cornish watering-place! The otter is still found in its rivers, and a pack of hounds hunts, the season through. Trout glitter in every rapid, and may be taken by the score without leave. An inveterate disciple of St. John took no less than 1200 one summer in a brook no wider than the length of his rod, and I saw him land very cleverly a clean-run sewin. The boats come in with plenty of mackerel and whiting most summer evenings; while clean-run salmon, making for the rivers, afford sport and profit to the seine-nets till September, close in-shore. And a picturesque sight it is to watch the "take"—the women, with their variegated shawls wrapped close over their heads and shoulders, helping at the ropes, and, more manly than the men, wading half-way up their waists into the water, and singing an appropriate water-ditty as the circle narrows. Flappers may still be shot in the later summer; and duck, and geese, and woodcock abound in the early autumn. In the wild brooks of lone Llanstinan, one would not be surprised to see any moment a rhinoceros or hippopotamus appear suddenly from its jungles! Curlews walk undismayed on the sands in the pretty company of the dotterel and the gull, and are off with their piping notes the moment you appear. Cormorants you may see perched on many a ragged rock; and the oyster-

catcher flits from crag to crag. Seals bask in the caves, as a poor fellow knew to his cost not long ago, when, after bathing, he put his hands on a rock which a mother and her young had taken possession of, and had his finger taken off accordingly.

On Penryhien farm was shot within the present century a fine specimen of the hoopoe. On the peninsula of Dinas—whose ruined little parish church, too romantically situated on a level with the Irish Sea, has the turf of the churchyard strewn with the bones which the inroads of those restless waves are ever disinterring—Lord David Kennedy shot with a rifle, in 1869, two magnificent goats, the heads of which were of such extraordinary size and beauty as to attract the attention of the Zoological Society and a special notice in the 'Field,' where, in the number for February 20, 1869, will be found some beautiful engravings of them. These animals were said to be a portion of a herd which had been established there for several generations, and to have become so wild that they could not be safely approached. The one, a white specimen, had long been known as the master of the herd, and had destroyed several other males in single combat. The breadth between its horns measured, from tip to tip in a straight line, 39 inches; whilst the length of each, along the outer curve, was $36\frac{1}{2}$ —their circumference at the base being $7\frac{1}{2}$! The expanded form of the horns of this specimen differed widely from the ibex-like form of the other, a black specimen, whose horns curved almost directly backwards, and were only $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart at the top, but as much as $34\frac{1}{2}$ along the outer curve, and, like the other, $7\frac{1}{2}$ at the base. A great testimony was borne to the healthiness of Fishguard climate in

the seventeenth century, when Newport, decimated by the plague, removed bodily here.

The great lion of these parts is of course St. David's, or rather its cathedral, for the city is almost a deserted village, although signs of reanimation are not wanting in its social condition, partly owing, perhaps, to the ecclesiastical restoration in progress; and the good folk of the place are beginning to bestir themselves to accommodate London visitors with tolerable lodgings (though the place is sadly deficient in a decent hostelry), and several families are attracted here by the quiet, and the romantic scenery. A cathedral is generally seen miles off, and is the first object which indicates the traveller's approach to a cathedral town. But this is not so here. It lies in such a hollow basin that, approaching it, as is generally done, from the east, you do not gain a sight of it until close upon it. This was remarkably exemplified in our case. After passing the lone little hamlet of Tref Asser (the birthplace of Asser Menevensis, the right-hand man, and afterwards the biographer, of King Alfred, whom, it is said, he persuaded to found the first and best of our Universities), we had been for six miles on a continual descent from the curious little village of Groes-Goch, with a panoramic view around of almost everything else, with St. Bride's Bay stretching nobly before us in the south, and Ramsey Isle, looking as if it were part of the mainland, on the west; but "where is the cathedral?" was our constant inquiry from the good people harvesting in the fields, as we stopped to inquire our way. They pointed indeed to a conspicuous windmill as the nearest object they could guide us by to the far-famed pile; but no signs of it. The third milestone was passed,

the second, the first, and still no sign, till we were fairly inside the wretched little High Street of the once-famed New Menapia—when the topmost turrets of the grand old central tower suddenly presented themselves.

There is something peculiarly solemn and impressive in the first sight of the cathedral, as, passing under the octagonal tower over Tower-Gate, 60 feet high, once used as a campanile or detached belfry, but now in ruins, and descending a very broad flight of 40 steps, you comprehend for the first time the enormous area of the consecrated precincts; (for within them is to be reckoned not only the large churchyard, covering with its thickly-serried gravestones the whole of a steeply-sloping foreground, and the cathedral itself, now half rejuvenescent, reclining like youth in the arms of old age, or like the living among the dead,)—but, behind it and beyond it, the magnificent remains of the Bishop's Palace—the work of Bishop Gower of the fourteenth century, and only within the last 150 years a ruin; and those of the College of St. Mary, with its elegant tower, 70 feet high, still beautiful in decay (and communicating through the cloisters with the cathedral), founded jointly by John of Gaunt and Bishop Hoton for the maintenance of a Master and seven Fellows, who lived together in a collegiate manner, and were bound by a solemn vow to strict obedience to the founders' regulations. The little river Alan, with its sedge-fringed banks, flowing noiselessly through a scene so peaceful, except where the cheering echoes of the chisel and the saw now for a while disturb it, and discharging itself into the sea two miles on, at Porth-lais, adds immensely to the picturesque. Nine years have been already spent in the work of restor-

ation, under the able conduct of Sir Gilbert Scott, and the blue-green slate of the district begins to show well among the browner hues of the older parts; but funds come in slowly in these secluded parts, and the lukewarmness of the nineteenth century contrasts strangely and sadly with the piety and profuse liberality of the twelfth. This famous see was once a metropolitan one with six (Giraldus Cambrensis says twelve) suffragans—Worcester, Hereford, St. Asaph, Bangor, Llanbadarn, and Margan: the two last, places one hardly ever heard of. It owes its name to David—a monk of the fifth century—the patron saint of the principality, of whose history, though shrouded in mystery, thus much seems certain, that he went to Paulinus in the Isle of Wight to be instructed in divinity, and returned to end his days and build a monastery here, which had for its government rules of the severest kind, which he willingly obeyed himself. The Pelagian heresy having broken out afresh in these parts—which had long been its stronghold—gave occasion to collect a synod of all Wales. Paulinus, who knew the depth of David's theological knowledge, recommended him to be invited to it—an invitation which, at the entreaties of Dubricius, then Archbishop of Caerleon, he accepted. Such was the eloquence of his preaching there, that the heresy was again confuted and repressed; and on the resignation of Dubricius, with universal acclamation he was exalted to the metropolitan see, accepting it on the condition that it should be removed to St. David's—a translation approved of by the whole synod, and shortly after carried out. And thus he was the first to wear that mitre which has assuredly, with more of humility than

truth, been said to “burn dimly on the lowest step of the episcopal ladder,” seeing that Connop Thirlwall, whose mitre, after too brief a respite from a long life of duty in his distant diocese, has so lately ceased to “burn” among us, at the other end of the ladder, may well be said (whatever our opinions of his political and theological principles) to have held his own with the most gifted of his right rev. brethren as a scholar, historian, profound thinker, and divine. Nay more. From its exceptionally judicial temperament, and from the range of its accomplishments, it has been said that his has been the only mind that could survey all those schools and forms of thought which have divided the religious world of England during the present century with equal knowledge and justice; that had he followed up the profession with which he began life, the Equity Bench would have been adorned by him as much as the Episcopal has been; and that no prelate so able has been seated on the latter since the day of Dr. Warburton. Worthily then have we laid him by the side of George Grote and Macaulay in the “historian's corner” in our great national shrine.

The present structure was begun about 1180, in the episcopate of Bishop De Leia. It is cruciform, with transepts nearly dividing the length in equal parts. From the centre rises a massive tower, resting on arches of very early English. The pavement of the nave ascends towards the east—its pillars on either side bulging outwards, and giving a remarkable appearance to it looking westwards. The roof is of Irish bog-oak, of exquisite workmanship, with elegant pendant drops of the same, seeming as clean and fresh as the day it was put up; for no insect or cobweb is said to harbour in it.

The tower fell from an earthquake in 1220, rendering insecure a great portion of the east end, and inviting general reparations of the choir and transepts—about which time were also added the chapels. Conspicuous in the choir are the altar-tombs of Bishop Gower and Edmund Earl of Richmond, the father and brother of kings—the brother of Henry VI., and the father of Henry VII. Opposite is the shrine of the saint himself. Apertures in the spandrels of the arches, which face it and communicate with lockers within, are pointed out as having admitted many a noble or royal hand laden with offerings. Such was the widespread sanctity of the spot, that more than one crowned head condescended to the pilgrimage; and it is known that Edward I. and Queen Eleanor, Henry II., and Edward III. and Queen Philippa, undertook the journey, and were sumptuously entertained in the palace hard by.

The country immediately around is wild and grand in the extreme, and a summer vacation may be most agreeably passed in exploring it.

Chief among the rest, tower the heath-covered summits of Ramsey Isle, whose beetling brows frown grandly over the dangerous channel which separates it by about half a mile from the mainland, reminding one very much, in shape, size, and situation, of the Calf of Man. The island, whose mean length is three miles, and breadth one, and which used to be the breeding-place of the Peregrine falcon, is farmed by an innkeeper in St. David's, and contains two or three houses, with a few farm servants and labourers, who come over on a Saturday evening by the ferry-boat to "see the world" and "go to chapel," returning every Monday morning; so that

the island may, during that interval, be called uninhabited.

There is a remarkable pair of inland rocks between St. David's and Ramsey—Carn-y-Rhôson and Clegg Tan—standing out from the plain after the Pembrokeshire fashion, like great mute sentinels. But by far the most fantastic and elevated group is one about three miles N. E. of the town, terminated at each end by denuded precipitous peaks 600 feet high, the western one being Carn Lidi, and the eastern Pembury, presenting magnificent outlines, and visible at great distances throughout the country. Immediately off St. David's Head lie the rocks, seven in number, known as the Bishop and his Clerks, always seen at low water, so dangerous to those seeking Milford Haven from the S. W., and being to St. David's headland what Scilly is to the Land's End, and which, in the quaint sarcastic words of George Owen, the Welsh antiquary (and not of Mr. Fenton, as Mr. Murray would have us think), "are not without some small quiristers who shew not themselves but at spring tides and in calm seas, and preache deadlie doctrine to their winter audience, such poor seafaring men as are forcyd thither by tempest; onelie in one way they are to be commended—they keep residence better than the rest of the canons of that see were wont to do." The chief rock is called the Great Bishop, another Careg-y-Rosson, a third Divighe, or Difai, a fourth Eneskyr. Infinite numbers of birds breed here: so thick are the eggs, that if one be stirred, it carries headlong hundreds with it; but they are chiefly hatched by the sun, which on their bared summits is nearly tropical. They are large in proportion to the size of the birds who lay them, and are beautifully

streaked and variegated, and considered a luxury for the table, though chiefly taken to Bristol to refine wine. Sheep feed on three of these island rocks; and a former tenant of Ramsey used to take several dozen puffins a-year off them, from whose breasts and backs—the only part stripped—a large sack of soft plumage was obtained not inferior to eider-down. Still further westward—and not only *extra-parochiam*, says Mr. Fenton, but *extra-comitatum* (though we doubt the good law of the latter assertion)—seven leagues from shore, and extending from S. W. to N. E., some three miles in length and one in breadth, lie the “Smalls Rocks,” twenty in number; and about six miles from them—with a good navigation between—the “Hat and Barrels,” so called from having at times that appearance. On the principal “Small” is a lighthouse, originally erected a century ago, which has been well described as “having its situation among sunk rocks in an ocean agitated by a conflict of the wildest tides, whose enraged face betrays the dangerous secrets of its bosom, its history pregnant with singular incidents—above all, with having proved the greatest blessing by contributing to the preservation of the lives and property of thousands.” Three men constantly reside here; and though one would think the life dreadful, we are told that many who have gone out there in an emaciated condition, and in the last stage of consumption, have returned prodigiously fat, from living in so unctuous an atmosphere, and without exercise!

With all these and many more attractions, why should not Pembrokeshire possess a “County History” and a historian worthy of it? It is surely entitled to one! Mr. Fenton’s ‘Historical Tour’ through it,

published so long ago as 1811, is the only work of the sort, and never amounted to what was wanted; and if it did, the altered times, changes of proprietaries, and, above all, we may without offence be allowed to add, an improved style of composition, which a more fastidious public requires, demand something better. Take, for example, his picture of Pembrokeshire society a hundred years ago: “I cannot bid adieu to this vale without observing, that perhaps no part of the kingdom could afford such a specimen of social neighbourhood as even in my remembrance existed here, within the small circuit of twenty miles, consisting of about a dozen families, a constellation of friends, nearly of equal rank and fortune, and in the habit of carrying on the most enviable commerce of visiting, where the course of exchange was at par, many of them being connected by relationship, and all by similar politics, pursuits, habits, and manners. Nor were their meetings, though truly convivial, disgraced by the riotous orgies of determined fox-hunters; for though most of them were addicted to the chase, this country then abounding with packs of hounds—a passion that might still be more honoured in the observance than in the breach (*sic*) if rationally kept up, and having, as with them, for its principal object, health, exercise, and utility—yet most of them were no longer sportsmen than they remained in the field, but quitted the hunter with their stirrups, for they were men of letters and polished education, whose essays might well be said to be Attic.”

Or take his admiration, however pardonable, of his own ancestral residence: “The old mansion of Manarowen, once the residence of my grandfather, John Lewis,

Esquire, an antiquary of no mean note, in his day the friend of Bishop Gibson and Edward Llwyd; but his principal claim to notice was as a magistrate and a country gentleman, in which view of him he makes a distinguished figure; for at a time when few had the fortune, and fewer the capacity or inclination, to qualify them for the magistracy—when even the very fountains of justice were not without a tincture of pollution, when our laws and religion were threatened with innovation, and the interests of the subject were most shamefully sacrificed to those of the Crown—he discharged the office of Justice of the Peace during the whole of James the Second's reign with inflexible integrity; and having been bred to the law, knew so to temper its rigour with the exercise of that discretion which the equity of every statute, if properly construed, gives to the magistrate, without too servilely adhering to Dalton—the Burn of his time—as to cause peace and good order unusually to flourish in an extensive district, till then not very favourable to their growth; but such was the high respect he had acquired beyond the pale of his own immediate influence as the *justus ac propositi tenax vir*, that he was generally named in all commissions directed to his county; and so great was his popularity nearer home, that in matters of dispute he was a constant arbiter; and it was confi-

dently asserted that as his interest lay the scale preponderated at an election."

Happy Pembrokeshire! Happy Manarowen! Happy Mr. Lewis! in having lived before the days of the Ballot and no Bribery, when we fear his "preponderating influence" would have been lost to mankind, even if it had not brought him into actual grief! In fact, he foresaw and forestalled that great consummation and masterpiece of jurisprudential wisdom which has at length dawned upon our benighted country, the fusion of Law and Equity; and had he lived a hundred years later, could doubtless have given Lord Selborne many a useful hint on the Judicature Act. But to speak in sober earnest, we do not want anything so verbose or so fulsome in a county history. We do want, indeed, for such a task, the cheerful memory of, and clinging to, associations and traditions handed down, hallowed to us, by former generations,—we do want the touch of the biographer, the keen admirer of nature, the botanist, the geologist, the sportsman, and the accurate topographer,—we do want the dash of anecdote, the faithful and patient historian, and, if you like it, the somewhat tedious plodder through, and glorifier of, the chief county genealogies; but we don't want egotistical displays and commonplace truisms, *sesquipedalia verba*, and prosaic narratives.

IN A STUDIO.—CONVERSATION NO. III.

Belton. MAY I come in?

Mallett. Certainly, come in—I am happy to see you.

Belton. Tell me frankly if I interrupt you, and I will return some other day. I am always afraid that I interfere with your work in these long sessions of mine, and that you may sometimes wish me in Jericho, rather than here, bothering you with my talk.

Mallett. But you will not interrupt me now. So, pray, sit down.

Belton. How is it you can work and talk at the same time?—I should think your work would require the entire concentration of your attention and faculties.

Mallett. Ah, that depends on what I am doing. In every art there is a certain portion that is mechanical—mere matter of elaboration after the parts are absolutely laid out and determined. And to do this, after one has learned how to do it, does not require an absolutely undivided attention. Of course, when a work is in process of creation, the whole power of the artist must be concentrated on it, and at such times he is alone with himself, whoever may be in the room; and if you interrupt him with questions, his answers will, for the most part, be mechanical. At all events this is my case; and when messages are brought at such times, it often occurs that, though I answer them as if I understood them, they make no impression on my mind, and I remember nothing of them afterwards. I suppose it is the same with all persons deeply occupied and abstracted in their work.

Belton. You remind me of an old gentleman I used to know who was devoted to music, and in his latter years lost the full exercise of his faculties, and suffered shipwreck of his

musical senses. He used to sit for hours at an old spinnet, many of the strings of which were broken, and the others out of tune, and hammer horrible jangling discords out of it, under the impression that they were charming harmonies. When the servant came to the door and announced dinner in a loud voice, he would look up from the spinnet and say, “No time to attend to secular things,” and then go on as if nothing else required his attention.

Mallett. I daresay we artists often produce quite as inharmonious results while thinking we are working out some admirable design.

Belton. Oh, I did not mean that—at least of you personally.

Mallett. Still the illustration is a good one; and it is with artists, in some portions of their work, as with an accomplished musician who can play mechanically a piece he has learned thoroughly, without abstracting himself from conversation entirely.

Belton. I have often wished to ask how it is that an artist conceives a picture, statue, or poem. Does it come into his head at once complete and perfect, or does it slowly take shape? Is it wilfully and purposely created or built up, or does it create itself? Does he take a subject and think it out, and reason upon it, and elaborate it, or is the process by which it is created an unconscious one?

Mallett. I know nothing about it. Sometimes a thought or conception comes in one way, sometimes in another. Can you give any account of how an idea comes into your head, or where it came from? There is no particular mystery in the conception of a work of art, other than there is in every

other conception. Sometimes it comes upon one suddenly, unexpectedly, like a surprise—and yet whole, sound, perfect. Sometimes it grows slowly into shape without one's will, hangs vaguely about the mind for a long time in a misty way, and finally condenses into an absolute shape and presence. Sometimes the seed or germ has been unconsciously within us for years, without our being distinctly aware of it; and after it has been developed and assumed its final shape, we find hints and presages of it cropping forth here and there in our previous life and thought, now in one shape, now in another, collaterally as it were, and in other relations, before it finally took to itself a distinct self-existence. It is a plant growing in our garden, unknown, unnamed, almost unobserved, which grows and grows, and finally bursts into flower—or again, it is an instant's crystallisation of what was before invisible or dimly perceived. Courting the muse, as the cant phrase runs, is, I suppose, cultivating generally all the sentiments, feelings, and thoughts which lie on the ideal side of our nature. Sometimes a chance word or tone fires a whole train dormant and out of sight which we have unconsciously been laying.

Belton. Then you do not set yourself wilfully a subject, and work it out and try it in various shapes.

Mallett. I do not think I do—or very rarely—and then it usually comes to nothing. My notion is that our best work is done when we are possessed by an idea, and not when we are striving after one. Inspiration is the inbreathing of an influence from without and above, that can only really live in us, and become an essential part of us, when the interior nature is in a condition to be fecundated. The individual mind is, as it were, the matrix which is impregnated by

the universal mind, and then *alone* can it conceive. It cannot of itself create. When all is fit and the spirit of man is receptive, the idea suddenly comes upon us without our will and without our power to compel or resist its coming. It is received and quickened within our life and being, and takes from outward nature only its body and organism. It is what we call it in common speech, a conception. Therefore, of course, all possible culture and preparation are necessary, for according to our interior life and nature will be the outward product of our art. If the seed fall on stony places, there will be no germination. The fit soil must be ready. Depend upon it that thoughts are begotten in us by an over-power—whatever we may choose to call it. No one thing in nature makes itself by itself. There is a double germ—a double action—a passive and active, an influence and an effluence in everything. The Spirit or effluence of God brooded over the water in the legend of the origin of things—over the water, the most susceptible and open element, not over the earth.

Belton. You seem to have a high philosophy about these things, and to think that the artist does not create his own works. You would call genius, then, a receptive capacity, and not a creative one—or rather not an originating one.

Mallett. Certainly. How can genius originate anything out of nothing? It can only give, at the utmost, shape and form to ideas which come it knows not whence. Whence do you get your thoughts? Do you create them? Take from the artistic nature its receptive capacity, its sensibility to impressions, and what remains? It ceases to be an artistic nature—and it creates nothing. The creative faculty is in exact balance with the receptive

faculty. You cannot express more than has been impressed on the mind.

Belton. Is not this rather paradoxical? Are you not playing with words? Is not this very vague and visionary?

Mallett. I daresay it is very vague. But are not all the operations of the mind very vague? How can we do more than hint at any of them? You cannot think or feel or love according to your will. An influence rules you which is beyond your grasp of understanding, which sways you to its motions.

Belton. But if the artist receives all, what he creates is very little to his credit.

Mallett. In one sense it certainly is not. It would be the greatest folly in him to be vain; nor do I understand how a truly great genius can be vain. He is certainly entitled to all praise for the care and culture with which he trains his mind and his powers in the higher plane of his intelligence and emotion, as well as in the lower one of his mechanical skill and handicraft; for by this means he prepares himself for the best influences which may be exerted upon him, and for their truest representation through the forms and methods of his art. But, after all, he knows that the higher part of his art—the creative, the ideal part—is done through him, and not by him; that he is possessed while he works, and that he cannot give the why and the wherefore of what he does. He does it by no rule. Twice two will not always make four, spiritually, and art is not a multiplication table. He obeys somewhat which he can neither understand nor govern. A secret force guides and moves him. Yes! great genius is, I believe, unconscious of its own power, and certainly is never vain of it. Nay, I go further, and believe that after the

completion of anything a strange fear haunts every man lest he be abandoned to himself, and the inspiration for the future denied. Besides, he knows how imperfect his work is; how far it falls below his intentions; how little he has been able to seize and embody of all that was breathing through him. It is only small natures that are satisfied with what they have done. What the artist can do is to keep his instrument in tune, and this it is incumbent on him to do.

Belton. I am inclined to think with you, that genius of a first order is unconscious, and without vanity. Shakespeare certainly was; or at all events he would seem to have been, very careless of his productions, and I think his genius touched the highest point that literature has ever reached. Michael Angelo, in his last days, made a design of himself as a child in a go-cart, with this motto under it, "Ancora imparo"—I am yet learning. Raffaele was more conscious, and a lesser nature.

Mallett. Yes, I doubt if Raffaele ever would have reached a higher point than he had already reached at the age of thirty-seven. His enthusiasm and love of art were on the wane, and his last works have little of the sincerity of feeling and purpose shown in his earlier ones. He had a susceptible nature, full of delicacy and grace, but not a great nature; and, finally, he became rather academic. I daresay this will seem to you a terrible heresy.

Belton. No; I am quite of your opinion. I always feel a certain want of depth in even his best work, as if it were done more through natural facility and a sense of grace, than from any deep inspiration. His natural gifts were extraordinary, and his faculty of composition remarkable, but the best of him was expressed in his early works. There is always sweetness and refinement,

great skill in the drawing and putting together of his pictures; but they have neither great purpose nor intensity of feeling. His Madonnas are generally conscious in their grace, and almost invariably cold towards the child; very seldom do they even look at him, and never are they wrapt in him. Correggio's Madonnas, on the contrary, only exist for the child. They do not think of themselves, but of him—they bend over him, are absorbed in him, love him, and adore him with all their souls—he is their world. But Raffaele's are cold, and pure, and sweet, more like stepmothers than real mothers, and they hold their baby not as if he were their own, but rather as if he had been lent to them. Raffaele never fought with the unseen world as Michael Angelo did. He seems to have taken life lightly and easily, and to have had no despairs. He was an accomplished and refined artist, but a superficial one, and he had done the best of which he was capable when he died. His ambition prompted him to assume at one time the style of Michael Angelo, but in this he utterly failed. That mighty style was foreign to his genius. He was not a great thinker. His pictures please, but they do not stimulate.

Mallett. You must, however, except the Dresden Madonna, called the San Sisto. It is certainly a wonderful work, free and noble in style, and the child's expression is of that large dignity and ideal character that one sometimes sees in children, looking dreamily out on a world they do not take in. It is painted very loosely and sketchily, and was evidently done at a heat, but he had the good sense to leave it as it was. It is his highest inspiration, in my opinion.

Belton. He is generally called the religious painter—more, I sup-

pose, from the subjects he treated, than from the spirit in which they were conceived. Yet to me, in religious spirit and depth of feeling, nothing he ever did compares with the "Entombment of Christ" by Titian, now in the Louvre.

Mallett. That is truly a wonderful picture,—take it for all in all, perhaps the most perfect picture that ever was painted. The low sombre key of its colour is so perfectly in accord with the solemn sentiment of the scene; the colouring in itself so rich, massive, and powerful; the light and shade so admirably distributed; the composition so finely balanced, and the individual characters of the persons so justly discriminated in their expression and action, that it seems to me the first of all religious pictures. It is all felt as a painter should feel, in every part. The landscape, the sky, the colouring, all harmonise with the pathos of the scene, and are beautiful and solemn in themselves.

Belton. Raffaele used the hands of others to execute his work more than any other painter who ever lived, and finally left the greatest part of it for them to do. There is scarcely a touch of his brush in the frescoes of Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina Palace. He was thinking then more of the Fornarina than of his art, and real love seemed to him far preferable to ideal and painted Loves and Venuses. In his last picture of the Transfiguration, I do not believe he painted anything with his own hand, except perhaps the upper part. The composition was his, and for my own part I think it is very bad; but the execution was chiefly by Julio Romano, whose heavy brush is everywhere visible. It is not to me an agreeable picture, and has no unity of character or composition. The masses, chiaroscuro, and colour of

lower part, are disagreeable; the forms and attitudes are nice, and lack nature and

Hett. The severest criticism made on Raffaele was by Michelangelo towards the end of his life. He had constantly so much to be done by his friends that his friends as well as enemies began to wink and shrug their shoulders; and this coming to his ears, he determined, after the fables of Cupid and Psyche in the Sistine Chapel were finished, to paint the last fresco in the adjoining hall by himself with his own hand. He accordingly began the Galatea, and went on very well advanced with it, one day while he was absent, a visitor called to see him. The things were around the room ready for the other decorations, the visitor, after looking at the work for a while, mounted the stairs, and with a fragment of charcoal drew a colossal head on the wall beneath the cornice. Raffaele did not return, however, and after waiting for some time the visitor departed, refusing to give his name to the servant, but saying, "Show my master that, and he will know me." Some time after Raffaele came in, and on inquiring if he had been there, his servant told him a small black-bearded man had been there and drawn a head on the wall by which he said he could recognise him. Raffaele looked up, saw the head, and exclaimed, "Michael Angelo." That was what was meant, and after the criticism, there can be no doubt, for he painted no other fresco in the hall.

Belton. What do you suppose he meant?

Hett. He meant to show Raffaele that his fresco was on too small a scale for the size of the room, and that it was executed in the style of

a cabinet picture, and not in the grand style appropriate for such a place. Go and look at it yourself, and you cannot doubt its meaning, nor can you doubt the justness of the criticism, severe as it was. A similar story, you may remember, is told of Apelles and Protogenes, and perhaps they are both myths. I confess that I have little faith in these tales about artists.

Belton. What is the story you refer to?

Mallett. It is told by Pliny. He relates that Apelles on arriving at Rhodes, immediately went to call upon Protogenes, who was then living there. Protogenes, however, was absent, and the studio was in charge of an old woman, who, after Apelles had looked at the pictures, asked the name of the visitor to give to her master on his return. Apelles did not answer at first, but observing a large black panel prepared for painting on an easel, he took up a pencil and drew an extremely delicate outline on it, saying, "He will recognise me by this," and departed. On the return of Protogenes, being informed of what had happened, he looked at the outline, and, struck by its extreme delicacy, exclaimed, "That is Apelles—no one else could have executed so perfect a work." Then taking up another pencil with a different colour, he drew a still more delicate outline on the same panel, and went out, saying, "If the visitor returns, show him that." Apelles did return, and on seeing the second outline, ashamed of having been surpassed by Protogenes, he again took up a pencil, and with a third colour divided the other outlines with one so delicate as to defy competition. Protogenes on seeing this acknowledged himself conquered, and immediately ran down to the shore to find the great master and welcome him. This panel with

the three outlines was long kept with the greatest care, and held by all, and especially artists, to be a miracle of Art. Standing among many admirable and celebrated pictures, it nevertheless eclipsed them all, though at first sight so delicate were these outlines that the panel looked like a mere blank space. It was afterwards destroyed in the burning of Cæsar's House, where it was kept.

Belton. I do not quite understand. Were the lines drawn over each other, one more delicate than the other, or were there three distinct outlines?

Mallett. *Chi sa?* The story is not quite intelligible to any one. Pliny says Apelles first drew "*lineam summæ subtilitatis*"—an extremely fine line. Then, that Protogenes drew "*lineam tenuiorem*"—a still more delicate line—"in ipsa illa;" but whether he means by this on the same line or on the same panel is doubtful. Then Apelles with the third line, "*secuit*," divided the other lines. The question is what he meant by "*lineam*." Probably it was an outline of a figure, or a profile perhaps, or a *lineamentum*—a likeness. That it does not mean simply a line is plain from the passage immediately following, in which he says that "It was the constant habit of Apelles not to allow a day to go by without drawing a design or outline (*lineam ducendo*)."
 "Secuit," again, may mean dividing in the sense of drawing a third outline across the others, or over and within them, or between them. In which last case there would be three outlines or designs side by side.

Belton. It's like a conundrum.

Mallett. But without a satisfactory answer. It has, however, served to puzzle a good many persons—and you and me among the rest. However, to go back to Raffaele—what we have said of him, if we have

any consideration for our reputation for taste and judgment, we must whisper and not speak aloud.

Belton. I have sometimes thought Raffaele would have made quite as good a sculptor as painter; and I am not quite sure that his mind did not naturally rather tend to form than to colour. His compositions are always linear, and not in masses either of colour or chiaroscuro; and most of them have a better effect as compositions when reduced to outline. Take, for instance, the Loggia series. I doubt if any one who has ever seen them and studied them in outline, or laid out in simple broad tints as they are in Gruner's lithographs, would not be disappointed in seeing the original paintings. Nearly all his compositions can be made into pleasing bassi-relievi. They translate, so to speak, with little or no loss, as far as composition is concerned. But Titian, on the contrary, loses terribly, for he composed as a painter; and colour and light and dark are the essence of his picture.

Mallett. No doubt there is something in this suggestion; but one reason why the Loggia series do not come up to the expectations of those who have seen them in outline or simple chiaroscuro, besides that which you have mentioned, is the rude and unsympathetic manner in which they are painted. As paintings, they are wretched; and their composition is their only merit. But the painting was not done by Raffaele. He intrusted that to his scholars.

Belton. How far is that permissible to an artist in your opinion?

Mallett. Only just so far as the work is mechanical, or as it is mere assistance which does not affect at all the conception, character, or composition of the work, but merely shortens the manual labour of the real artist. But the less assist-

ance a painter has from other hands the better, unless, as sometimes occurs, it is necessary, on account of the extent of surface to be gone over within a certain time. A sculptor may fairly make use of much more assistance, because in putting up a large work from a small model it is of no consequence how the work is begun, provided the clay be roughed into general shape and mass on the iron framework, whereas in painting the ground tints, from the very beginning, are essential to the result of the colouring in the finished picture.

Belton. How is it with a sculptor? There has lately been a great deal of discussion of the question how far he is justified in using the hands of others in his work.

Mallett. The matter is very simple. It is the invariable habit of a sculptor first to make his sketch, or small model, of the figure or group. This he does solely with his own hand and from his own mind, and in making this no assistance is permissible. In this the action, the composition, the character, the general masses, the lines, the draperies, in a word, the whole creative part, is achieved. The details only are left unfinished. Some sculptors carry their small models much farther on in details and execution than others, and in case a sculptor intends to intrust to others the putting up of the large model from this, he determines every particular. The small model is then placed in the hands of a workman, who enlarges it by proportional compasses, mechanically, makes a framework of iron and wire, and packs upon this the clay, following by measurement all the forms and masses, and copying it in large in all its parts. He gives the general form, and makes what may be called a large rude sketch of the small model. How much

further he may go in his work depends upon the extent to which the small model is finished. If it be carefully thought out in all its details, his business is to imitate these as well as he can. The sculptor himself generally works with him in all these beginnings, though that is by no means necessary. The work being thus set up and put into general form and mass, after the small model, the sculptor makes what changes and deviations he deems necessary, sometimes entirely altering one action, distributing differently the masses, varying the composition of lines, and working out the details. From the time the general masses are arranged, the assistant is of little or no use, save to copy, under direction of the sculptor, bits of drapery arranged by him on a lay figure, or from casts in plaster of fragments from nature, or to render him, in a word, any mere mechanical service. All the rest is done by the sculptor's own hands. The assistant's work is purely preparation. Nothing of the arrangement or of the finish or of the feeling is his, and as the work approximates to completion, he becomes useless, and the sculptor works alone. Practically speaking, the assistant's work being mere rough preparation, is invariably again worked over and varied in every part, often entirely pulled down and remodelled, so that nothing remains of it; and it not unfrequently occurs that, after the first packing on of the clay, he is rather an embarrassment than a help, however clever he may be. If you pause to think for a moment, you will see that, however well he may do merely mechanical work, it is impossible from the nature of things that he can divine the wishes or convey the spirit and feeling of the artist himself. As to all the essential parts they

must and can only be done by the artist's own hands. He alone knows or feels rather what he seeks and wants, and no one can help him. How can any one aid him, for instance, in the character and expression of the face, in the arrangement of the draperies, in the *pose* of the figure, in the *finesse* of feeling and touch that constitutes all the difference between a good and a bad work? These things cannot be left to any assistant; they require the artist's own mind and hand.

Belton. In a word, all that any assistant does is purely mechanical, under the direction of the sculptor. He invents nothing, he designs nothing, and he only copies at best, or prepares the parts for the hand of the sculptor to finish. He is no more the creator of the statue than a copyist of a rough manuscript is the author; or the mason who executes the material work of a building after the plans of an architect is the architect.

Mallett. Precisely. If he attempt to do anything more, the artist is sure to pull down all his work and do it over again as he wishes to have it, just as an author would erase any interpolation or misreading by the copyist. I think I have stated the outside limits within which any sculptor I know uses the hands of others. But, after all, the small model or sketch is the creation, though no artist limits himself to making that, but carries out himself personally the same thing in the full-sized statue. Another artist might, of course, do it if the small model he carefully thought out, and in such case he would be entitled to a certain merit of interpretation and workmanship; but he could not claim to be the author, designer, or creator of it. But besides this, many artists work at the marble, and finish it themselves; for when it comes to the

last finishing touches, a little more or less makes an enormous difference in expression and feeling, and this the sculptor or creator of the work alone can feel; he cannot even explain.

Belton. Was it always the practice with sculptors to use the hands of others?

Mallett. Undoubtedly, when they could command them. Phidias, and all the sculptors of his day, had numerous scholars who assisted them in all their work to a very great extent, and some of the scholars' works were attributed to their masters, so near were they to them in excellence and talent. No one, however, ever dreamed of saying or thinking that the Athena and Zeus of Phidias were not his works, despite the number of sculptors whom he employed to assist him. The same practice has obtained ever since, in all the studios of all the distinguished artists, as, for instance, in our own day, in the studios of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Gibson, Tenerani; and it is certainly a very novel notion that has been lately started, that when assistants, even though they were scholars of a distinguished artist, possessing themselves great talent, have been employed on any work of their master, the master was not entitled to call the work his own. Tenerani and Gibson, among others, worked in the studios of Canova and Thorwaldsen, under the direction and on the works of those artists; but they never dreamed of claiming such works as their own in any sense. It would have been too absurd.

Belton. Was not Michael Angelo an exception to this rule?

Mallett. Michael Angelo was accustomed himself to do a great deal of his own work in the marble; and he thus wasted his great powers in merely mechanical labour, which

would have been better done by any competent workmen, because they would have been more careful and mechanical. Through his impatience and enthusiasm, he ruined block after block of marble by working with too great vehemence near the surface. He had a wonderful faculty as a mere workman in marble, but his genius and impetuosity of temperament would not brook the opposition of so stubborn a material, and unfitted him for those first processes of roughing out into shape the block, which requires patience and precision. Too eager to arrive at a point where his true genius would find play, he assailed the marble with such violence, that he often struck off pieces which trenced into the just limits of the surface; and as they could not be replaced, he was forced to finish as he could—not as he would. Had he confined himself more to elaborating his work in clay, and then intrusting the blocking out in marble to a mechanical workman, we should have had not only a much larger number of grand works by him, but they would have been freer of great defects. For instance, the back of the head of Moses has been chiselled away until it is an impossible head. Again, the David is sacrificed to the exigencies of the marble. And the head of his famous Day was probably left unfinished because he perceived that it was turned beyond the limit permitted to nature, without breaking the neck.

Belton. Still it produces a magnificent effect, finer than if it had been finished. It seems as if day were struggling out from clouds and darkness.

Mallett. I am quite of your opinion. I did not mean to criticise it, but only to state a fact. The defect is not now so apparent as it would have been had he attempted

to finish it, and certainly its very imperfection lends it a singular power and character. Michael Angelo is one of those mighty geniuses that is above criticism. He impresses you in his great works so powerfully, that you have no wish to criticise him. Any sculptor can point out his defects, they are so plain and manifest; but nobody has ever managed so to wreak himself upon marble, and to stamp so tremendous an energy into any works of art. The Sistine Chapel is to me the most gigantic work that ever was accomplished in art. The intellect, the force of will, the vigour and grandeur stamped upon these frescoes is so great that they overpower you. Everything else seems feeble after them. So too the Day and Night in the Medici Chapel have something terrible in their solemnity. They are all wrong, if you please, full of defects, impossible, unnatural, but they are grand thoughts and mighty in their character, and they overawe you into silence. I would counsel no artist to attempt to copy them or form his style upon them; let him rather absorb them as impressions than study them as models. They will fill him with a sense of grandeur, so taken in. But they afford no basis for a school. The works of Michael Angelo's followers were characterised by wild exaggeration and intemperance of style. They strove by excess to arrive at grandeur. They imitated his defects and lost his spirit. Bernini was almost a maniac in his art. He observed no restraint, and would not limit his talent by the true boundaries of sculpture. There is no doubt that he was a man of great talent, if not of genius; but his genius all went astray and in a false direction. His attempts were beyond his powers, and he has left us almost nothing but exaggerated and

oppressive works. Sculpture owes a great debt of gratitude to Canova, who led it back into quieter fields, and taught it self-restraint, and preached again the gospel of temperance, according to the Greeks. Theirs is the true school of form and method, simple, dignified, and strong. Let us if possible infuse into this form the modern spirit of intensity, emotion, and passion, which they did not attempt. That, in my opinion, is the problem we should seek to solve.

Belton. Why do you suppose they never attempted this?

Mallett. Plainly because it was in contradiction with their religion. Religion and art go hand in hand through all history. The loftiest religious sentiment of the Greeks was passionless repose. They strove to get to a centre where all was calm, and removed from the wild whirl of human passions and excitement. Sculpture was consecrated first to the gods, and it represented them, in their character of calmness and dignity, superior to mere human influences. From this basis it never wandered far, even in the representation of demigods and heroes. Their very portraiture partook of this character. The sternness of the stone demanded serious subjects, and in the best period of their art they never degraded it to triviality and genre. They sought to express character and repose, not agitations or incidents. The religion of the Greeks was like a circle with a centre of repose. The Christian religion on the contrary is like a spiral generated by an aspiring centre. Their highest ideal was calm; ours, on the contrary, is unrest and longing. They sought the peace of tranquillised passions and feelings, and the quiet acceptance of life within its limits here. We look forward with longing to an-

other life, and our thoughts and hopes project themselves beyond into the infinite. Their ideal was heroic self-contained manliness, a dignified bearing, under the inevitable decrees of fate, and a clear development of their own interior natures; ours is found in self-surrender and other-worldiness. Of course all this must express itself in the highest products of art. We see therefore in Greece grand, simple, dignified forms—manly, self-contained, and agitated by no passions or violent emotions. Christian art, on the contrary, abounds in contortions of form, and embodies abnegations, sorrows, self-tormentings, and martyrdoms. Simple manliness has departed. We are worms not worthy to be considered. This life is a contemptible affair. Hitherto, at least, this has been the character of Christian art. But another era seems now to be dawning—of simplicity, of self-restraint, of nature. The danger of the present day, however, is lest we subordinate art too much to mere imitation, and decline into the trivial and sentimental. The true sphere of art to-day is to fuse into the grand forms and moulds of the Greek a deeper emotion, a more natural feeling, and a higher enthusiasm—to lift ourselves to great subjects, and to treat them with intensity as well as with simplicity. But to stop preaching, for I am afraid I am giving you what Lamb translated *sermoni propriora* to mean—things properer for a sermon. Let us go back to what we were saying about the assistance which great artists have ever accepted from other hands. There used to be schools, and great masters had many pupils, all working together harmoniously. This was the case in Greece in the ancient days, and in Italy in the revival of art. Leonardo and Raffaele, Gian Bellini and Titian, as well as Poly-

gnotus and Zeuxis, or Phidias and Lysippus, and the rest, had all of them pupils who worked with them and for them; and by this consensual labour and thought they were able to achieve their great works. We at the present are for the most part individuals, each working for himself and by himself, in competition with all others; and the moment any one works in accord with another, Envy cries out, or crawls and hisses in secret, and tries to defraud the master of his right. But Leonardo worked for Verrocchio in his studio, as Raffaele did for Perugino, and Luini for Leonardo; each helped the other—each was taught by the other. Art was then a great guild. Now every artist “fights for his own hand,” to use the phrase of Harry Gow.

Belton. It is the fashion now to pull down the idols of the past and set up new and hitherto comparatively unknown ones in their place, to rehabilitate the degraded, and to reverse the decisions and the decrees of history. Speculation and criticism seek out dark spots, and drag new heroes into light, while they who stand in the light of fame are scrutinised so closely that they seem but common things after all. If we go on at this rate much further we shall not have a villain left, nor a beauty, nor a hero. Helen was an old hag past sixty at the beginning of the Trojan war. Judas is already on his feet. Nero is absolved from his murders. Henry VIII. has become a noble, free-hearted spirit; and as for his wives, the new verdict is, “Served them right.” William Tell has vanished into the darkness of myths. Eugene Aram is a dramatic sentimentalist who couldn’t help himself. No one but maniacs in their fits of madness are now guilty of murder. Even Byron’s perfect purity has been called in

question. Almost no villain is left us except Cain, and let us grapple to him with hooks of steel. Let no man try to take Cain from us. What would life be worth without him? Alas! we are getting weak in our faith.

Mallett. Your words recall to me, though it has little to do with what you were saying, a story of an ardent Presbyterian who was discussing with a brother churchman the character and religious belief of X, their common friend. The first of them thought X was going all wrong; that his life was well enough, but on questions of doctrine and faith he was very shaky. “Ah, no! I don’t agree with you,” said the other; “X is all right, I am sure. He thoroughly believes in total depravity.” “He may believe in it,” was the answer, “as a dogma; but the question is, Does he act up to it in his life? I am afraid he doesn’t.”

Belton. I am becoming so confused of late as to who is good and who is bad, and the cards are getting so shuffled as to what anybody did and said, that I scarcely venture now to allude to any historical statement, or to speak of any historical personage, without a fear that I may be utterly mistaken in common with nearly everybody else, at least of my age. But there is a pleasure in paradox as much as there is “in the pathless woods,” or in “the ocean’s roar.” Mr. Hayward, in a delightful essay, has clearly shown that there is scarcely a single famous sentence which History has put into the mouth of anybody that was ever really spoken; and that generally the legends and pretty stories about great men are inventions. So one by one all the old props are giving way, and nothing will be left but original sin, and the three apples, of Eve, and Venus, and Discord,

which are so far away that we cannot quite reach them.

Mullett. The rôle that apples play in old myths is very strange; of all fruits they would seem to be the least tempting.

Belton. Do you mean to undermine all the foundations of our faith?

Mullett. Sir—as Dr. Johnson would say—would you limit the investigation of truth by the legends of history? If so (to use another of his brief and piquant sentences), you are a fool.

Belton. I know I am. I have the folly still to believe that Homer really existed, despite of Professors Wolf and Lachmann and their followers. And do you know it strikes me as rather odd, that we as late as the latter part of the nineteenth century, after the old Greek language has suffered such change, should still, though foreigners in clime and time, be able to detect, philologically, discrepancies and contradictions which did not strike the ancient Greeks themselves in their own familiar tongue. Undoubtedly they believed Homer to be an actual person, who wrote a continuous poem, which was quite familiar to them. Whether the foundation of these poems was legendary and traditional or not does not touch the question, any more than the fact that the plays of Shakespeare were founded upon traditional history and old stories, and even on prior compositions, partially in some cases imbedded in them, would invalidate his claim to their authorship. None the less, the Greeks deemed that Homer had existed, and had put the story into this poetic and rhythmic form, and that is what is meant by authorship in every poem. Is it not probable that they were far better judges of all questions relating to language and unity of character, and

other similar points on which the new theory is founded, than we can possibly be; and is it probable that they would have been deceived in regard to a poem which was so familiar to them, and so constantly recited before them, and read by them? “Credat Judæus Apella.” Vastly superior, as no doubt we are, to the ancient Greeks in our knowledge of their language, poetry, and history, and everything else which concerned them, I am fool enough to stick to Homer with them, rather than to throw him over with the learned professors of our day. I prefer to be imposed upon with Plato, Pericles, Æschylus, Aristotle, and the rest of those ignorant boys, rather than to be right with the philosophers and critics of to-day.

Mullett. Your illustration of the case by reference to Shakespeare and his plays is very unfortunate. Are you not aware that Shakespeare himself never wrote any of his plays, but only lent his name to them to conceal the true author, who was Lord Bacon? The poor fellow was weak and good-natured. The very epithets given him by his friends of gentle or sweet Will, plainly show this; and Bacon bought him, or his name, to use as a cloak and a shield. It is ridiculous to imagine that a fellow like him, born and bred in Stratford-on-Avon, and a hanger-on and second-rate actor at theatres, could possibly ever have written anything like what is ascribed to him. Ben Jonson, indeed, and all his contemporaries were fearfully deceived; but, then, Ben Jonson was only a bricklayer. Greene, too, called him an upstart crow, who beautified himself with the feathers of others; and Greene must have known, as he assisted Shakespeare in rewriting and readapting parts of some old plays—though it is strange that

he should not have known that Shakespeare did not really write the remainder, and should not have suspected the real author, Bacon. It is very doubtful whether there ever was such a person; and if there was, he was not the author of the poems and plays ascribed to him. Lord Bacon wrote them.

Belton. I had forgotten this. You are right. But what a pity! The portrait, after all, that forms the frontispiece of the plays, does not look like a perfect fool. It is not a bad nor a mean forehead, is it? If the person it represents did not do something remarkable, one cannot help wondering why not, with that great brain, and that speaking face. What did Ben Jonson mean by these verses of his, saying that this "was for the gentle Shakespeare cut"? Did he mean by gentle, silly? when he spoke of his wit, did he speak ironically? or did Bacon buy up him too, and get him to write this lie? Joking apart, I think nothing more monstrous was ever conceived than this theory. It is too foolish even to be entitled to consideration.

Mallett. Yet I understand that Judge Nathaniel Holmes has lately written a long book to uphold this preposterous theory. I have not seen it, nor do I doubt, from what I hear, that he has argued the question with skill. But, after all, is it not to be put in the category of Whately's historic doubts as to the existence of Napoleon?

Belton. It is said that Lord Palmerston was a convert to this theory; but I fancy it was with him—if the report be true—merely through a love of paradox, as it is with some others I know, who profess to believe in it. One of the chief grounds for assuming the possibility of such a notion is drawn from the difficulty of supposing any

single man could be possessed of sufficient genius, knowledge, and culture to be able to produce such works. But by supposing these plays to have been written by two persons, we simply double the difficulty. Then there must have been two extraordinary geniuses at work—one in the dark, and one in the light. If we suppose them to have been written by Bacon and not Shakespeare, we run into still greater difficulties. We must suppose that, avid of fame as Bacon was, he utterly concealed his authorship of works immeasurably superior to all his other works put together, and which would have given him a world-wide fame; that he was a great poet, which is contrary to his known character, and to all his writings; that he employed a man named Shakespeare falsely to assume the authorship, which makes Shakespeare a very contemptible personage, contrary to the express testimony of all who knew him; that the complete manuscripts of the original plays which, at Shakespeare's death, were in his possession, and from which they were printed by his friends after his death, were not written by him—which is preposterous—or, at least, were copied by him from the original MSS. which were destroyed; that Bacon was familiar with all the life and scenery of Stratford; that not only all Shakespeare's familiar friends—authors and collaborators, actors and noblemen—but the whole world—were deceived wilfully by both; that this lie was acted out through the life of both for no plausible reason, and after their death continued to be acted for centuries; that Bacon was guilty of all the mistakes in the plays, such as that Bohemia is a seaport, and many more difficulties and impossibilities.

Mallett. It is not worth while to argue the question. I am surprised that you take the trouble; we are in the habit of supposing that our ignorance in respect to the life of Shakespeare is very exceptional. But it is not so at all; we know no more about Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Webster, Heywood, or any of the other authors of his day, of the same social rank and position in life. As to Webster, for instance, we do not know when or where he was born, how long he lived, or even what works he wrote. A few are accredited to him, as those wonderful and ghastly plays, "Vittoria Corombona," "The Duchess of Malfi," and one or two others; but whether certain other works in prose were written by him or not is quite problematical. Our knowledge as to Marlowe is equally obscure, and the few facts relating to him which are known are by no means clear or sure. The same remarks may be made in regard to Peele and Greene, and Shakespeare's associates on the stage, Burbage and the rest. We really know little or nothing about any of them, more than a few questionable facts. It may be said with equal truth that Bacon wrote all their works as that he wrote Shakespeare's.

Belton. I have no doubt he did; and, to use the legal form of question, if not, why not?

Mallett. So, too, what do we know of Thomas Heywood, whom Charles Lamb calls a sort of prose Shakespeare, beyond the few avowals he makes about himself in one or two of his prefaces? Outside of these confidences we really know next to nothing. Yet he was a dramatic author of high repute in his own day, and he tells us that he had "an entire hand, or at least a main finger, in 220 plays." But not only about nine-tenths of his plays are lost,

but also all the history of his life, except some very few facts and dates.

Belton. Only some 23 plays left out of 220, are there not?

Mallett. I will not be sure of the exact number of plays we still possess by Heywood, but it is about this number.

Belton. How do you account for this?

Mallett. He gives us one reason himself in one of his prefaces, I think to "The English Traveller," in which, after a covert sneer at Ben Jonson and others, who "expose unto the world their volumes under the name of works"—he goes on to say that "many of his writings, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost; others have been retained in the hands of some actors who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come into print; and a third that it was never any great ambition in him to be in this kind voluminously read." Whether Shakespeare shared with him the last feeling or not, he evidently pursued the same course in not printing his plays. At all events, whether he had this feeling or not, an all-sufficient reason for his not publishing them is to be found in the fact stated by Heywood, that the actors were jealous of having them printed as detracting from their profit; and we are not sure that there may not have been many other plays by Shakespeare of which we have no record. Thank heaven that we have preserved so many!

Belton. There seems to have been gross carelessness, to say the least, in the preservation of plays at this period. Chettle alone, if I remember right, wrote thirty-eight plays, and of these only four are known; and the entire plays of almost no one of the dramatists of the period are preserved.

Mallett. Is it not enough to make one tear one's hair to think that any of Shakespeare's plays should be lost?

Belton. It is indeed. But to go back to Bacon. Let us compare for a moment his verses with Shakespeare's. We have acknowledged verses by him; and since he acknowledged these, why be ashamed of those which he printed under the pseudonym of Shakespeare? Listen—Bacon thus writes verse which he avows as his own—

"Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed
Or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse.
Some would have children, those that
have them moan
Or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife
But single thralldom or a double strife?"

Imagine the man who thought this was poetry to have written the songs, sonnets, and plays of Shakespeare! One cannot help laughing.

Mallett. My own view is that Shakespeare must have written these lines—if Bacon wrote his. It was change and change about—what one wrote the other gave his name to. Can anything be more machine-made than they are? Yet they are good enough for a poor player, and we know that domestic cares *did* afflict Shakespeare's bed, and probably pains his head—he had such a large one. So it seems very clear that he must have written this poem.

Belton. What sort of an actor do you suppose Shakespeare was? He is said to have taken only the second parts—such as that of the king in 'Hamlet,' and even to have played old Adam in 'As You Like It.'

Mallett. Oh, he took that part out of pure good-nature. I have little doubt that he was an excellent actor, but too quiet, simple, and natural in his acting to

please the public taste—which demanded loudness, bombastic action, declamation, and exaggeration. The same characteristics still exist on the English stage, and I suppose they have always existed. Partridge's opinion of Garrick and his acting represents the popular feeling of to-day. He was too natural—too "simple, natural, affecting,"—anybody might act Hamlet like him. Give me the king for my money, says Partridge, or he who could strut and declaim and tear a passion to rags. Hamlet's advice to the players shows what Shakespeare's notion of good acting was. It was to hold the mirror up to nature—not to rant and strut and scream like the town-crier, to split the ears of the groundlings. But the public taste was different. They liked what they did not see in life—just as the chambermaids and middle classes of to-day like novels of high life, and ghastly adventures, and sensational incidents, and murders. I am sorry to say that even among educated persons there is a preference in England for exaggerated action in tragedy and in comedy. Comedy on our stage is but too often turned into farce and grimace; tragedy into rant, and what is called elocution, God save the mark! which means artificial intonation and pronunciation, such as no human being in his senses would use in daily life. There are exceptions, I know, to this, but it is characteristic of English acting. I am sometimes afraid that the tragic actor will burst a blood-vessel in his violence, and I am pretty sure the comic actor will descend to grimace and caricature to get a laugh from the pit, and to split the ears of the groundlings. It is a satisfaction by way of exception to hear such quiet acting as that of Mr. Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*; and I am glad

to see in some of the theatres, and among some of the actors, a better and simpler taste growing up, and at least an effort to render nature.

Belton. "Oh, it offends me to the very soul to hear a robustious periwigged fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant."

Mallett. "I warrant your honour:" One can say nothing more to the purpose than Shakespeare in this advice to the actors. His words are as true to-day as to English actors, as they were in his own time.

Belton. I am struck with one vicious peculiarity of English actors which has lately made its appearance, that of pronouncing English with a French accent and inflection. Why poss-si-ble? why ag-ō-ny? why ām u-sing? and so on. Has this been caught from Mr. Fechter? This is especially to be observed in the actresses. The actors have less of it. But it is not only the accent, but the inflection of voice which is false, and imitated apparently from the French. Talk with these women off the stage, and they speak like anybody else—hear them on the stage, and one would suppose they were foreigners.

Mallett. We are not natural actors, as the Italians are, nor have we the accomplishment and restraint of the French on the stage. The reason of this is plain. The Italians use great gesticulation and action in daily life. They talk with their hands, their shoulders, their bodies, and when they are on the stage they only do what they are accustomed to do in common conversation off the stage. So too the French gesticulate freely in expressing themselves. But we ordinarily use no gesticula-

tion at all; we sit or stand very still, without using our hands and arms, and the consequence is, that when we are on the stage, and are forced to employ gesture and action, we are doing something which we are not accustomed to, and we do it awkwardly and unnaturally. Besides, the Anglo-Saxon is always self-conscious, and this necessarily begets awkwardness and affectation. No person can be natural unless he forgets himself. Generally speaking, we are encumbered with our hands and arms, and know not what to do with them. The Italians stand and move with far greater naturalness, and therefore far greater grace.

Belton. Did it ever strike you how characteristic of each nation is its form of salutation? The Italians say, "Come sta?" and "Come va?"—How do you stand? and How do you go?—because naturally when an Italian is well he stands easily and he moves easily. The French say, "Comment vous portez-vous?"—How do you carry yourself?—for a Frenchman always wishes to make an appearance and an impression through his deportment. The English, who are essentially an active and doing people, engaged in business and always at work, say, "How do you do?" while the German, who is generally wandering in a maze, and whose intellectual tendencies are vague and metaphysical, asks, "Wie befinden sie sich?"—How do you find yourself?

Mallett. Very characteristic, and particularly the last. The wonder is how the speculative German ever does find himself.

Belton. There is another common form of speech which has struck me as characteristic and distinctive of the Latin and Catholic nations from the northern and Protestant na-

The Latins and Catholics say "Credo"—I believe—northern nations say "I or the simple reason that they take everything on as a matter of belief, the latter refer it to their and accept it as a matter of No Italian or Spaniard "Penso"—I think; he o—he does not think so. en accustomed so long to is thinking done for him that he only accepts and No Englishman ever be-thing until he has thought

It is a curious fact which rred to me, but it seems to the distinction you have It is also singular how er the Greeks or Romans have used the simple form as we do our Yes, even if it, which I confess seems oubletful. Nae in Latin, ost nearly approximates to an adoption of the Greek has rather the character of r absolute affirmation than e assent, and besides, was d in their writings. Their 1 of assent seems to have reaffirming the same pro- or statement. They cer- we may judge from their had no word in common esponding to our Yes. f them could have said. of n, as the Italians do of l bel paese dove si suona il could it ever have been a foreigners to say to them "nai," as it is to many a ho makes the crowd laugh Englishman passes, by 4!" Their "ita est" is bad as the vulgar Amer- at's so," which is a literal 1 of it.

I do not believe they

had any Yes corresponding to ours. They certainly had no No, and I cannot understand how they got on in conversation without it. Think of a people who couldn't say "No" and stumbled over "Yes"!

Mallett. Their conversation could never have been, "Yea, yea, and Nay, nay"! But then they were pagans. You could not expect it.

Belton. I wish we had some real specimens of their conversation. I hope for all their sakes they were not always on stilts and talking as they do in their books. The jokes they have recorded, and particularly Cicero's, are very flat to us, but they seem to have been extremely amused with them, which gives me a notion that they had very little *esprit* or humour in their talk.

Mallett. I will never believe Antony did not know how to talk. Ah! he was a man after my heart; he is the one of the old Romans I should have liked to know. I don't at all wonder that Cleopatra fell madly in love with him, nor, for the matter of that, that he fell madly in love with her. What a pair! What nights of revel, what days of splendour they must have known!

Belton. Suppose we could call up out of the past any of them we wished to gather round our board, and make a night of it, whom would you invite? We will invite in turn; only let the company be small. Counting ourselves as nothing, nine will be enough—the number of the Muses. You shall begin. First the men—

Mallett. My first man, then, shall be Antony, with his bull-neck, his rich curling hair, his robust figure, his deep-set sparkling eyes, and his brave open look.

Belton. And mine Shakespeare. I need not describe him. The handsomest man at the table, who-

ever comes; flowing and free in spirit and power—the divine William.

Mallett. I should have said Shakespeare first, but I was thinking of the ancients. Next I shall say Alcibiades, and he shall bring his dog, if he chooses. We shall get some fun out of him, I fancy.

Belton. Yes—and no; he might cut up rough, as he did sometimes. However, let him stand; and now we have Greece and Rome represented, let us have some one from Italy. Who shall it be? Shall it be Boccaccio, Leonardo, Giorgione, Cæsar Borgia, Alexander VI., or who? On the whole, as we are to have supper, and be jolly, I fix on Boccaccio.

Mallett. I think you have chosen right. In my mind it lay between him and Giorgione. Giorgione was a fine fellow, but we will invite him some other day. As for Cæsar Borgia and Alexander, I like to be sure of my liquors, and that they have not been tampered with. No aqua Tofana, if you please. Well, now, we must have some one from France. What do you say? I propose Rabelais or Montaigne.

Belton. Oh, Montaigne of course. Rabelais would not do. Montaigne will be perfect for supper; and I know he will like to meet Antony. Now it is my turn. I ought to choose a German now; but who is there among them one would like to see on such an occasion—Goethe?

Mallett. Gott bewahr! He would play the great man, and preach and prose.

Belton. Let me see—Lessing, Schiller, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Uhland; no—none of them will do. If we could only have Beethoven or Mozart by themselves, and listen—yes; but to supper—no! They would all be

too heavy and dull. There is nobody I can think of but Jean Paul or Heine.

Mallett. II'm—h'm—Jean Paul. Well, if Germany must come in, let it be Jean Paul. He had a rich sense of humour in him, and I think he will do. I wonder what Alcibiades will think of him?

Belton. Are we to come down to this century?

Mallett. No, by the way, that won't do. Jean Paul can't come. We shall otherwise be obliged to enlarge our table; recollect, too, we have not any women as yet. Germany and America are too near us. We must forego both countries, otherwise we shall have too many. No; we must not come nearer than Montaigne.

Belton. Well, I will name one more, then—Sir Philip Sidney.

Mallett. I take off my cap to him—only I hope he won't read his 'Arcadia' to us.

Belton. No fear of that; he is a gentleman every inch of him.

Mallett. Now for the women. Cleopatra, of course, first and foremost. Dear serpent of old Nile! Shall she sit with Antony, or Shakespeare?

Belton. Shakespeare. She belongs to him; and he shall quote himself to her, and tell her that

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

Next, we will have Aspasia. She will tell us all about Phidias, and Alcamenes, and Pericles (though I don't care so much about him), and Agoracritos, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and all the rest of them,—and tell us how to pronounce Greek.

Mallett. I shall now name Poppæa—the most beautiful woman in Rome—for I want to know all about Nero, and I know she is full of *esprit* and gaiety. We are full now.

Belton. No, one more; no matter for the Muses. We must have four women at least. And she shall be Semiramis, the splendid. I insist upon her.

Mallett. So be it. That will do. And we will have a royal banquet.

Belton. No, not a royal banquet; something very unlike that, I hope.

Mallett. We will shut and bar all the windows, and make our night a week long.

Belton. Can't we have Phryne?—that is next to having Venus.

Mallett. Yes, we must have Phryne—if only to look at her.

Belton. I don't know how it affects you, but I am a little intoxicated at merely thinking of these guests of ours. I shall beg Phryne to stay and pose for you afterwards; and I shall come in and see her, and be put into the insane hospital the next day. But you are not working.

Mallett. Good heavens! do you suppose I can work when I am thinking of such a banquet as this?

Belton. One would think they were but old friends of yours.

Mallett. Ay, so they are; and many a delightful hour I have passed with them. Jane, and Charles, and Tom, and Nannie are not half so real to me. They are as real as pictures, which are far more real than half the people who walk about the earth.

Belton. I wonder what they will think of our wines—whether they will like champagne, and Johannisberg, and the softest of our old claret.

Mallett. I should think so, unless they seem too light after what they were accustomed to drink in Greece and Rome. From the descriptions of their processes in making wine, it would evidently not have suited our taste. And I fancy they preferred very rich and heavy wines,

some of which were honey-sweet, and some thick and almost black—black wine is Homer's epithet. Then their *passum* or raisin-wine, made from grapes dried in the sun and then plunged into boiling oil, does not sound very palatable; nor should we fancy wine confectioned and flavoured by the intermixture of sea-water, turpentine, resin, gums, spices, and essential oils.

Belton. That sounds disgusting; but there is no accounting for tastes. However, "All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace." I suppose their best wine was the Falernian; the name at least sounds as if it must have been good: you seem to taste the word.

Mallett. What do you suppose it was like?

Belton. I have not an idea. I only suppose it must have been good because—because—it sounds so, and because all the poets speak of it and praise it. That's about my only reason. I feel as the old lady did about the word Mesopotamia—it is a very comforting word.

Mallett. I suppose it was something like the rough wines of Southern Italy—the *vino asciuto* of Velletri, for instance—only thicker and heavier; or perhaps something like rough port. At all events it was austere (*austerum* is their epithet) or very dry, and, I daresay, not very bad in its pure state. But when they made what they call a "mulsum," it must have been enough to ruin any stomach.

Belton. What was the mulsum, and how was it made?

Mallett. In making one kind, they took Massic, or Falernian, or some such wine, as the basis of the beverage; and to four parts of wine they added one of honey and various spices, such as nard, cassia, myrrh, and pepper. But there was still a different kind, which was

made of must evaporated by heat to half its original bulk; and to this honey was added, so as to make a thick syrup.

Belton. Well! At all events they would not drink much of such a mixture at a time?

Mallett. No; they would drink it immediately before eating—on an empty stomach, to give a whet to their appetites.

Belton. It would have ruined mine, I am sure. No matter—if they liked it, we must concoct some mulsom for them, and make it thick and slab; and, since their tastes evidently lay in that direction, we must get some old crusty port or malaga and boil it down with honey, and spice it well; only, I shall take care not to drink any of it myself.

Mallett. We must also have couches for them to recline upon—chairs will never do; and we must look into Petronius and have everything right from the egg to the apple. I don't see precisely what we shall do about the slaves, but I daresay we can get some from Egypt, or paint some Italians in imitation of the real thing. As for the music which will be necessary, what shall we do? We have none of their instruments, and if we had, we know not how to play on them—and, still worse, we do not even know what their music was; as for the gladiators, we must give them up.

Belton. Your mind I see is running more on your Greek and Roman and Assyrian guests than on the others. What would Shakespeare do with mulsom, or with gladiators and couches?

Mallett. Do precisely as the Greeks and Romans did. They would not know he was not one of them. Antony and Cleopatra would own him at once as an old friend, their

best chronicler and painter to whom they are deeply indebted—and Alcibiades, Poppæa, and Aspasia would clasp hands with him and swear eternal friendship. Never doubt that he would not act and talk with the best, and show himself as thoroughly to the manner born as any ancient Greek or Roman of them all. As for Montaigne, he too has a good deal of antique Roman blood in him. Sir Philip may be a little out of place, but Antony and Alcibiades would own him and fraternise with him as a gentleman and a soldier, capable of heroic deeds of valour and self-denial, ready to sing the praise of beauty as well as the best, and a thorough Arcadian.

Belton. What will our Greek and Roman friends say to our trousers and dress-coat and white chokers?

Mallett. Say? They will enjoy them as the greatest joke that ever was known. We shall have inextinguishable laughter to begin with and set us going, and if it flags I shall shoot out my crush-hat at them.

Belton. Ah! that will not amuse them as much as our Latin pronunciation. If that does not set the table in a roar, there is no more virtue in man.

Mallett. Shakespeare shall sing us two songs; the first—

“Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Baccus, with pink cyne;
In thy vats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our heads be crowned.
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round;”

and Antony shall remember it, and think of Lepidus, and Cæsar, and Pompey, and Enobarbus, to whom it was sung. And then afterwards, for Phryne's special benefit, his favourite air of “Light of Love.”

Belton. Or—

"Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn."

Mallett.

"But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain."

Ah! they shall know that we can sing still. But will not this evoke the ghost of Praxiteles out of the very grave? Will not the fine dust of all that once was that great artist thrill in its urn, and quiver at the vibrations of that song, sung to her whose smile was his heaven—whose eyes were truly the break of day that did mislead the morn?

Belton. Ay, let him come and gaze at her again, and know that love can never die. We will give him a place at the table, and, when our banquet is over, surrender her again to him, to float away into the Past, or wander with him through Elysian fields; and he shall take

the song back as a gift, for nothing more exquisite can we give him.

Mallett. Is there any air to this song?

Belton. Ay; the air of love and passion, longing and despair.

Mallett. I mean, has it been set to music?

Belton. Not that I know; but it sings itself to every ear that has ever vibrated to the touch of feeling. Will you set it to music?

Mallett. With all my heart and soul; and that is the only way fitly to set it.

Belton. Some one is knocking at your door—Phryne, perhaps, come to pose as a model. I save myself, as the French say.

Mallett. Come again when you have made all the arrangements for the banquet—*a rivederci*. Oh, by the way, don't forget to engage a photographer for the occasion; we will have some real spirit photographs.

TENNYSON'S QUEEN MARY.

THE seeming paradox has been ably maintained, that fiction is a truer representation of human life than history. It has been argued that to work from the inward to the outward is easier than to follow the reverse process; that a great poet or novelist is more likely to be successful in depicting his *dramatis personæ* as acting suitably to those principles and passions of human nature with which he is himself thoroughly acquainted, than a historian is to succeed in the endeavour to infer the real character of the men whom he has to describe, from facts sometimes ill-ascertained, and from speeches often doubtfully reported. The historian has certain results before him, and his problem is this,—given those results, to discover from them the nature of the people by whom they were brought about: the poet has conceived an ideal representative of one section of mankind, say an Achilles or a Ulysses, and his is the easier task to exhibit that character as acting truly to itself amid circumstances of his own devising; circumstances, too, which will throw it into stronger relief than those which actual life might have afforded. It is at least certain that few of the great characters of history (perhaps we might say none) look so lifelike to us as those of the masterpieces of fiction. Who does not feel more intimately acquainted with Othello than with Napoleon? with the workings of Hamlet's mind than with those of Cromwell's?

Whichever side of the argument we have thus endeavoured to state, our readers may be inclined to take, they will at least scarcely contradict these two assertions: the first,

that there is more truth, and truth, too, of a more valuable kind, in a good fiction than in an indifferent history: the second, that, while the historian can have no more dangerous guide than fancy, he needs, like the poet (although for another purpose), the gift of imagination. For the gift of imagination is, for the historian, the power to place himself in thought in the situation of the man whom he has to describe; the power to divine by a swift intuition (to be verified by after investigation) beneath the incrustations of the modes of thought, and the customs of his time, and through the delusive appearances of actions for which he was perhaps scarcely responsible, the true man as he really was. The poet, or great novelist, is like a Raffaele or a Rubens at work on an imaginative picture; the historian is like the same painter engaged on the portrait of pope or emperor, general or statesman. The heads of saint or apostle in the former picture are idealised copies of well-known features, or at least the produce of the painter's general observation of the human face, and are thus closely linked to that common life above which they rise: the portrait-painter, on the other hand, has a seemingly simpler task—to paint the one head actually before him; and yet, so “to distinguish between its transient and its permanent expression,” as to make it, when transferred to his canvas, “the correct exponent and symbol” of its animating mind, is an effort of the highest genius.

“As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro’ all hindrance finds the
man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,

The shape and colour of a mind and
life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

Can we point to many historical portraits in ancient or modern pages, that emulate the works, so well described in these fine lines, of a Titian or a Vandyke? How much easier have historians found it to draw caricatures of persons to whom they happened to take a dislike, as Lord Macaulay was apt to do to people who had not the good fortune to be Whigs; or else to paint insipid pictures with little individual character, bearing a vague general resemblance to a good many persons!

Now the imagination, which is thus so important an endowment of a historian, seems doubly needful for the writer of an historical drama; since from him we require truth alike to the actual and the ideal, at once the truth of the historian and the truth of the poet. Like the former, he must infer from their recorded deeds the character of his personages; like the latter, he must give that character an ideal representation. He must use his utmost skill to prevent a conflict between the ideal and the real; but where it is inevitable, he must know which of the two should give way. In the limited space of a drama, he must find room, without prejudice to the interest of his story, for the perfect exhibition of a character which the progress of his events is maturing; and yet, over those events he cannot exercise the full and undivided sway which is the dramatist's natural right, for their main outline is fixed for him beforehand. So, too, his catastrophe, being to a great extent inevitable, must by all means be brought into harmony with what goes before it, lest it revolt the feelings of the audience: and to do

this in a strictly historical play is often a great effort of genius; for, as its very name implies, what we call poetical justice is the exception, not the rule, in real life. Considerable, but not first-rate, genius will fail under or evade these hard conditions of success; genius of the highest order will accept them and conquer. An Æschylus will reflect the sea-fight of Salamis before the eyes of his Athenian audience from the far-distant mirror of the shame and anguish of the Persian court. A Shakespeare, deprived of the right to exhibit or even indicate the retribution for his noble Catherine's sorrows upon her rival (respect for the reigning sovereign forcing him to close his play without Anne Boleyn's execution), will so fill the minds of his audience with reverence for the deathbed of a saint as to make them share her forgiving spirit, and rest satisfied without demanding any punishment upon those who did her wrong. But a Schiller will find the true story of Joan of Arc too much for him, and be induced to invent a romantic and pleasing death for his heroine, because his powers prove unequal to the stern horrors of the actual facts. The difficulties in the way of the historical dramatist are, however, not equally great in all cases. The same Schiller found a tragedy ready made for him in the story of Mary Queen of Scots (finding it easy to forget the lapse of years when presenting it to a foreign audience). The falls of our second Edward and Richard provided Marlowe and Shakespeare with every requisite wherewith to "ope the sacred fount of sympathetic tears;" and the story of Antony and Cleopatra, with its succession of brilliant scenes, its grand final tragic *tableau vivant*, and its consummate actress of a heroine, demands the stage as its natural home. Or again,

what an opening for that inimitable comic genius who knew so well how to use the episode of Jack Cade to enliven the dreary story of Henry VI. with, was afforded by the traditions of the conqueror of Agincourt's *jeunesse orageuse*! Though to avail himself of that opening as he did, to write two plays at once so comic and so tragic as the two parts of 'Henry IV.' may well have been felt as one of the hardest of its tasks even by the genius of Shakespeare. But when the principal personage of a drama must, if historic truth be preserved, be a villain like Richard the Third, or a contemptible wretch like King John—when the nature of the facts requires the tragedian to place his greatest catastrophe in an early act, or, as in the plays which represent the wars of the Roses, to risk making the spectator's hearts callous by a constant succession of violent deaths,—who does not see that the tragedian pays a heavy price for the advantage which he secures, in point of ready interest and comprehension on the part of the audience, by representing to them scenes from their own national history? Above all, the historical play finds it hard to avoid leaving a sense of incompleteness in the beholder's mind at its close. It has presented itself to us fraught with the destinies not merely of an individual, but of a nation, and nations never die. How provide a conclusion for that which has in reality none? and let the curtain so fall as to hinder the audience from demanding it to rise and disclose yet one scene more? Shakespeare's 'Richard II.' begins a series of events which it takes seven more plays to finish; and not one of those plays possesses the perfect completeness of his 'Macbeth' or his 'King Lear'—is, if we may use the expression, self-contained as they are. And had Macbeth and Lear themselves, instead of be-

ing legendary personages, stood forth to us in the broad daylight of common history—had Shakespeare's audience been well acquainted with the annals of North and South Britain in their time, with the lives of their predecessors and successors—those two unrivalled tragedies must have assumed other forms, and must have lost somewhat, nay much, of their peerless perfection.

Great as are Shakespeare's historical dramas, we feel when we read the two now-named tragedies, or 'Othello,' or 'Hamlet,' that we have to do, not with a greater genius, but with one more untrammelled, and working amid happier circumstances. For the tragedy is a miniature representation of that greater drama which has the world for its stage: while but one single act from it is presented to us with interesting yet bewildering effect in the historical play.

The story of Mary Tudor's reign presents several of the difficulties to which we have referred; but at least it offers the dramatist a striking series of events compressed into a short time, and several scenes of high interest ready-made to his hand, needing nothing from him but the verse; and, as a singular and exceptional episode in our annals, it closes with less incompleteness and more thorough satisfaction than do many historical subjects for plays; since with Mary's ebbing life the fierce billows of the Romanist reaction cease to beat on our coast, and to the solemn cadence of her passing-bell, "the old order changes, giving place to new." But on the other hand, it must be owned that the poor queen herself is an unpromising subject for poetry. As a sovereign, in her subserviency to Spain, Mary looks as small, compared with the sturdy Englishman her father, as her Chancellor, Gardiner, looks beside that great states-

man, Wolsey. And as a woman, it is ludicrous as well as painful to see her, with form and age ill suited to the part, enacting the love-sick and forsaken Ariadne to such a Theseus as King Philip.

Still, as we have said, there are here grand opportunities for a dramatist, and that within the strict limits of historical truth. There is no need with Victor Hugo, in search of a heroine, to deprive Mary of her chief redeeming virtue in hopes of making her interesting to a French audience. Under her fell the gentlest head ever severed by the axe; and to a tragedian ready to copy the boldness of Euripides (who, in defiance of rules, slays his sweet Polyxena early on in the *Hecuba*), the death of Lady Jane Grey might supply the tenderest and most touching of tragic interests. Still, after such a heroine has disappeared from view, how gain the beholder's attention for the scenes which are to follow? Her death might well be the prominent object in a play which had Mary's *reign* for its theme; but in a tragedy, the interest of which is to centre on Mary's person, the paramount claim of unity in design demands its exclusion. We can, however, imagine another occupant of the place left vacant by Mary's want of youthful charms. We can pardon Elizabeth her dissimulation during the awful years when her head was literally often between the axe and the crown; and her fellow-occupant of the Tower, Robert Dudley, stands ready for the part of her lover, if the young Courtenay is relegated, as hopelessly dull, to the contemptible place assigned to him in the play before us. Or in default of, or as supplementary to, a royal heroine, it is easy to imagine as an under-plot the fortunes of two young lovers constant through the fiery trial of persecution to one another and to

their God, and rescued, like Tasso's Sophronia and Olindo, from the flames ready to unite their ashes, by the welcome tidings of the wretched queen's death.

With such anticipations we can imagine some of our younger readers opening the book in which the Laureate has complied with advice tendered to him here and elsewhere, to forsake the misty twilight of England's pre-historic days for a clearer noontide. And we can imagine, too, their disappointment. The poet is faithful from first to last to his melancholy, middle-aged heroine; and does not, like Philip of Spain, allow himself even a passing flirtation with either of her younger and fairer rivals. The play is historical indeed, pure history only relieved by very transient gleams of poetic imaginings—word for word what they have already perused in the pages of Miss Strickland, Mr. Froude, and Dean Hook. But yet, on a second reading, it will win its way to a certain place in the esteem of the more intelligent of such young readers. They will feel what a vivid impression the well-known history makes on their minds by being cast into such life-like and well-selected scenes. They will own that, though the speech of Queen Mary to the London citizens at the time of Wyatt's insurrection, preserved or composed by Holinshed, does not gain much, it certainly does not lose anything by being turned by Tennyson into good English verse; and that, if genius could scarcely enhance the effect of the supreme moment of Cranmer's life (that life of which we may say most truly that

"Nothing
Became him like the ending it"),

in which he recanted his recantation, and learned to love the flames as a haven for his shame and

a theatre for his penitence, still that grand crisis in a life, good in spite of great faults, shines more clearly through the poet's faithful rehearsal of the martyr's exact words and gestures, than it might have done in more ambitious and less careful hands. They may perhaps complain of the dramatist's disregard of some of the later lights of history, and regret that to him the queen is still the "Bloody Mary" of his childhood, and her Ministers, Gardiner and Bonner, scarcely human in their unrelieved brutality; but they cannot fail to be struck with the skill which, while adopting the darkest traditional view of Mary's character, still leaves her a hold on our pity by reminding us of the wrongs of her youth and the griefs which curdled in her the milk of human kindness.

A much higher place than the one we have endeavoured to demand for it, the play before us will scarcely win in the mind of competent judges. It will be felt to be the work rather of erudition than of the higher imagination, a play in which at least they are present in unequal proportions. Its characters do not strike us as evolved from within, but as built up from without by an ingenious but laborious process of piecing together carefully-collected materials, which at times shows the joinings too plainly. Philip's coldness towards Mary, for instance, is so crudely painted as to made her inextinguishable fondness for him look almost idiotic. His "Simon, is supper ready?" is not the speech of a gentleman, far less of a punctiliously polite cavalier, and most accomplished dissembler. Mary, too, was not quite so servile in her submissiveness to her husband as she is depicted here: witness the letter to him on the proposed marriage of her sister with the Prince of Savoy, in

which she very properly tells him, "*My* conscience must be satisfied as well as that of your highness."

Here and there, but not often, we find the author's own reflections put into the mouth of some one to whom they could not have occurred unprompted; as, for example, the observation of the officer who conducts the undaunted Bagenhall to the Tower, for not kneeling with the other members of Parliament to receive the papal absolution;

"If any man in any way would be
The one man, he shall be so to his cost."

Or again, passages where the verdict of posterity is pronounced by the mouth of a contemporary, such as Cecil's character of Elizabeth. Sometimes, also, we come on a scene, palpably written for the sake of introducing a well-known historical anecdote; and we have at least one told somewhat out of season, when good Lady Magdalene Dacre can find no place in which to narrate how she rapped wicked King Philip's knuckles, than his dying wife's chamber.

The townsmen and rustics introduced are not very successful; especially those two wonderful old women, who, though well posted up in the latest intelligence from court, and exhibiting remarkable political sagacity in their prognostication that "the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver," are so forgetful of their professed desire to witness his martyrdom as to stand wrangling in the church for some time over the respective merits of their rival cows. Certainly, if in no other thing, Tennyson resembles a brother historical dramatist, the fertile and facile Calderon, in being deficient in humour. But this very deficiency on the present occasion has stood him in good stead in one most im-

portant particular—namely, in his conception and delineation of his heroine. A man with a strong sense of humour would, even if he appreciated the full pathos involved in Mary's story, have nevertheless shrunk from painting what is, in one point of view, so subject to provoke laughter. To the vulgar apprehension, indeed, the passionate love of a woman, no longer young, for a man eleven years her junior, seems merely an absurdity worthy of derision; and Mary's disappointed hopes of offspring have been the theme of cruel sarcasm alike to the coarse jesters of her own time and to grave historians, whether a Burnet in Queen Anne's reign, or a Froude in Queen Victoria's. But Tennyson (undisturbed by too keen a sense of the ridiculous), though he cannot help once telling us, almost in Froude's own language, how

"The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gap'd,
 they led
 Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd
 their bells,
 Shot off their lying cannon,"

and yet the expected prince would not come,—has still seen, and to his honour done his best to make others see—pitied, and done much to make others pity—a greater sorrow than that which claims our tears in most tragic heroines. Sad, in truth, is the sight at which he bids us look. A heart choked for many years as with burning sand, by a father's cruelty and by a broken-hearted mother's death, hopes, though late, to be able to let its natural affections flow forth in the two divinely-appointed channels of love for husband and love for child; disappointed in the first by the cruel state policy which mates it ill—of the second, by the just decree of heaven,—it breaks at last,

after sufferings to which the headman's axe of the good and pretty child Jane Grey would have been a merciful relief. As we see Mary growing more and more bigoted under Philip's evil influence, and more and more cruel as she feels more and more wretched, her poet's fine representation of her sufferings makes us feel ashamed of ever having derided the misery of her hope deferred. And when, after having long, in her ignorant fanaticism, provoked heaven's anger by the very acts by which she sought to purchase its favour, she at last seals her own sentence by burning Cranmer in spite of his recantation, we remember that she was avenging her good mother, the only person who ever loved her; and mix pity with our indignation, as we hear her answer to the plea that Cranmer once saved her own life from her father's rage :—

"I know not if he did;
 And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.
 My life is not so happy, no such boon,
 That I should spare to take a heretic
 priest's,
 Who saved or saved it not." *

Perhaps this delineation is too exclusively one of the woman losing sight of the sovereign. More weight should have been allowed to the dying queen's own declaration, that much as her husband's absence and coldness wounded her heart, it was the loss of Calais that broke it; even at the risk of losing a fine single effect in the effort to produce a truer but more complex picture. But, though her personal feelings are brought in this play into undue prominence, yet Mary's anguish at that wound to England's honour, and her surprise as well as grief (natural to a person of upright intentions and small powers of imagi-

* So we take the liberty of writing, instead of the "Who saved it or not saved," which vexes us here and elsewhere.

nation) when she finds herself the object of her people's hatred, are well painted in themselves, though not in their due proportions.

And if full justice is done here to that strong power of loving which in this unhappy woman, being denied all exercise, turned at last to cruelty, so is there to another redeeming feature of her unlovely character—the courage in which no Tudor seems to have been wanting, but which in her case amazed the beholders the more from the frailty of the tenement in which it abode. Mary's courageous conduct during Wyatt's insurrection (to which she owed the preservation of her crown), is matter of history; and her spirited replies, whether to friend or hidden foe, who urge her to seek safety in flight, are well recorded here. But it is in her last moments that the tragedian (free at last from the trammels of a superabundance of information) has placed her intrepidity in the strongest light, and contrived to extort a kind of reverence from us for the dying woman, who displays even then such a right royal courage, when, hearing what she mistakes for the shout of rebellion in the streets, she starts up to oppose it like a wounded war-horse trying to rise at the sound of the trumpet; nay, who even shows no craven fear when, as she thinks, she stands confronting the ghosts of her victims.

To such a character as Mary's, truthful, at least, if fierce, and at last cruel, Elizabeth is made here a not wholly pleasing contrast in her clever suppleness and vast powers of seeming. We have only glimpses of her, however: one, just before Wyatt's conspiracy nearly caused her life to be forfeited; and again, later on, at

Woodstock, on the eve of reconciliation to the Queen—wishing herself a milkmaid, not obliged to use the craft with which an instinct tells her she can foil her powerful foes. Afterwards we see her receiving with pleasure the compliments of the King of Spain's envoy, sent, while her sister lies on her deathbed, to win her hand for his master; but bursting out (with a forgetfulness of her wonted caution in which it is improbable that she would have indulged just then) into the proud prophecy—

"It may chauce that England
Will be the mistress of the Indies yet,
Without the help of Spain."

Last of all, she is brought rather needlessly, in defiance of the actual fact, to see her sister die, whose death she herself announces to Cecil and others in a speech which does not approve itself to our notions of what she was likely to say, even if she thought part of it.

"She knew me and acknowledged me her
Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the
Faith;
Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in
peace.
I left her lying still and beautiful,
More beautiful than in life. Why would
you vex yourself,
Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart
To be your Queen. To reign is restless
fence—
Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with
the dead.
Her life was winter, for her spring was
nupt:
And she loved much. Pray God she be
forgiven."

We are not sure that the play gains much by the introduction of Elizabeth.*

This is perhaps a fitting place to introduce one of the best things in the play, the account of Lady Jane's

* The dramatist's way of indicating the small-mindedness which so curiously crossed her great qualities, by making her sneer at Bedingfield's boots, is amusing, but more like Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace, than the Lady Elizabeth, prisoner at Woodstock.

execution ; here and there, no doubt, a somewhat close imitation of Shakespeare, but not on that account to us the less welcome. Sir Ralph Bagenhall is the speaker.

"Seventeen—and knew eight languages—
Peerless — her needle perfect, and her
Boyond the churchmen ; yet so meek, so
modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatched with her for policy ! I have
heard
She would not take a last farewell of him,
She fear'd it might unman him for his
end.
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor out-
woman'd.
Seventeen—a rose of grace !
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose ;
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.

Stafford.

Pray you, go on.

Bagenhall.

She came upon the scaffold,
And said she was condemn'd to die for
treason ;
She had but follow'd the device of those
Her nearest kin ; she thought they knew
the laws,
But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown ;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her
hands,
And trusted God would save her thro'
the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

Stafford.

Pray you, go on.

Bagenhall.

Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei—
But all in English, mark you ; rose again,
And, when the headsman pray'd to be
forgiven,
Said, ' You will give me my true crown
at last ;
But do it quickly ; ' then all wept but
she,
Who changed not colour when she saw
the block,
But asked him, childlike, ' Will you
take it off
Before I lay me down ? ' ' No, madam,'
he said,
Gasping ; and when her innocent eyes
were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling—
' Where is it ?

Where is it ? ' You must fancy that
which followed,
If you have heart to do it."

It would be well if each item in the dreadful account which we are presently to watch Mary paying, could be set before us with the solemn beauty and simplicity of this fine narrative passage. But, if that could not be, at least we might have been spared the sickening enumeration of the horrors inflicted on the Protestants at page 214, which we most certainly will not quote. The fearful occurrence in Guernsey, which was the crowning crime of the Marian persecution, however, is perhaps justly narrated, just before the wretched Queen's death. And, as might have been expected, Tennyson's great descriptive powers shine especially in the burnings at Oxford. This is Lo Howard's account of the death Latimer and Ridley :—

" His eighty years
Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his
frieze ;
But after they had stript him to his
shroud,
He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,
And gather'd with his hand the starting
flame,
And wash'd his hands and all his face
therein,
Until the powder suddenly blew him
dead.
Ridley was longer burning ; but he died
As manfully and boldly, and 'fore God,
I know them heretics, but right English
ones.
If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with
Spain,
Our Ridley soldiers and our Latimer
sailors
Will teach her something."

And here is the description of Cranmer as, his recantation recanted, his last sermon preached, and his soul commended to God in the words of his own English Litany, he moves to his death :—

" He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd
upright ;

His eye was like a soldier's, whom the
 general
 He looks to and he leans on as his God,
 Hath rated for some backwardness and
 bidd'n him
 Charge one against a thousand, and the
 man
 Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and
 dies."

Later on comes the account of his
 steadfast demeanour at the stake :—

"Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to
 heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter
 flame;
 And crying, in his deep voice more than
 once,
 ' This hath offended — this unworthy
 hand !'
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before
 The flame had reached his body; I stood
 near—
 Mark'd him—he never utter'd moan of
 pain :
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but like a
 statue,
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
 Gave up the ghost; and so past martyr-
 like—
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but
 whither ?

Paget.

To purgatory, man, to purgatory.

Peters.

Nay, but, my Lord, he denied purgatory.

Paget.

Why then to heaven, and God ha' mercy
 on him."

It is in narrations such as the pre-
 ceding, as we should have expected,
 that the poet seems most at home.
 His dialogue, always fairly good, is
 only sometimes exceedingly happy.
 Of his soliloquies, the one which
 seems to have excited the most at-
 tention is Mary's, after Cardinal
 Pole's blasphemous salutation has
 had the well-known strange effect
 on her diseased fancy. The ming-
 ling in it of personal ambition with
 zeal for the faith is doubtless very
 natural, and a sense of pity for their
 inevitable downfall pervades us as
 we listen to such expectations as
 these :—

"His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to
 Ind !

His sword shall hew the heretic peoples
 down !
 His faith shall clothe the world that will
 be his,
 Like universal air and sunshine ! Open,
 Ye everlasting gates ! The king is
 here !—
 My star, my son !"

Cardinal Pole himself is one of the
 best-drawn characters of the play,
 yet even he does not stand out
 completely from the canvas. His
 quaint applications of Scripture
 (derived from his own letters and
 other authentic sources), his noble
 pleadings for toleration against the
 arguments of the cruel Gardiner,
 befit the friend of Contarini. His
 after - yielding somewhat to the
 stream of persecution in the vain
 hope to make Rome forget his de-
 fence of justification by faith, and
 his complicity, through yet un-
 worthier motives, in the judicial
 murder of Cranmer, are made all
 the sadder by noble sentiments
 such as these :—

" When men are lost
 On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
 Of their own selves, they are wroth with
 their own selves,
 And thence with others; then, who lights
 the fagot ?
 Not the full faith, no, but the lurking
 doubt.
 Old Rome, that first made martyrs in
 Church,
 Trembled for her own gods, for these were
 trembling."

But that Pole abandoned his¹ prin-
 ciples to the extent asserted in this
 play, we hope and think there is
 no evidence to show. Nor is there
 any reason to ascribe his death² to
 Pope Paul's violence against him.
 His royal cousin did not hesitate
 for his sake to employ her father's
 favourite remedy of a præmunire
 against the legate commissioned
 to supersede him, and forced
 the fiery Caraffa to give way. But
 she could not cure Pole's fast-failing
 health, and it is the despondency
 born of disease to which our poet

makes him give expression in his mournful talk with his cousin near the close of the play.

The scene so begun is the best in this drama. Resting on an historical basis, it yet affords full scope for the poet's fancy. Already it is **Mary's** character which has received his happiest dramatic touches; traits like her feminine incapacity for, and impatience of, argument, or her obstinate resistance to every hand's control but one, have been those he has drawn the best. But it is here that his softer lights are put in; his claim successfully established on our tears for a heroine, not young, not beautiful, not good, but very miserable and queenly in her woe. At the opening of the scene, Mary, who might have been a good and happy woman had the marriage once projected between herself and her gentle and pious relative taken effect, sits, deserted by the husband of her choice, trembling for Calais (imperilled by the war in which she has engaged to please him), and tormented by the thought that her subjects hate her. She tries to comfort Pole, but she sorely needs comfort herself; for her life is fast ebbing away, and she knows how few will mourn for her. It is at such moments that the wearied traveller along life's road naturally looks back to the distant hills of childhood. There is deep pathos in the backward glances of the unhappy two now before us, standing at the grave's edge together.

Mary.

"I pray you be not so disconsolate;
I still will do mine utmost with the Pope,
Poor cousin!
Have I not been the fast friend of your
life
Since mine began, and it was thought we
two
Might make one flesh, and cleave unto
each other
As man and wife!

Pole.

Ah, cousin, I remember

How I would dandle you upon my knee
At lisping-age. I watch'd you dancing
once
With your huge father; he looked the
Great Harry,
You but his cock-boat; prettily you did
it;
And innocently. No—we were not made
One flesh in happiness, no happiness here;
But now we are made one flesh in misery;
Our bridemaids are not lovely—Disap-
pointment,
Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
Labour-in-vain.

Mary.

Surely, not all in vain.
Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart
myself.

Pole.

Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,
Dug from the grave that yawns for us
beyond;
And there is one Death stands behind
the groom;
And there is one Death stands behind the
bride."

There is no need for the poet to make Mary add a reference to Holbein's 'Dance of Death,' then very popular, for these lugubrious images; but, if he will insist on her doing so, would not some passionate exclamation, such as: "Peace, cousin, peace! hence with thy Dance of Death," befit the situation better than the frigid inquiry—

"Have you been looking at the Dance of Death?"

Also when, with a churchman's want of judgment, Pole has shown the poor Queen the libellous papers which sting her almost to madness, and departed unconsciously quoting Cranmer's last discourse—

"O bubble world,

Whose colours in a moment break and
fly!
Why, who said that? I know not—true
enough!"—

it is the author surely, and not Mary's faithful Alice, who ventures on this "aside"—

"If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one
And heard these two, there might be
sport for him."

The clouds grow darker. News is brought of the fall of Calais; the Queen reads the most cruel of the anonymous writings dropped in her palace—"Your people hate you as your husband hates you," and begins to wish for death. Her ladies try to cheer her.

Lady Clarence.

"Long live your Majesty; shall Alice sing you
One of her pleasant songs? Alce, my child,
Bring us your lute. They say the gloom of Saul
Was lightened by young David's harp.

Mary.

Too young!
And never knew a Philip. Give me the lute.
He hates me.

(She sings).

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in
loathing:
Low, my lute! speak low, my lute! but say
the world is nothing.
Low, lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they
first awaken:
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-
taken:
Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and
are forsaken.
Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me

Alice.

Your Grace hath a low voice.

Mary.

How dare you say it?
Even for that he hates me. A low voice
Lost in a wilderness where none can
hear!
A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!
A low voice from the dust and from the
grave."

She sinks on the ground, in an attitude of hopeless despondency, from which she is roused by nothing till her ladies tell her that the Count de Feria is come with a message from her husband.

Mary.

"Philip! quick! loop up my hair!
Throw cushions on that seat, and make
it throne-like.
Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian
shawl
That Philip brought me in our happy
days!

That covers all. So—am I somewhat
queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon
earth?

Lady Clarence.

Ay, so your Grace would bide a moment
yet.

Mary.

No, no, he brings a letter. I may die
Before I read it. Let me see him at once."

Bitter disappointment follows; Philip has not even taken the trouble to write, and the message which Feria conveys, or invents, of his speedy coming, has been delivered too often already. Mary reminds Feria of how he brought it some time ago, while her delusive hopes yet played before her.

"You said he would come quickly. I
had horses,
On all the road from Dover, day and
night;
On all the road from Harwich, night and
day;
But the child came not, and the husband
came not.
And yet he will come quickly. . . .
Thou hast learnt
Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no
need
For Philip so to shame himself again.
Return,
And tell him that I know he comes no
more.
Tell him at last I know his love is dead,
And that I am in state to bring forth
death—
Thou art commissioned to Elizabeth,
And not to me!"

Then comes the close. Romanists outside mark the lights in their Queen's death-chamber with a pious prayer for two parting souls; here and Cardinal Pole's, dying at the same time as herself (in Burnet's words), "as if one star had governed both their nativities." Protestants curse the dying persecutor of the people of Christ, as, standing in the street, they await the tidings of their death. Meantime, within the palace, the Queen, fevered by the approach of her dissolution, restlessly paces a moonlit gallery, and begins letter after letter of

summons to her husband. Then, feeling the vanity of her effort, she sits down with the sad exclamation—

“Calais gone—Guinec gone too—and Phillip gone!”

For a moment her eye rests on his portrait, as he stands bare-headed before her in his armour,—the same portrait which in a transport of rage she cuts from its frame shortly after,—and she says,—

“He smiles
As if he loved me yet.”

Lady Clarence.

And so he does.

Mary.

He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.

It was his father's policy against France.
I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy . . . [Weeps.

And all in vain!

The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world,
Is gone;

And all his wars and wisdoms past away;
And in a moment I shall follow him.”

A momentary relief is gained from the otherwise unmitigated gloom of this unhappy close of an unhappy life,—from the darkness which is fast swallowing what was at its brightest but “a brief and bitter winter's day,”—by a pretty little idyll with which one of the court-ladies answers poor Mary's questions about happiness.* And for a brief instant as the lady speaks, it is May-time round us, not cheerless November; the brook babbles, the flowerets bloom, and happy lovers are seen embracing. But directly after, and

no wonder, the Queen breaks out into half-delirious ravings. She seems to smell, not the sweet Hawthorn blossom, but the fires of Smithfield;† and then the ghosts of her victims appear to stand before her, and she cries,—

“Latimer!

Sir, we are private with our women here,
Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow.
Thou light a torch that never will go out!

'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the
Holy Father
Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin
Pole—

Was that well done? and poor Pole pines
of it,

As I do, to the death. Ah, weak and
meek old man,

Sevenfold dishonour'd even in the sight
Of thine own sectaries. No, no. No
pardon!

Why, that was false: there is the right
hand still

Beckons me hence.

Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for
treason,

Remember that 'twas I and Bonner did it,
And Pole; we are three to one. Have you
found mercy there.

Grant it me here: and see, he smiles and
goes,
Gentle as in life.”

The poet so far ratifies Cranmer's pardon, as to make poor Mary's last vision that of her mother, the saintly Catharine.

It is in the last-cited passage especially, but likewise in several of Mary's other sad speeches, that the presence of the higher imagination makes itself felt. It is a good idea to make the courage of the dying woman, queen to the last, only give way, and then only a little, at the sight of the spectre of the man whom she wrongfully (even according to her own code) put to death.

And how fine is the mingling of

* By the way, is it true to nature to make her inquire concerning happiness as a thing never known to her? Twice, indeed, in the play she has called and esteemed herself happy; but the happiness founded on a delusion, now looks to her like misery.

† It is surely horribly realistic to make her cry out that it is the savour of burnt flesh in her kitchen. Would it not have been sufficient to make the Queen think her palace to be on fire?

stormy lights, as one notion after another flits across her clouded brain! Defiance quenched in sadness, relenting lost in reviving sternness; the mind, logical as it is in dreams, able to feel a languid surprise at seeing the dead Archbishop retain his right hand uninjured wherewith to beckon his relentless judge to a higher tribunal: a tribunal where conscience (set to work more freely by the very trance of the other faculties) begins to feel that the approval of even episcopal and legatine accomplices can avail the criminal little. The song to the lute and Mary's words before and after it, are likewise among the poet's happiest touches. The Queen's disbelief in the power of a young and inexperienced hand to minister to her deep affliction is very true to nature; and there are few things more Shakespearian in the tragedy than the way in which, after her pathetically beautiful little song is ended, she "goes off upon a word," its burden "low."

Assuredly Tennyson has succeeded in the object which he seems to have had most at heart in this drama, to win compassion for its hapless heroine. No one, after witnessing her last moments, will be found hard-hearted enough to exclaim—

"This judgment of the gods that makes
us tremble,
Touches us not with pity."

And her poet may justly feel a sense of pride in his success, as he casts a glance back on the many obstacles in its way.

Now, as of old, the bard of woman, we cannot feel that he has given us an equally lifelike portraiture of any of the men in his play; and even Mary's portrait is something overcharged. We cannot imagine the tragedy, apart from the English public's just admiration for its

author, having any great success upon the stage; and much as its student may enjoy portions of it, he will be often haunted by a sense of unreality, and rather feel that he is pursuing long-familiar history cast into a dramatic form, than that he is making acquaintance at first hand with the personages of whom he has often read, and gaining an insight never before enjoyed into their hidden springs of action. Nor will his sometimes arid march be beguiled quite so frequently as, from his guide's nature, he had a right to hope by the gushing wells of poesy. We have pointed out places where they appear to us to flow freely: the seeker will find a few more. Especially Tennyson's fine rendering of Cranmer's last speech, and of the whole stirring scene in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, as also the debate between Pole and Gardiner—one of the most dramatic passages in the play.

Nevertheless we record our conviction for what it is worth, that it was well to write '*Queen Mary*;' well to plead the cause of the sorrows of declining years against the selfishness of youth and the insolence of beauty; well to set before us how our fathers suffered for their faith—their children must beware lest they have no faith left them to suffer either for or with; well to increase our familiarity with a most critical period of our annals, by a series of well-arranged and well-costumed lay-figures, if nothing better could be had—if the real, actual phantoms of the past proved rebellious to any words the enchanter possessed to conjure with, deaf to any spell it was within his power to summon them by.

We have one word more. If, ambitious to be the poet of man, without ceasing to be "the poet of woman," the accomplished author of '*Queen Mary*' will cast his eye

through the range of English history for a more promising subject than that supplied by the hysterical fancies of a narrow-minded if upright fanatic; we hope that it may fall with favour on a reign—like *Mary's*, just outside the magic circle of the Shakespearian historic drama—related to *King John* as *Henry VIII.* to *Mary*,—the reign of *Henry II.*

Here there are materials for a tragedy indeed: the conflict between Church and State, impersonated by two such master-minds as Becket and Henry; the struggles in the heart of the former between gratitude to his temporal and allegiance to his spiritual sovereign: the Archbishop's murder as the centre of the play, avenged by Henry's undutiful children, whose early deaths bring on the catastrophe, till at last the curtain falls on the late and unavailing remorse of the lion-hearted Richard. But what a wide canvas will be needed! two parts at least, if room is to be found for the gentle troubadour, Bertrand de Born, for fair *Rosamond*, and for *Queen Eleanor*. With regard to these two ladies, we leave it at the dramatist's discretion whether he will follow the ballad or the truth of history; but we recommend the latter, as giving scope for an interview, late on in his career, between the royal lover of her youth and the penitent nun of Godstow, which might be pathetic with

some of the pathos of the more famous penitent of *Almesbury*.

Will this dream of our childhood ever be realised, or are there to be no more historical dramas worthy of the name written in England, because an astonishing genius, who used to wander beside the Avon, saw there visions of our old English kings, so lifelike and so real, that all other presentments look counterfeit beside his? Let no one tell us that it cannot be: that no poet, whether already vocal or mute hitherto, will try to animate the great Plantagenet with a richer, fuller life than Tennyson has been able to bestow on Philip, and will succeed in the attempt. But let us cherish the hope of seeing these later years of our century gilded by some such great poetic achievement, to console us for the manifold invasions of prose, for the flight of picturesque costume and custom before the railway whistle and the locust-hordes of Cook's excursionists, and for the manifold disenchantments of life; while, as years steal on, we dread or deplore, we deprecate or despairingly submit to, the coming of that evil hour,—

“When rising from the turf where youth
reposed,
We find but deserts in the far-sought
shore,
When the huge book of Faëry-land lies
closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will
yield no more.”

HORATIAN LYRICS.

THE LAIRD AT HOME.

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis."

DEAR MAGA,—It has just begun to rain—a hopeless drizzle. This will put a stop to the sowing and all out-of-door work; and gives me, moreover, a very fair excuse for spending a day indoors. I am rather glad of this, as it affords me an opportunity to send you a lyric which I wrote last night, accompanied by a letter explanatory of the circumstances under which it was evolved, and of its rather abrupt conclusion. To this end, I must needs give you a short account of the manner in which I spent the day; and I shall endeavour to do so as shortly as the subject will admit of.

Yesterday was with me one of those pleasant passages in my life-journey—one of those bright and sunny spots which occur at moderate intervals, in the not very arid and by no means cheerless wilderness through which lies the path that has been assigned me. Why it was so it were by no means easy to explain, for I had no unwonted source of pleasure, no evident or striking cause of joy by relating which I might satisfactorily account for it.

From whatever cause, however, yesterday was with me one of those green and sunny spots in which the traveller through life's journey would fain linger. In which he *does* linger, and, with a frame not wearied, but braced and invigorated by healthful exercise, thrills in every nerve with the delicious sense of life and health and capacity for enjoyment. Where he *does* enjoy and drink in at every pore all those glorious influences with which a

kind Providence has empowered every creature of His to encharm the man whose nerves are tuned to concert pitch, whose heart is in the right place, and whose "pulse makes healthful music."

And, thanks be to God, it is not alone this passing enjoyment that makes these pleasant places so precious to the traveller. The blessed influences which he has there experienced do not desert him as he sets forth manfully upon his onward journey. They have so pervaded his soul, so mingled themselves with his entire being, that, long after he has left the little paradise behind him, and now that he is toiling up the rugged mountains, or plodding over the weary plains that he is fated to traverse, the glorious sunbeams still float around him; the soft breezes still fan his glowing cheek; the green grass still cheers his eye and spreads a carpet beneath his feet; and the many-coloured flowers—so fondly loved, so dear to his memory—have blended all their tints in the bright Iris of hope that spans his onward path.

But I must now return to my own from the rather devious, albeit pleasant and flowery path in which fancy—that most seductive lady—would fain lead me, lest peradventure I be caught straying and be pulled up for trespass upon the mountains of vanity.

It strikes me that I sat down with the intention of writing something by way of introduction to a sketch of our old friend Horace, which I had an opportunity of hitting off last evening; and had I not

been led astray by the plausible allurements of the above-named lady, I should, ere now, have made some progress in my account of the manner in which I began that pleasant yesterday; how I advanced from its before-noon to its afternoon; and how I finished it.

Yesterday, then, I awoke with the lark—that is, I believe her to have been astir somewhat about the same time, although I did not hear her morning orisons. The immediate cause of my awaking I believe to have been a chorus of blackbirds and thrushes, singing lustily in the laurels before my open window; and pouring forth such a flood of melody and with such a will, that the pure, uncontaminated morning air was actually felt to vibrate beneath its thrilling power.

With such a *réveillée*, with pulse unfevered, and with a conscience unoppressed by any Bacchic reminiscences, you may imagine there was but a step between my bed and bath. From this latter I emerged in due time, strong in heart and limb, and ready to do battle with any earth-born that might cross my path.

Having completed a not very elaborate toilet, I descended to the hall, and opening the door—bolts and bars are unknown in these parts—walked forth into the sunshine.

After a few minutes' enjoyment of the delicious feelings which such an April morning inspires; and having watched, until they were hidden in the nearest covert, the retreating bounds of a couple of roe-deer and sundry hares which my sudden appearance had scared from their morning feed upon the dewy herbage of the lawn, I bent my steps towards the farm-steading. There I found everything wide-awake. The ploughmen leading forth their teams to the morning work; the cattleman, aided by the strapping

dairymaid, portioning out their breakfast to the various classes of stock; and the calves, in a perfect ferment of juvenile spirits, running races around their apartment, and bounding high in air as they crossed the brilliant stream of sunlight that poured through their open window; or coming by twos and threes to have their heads patted and their ears pulled; and curling up their nostrils with an air of decided approval as the smoke from my pipe was wafted athwart them, until a nip in the loins sent them off, kicking, to join in the fun of their companions.

I next took my way towards that part of the farm where agricultural operations are in progress. On the way the bleating of lambs attracted me and induced me to leap the fence that separates their nursery from the road. In accomplishing this feat, I had nearly alighted upon the shoulders of the shepherd who was slicing down turnips in troughs arranged along the fence for the ewes who crowded round him and almost pulled the succulent roots from his hand in their eagerness for their morning meal; while their snow-white progeny were engaged in all parts of the field in every species of infantile merriment. Some were earnestly intent upon threading the mazes of a most intricate dance; others exhibited a highly precocious development of the organ of combativeness—butting at each other and dashing their little heads together as if they had no more feeling than the nether millstone; while an enterprising party, consisting of about a score of the elder-born, whose gambols had led them to the extremest limit of the enclosure—whether from some sudden impulse or in execution of a pre-arranged plan I shall never know—started in a race for the point

where their mothers were assembled, straining every nerve and striving with as great eagerness to gain the leading place as if thousands had depended on the issue.

In the next field to this I found the harrows rattling along the heels of their shining teams, before whom stalked the sower with measured tread, the white sheet around his brawny shoulders; and distributing, with sweeping arm, the seed which, being committed to well-wrought and well-manured ground, will, I trust, with the blessing of God, make me a grateful return in the coming harvest.

Having, from a rising ground on which I had taken up a position, enjoyed with the zest of a farmer and a lover of nature the glorious sunlit panorama of corn-land and pasture, of woodland, mountain, and sea, which my station commanded; and having listened also, with somewhat of a sportsman's feelings to the "crooning" of the blackcock, the cooing of the wood-guest, the indescribable whistle of the partridge, the tropical crow of the pheasant, and the *game* "kak-ak-ak koo-ak" of the grouse which reached me from the not-very-far-off hills, my thoughts were gradually turned to the consideration of the fact that "nature abhors a vacuum" by certain twinges which reminded me of the near approach of the hour sacred to breakfast. Thus admonished I stepped out briskly for home, guided thither by sundry pillars of smoke that rose, with straight blue shafts, into the calm morning air.

After breaking my fast in such a manner as your own experience of such matters will enable you easily to imagine, and which it is therefore needless for me to describe, I adjourned to my "smuggery" to smoke my pipe, to read my letters—they were all from dear and valued friends, not a dun among

them—and to glean from the columns of the 'Times' and the 'Courant' the home and foreign, political, agricultural, monetary, and mercantile intelligence of the day.

After a few hours very pleasantly spent in reading and writing, I began to think it high time to apply again the stimulus of the master's eye to the labours of the farm. Before doing so, however, I looked out, in my repository of sporting materials, a few casts of flies, with the intention of trying a throw at the mouth of a small river which empties itself into the sea within a few hundred yards of my house. In the sea-pool which is affected by the tide, not only sea-trout but some very good specimens of yellow trout attain a high state of condition about this season, and are generally on the feed during the first half of the flood tide. Now I had on the previous day observed some very tempting individuals of the latter species tumbling about in the said pool, and lazily sucking in the insects or whatever it might be that attracted them to the surface; their broad tails making an oily-looking "swirl" in the calm water as they turned downwards with their captured prey. Yesterday, a fine soft westerly wind, with du grey clouds passing from time to time athwart the sun, gave promise of success with the fly; and I considered that a well-conditioned pounder, with the delicate roe-tinted and curdling flesh which the inhabitants of that sea-pool invariably possess, would make no mean addition to my seven o'clock dinner. Influenced by these considerations, and after having refreshed the inner man by a hearty luncheon, I sallied forth, carrying in my hand a light twelve-foot rod instead of the stout oak sapling which is my usual companion.

After spending a reasonable time

with the harrows, and afterwards with the forester and his men who are giving a general repair to the fences, I visited a band of labourers who are engaged in cutting drains through a swamp of some twenty acres—until lately covered by a tolerably dense growth of alder and willow; and on a few dry knolls that rise like islands in the midst of the swamp, of oak, birch, and hazel; and in which I have knocked over many a woodcock. The bushes are now extirpated from the swamp, and lie, with upturned roots and in parallel rows, between lines which are marked off with stakes throughout the length of the embryo field as a guide to the drainers. It was a pleasant sight, as the drains advanced through the deep alluvium, to see the water, which had sweltered there undisturbed for ages, subsiding from the surface and running off in the bottom of the drains, which reach, at a depth of four feet, a stratum of sandy gravel; and the pools of water, that lay in the hollows from which the roots have been removed, gradually vanishing and disclosing to view a rich vegetable and alluvial loam, which promises, when its superabundant acids have been neutralised by exposure to the air and by the application of lime, to make me a most satisfactory return for the money spent in its reclamation.

My next visit was to a quarry which I have opened, with the view of extracting a rather disfiguring rock from one of my best fields, at the same time that I obtain a large supply of excellent building-stone. Here I indulged a favourite propensity and gave my sinews a good stretch by a vigorous application of the crow-bar and heavy sledge-hammer to move the loosened strata, to drive the wedges, and to break up into more portable form the huge masses that were thrown down, by

blasting, from the face of the rock.

It was now five o'clock, and, as the tide began to make about that hour, I exchanged the implements of the quarry for my light rod and started for the scene of my intended sport.

While putting up my rod and adjusting the tackle I observed sundry breaks in the rippled surface of the pool which showed me that the trout had begun to feed; and as soon as my preparations were complete I cast the flies across the stream. As I drew them lightly over the spot, where a succession of rises showed that a hungry fellow was at work, an almost imperceptible movement of the water gave evidence that the lure had not been unnoticed by the fish, but differing probably in appearance from the food he had just been swallowing, had not been taken at sight. I threw again, causing the flies to sink deeper in the water as I drew them slowly over him. This time there was no visible movement of the water, but a sudden tightening of the line and cheering *whir* of the reel, as the victim dashed away up stream, told that "the iron had entered into his"—jaw, and that I should not lack fish at dinner. Owing to the fineness of the tackle, some minutes elapsed ere his strength was exhausted, but at length I drew him out upon the gravel—a fine well-conditioned yellow trout, of about a pound weight; and, as he was the first of the season, I admired for some time his graceful shape and beautifully-spotted sides before resuming my rod.

In little more than an hour I had laid some eight or ten others—part yellow like the first, part silvery sea-trout—upon a grassy bank that lay convenient; and, as the sun was now about to retire, to his rest

between the azure peaks of Jura, I promised myself to return home after one more cast.

As I drew the flies slowly towards me without much hope of success, my nerves experienced a sudden thrill from a plunge like that of "salmo," and a rush of line from the whirring reel that drew down my rod to the horizontal, and ran me out nearly to the end of my tether. Just in time, however, before the reel was emptied and "the last links broken," a vigorous spring—full three feet into the air—checked the course of my friend and enabled me to get him well in hand, showing me at the same time the size and quality of the fish I had to deal with. He was evidently a fine fresh-run sea-trout, and I guessed his weight at something near three pounds. As he descended the pool slowly towards me, I had gotten the greater part of the line safe again on the reel; and showing him the butt—as the Shannon fishermen used to say—bore, with as great a strain as I dared apply, against the heavy tugs and rasping shakes which made rod and reel quiver, and vibrated through the electric telegraph of the line to my fingers. *Whir-r-r*—quick as lightning he was off again with a dash as vigorous, and ending with three springs out of his element each as high as the first. These exertions soon began to tell upon him, and, after a well-maintained fight, he was at length stretched on the bank beside the others; a beautiful trout, bright as burnished silver, nearly as broad as he was long, the *sea-lice* still clinging to his sides; and, as I had estimated him when first seen, about three pounds weight. Thoroughly satisfied with such a finish, I wound up my line, took my rod to pieces, and in less than ten minutes was in my room, making myself comfortable

for the evening. After dinner—of which a few "junks" of the sea-trout formed no despicable item—I retired to my before-mentioned "snuggery;" and having calmly enjoyed that most especial luxury—the post-prandial pipe—I leant back in my easy-chair and wandered about, for an indefinite period, in a maze of pleasant fancies.

Out of the midst of this dream-land I was at length summoned by a gentle tap at the door; and, on the usual response—come in—being given, enter the Muse to pay her accustomed evening visit. After a deal of pleasant chat and interchange of ideas, I begged her to indulge me with a *soirée mesmerique*, and, having rendered me *clairvoyant*, to bring her and my favourite, Horace, to bear a part in our evening colloquy. To this she kindly consented, and after a few "passes," a thick mist seemed to gather around me. This mist contained the germ of greatly augmented and more highly developed powers of vision. For rolling itself gradually upwards like a curtain from the scene, it displayed to my admiring eyes the much-loved poet, seated opposite to me in a chair by the fireside—his pleasant face beaming with wit and genial humour, but with eyes somewhat red and bleared, as if he had lived for some time in an atmosphere of peat-smoke without having become thoroughly acclimated to the nuisance. After a most agreeable conversation *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, it pleased the immortal one to ask me how I had spent the day; and, as I gave him an account of my acts and feelings in words not differing greatly from those in which you have my story, I could hear him "crooning" to himself what I took to be some old Italian air, and which gradually developed itself into a very respectable ballad measure, to which he

sang, with no mean skill, the words of his own second epode, beginning—

“*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exerceat suis,
Solutus omni fœnore.*”

The words struck me with a new significance, adapted as they evidently were by the poet to my own case. The air to which he sang them pleased me, too, so much that I begged him to favour me with the song *da capo*. With great good-humour he complied with my request, on the condition of my helping him with a “second.” It did not in the least surprise me at the time, and the fact of my having been in a *clairvoyant* state seems

to afford a ready explanation of the mystery, that I not only sang a very tolerable “second” to the air which my friend chanted, but followed up the achievement by singing to the same air an English version of the epode.

Although perfectly aware that the words which proceeded from my lips were none of my own, but that I was merely a passive instrument compelled to utterance by the Muse, I could not but feel deeply gratified by the kind manner in which the poet commended my imitation of his lyric melody; and upon his suggesting the propriety of my committing it to paper, while it still vibrated along the chords of memory, I took my pen and wrote as follows:—

O blest is he, from business free,
Like the merry men of old;
Who tills his land with his own stout hand,
And knows not the lust of gold.

No sailor he on the stormy sea,
No soldier, trumpet-stirred;
And he shuns the town and the haughty frown
Of the courtiers' fawning herd.

But he bids the vine with her tendrils twine
Around the poplar tall,
And he adds a graft, with a gardener's craft,
To the tree that climbs his wall.

Or a grazier keen, o'er the pastures green
He sees his oxen feed;
Or he shears his flock, or he brews a stock
Of his rustic nectar, mead.

And when autumn at length, in his manly strength,
Has raised his fruit-crowned head,
He plucks the pear with its flavour rare,
And the grape with its clusters red.

With his knee on the sod he thanks his God
For his mercies and favours free;
And he lays him along, while he lists the song
Of the thrush in the old oak-tree;

While the waters glide with their rippling tide,
And the zephyrs softly creep
O'er the quivering leaves 'midst the murmuring trees,
And lull the sense to sleep.

But when thundering Jove, from his stores above,
Sends wintry snows and rain ;
And rock, and wood, and field, and flood,
Lie bound in his icy chain,

With many a hound, in the woods around,
He hunts the grisly boar ;
And ere daylight fade, his gleaming blade
Is red with the monster's gore.

When the sun has set he spreads his net,
And the partridge, fluttering, dies ;
He takes the hare in his crafty snare,
And the crane, a goodly prize.

'Mid joys like these what ills can tease,
Who could remember pain ?
He feels no wrong, and he laughs at the throng
Of cares that swell love's train.

If a loving wife—best staff of life—
Be his, and children dear,
The fire burns bright with its ruddy light
His homeward step to cheer.

At the cottage door, when his toil is o'er,
She stands with her smile so sweet,
And holds up her face with a modest grace,
His welcome kiss to meet ;

And his children glad swarm round their dad,
But the hungry man must dine ;
So she spreads the cloth and he sups his broth,
While she pours out her home-made wine.

At this point the poet, who saw that I had come to a pause, looking first into the fire, then to the ceiling, and finally, with concentrated gaze, at the tip of my pen—rightly judging that there was a hitch somewhere—asked me to read aloud to him what I had written. I had read without pause to the end of the line,

“Of cares that swell love's train,”

when I was rather shocked by remarking that the Muse abruptly turned her back upon me ; and opening a volume of Shakespeare that lay upon the table, began to read—as I could see by looking

over her shoulder—in the play of ‘All's Well that Ends Well.’ Wit-
out seeming to notice this evolution, I resumed my reading ; but sooner had I reached the period with which my above-written phrase concludes, than Horace, about the corners of whose mouth during the enunciation of the last few lines I had observed certain twinges of the muscles which showed that some ludicrous idea was working within him, burst out with as hearty a laugh as ever shook the rafters of a bachelor's domicile. The Muse—with hands pressed tightly to her ears—fled with hysterical shrieking from the room.

ut one resource, which
 7 joining my friend in
 of laughter. Having
 otered down into a
 y, the poet—who seems
 —began to hum another
 , beginning with *nunc*
 . I immediately took
 d going to a table that
 urther end of the room,
 ch were placed “the
 mixed and handed to
 ily stiff tumbler of the
 lla,” which suited his
 ir, if I read aright his
 intenance; for we said
 l — our side-splitting
 taken away all power
 However, we gave each
 ly nod between each
 p, until, putting down
 umber with a gentle
 end of Mæcenas rose
 his chair, bade me
 and muttering some few
 only one of which I
 guish was *Morpheus*,

evanished from the presence, leav-
 ing me to finish my labour of love
 in solitude. I tried most persever-
 ingly to do so, but with no result.
 The divine *afflatus*—the rush of
 angel-wings that had troubled the
 waters, and stirred to their lowest
 depth the fountains of thought
 and of language within me—had
 passed away and left a dead calm.
 I besought the Muse to forgive me
 and to come to my assistance: she
 was inexorable. Prayers, soft-saw-
 der, everything I tried, but in vain
 —nothing could move her; until
 at last I threw down my pen in
 despair, shut up my desk, and fol-
 lowed the example set me by my
 friend. This morning I tried my
 hand at it again, but to no purpose.
 It must, therefore, just stand as it
 is; and I send it you in the assured
 hope that you will accept the “ower
 true tale” that I have now unfolded,
 as a sufficient apology for its un-
 finished state. — Ever faithfully
 yours,
 KNAPDALE.

ODE XVI. OF BOOK III.

AD MÆCENATEM.

“Inclusam Danaën turris ahenœa,
 Robustæque fores et vigilum canum
 Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
 Nocturnis ab amantibus.”

GOLD, ITS STRENGTH AND ITS WEAKNESS.

Strong doors of oak and watch-dogs sour
 Might well secure the imprisoned maid,
 Shut up within a brazen tower,
 From the bold lover's midnight raid.

“Love laughs at locksmiths,” though. ’Tis known:
 Stern guardians oft are bought—or sold;
 Ere morning dawns the bird has flown:
 Locks open to a key of gold.

Bright gold—a mighty power on earth—
 Makes strongest armies fly like chaff;
 And e'en the man of noblest birth
 Oft bows before the golden calf.

Strong gold—the mightiest power of all—
 Cleaves a smooth way through toughest rocks;
 Through lust of gold great "Houses" fall,
 By dealings rash in risky stocks.

Fast-growing wealth brings growing care,
 With growing thirst for larger gains.
 Lift not thy head too high in air,
 Nor court ambition's gnawing pains.

The more a man denies himself
 The more God gives him to enjoy:
 Mark, then, the man who worships self,
 And give him a wide berth, my boy.

And ever your forefathers thank,
 Nor strive to soar too high a pitch;
 The gentleman, though poor, takes rank
 Long way beyond the vulgar rich.

ODE XI. OF BOOK I.

AD LEUCONOËN.

"Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
 Finem Dî dederint, Leuconœ."

Seek not to know what tale of years
 To you and me on earth is given, love;
 'Twere better far to weep the tears
 And smile the smiles sent us by heaven, love.

Whether the years be one or more
 Of which we two shall be partakers, love,
 Still will the wild wave lash the shore;
 The rocks will still defy the breakers, love.

Be wise, decant your wine with care—
 The bright is joy, the dregs are sorrow, love—
 Shake not the flask, the liquor's rare.
 Use well the day, nor trust the morrow, love.

Knapdale.

ELEGIES.

as have, from the earliest wailed in death the chief—whose prowess they had ed during their life; the f poetry, from her very first as had to prepare not only eaths for conquering, and r festive brows, but rue and y for biers, and chaplets of for tombs. Side by side ie Epic—long before the —the Elegy makes its appear—The Iliad is full of battles uncils, of life in vigorous but in its close it busies ot with life, but with death. lies outstretched before us or burial, and three mourners k raiment, Hecuba, Andro— and Helen, come forward ent him. The earliest and athetic of extant elegies is found in Holy Writ—the of David over Jonathan—odel for all succeeding out—in song, whether of patriotic rivate sorrow. And ere that ry of grief arose over “the fallen,” the daughters of had bewailed, in elegies have not come down to us, aiden victim of the rash s vow. The later books of l Testament resound with the d grief of the prophets. True, ug which mourned the slain has not been preserved with l burden, “Ah, Lord! ah! ry;” but Ezekiel and Jere— unite in poetic lamentations ie sins and misfortunes of his and over Zion’s abasement isery. More than one pro— oo has sung, trembling, but ith pity, the downfall of his y’s foe; as did Isaiah in that ikably sublime strain, in he raises all Hades to marvel

at the great oppressor’s downfall, while earth exults at her deliverance; and the pale spectres of defeated and slaughtered kings gather to gaze on the proud monarch of Babylon made at last as weak as he made them.

“Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? . . . They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?”—Isaiah xiv.

The same chords have been struck again and again in all succeeding ages, though by weaker hands than those of the inspired singers of Israel. It is true that prose has invaded the old domain of poetry; the office discharged in earlier times by the Epic has been in later days assigned to history, and some of the functions of the Elegy to the funeral oration, which, from Pericles down to Bossuet, has rolled its majestic and sonorous periods over the fallen heads of the brave and noble; but when men’s feelings are most deeply moved, they instinctively recur to verse for their expression; and so, side by side with the efforts of the orator to commemorate departed worth and greatness, poetry has been ever ready to answer the question—

“A Requiem! and for whom?
For beauty in its bloom?
Or valour fallen? a broken rose or sword?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner and torch and waving plume de—
plored.”

Elegies.

ndar's Odes on the Greek vic-
in the games have come down
s; his Threnes or elegies over
dead have perished. But we
n from Horace something of the
ure of his task—

*'Flebill sponsæ juvenemve raptum
Plorat, et vires, animumque, moresque
Aureos educit in astra, nigroque
Invidet Oreo.'*

Beside the funeral pyre—or on
he ninth day after, at the solemn
feast in honour of the departed—the
flute sounded a wailing measure, to
which the mourners' feet kept time;
and as the sun went down over the
stately mansion of some newly-dead
Theban, his friends chanted, as
Pindar* bade them, how "he now
inhabits, near a grander city than
Thebes, a loftier and nobler dwell-
ling; round which grow abundance
of purple roses, and trees bearing
incense and golden fruitage, where
he passes his time in great plenty,
for which he makes his grateful
offerings to the gods; having day
when earth has night, being lighted
by the same sun as living men,
which is even now forsaking us to
shine on him." For the doubter of
the soul's immortality, Pindar had
an answer ready: "Look," he says,
in effect, in another fragment of a
funeral ode, "at the soul's activity
when sleep has only partially liber-
ated it from the weight of the body;
and judge by that what its powers
will be when death shall have
delivered it completely. Then
shall its night-dreams of reward
or punishment prove true in the
everlasting day. Happy then the
good who die, since death releases
them from labour, and gives them a
happiness which abides for ever."

But it is a later Greek poet than
Pindar—Moschus—who in his la-
ment for Bion has bequeathed to
us an elegy which has reached our

hands complete, and affected his re-
motest successors. In it, as we may
well believe, the sense of public
loss was quickened by a personal
sorrow; the departed friend, not
merely the dead poet, aroused in
the Sicilian singer's heart the
anguish, which he has expressed
in imperishable words, at the con-
trast between the herbs awakening
in spring from their winter's sleep
and (what he calls) the long un-
awakening slumber of the tomb.
So has it ever been; as in the
typical Scripture instance, the ele-
gies which make us weep have been
bathed first in their writer's own
tears. A love, like Petrarch; a
friend, like the author of "In Me-
moriæ," have (as time's healing
hand enabled them) unveiled more
and more of their own grief with
the certain result of awakening ours.
Who can tell how much of the
pathos of tragedy and fiction springs
from the same source—the domestic
sorrows of the writer? How many
gifted poets or great novelists have
laid those offerings of their genius
on an imagined grave, which cir-
cumstances, or the sacred reserve
befitting a recent and agonising
bereavement, forbade their laying
publicly on a real one! The Trojan
damsels whom Homer depicts as
wailing and beating their breasts
over the slain Patroclus, while they
seemed to mourn for another, wept,
we are told, their own private griefs.
Can we doubt that they have met
with many followers! Genuine
sorrow is timid, and shrinks from
the rude gaze of men; yet, like the
fabled nightingale singing only the
louder and the sweeter for the thro
that pierced her breast, there are
hearts which in their anguish are
irresistibly impelled to song. We
more natural then, in such cases
than for poets to shroud the "

* Threnoi. Frag.

fering" while "they teach in song" what it has cost them so dear to learn! An actor once, we read, moved a vast assembly to tears by the fabled sorrow of the Greek princess over her brother's urn. There were, unknown to the audience, real ashes in the urn which that actor held, and they were the ashes of a beloved and only child. So, doubtless, the applause which age echoes after age, has been, purchased for many a tragic masterpiece at a vast expense to its writer: he could waft his hero's bark over Acheron (to use the language of *Æschylus*), "stirred by winds of wailing sighs," because his own breast had been recently shaken by a very deep one: he could depict with a mighty effort of genius

"Sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts,"

because he had himself been lately parted from the desire of his eyes. There are few things which the most diligent study of Shakespeare's dramas enables us to affirm with any certainty about their writer's own private feelings; but there is one thing which surely no reader of *Hamlet* can have ever doubted, and that is, that before Shakespeare wrote that great play he had known and felt what it was to lose a father.

These things being so, we cannot wonder that the elegies over ordinary kings and queens, although the most numerous, are yet in general the least satisfactory, specimens of this style of composition, for few tears have blotted the paper on which they are written. Kings have fared worst of the two; for a queen, being still a woman, rouses tenderer feelings in a laureate's breast, even when surveyed by him at the respectful distance enjoined by the etiquette of courts, than her consort. Our English

kings have had, many of them, exceptionally interesting careers; not a few of them have died singularly tragical deaths; yet, from Gautefrid down to Southey—from the unsuccessful Latin hexameters in which the former bewailed Richard Cœur de Lion, down to the unsatisfactory English hexameters devoted by the latter to the memory of George III.—in what respect would literature have lost had a decree of the Court of Chancery enjoined a respectful muteness on the poet-laureate of the period, at the demise of each of our sovereigns? Even our royal martyr Charles I. (the nature of whose death, as it silenced the courtly strains of accustomed panegyric, so it might well seem to open a free course for the high poetic genius which this country then contained to expatiate in) obtained no worthy threnody. The youthful Dryden remained dumb: the mature powers of Milton were employed in justifying the king's execution in prose, instead of bewailing it in verse. Cowley sang (but after the Restoration) the monarch

"To whom alone was given
The double royalty of earth and heaven,
Who crowned the kingly with the martyr's
crown."

And Andrew Marvel devoted some fine lines to celebrate Charles's royal demeanour on the scaffold—

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon the memorable scene,
But, with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

But these verses form no part of a professed elegy. They occur in an ode in honour of Cromwell.

Cromwell, too, fortunate in death as in life, obtained the honour missed by Charles; the first-fruits

of the splendid powers of Dryden were consecrated to his tomb. In words which their writer forgot in after-years,* the young poet first fixed the *death* of a great man as the proper time for his praise, and then honoured Cromwell's greatness by a singularly appropriate simile—

"And now 'tis time; for *their* officious haste,
Who would before have raised him to the sky
Like unwise Romans, ere all rites be past,
Would let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

His grandeur he derived from God alone;
For he was great ere Fortune made him so.

*And wars, like mists that rise before the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow."*

And if Cromwell, the usurper, who died in peaceful possession of the power his strong arm had snatched, could stir the muse, how much more the usurper of our own century, whose career, more striking than his to the imagination, closed, as his did not, in a tremendous downfall! The sea-girt isle, with its willows weeping over Napoleon's tomb, might well prove irresistible to the poets of fifty years ago. Byron sent a fierce gale of denunciation to waft the dethroned tyrant's bark thither.† Lamartine, with feelings of mingled

horror for Enghien's murderer, and awe at the vast powers which had worked selfishly, yet heaven-guided, for the chastisement of mankind, stood in spirit beside the broken sceptre which ivies and brambles covered:—

"Tu grandis sans plaisir, tu tombes sans murmure,‡
Rien d'humain ne battait sous ton épaisse armure.
Sans haine et sans amour, tu vivais pour penser,
Comme l'aigle, régnañt dans un ciel solitaire,
Tu n'avais qu'un regard pour mesurer la terre
Et des serres pour l'embrasser.

Tu mourus cependant de la mort du val-
guire,
Ainsi qu'un moissonneur va chercher son salaire,
Et dort sur sa faucille avant d'être payé!
De ton glaive sanglant tu t'armas en silence,
Et tu fus demander justice ou récompense
Au dieu qui t'avait envoyé."

But it was a countryman of Dante, Manzoni, who, in the "*Cinque Maggio*," the finest Italian ode since Petrarch's time, best expressed the compassion and the fear, the sense of man's nothingness and of God's greatness, which the lonely island death-bed of the destroyer of the nations roused in every thoughtful mind.§

Napoleon's great adversary, our

* It was in the lifetime of the unworthy Charles II. that Dryden showed himself only too ready to

"Heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame."

† Ode to Napoleon.

‡ Far from true.

§ "*Napoleon's Midnight Review*," by an anonymous German poet, is very striking. And our own Lockhart, too, pictured well the calm after so many storms in the lines which begin—

"The mighty sun had just gone down
Into the chambers of the deep;
The ocean birds had upward flown
Each in his cave to sleep.

And silent was the island shore,
And breathless all the broad red sea,
And motionless beside the door
Our solitary tree.

Our only tree, our ancient palm,
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,
Partook the universal calm,
When Buonaparte died!"

own great Duke, was followed to his resting-place in St. Paul's amid the tears of a grateful nation, by a wise and thoughtful ode of our best living poet's. Had he fallen at Waterloo, Byron or Scott might have produced something in his honour, to be, as Tennyson's ode never will be, a household possession, a familiar strain to the ears and hearts of old and young. For such a dirge was suggested to Wolfe, a far less distinguished genius, by the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna. Yet who can say! The very greatness of the opportunity seems sometimes to paralyse the Muse. Where she would fain sing her best she cannot. Nelson fell in the hour of victory, and in the lifetime of the writer of the "Battle of the Baltic;" yet Cowper's lamentation over the respectable old gentleman who was drowned in the Royal George, is familiar to every school-child, while the "Song of Trafalgar" has never yet been written,—never can be now, in the sense in which we mean it; for an elegy is essentially the effusion of contemporary sorrow. And if it has fared thus with great commanders by sea and land, whose exploits are of the express nature which most naturally awakes the lyre; if Alexander sighed in vain for a Homer to record his deeds, and spared Pindar's house, but could

not wake the Theban eagle from the dust to prepare an ode for the funeral pile of the world's conqueror—early as it was kindled—who can wonder that great statesmen, whose work is less visible to the vulgar eye, and stirs less the imagination of men, have been seldom fortunate in the strains which have commemorated them? A passing tribute, like that paid so well in the Introduction to Marmion, to the memories of Pitt and Fox, has been oftener successful than more elaborate efforts.

We have said that the funerals of queens have been more favoured by the Muses than those of their royal consorts. Yet here again the search is for the most part disappointing. What elegies might have been expected on ill-fated queenly beauties like Marie Antoinette or Mary Stuart! But the poets missed those grand opportunities. The headsman's axe scared the lyric Muse from their scaffolds, as from those of Katharine Howard and of Ann Boleyn.* There is a satisfaction in observing that poor Ann's heartless successor, Jane Seymour, affecting as was the nature of her death, did not profit by securing the elegiac services of the court poet who kept silence over her predecessor's fate. At least the only line of his effusion with which we can present our readers—

Beside that lonely palm he paints the one weeping veteran, last of so many followers :—

" His soul was as a sword, to leap
At his accustomed leader's word ;
I love to see the old man weep,
He knew no other word."

Then at last he leads us from the stillness without to the deeper stillness within, to the death-chamber :—

" He was not shrouded in a shroud,
He lay not like the vulgar dead,
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud
From his pale face was fled.
He had put harness on to die,
The eagle-star shone on his breast ;
His sword lay bare his pillow high,
That sword he liked the best."

* Some rude but touching lines beginning, " O death, rock me asleep," are attributed to this last hapless woman. She was wise in singing her own swan-song ; and not relying for a requiem on such contemporary poets as Cavendish.

"In black were her ladies, and black were their fans"—

leaves, we may surely affirm, something to be desired in the way of pathos. But when a better woman than Jane Seymour dies, as she did, in childbed, she awakens, queen though she may have been, memories of his own mother in her poet's breast, which have more than once poured themselves forth in a truly forceful lament. The Latin lines, with their strange jingling metre, in which the Jesuit Balde deplored such a death of the young wife of the Emperor Ferdinand, bear witness to genuine feeling, and contain some sublime thoughts. Here are four of the best stanzas of the ode:—

"Cum falcibus ageret æstas,
Est et hæc succisa majestas;
Ah, aristæ purpureæ sors!
Sicne dira te messuit mors?"

Quo more vulgaris urtica,
Jacet hæc quoque regia spica;
Suo condidit horreo mors,
Brevi posuit angulo sors.

Ut bulla defluxit aquosa,
Subsedit, ut vespere rosa;
Brevi omnia est flosculi sors,
Rapit ungue celerissima mors.

Quam manibus ossels tangit,
Crystallinam phialam frangit;
O incepta et rustica mors!
O caduca juvenulæ sors!"

Leopoldina (such was the young empress's name) died in the bright harvest weather of the August which succeeded the peace of Westphalia. Well might her sudden removal from the returning prosperity of her country strike a poet's mind, and give him new views of that terrible and indiscriminating might of death, which, as he says in a subsequent stanza, cares not whether it gathers the lily or the burr, the violet or the

thistle! The worthier of our two English queens who died in child-birth, Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII., the White Rose of York, had first enjoyed for many years the peace which her union cemented; and though she had mourned her eldest son's death, left children entering on public life, besides her own noble sisters, to lament her loss. Her grave, matronly farewell to them, and to her wedded lord, was written by Sir Thomas More in a measure familiar to readers of the 'Canterbury Tales.' These juvenile verses of that famous Chancellor and thoroughly good man, are marked by the piety which was the noblest distinction of his after-years. Here are some of the stanzas:—

"Adieu, mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord;
The faithful love that did us both combine

In marriage, and peaceable concord,
Into your hands here do I clean resign,
To be bestowed on your children and mine;

Erst were ye father, now must ye supply
The mother's part also, for here I lie.

Where are our castles now? where are our towers?

Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from me.

Of Westminster, that costly work* of yours,

Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see!

Almighty God, vouchsafe to grant that ye

For you and children may well edify;
My palace builded is, for lo, now here I lie!

Adieu, Lord Henry, loving son, adieu.

Our Lord increase your honour and estate:

Adieu, sweetheart, my little daughter Kate.†

Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,

Thy mother never know, for lo! now here I lie.

* Henry VII.'s chapel.

† The poor little infant whose birth caused its mother her life.

Lady Cecily, Lady Anne, and Lady Katherine.

Farewell, my well-belovèd sisters three.
O Lady Bridget,* other sister mine,
Lo, here the end of worldly vanity!
Now are you well who earthly folly flee,
And heavenly things do praise and magnify,—
Farewell, and pray for me, for lo! now
here I lie.

Adieu, my lords, adieu my ladies all!
Adieu, my faithful servants every one;
Adieu, my commons, whom I never shall
See in this world;—wherefore, to Thee
alone,
Immortal God, verily Three in One,
I me commend; Thy infinite mercy
Show to Thy servant;—for now here I
lie."

It is interesting to compare with this artless and pious poem, the lines, in the not very dissimilar Spenserian measure of 'Childe Harold,' in which Byron expressed his own and his country's grief at the loss of their future queen; incomparably the finest of the class of elegies which we have been just considering:—

"The gulf is thick with phantoms," but
the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head
discrowned;
And pale, but lovely, with maternal
grief,
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast
yields no relief!

168.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art
thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou
dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay
low
Some less majestic, less belovèd head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart
still bled;
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy
Death hu-hed that pang for ever: with
thee fled
The present happiness and promised
joy
Which filled the imperial isles so full, it
seemed to cloy.

169.

Peasants bring forth in safety. Can
it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so
adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall
weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy,
cease to hoard
Her many griefs for One? for she had
poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris. Thou, too, lonely
lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou
wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the
dead!

170.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding-garment
made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-haired daughter of the Isles is
laid,
The love of millions! How we did
entrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly
deemed
Our children should obey her child, and
blessed †
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose pro-
mise seemed
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but
a meteor beamed.

171.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps
well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the
tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle
Which from the birth of monarchy hath
rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'er-
stung
Nations have armed in madness, the
strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns,
and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a
weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes
soon or late,—

172.

These might have been her destiny;
but no,

* The daughter of Edward IV., who became a nun.

† A bad rhyme; but Lord Byron had better have placed one as bad at the end of stanza 168, than, for the sake of using the correctly sounding *cloy*, imported into it the unsatisfactory, and indeed impossible, idea of a satiety caused by a joy which was yet only *promised*.

Our hearts deny it: and so young, so
 fair,
 Good without effort; great without a
 foe;
 But now a bride and mother—and now
 there!
 How many ties did that stern moment
 tear!
 From thy Sire's to his humblest sub-
 ject's breast,
 Is linked the electric chain of that
 despair,
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's,
 and oppress
 The land which loved thee so that none
 could love thee best."

In these grand stanzas, the full pathos of the most pathetic of the situations incident to human life, is made to strike the mind with all its weight: the young wife vanishing with her babe in her arms from the busy stage of life; snatched suddenly, without warning, from the embrace of the husband who adores her, from the nation of which she is the hope: while her royal descent forms the grand historical background of the picture, and the crown that awaited her, with the fair roseate vistas which opened before her into a hopeful future, are used as the accessories which heighten the effect of the main group on which our eyes are fixed. Yet one thing is wanting. The poet who used his simple skill over the bier of Elizabeth of York, knew of a Father and a Friend to whom the soul, suddenly parted from husband and children, might commend itself. The great genius whose majestic strains accompany the mourners over Charlotte of Wales, on their way to St. George's Chapel, there to lay

"Her comely head
 Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,"
 can only speak of her death as an escape from possible evils, as an end

of sorrow. She has passed out of his sight within a gloomy portal; and of the light which has shone from heaven to irradiate the darkness within it, he knows nothing.

The same sad defect makes the "Adonais" of Shelley no unmixed delight to thoughtful minds. It is natural to pass from the elegies spoken over crowned heads to those which mourn the heirs of the kingdom of genius; and, among these, Shelley's lamentation over the untimely bier of Keats stands pre-eminent. It is the third in descent from the wail of Moschus over Bion, the intermediate place being held by the "Lycidas" of Milton.* Many a poet has come forward in the course of the intervening centuries with an affectionate tribute to the memory of a departed brother; many a skilful hand has twined the bay-leaf with the cypress for the tomb of genius; but none has been able to hang his garland so high as these three.

True, as we all know, the "Lycidas" of Milton has been severely handled by Dr. Johnson; and we ourselves remember hearing a distinguished writer, now deceased, express his full concurrence with that unfavourable judgment. But Dr. Johnson, admirable judge of many things as he was, was (as his strictures on Gray show) no great judge of poetry. And the true and most enchanting poetry of "Lycidas" is wholly ignored by his criticism, which spends itself on minor points of detail; and which, even granted more fully than we should be willing to do, would not much impair the poem's effect as a whole. When he calls its "num-

* This last poem approaches even yet closer, in at least two famous passages, to the lament for Daphnis in the first Idyll of Theocritus; in each case improving on its original. Shelley imitates Moschus more directly; borrowing from him his address to the mourning goddess of poetry, whom he reminds of her earlier tears for Milton's death, just as Moschus recalls to her those she shed for Homer.

bers unpleasing," he merely shows the deficiency of his own ear for music. He objects to its pastoral imagery as old and as unreal, and fails to observe the spirit which has rejuvenated the antique masque and the truth which directs its movements: the Spenserian admixture of sacred thoughts with classic forms (no invention of Milton's, but a characteristic of the whole "Renaissance") meets with his just disapproval on moral grounds; but this censure is scarcely relevant to the question whether the two last sections of the poem (commencing with "Return, Alpheus," &c.) are not, in spite of it, resplendent with a truly exquisite beauty.

The "Adonais" is the outpouring of a sorrowful spirit, whereas "Lycidas" comes from an habitually cheerful mind made sad only for a season. "Lycidas" breathes the faith of a Christian, ready to doff his quaint mythological disguise instantly before a diviner presence. Pantheism is the inspiration of the "Adonais," though it is a pantheism feeling after a better Creed, and willing ever and anon to use its language.

The "Adonais," like "Lycidas," has its strain of tender sorrow interrupted by an outburst of indignation, which each poem could well dispense with; for Shelley's wrath against Keats's critics is unreasonable, while Milton's rebuke to the clergy of his day always strikes the ear as irrelevant.* And like "Lycidas," the "Adonais" dwells in an ideal region; but it is one peopled

by forms, for the most part, of the poet's own invention; the shadowy abstractions of his gloomy creed embodied for a moment by the strong force of his imagination, and gaining a transitory life from his glowing passion of woes.

The "Mighty Mother," Poetry, is summoned by Shelley, at the outset of his song, to weep over her youngest, dearest son: he groups round the dead poet the ethereal shapes of the fair fancies of his verse—

"Who were his flocks, whom near the
living streams
Of his young spirit he fed,"

mourning as they droop beside their shepherd's bier.

XIII.

"And others came, Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp; the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,†
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears that should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melaucholy thunder moaned,‡
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

* There is one point in which the "Adonais" might well have been reformed after the example of "Lycidas," and that is its length, which is about twice as great, and some compression of which would have greatly added to the force of the poem.

† How well what has been called the "sensuous character" of Keats's verse is here marked!

‡ A bad rhyme, but one which passes scarcely noticed amid such exquisite melodies, as does likewise the too speedy recurrence of "lay" and "day" in the next stanza.

xv.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless
mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remem-
bered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or
fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young
green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing
day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more
dear
Than those for whose disdain they
pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur between their songs, is all the
woodmen hear.

xvi.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and
she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn
were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight
is flown,
For whom should she have waked the
sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais; wan they stand and
sere
Amid the faint companions of their
youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odour to
sighing ruth."

In this splendid passage, how soon, and with how great advantage, the abstract gives place to the concrete, Shelley's own mythology to the old yet ever fresh mythology of Hellas; in order to depict, with the loveliest and most speaking of images, the sorrow of nature for the man who, while he lived, had loved her so well!

It is a descent in the poetic scale, however beautifully executed, when after these Titan-like yet lovely impersonations of nature, a later page presents us with three contemporary poets—Byron, Moore, and Shelley himself, mourning over their slain brother,

"The mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles
rent."

But Shelley's self-portraiture, his account of himself, as

"A Pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a power
Girt round with weakness,"

is wonderfully true; nor could any hand but his own have painted so well his strength as the poet, his weakness as a man, as he has done in these touching lines:—

"His head was bound with pansies
overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pled,
and blue;
And a light spear, topped with a
cypress cone,
Round, whose rude shaft dark ivy-
tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday
dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it;
of that crew,
He came the last, neglected and apart,
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the
hunter's dart."

A third group remains; but this time not of mourners. The preceding description of the lamenting poets was ushered in by that magnificent image of the sorrowful Urania on her way to the chamber of death:—

"She rose like an autumnal night, that
springs
Out of the east, and follows wild and
drear
The golden day, which on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Has left the earth a corpse."

Well may she shroud herself in such gloom; for the poet's cheerless creed sees in death the extinction of all personality, notwithstanding that his better instincts revolt against the apparent injustice to exclaim:—

"Nought we know dies. Shall that alone
which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the
sheath
By sightless lightning? the intense
atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most
cold repose."

xxi.

Alas! that all we loved of him should
 be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is
 me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of
 what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and
 mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what
 life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are
 green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge
 the morrow;
 Month follow month with woe, and year
 wake year to sorrow."

But before the poet unveils to us
 his third company, his song under-
 goes that transition from sadness to
 joy which is marked in "Lycidas"
 by the well-known lines—

"Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep
 no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead."

The language of Shelley is very
 similar, his meaning, alas! very
 unlike, to Milton's. He can say of
 the departed—

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth
 not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of
 life:"

but, as appears from the context,
 what he means is, that that bright
 soul has been reabsorbed into the
 soul of the universe; to be im-
 mortal in its immortality, to kindle
 and animate (as it does) the nature
 which it once could contemplate;
 but to have no more a distinct in-
 dividual existence. Such, stripped
 of the beautiful poetry in which it
 is clothed, seems the true sentiment
 of the stanzas following the fortieth,
 which every heart assents to as an
 account of what early death *should*
 be:—

xl.

"He has outsoared the shadow of our
 night;
 Envy, and calumny, and hate, and
 pain,

And that unrest which men miscall de-
 light,
 Can touch him not, and torture not
 again;
 From the contagion of the world's slow
 stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey
 in vain;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to
 burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented
 urn.

xlii.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis death is
 dead, not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young
 Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for
 from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not
 gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to
 mourn!
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains,
 and thou air,
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf
 hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned earth, now leave
 it bare,
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on
 its despair.

xlii.

He is made one with nature; there is
 heard
 His voice in all her music, from the
 moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet
 bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and
 stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that power
 may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its
 own;
 Which wields the world with never-
 wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it
 above.

xliv.

The splendours of the firmament of
 time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished
 not;
 Like stars to their appointed height
 they climb;
 And death is a low mist which cannot
 blot
 The brightness it may veil. When
 lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal
lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live
there,
And move like winds of light on dark
and stormy air."

This vague survival as an influence,
as a renown, when the *man* who
knew, and who loved, has ceased to
be, is very cold and dreary (grandly
poetic and imaginative as is Shel-
ley's way of depicting it) when com-
pared with the warm light of the
close of Lycidas, and its hero's
blissful repose, listening to

"The unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
love."

Accordingly, the companions who
there welcome him live with the
life which is everlasting. They are

"Saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory
move."

But those who rise to receive
Adonais into his unsubstantial
kingdom (a thought borrowed from
the sublime fourteenth chapter of
Isaiah) are dim forms, very shadowy
in their grandeur, and not at all
well selected; for of the three re-
presentatives of fame, which no
early death has blighted, Chatterton
has enjoyed a renown disproportion-
ate to his merits, and Lucan reaped
as full a harvest as the longest life
could have obtained for him. There
is, however, scarcely another draw-
back to the majesty of the forty-
fifth stanza.

XLV.

"The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond
mortal thought
Far in the unapparent; Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he
fought
And as he fell, and as he lived and
loved,
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,

Arose; and Lucan, by his death ap-
proved;
Oblivion, as they rose, shrank like a thing
reproved.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on earth
are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot
die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry;
'It was for thee yon kingless sphere has
long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper
of our throng!'"

From the nebulous grandeur of this
unreal apotheosis, the poet turns to
stand inspired beside his friend's
grave outside the walls of Rome.
There, amid ruins telling of man's
mortality, and grand recollections
speaking of his immortality, arise
Shelley's aspirations towards death
—aspirations which the succeeding
years fulfilled. This last confession
of so richly endowed a genius, that
neither art nor nature can satisfy
the soul, that the bright changeable
hues of earth derive all their beauty
and all their significance from the
purer light behind them, which
man cannot see and live—yet can-
not live happily till he does see—is
well worth pondering. It is the
language of one "not far from the
kingdom of God."

LII.

"The One remains, the many change and
pass;
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's
shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many-coloured
glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments,
—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which
thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! Rome's azure
sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words
are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth
to speak.

LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink,
 my heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all
 things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst
 now depart !
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man and woman ; and what still
 is dear,
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee
 wither :
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind
 whispers near :
 'Tis Adonais calls ; oh hasten thither !
 No more let Life divide what Death can
 join together."

Will our readers blame us for having quoted so much from this exquisite, but far from new, poem? We trust not; for no one who does not know its musical stanzas by heart can object to read them over again. Would it were somewhat more compact to make it more easily read through by our impatient generation. And would, for our sake, but much more for his own, that ere he wrote it Shelley had done groping his way through the mist, and reached the sun-light. This is much to be wished even with a view to the lower interests of art; for the new mythology is neither so tangible nor so graceful as the old: nothing but the poet's strong faith in it could have galvanised it even into that semblance of life which it here possesses. Still a strong belief even in a falsehood is better, for poetical purposes as for some others, than a languid acquiescence in a truth; witness Lucretius (if our modern professors will allow us to say so) among the ancients; witness, in our own day, Adonais. The matured product of its great writer's genius, this marvellous elegy, in one point of view the most original of modern poems, pays yet a graceful tribute of imitation to the elder poets: most of all to that "Sire of an immortal strain," that "third among the sons of

light," on whose school exercise, as the irreverent have called his "Lycidas," it condescends to model itself,—*Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*: and yet not so; for who can call the "Adonais" a more perfect gem than "Lycidas"? But it excels it by virtue of its deeper sorrow, of its wilder passion, of its awful yet most instructive glimpses of man's despair, without revealed truth. In "Lycidas" we watch the first flight, and hear the first notes of that genius whose after-course suggests to us Shelley's own "Skylark"—

"Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest."

But the gifted yet unhappy author of the "Adonais" felt a rankling shaft weigh down his wings from the flight to those untroubled regions of pure air:—

"He looks before and after
 And pines for what is not;
 His sweetest songs are those which tell
 Of saddest thought."

And of these songs, the most sustained, the sweetest and the saddest, is this which he sang beside a poet's grave at Rome.

It is well known that Milton, in the "Lycidas," was to some small extent an imitator of a beautiful pastoral by Spenser. Who the lady bewailed in the "November" of his "Shepherd's Calendar" was, is unknown; but the fair maid of Kent, there celebrated under the name of Dido, was evidently dear to the young poet's heart. Spenser's version of the complaint made by Moschus of man's mortality is worth quoting from this poem:—

"Whence is it that the flow'ret of the
 field doth fade,
 And lieth buried long in winter's vale:
 Yet soon as spring his mantle hath displayed

It flow' reth fresh, as it should never fall :
 But thing on earth that is of most avail,
 As virtue's branch and beauty's bud
 Reliven not for any good ?
 O heavy herse !
 The branch once dead, the bud eke
 needs must quail ;
 O careful verse !"

Seven more stanzas follow after the same pattern, containing one noticeable line, which may have been suggested by Albert Durer's engravings,—

"All music sleeps where Death doth lead the dance ;"

and a resolution (like the well-known words of Dante and Petrarch) to trust earth no more, after such an example of its instability as Dido's death,—

"For what might be in earthly mould,
 That did her buried body hold ;"

and then follows the retraction, in the four last stanzas, of laments misplaced. Here are two of them :

"Why wail we then ? why weary we the
 gods with plaints,
 As if some evil were to her betight ?
 She reigns a goddess now among the
 saints,
 That whylom was the saint of shepherds
 hight
 And is installed now in heaven's height.
 I see the blessed soul, I see,
 Walk in Elysian fields so free.
 O happy herse !
 Might I once come to thee (O that I
 might !)
 O joyful verse !

Unwise and wretched men to weet
 what's good or ill,
 We deem of death as doom of ill desert ;
 But knew we, fools, what it us brings
 until,
 Die would we daily, once it to expert :
 No danger there the shepherd can
 assert ;
 Fair fields and pleasant layes there
 been ;
 The fields aye fresh, the grass aye
 green :
 O happy herse !
 Cease now my song, my woe now
 wasted is,
 O joyful verse !"

Spenser had an opportunity for a

grander elegy than this pretty pastoral (sung on a drear November day by a shepherd whose summer-joys have departed), when his gallant and poetic patron, the young Sir Philip Sidney, fell before Zutphen ; but it cannot be said that he made any great use of it. Perhaps his own feelings were too deeply engaged to enable him to put forth his full strength. For whatever reason, "the mournful muse of Thestylis" strays about from heaven to Olympus in a somewhat bewildered style ; and there are not many stanzas deserving quotation in the "Astrophel." These, however (supposed to be spoken by "Sidney's sister" over the dead brother from whose blood a beauteous flower has sprung), deserve it well. She asks in them, but she also answers, the same question as that put in those beautiful lines in "Maud" which begin, "Oh, that 'twere possible."

"O death ! that hast us of such riches
 reft,
 Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it
 done ?
 What is become of him whose flower, here
 left,
 Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
 Scarce like the shadow of that which he
 was,
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did
 pass.

But that immortal spirit which -was
 decked
 With all the dowries of celestial grace,
 By sovereign choice from th' heavenly
 choirs select,
 And lineally derived from angel's race,—
 Oh ! what is now of it become, aread ?
 Aye me ! can so divine a thing be dead ?

Ah, no ! it is not dead, nor can it die,
 But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
 Where, like a new-born babe, it soft doth
 lie
 In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wise,
 And compassed all about with roses sweet,
 And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial
 brood,
 To him do sweetly carol day and night,
 And with strange notes, of him well
 understood,

Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;
 Whilst in sweet dreams to him presented
 be
 Immortal beauties which no eye can
 see."

This lament, written for a sister by a personal friend of the brave and accomplished Sydney, may fitly introduce the last great division of our subject—the *Elegies* sacred to private grief, sung often over gentle heads which no worldly distinction ever crowned; heads like hers of whom Wordsworth said—

"She lived unknown, and few could
 know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh!
 The difference to me!"

And here, how variously the same sort of sorrow has found expression! An accomplished satirist and statesman like Canning mourns a dear son's memory by a few lines of unwonted gravity; an amiable divine like Young breathes forth his sorrow at the death of a beloved daughter in 'Night Thoughts' (instructive always, often poetic) on the great last things; a son is led by an honoured father's death to the grave and solemn meditations on the instability of earthly things, which find utterance in the 'Coplas de Manrique'; or, again, the picture of the mother he lost in childhood excites in Cowper's gentle breast those tender recollections which have poured themselves forth in one of the best known and most touching poems in the English language.* Husbands have consecrated the holy memories of their wedded love by verse,—never more imperishable than in Milton's sonnet on his night vision of the wife who,

happier than her predecessor, died ere she had vexed him. Such cries of the heart always carry a note of distinction from the elegy, however well written, of the professional mourner. Pope's on an unhappy suicide, with whom he probably had not been personally acquainted, ends in vague generalities; Virgil's splendid panegyric on the young Marcellus is indeed all but tender enough to have been spoken by the bereaved mother, who swooned when she first heard it. But elegies like the eleventh of Propertius's fifth book are too stately to have been measured out by a throbbing breast, beautiful as is its expression of the love of the dignified and chaste Cornelia for the husband and children she has been forced to leave,—a love that survives those funeral fires which have made her ashes (as she sadly says) "a light burden now, which can be borne with one hand,"—to commend its objects to one another's affection with the tender wish

"Quod mihi detractum est, vestros accedat ad annos!"

So, too, with friendship. Milton must have loved as well as venerated the friend to whose "religious memory" he has dedicated one of his finest sonnets; and Petrarch the Colonna of whom he speaks so fondly as the joint refreshment of his weary thoughts with his adored laurel-tree (and surely a safer resting-place for them than Laura). And how dear to the heart of our greatest living poet was he whose dust now rests in a quiet churchyard overlooking the Bristol Channel; how inappassable his longings for

* It is a woman's hand very fitly which has erected the fairest monument to that good son. "Cowper's Grave" is one of Mrs. Browning's best poems:—

"O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!"

"The touch of that vanished hand,"
And the sound of the voice which is
still,"

of the friend who was unto him as his own soul, is testified by the book which will, in all probability, prove its great author's most durable title to fame.

We have no space here for a detailed examination of 'In Memoriam;' and it is too well known to our readers to make a brief extract or two from it acceptable to them. Besides, our business to-day is scarcely with living poets.

We therefore turn from Tennyson to Petrarch, from the nineteenth to the fourteenth century, for our examples of verse expressing a wholly private sorrow, and propose to conclude our somewhat discursive survey of Elegies by offering our readers a few original versions with one exception never before published, of the far-famed 'Book of Odes and Sonnets,' consecrated by Petrarch to the grave of the lady whom he loved, and in whom he found a friend discreeter and holier than he deserved. There are affectations and absurdities in the poems which he addressed to Laura while she lived, not to speak of graver errors. Yet, though Petrarch was born in days when the Church had fallen short indeed of her high calling, and though he personally was far from exemplifying in his life the faith of which he was a professed guardian, yet the night of adversity seems to have recalled him to loftier and better thoughts than those with which he sported in his prosperous days. Readers of Propertius will remember the seventh elegy of his fifth book—not assuredly, however, for the pleasure that it gave them. Now, let us compare with it (the contrast is instructive) the ode in which Petrarch depicts a similar theme—the apparition of a

dead lady to the man who has loved her in her lifetime. The love of Propertius and Cynthia has been unhallowed—of the earthy. Such, too, is the vision of her which scares him in the night season. The well-known features, and the ornaments with which he used to toy, carry with them in an unexplained but ghastly manner the tokens of the funeral pile. The dead lips utter fierce reproaches against the living lover's ingratitude, who has forgotten his Cynthia in the pursuit of fresh pleasures. She bids him make up for that ingratitude by showing kindness to her nurse and to her favourite handmaid; she bespeaks her epitaph, and tells him to free her tomb from the strangling folds of the ivy. Then, as the spectre's allotted time is shortened by the approach of morning, come the last embrace and the ominous farewell:

"Nunc te possideant alie; mox sole
tenebo;
Mecum eris et mixtis ossibus ossa terram."

It is a powerful, but a horrible picture. The image which it exhibits is that of a wretched ghost rising from beneath to summon the partner of its former guilty pleasures to follow it into the shades below. The Christian poet's vision is of a far different order to the heathen's—weak and imperfect Christian as he has been and perhaps still is. For Petrarch has found in Laura his good, as Propertius in Cynthia his evil, genius; refusing, in the love which he offered to her, all that would not stand with her own and her lover's hopes of heaven. Therefore, his dream of her is as of a descending angel stooping from her own bliss to chide and console her lover's sorrow, to bid him emulate his Laura's victory over self, and seek to share the bright crown she now enjoys. Cynthia leaves Propertius

for her legacy a remorse and a terror; Laura bequeaths to Petrarch a gladness and a hope. This is the Canzone; in the original one of the most beautiful in the Italian language, as readers conversant with it will remember—a thing to be believed rather than seen (it is to be feared) by means of such rendering as we can give it:—

CANZONE VI.

(In *Morte di M. Laura.*)

1.

When comes my faithful, gentle comforter,
To give my wearied life a little rest—
When by her form my bed's left* side
seems pressed,
And words most wise and tender sound
from her,
I, pale while love and fear my spirit stir,
Say—"Whence, oh happy spirit, com'st
thou now?"
She draws a laurel-bough
And a palm branchlet from her bosom
fair,
And says—"From heaven's calm air
Th' empyrean; from that holy place re-
turning
Only to comfort thee, thy grief discern-
ing."

2.

By gesture and by words I humbly pay
My thanks to her; then ask, "How didst
thou know
My state?" And she—"The mournful
waves that flow,
These tears of thine, without a stint or
stay,
With windy breath of sighs, have forced
their way
Far up to heaven, and trouble there my
peace;
Thee does it then displease
So much, that I have left earth's misery
For better life on high?
When it should please thee, if for me thy
love
Were such as looks and words once seemed
to prove."

3.

I answer—"For myself, not thee, I
weep,
I, who am left in darkness and in pain;

Yet sure, as of a thing seen close and
plain,
That thou of heaven hast scaled the toll-
some steep.
For, how should God and nature grant to
keep
Virtue so great, its place in one young
heart,
Yet not ordain its part
In endless bliss for deeds so good and
fair?
Rarest of spirits rare,
Whose life was lofty here 'mid men below,
Who then to heaven on sudden wing didst
go.

4.

"But I, what can I else but weep and wall,
Wretched and lone, yea nothing, reft of
thee?
Would I had died in cradled infancy,
Nor live to feel love's pangs my heart as-
sail!"
And she: "Why, weeping thus, in courage
fall?
Were it not better lift thy wings from
earth,
And things of mortal birth,
And thy sweet tales of love's beguiling
play
In faithful balance weigh;
And follow me, if true thy love indeed,
Plucking henceforth a branch like these
my meed."

5.

"I wished to ask of thee," I answer then,
"The truths those leafy boughs might
signify?"
And she: "Thou to thyself canst make
reply,
Thou who dost onet so honour with thy
pen.
The palm means victory; and I van-
quished, when
Still young, the world and self. Of
triumph sign
Are laurels; they are mine,
Thanks to that Lord who gave His
strength to me.
Thou, when the enemy
Assaults, turn to Him, and His help im-
plore,
That, thy course sped, we meet His face
before."

6.

"Are these the bright locks, this the
knotted gold,"

* "Che m'avea
Da quella parte, onde il core ha la gente."

—Dante, *Pur. c. x.*

† The laurel, Laura's emblem; *nomen et omen* in her case.

I say, "that blinds me yet, these the fair eyes
That were my sun?" "Err not with fools," she cries;
"Speak not like them, nor yet their credence hold.
Pure spirit am I in heaven's blissful fold;
What thou now seekest has been dust for years;
But yet, to dry thy tears,
'Tis granted me to seem so; such to view
I shall be: fairer too,
And dearer to thee for resistance grave,
Which both thy soul and mine had power
to save."

7.

I weep; and she my face
Dries with her hand, and after softly sighs;
Blames me with words that rise
Mighty to melt a rock; and then alone
She leaves me, she and sleep together gone.

This ode was written many years after Laura's death. In the poems which precede it, Petrarch expresses a yet more despairing sorrow; speaking of himself as a storm-tossed mariner who has lost the pole-star that guided his course, as a blind and disconsolate wanderer bereft of the light which alone cheered him before. In more than one sonnet he marvels at his own dulness of apprehension at his last interview with Laura. When he took his leave of her for that fatal journey, in the course of which he was to receive the tidings of her death, how was it that her sad yet tender look did not warn him that this was the last of his happy days?

SONNET 6.

Alas! of all my happy days the last
(Few have they been in this brief life of woe!)
Had come; and made my heart like melting snow,
Perchance by presage of dark hours o'er-cast.
As sickened nerves and pulses, thoughts aghast,

Warn of hot fit whom fever has brought low,
So felt I; yet the cause I might not know,
End of my bliss unstable hastening fast.
Those beauteous eyes, in heaven made glad and clear
Now by that Light whence life and safety pour,
Forsaking mine, left poor and wretched here;
By flashing of pure rays unseen before
Said to them: Rest in peace, companions dear!
Here, never, but elsewhere* we meet once more.

Many sonnets express his longing for the death which is to re-unite them. The following one was written on the third anniversary of Laura's death:—

SONNET 10.

In her life's fairest and best flowering prime,
When love hath most of empire on the mind—
Leaving her earthly shell to earth resigned,
My life, my Laura left me, rose sublime,
A living, beauteous spirit, to heaven's bright clime,
Thence at her will to loose my soul or bind.
Why me from out this mortal to unwind
Comes not that last day, first of better time?
That, as my thoughts still follow her, so may
My soul pursue her, lightsome, swift, and glad,
And I from so great anguish flee away.
What can I reap but hurt from more delay
That makes me to myself a burden sad!
O how fair Death was three years gone to-day!

Here is another of the sonnets which aspire to death:—

SONNET 32.

How much I envy thee, earth, miser grown,
That dost my love lost from my sight embrace;
And bar me from the influence of that face

* *Elsewhere* is the proper translation of "*altrove*." Perhaps, however, "*above*" might better convey the true meaning to some minds. Compare, nevertheless, the *Εὐδαιμονοῖτον ἄλλ' ἔκει* of Euripides.

Where, after wars, I found my peace
alone!
How much I envy heaven, that makes its
own
And eagerly close locks in safest place
The spirit loosened from that form of
grace;—
Heaven which so seldom opened man has
known!
How much I envy souls whom fates allow
Her sweet and saintly presence to obtain
Whom I with strong desire still sought
to see!
How much hard Death and pitiless, who,
now
That in her life my life he, too, has slain,
Makes her fair eyes his rest, and calls not
me!

In this third sonnet he speaks of
the work of honouring his dead
lady as the only consolation of that
prolonged absence from her which
is at last drawing to a close.

SONNET. 59.

Go, mournful verse, to that hard stone
which hides
My dearest treasure in the earth; there
cry
To her who from her heaven will make
reply
Although her dust in low, dark place
abides.
Tell her that I am weary of life's tides,
Of sailing where waves rage so horribly:
But that, her scattered leaves up-gather-
ing, I
Still follow step by step as on she guides,
Of her alone, alive and dead, still singing
(Rather alive and now immortal made)
To bid the world to know her, and to love.
Pray her, when hence my soul its flight
is winging,
Which soon must be, revealed in light, to
aid,
And call, and draw me to her side above.

It is time to cite one or two of the
sonnets which, in some sort, justify
this profound sorrow,—Petrarch's
noble panegyrics, and not altogether
vain efforts to make the world un-
derstand its own loss in the death
of this unique beauty. Here is a
fine sonnet of this description:—

SONNET 66.

Death, thou hast left the world without
its Sun,

All dark and cold; Love blinded and
disarmed;
Grace stripped and bare; beauties grown
weak that charmed;
Me, to myself hard load, with comfort
none;
Courtesy banished, goodness wrecked:
nor one
Laments, save I, yet all should groan
alarmed;
For thou hast virtue in its best shoot
harm'd.
What second good remains, the first un-
done?
Tears from the air, the earth, the sea are
due,
To wail man's race, which is of her bereft,
Like meadow without flowers, or gemless
ring.
Her the world, while it had her, never
knew:
I knew her, who am here to mourn her
left,
And heaven, where through my tears
fresh beauties spring.

Here is another, yet more tender—

SONNET 31.

Where is that brow, which by its lightest
sign
My heart this way, or that, at once could
turn?
Where those fair eyes in which two stars
did burn,
Lighting along its course this life of
mine?
Where the worth, knowledge, wisdom
pure and fine;
The speech sage, good, meek, mild,
whence all might learn?
Where all those beauties that I could dis-
cern
In her, which ruled me long by right
divine?
Where is, of that kind face, the shadow
dear,
Rest and refreshment of my weary mind,
Face where my every thought was written
plain?
Where, where is she, whose hand my life
held here?
How much has this sad world lost, ne'er
to find!
How much mine eyes that none shall dry
again!

All seasons remind the poet of his
loss, but most the spring; all hours,
but most of all the night. It is
thus that he listens to the nightin-
gale:—

SONNET 43.*

That nightingale which doth so sweetly
 plain
 Perchance her children, or her well-loved
 mate,
 The sky and fields fills with melodious
 rain
 Of many notes clear and disconsolate.
 All night my grief accompanies her strain,
 And to my memory brings my cruel fate:
 Who only for myself prepared this pain,
 By thoughts: Death reigns not o'er a
 goddess' state.
 Ah! how soon cheated is security!
 Who ever dreamed to dark and dull dust
 turn
 Those two lights brighter than the sun,
 to see?
 Now know I that mine evil destiny
 Wills I should, living on and weeping,
 learn,
 How nought below can loved and last-
 ing be.

There is a companion sonnet even
 prettier than this one. It is ad-
 dressed to the latest warbler of the
 autumn:—

SONNET 89.

Dear little bird, that flying still dost sing,
 Or rather weep, thy days now done and
 past,
 Seeing at hand dark night, and winter's
 blast,
 But day behind thee, and the months of
 spring;
 If, as thou knowest thine own sorrow's
 sting,
 So thou my like state knewest, thou
 wouldst fast
 Fly, on this mourner's breast thyself to
 cast,
 To share with it lament and sorrowing.
 I know not if such share would equal be;
 Perchance *she* lives for whom thy tears
 are flowing,
 My love both Death and Heaven withhold
 from me;
 But autumn-tide, and eve its first chill
 knowing,
 With, of sweet years and bitter, memory
 Bid me speak, pity on thy grief bestow-
 ing.

In other sonnets Petrarch's mind
 seems to open to the healing in-
 fluences of nature. Nay, in the
 following one he hints that they

might have tempted him once more
 into the snares of love, did not
 Laura's memory prove all-powerful
 to guard him from them:—

SONNET 12.†

Ne'er did I see a spot so fit for gaze
 On her I long to see, but see no more; *
 A place of perfect freedom, whence my
 lays
 Might fill the sky with notes that love
 implore:
 Ne'er saw I vale, that in its secret maze
 Held such safe bowers in which to sigh,
 before;
 Nor can I think, when Love to Cyprus
 strays
 Such sweet nests wait him, or on other shore.
 The waters speak of love, the birds' glad
 train,
 The season, fish and flowers, and grass
 and trees,
 All join beseeching me to love again.
 But thou from Heaven dost call, soul
 without stain,
 And pray me, by thy death's sad memo-
 ries,
 The world and its allurements to disdain.

In a preceding sonnet, the magic
 of nature sets Laura in person once
 more before him:—

SONNET 11.

When birds' lament, when green leaves
 whispering
 Softly beneath the summer breeze's sway,
 When the hoarse murmurs that from clear
 waves spring,
 I hear from that cool bank, by flowers
 made gay,
 Where I sit writing what Love bids me
 say,
 Her, whom Heaven showed, but earth
 hid vanishing,
 I see and hear: for, though so far away,
 She lives; from her my sighs an answer
 bring.
 "Ah, why before thy time by grief thus
 wasting?"
 She says to me with pity; "wherefore flows
 A mournful stream from thy sad eyes still
 hasting?"
 Oh, weep not thou for me: through death
 I rose
 To endless life; on glory everlasting
 Mine eyes I opened when they seemed to
 close."

* The rhymes of the first two quatrains are, it will be seen, disposed in a dif-
 ferent to the usual order.

† This beautiful sonnet is rhymed like the 43d; the next after a fashion of its own.

But, though often consoled by bright visions like this, or like the one more fully described in his sixth ode, Petrarch continues to the end to address the "happy spirit" of his beloved in tones of anguish. As, for example, here in one of his last sonnets:—

SONNET 87.

Blest spirit, that so sweetly didst of old
Move eyes where brighter rays than sun-
beams met,
And form those sighs, those living words,
that yet
Sound in my heart with echoes manifold;
I used to see thee, as thy pure fires told,
Guiding the feet o'er grass and violet,
Feet not like woman's but like angel's set,
Of her whom now my thoughts more pre-
sent hold,
Whom thou, back to thy Maker quickly
sped,
Didst leave to dust, with that sweet veil*
once given
By a high destiny to wrap thee round.
At thy departure Love from this world fled,
And Courtesy, and the sun fell from
heaven;
And Death a sweetness all unwonted
found.

There is an earlier sonnet in which he paints himself, as here, living chiefly on memories of the past. It begins with fond regrets for days of which the honey is now more distinctly remembered than the gall; something like Sophie Arnold's "Oh le bon temps! j'étais bien malheureuse." But the memory becomes a hope, and the close is an aspiration towards reunion.

SONNET 45.

Passed is that time, alas! when joyfully
I lived by cool air fanned where flames
burned hot:
Passed too has she for whom I wept and
wrote;
But she my tears and pen has left with me.
Passed is her face, holy and fair to see,
But, as it passed, my heart her sweet
eyes smote;

My heart, once mine, now cleft in twain
to float
After her, folded in her robe to be.
Half 'neath the earth, and half she bore
to Heaven,
Where now she triumphs with that laurel-
crown
That goodness never conquered for her
gained.
Would that, even so, that mortal veil
were riven
Which holds me here, and I with them
sat down
Where sighs are not, 'mid blessed souls
unstained!

Finally come sonnets written when ten intervening years from Laura's death had at once calmed Petrarch's grief and brought the days of their separation near to a close. Amid the solitudes of the Euganean hills, in that calm retreat amongst their vines and olives, where the poet describes himself as concluding his autobiography, he discerned the vanity of a life spent in passionate admiration of the creature rather than of the Creator. "Here," it is thus that he concludes his memoirs, "I spend my days, . . . always reading and writing, praising God and thanking Him, as for good so for evils, which, if I do not err, are not designed for my punishment, but for my trial. Meantime, I direct my prayers to Christ, beseeching Him to make the end of my life a good one, to have mercy upon me, and to pardon, yea to 'forget the sins of my youth.' . . . And with all the desire of my heart I pray God that it would please Him at the last, to control my thoughts, unstable and wandering for so long a time; and whereas they have been vainly scattered on many objects, to convert them to Himself,

* Discerning readers will share our own perplexity about this "sweet veil," a literal translation as we can assure them. It must mean Laura's body, the clothing of that spirit to whom the sonnet is addressed. But then, if so, what else of hers could the spirit at its departure have "left to dust"? And is not that part of the sentence superfluous?

the sole, true, certain, unchangeable Good." The way for this touching prayer is prepared by the two following sonnets:—

SONNET 83.

Death has extinguished my once dazzling
sun,
Drear darkness veils her perfect, steadfast eyes;
Dust is she, who could cool or heat my sighs;
Elms, oaks wave o'er me still, but laurels none.
I see, yet mourn, the good that I have won;
Now no one cheers my heart, yet terrifies,
None chills, yet warms it, nor with glad surprise
Fills it with hope, then leaves to mourn undone.
Freed from his* hand, who soothed me but to wound,
Long years tormenting me with empire stern,
I a sweet, bitter liberty have found;
And to that Lord, whose praise at last I learn,
Whose glance upholds and rules heaven's shining round,
Life-satiate, yea life-weary, I return.

SONNET 85.

I walk and weep my days that are no more,
Days spent by me in love of mortal thing,
Taking no lofty flight, though mine the wing
Perchance to reach heights un essayed before.
Thou, who dost see my shame, my anguish sore,
Of Heaven Invisible, Immortal King,
Succour my spirit frail and wandering,
Where it has failed Thy grace fulfilling pour;
That I who lived in war, in storms, may gain
Peace, and a port at death; my parting be
Good, though my day upon this earth was vain;
Me, while I live the few days left to me,
Me, when I die, oh, let Thine hand sustain;
Well knowest Thou I have hope in none save Thee.

These specimens must suffice. Even through the veil of our imperfect versions, they display Petrarch's

versatile genius, limited as to the inspiration which provided it with an air, inexhaustible in its power of supplying to that air variations in long-linked sweetness; they manifest his tenderness, his exchange of sympathies with nature, animate and inanimate; and, above all, they reveal that sincerity which gives its ultimate value to his sorrow: a sorrow which gushes forth amid such sumptuous and stately environments that the beholder doubts at first whether these costly marbles can indeed enclose a well of genuine tears; but which turns out, on investigation, to be a spring as deep and as bitter as any that flows out, surrounded by common grass and rush, to the lamentations of a bereaved peasant. Were it otherwise, we should be convicted of a mistake, alike in the space they fill, and in the position assigned to them in this essay. For whereas the elegies we cited before correspond to the earlier portion of their great model, David's lament for Saul and Jonathan, we have placed these lays of Petrarch where they answer to that latest and most pathetic verse in which its singer deplores his early friend alone. The strains that mourn powers which have vanished from the earth, that bemoan the broken sceptre, the shivered sword, or the shattered lyre, find their counterpart in the sadly majestic words—"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!" But only the poet, who stands forth a mourner for a pure and holy love, whether of kindred or of friends, can echo even faintly that most touching of human utterances—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

* Love.

LESSONS FROM THE RECENT SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

With some slight variations the system of summer or autumn manœuvres has been persevered in for four years, and it appears probable that this plan of training our army will become recognised as necessary for the education of all ranks, and that it will survive the temporary excitement occasioned by the German and French war, which first called it into existence. As, however, there are some who, on grounds either of expense or of expediency, are inclined to relax or dispense with this method of training; and as those who preach peace, either directly or indirectly, will always receive a certain amount of encouragement from men who see the evil without believing the good results of the more severe education which these manœuvres afford the army, it may not be uninteresting at the close of the present year's operations to consider the lessons that they may be supposed to have taught.

It is often said that the manœuvres are instructive to the generals and staff, but are of little value to the regimental officers, and still less to the men, and that, consequently, the country is called on to pay too dearly for this comparatively small advantage; whilst, supposing that such a staff-school were requisite, the course of instruction could be undergone, not yearly, but at stated and longer intervals. Again, it has been alleged that the hardships attending camp life hinder recruiting and increase the sick list, and that it is useless to put officers and men to the inconveniences of a sham-campaign which tries the constitution without, to an appreciable extent, increasing their efficiency. These and other minor objections are frequently alleged, and although

each and all could be replied to in detail, it will be more satisfactory to deal with the matter broadly, and to view the question from some fixed and recognised point of view.

First, then, what is the object of the training and discipline of an army? Clearly, that a certain number of men, paid for by the civil population, should be in a condition, at a moment's notice, to engage in war. The experience of all ages has shown, that for this force discipline is the main requisite. By discipline men are taught to subordinate self and self-preservation to the will of those who are set over them, and to encounter readily, and without flinching, dangers and hardships which only a few men constitutionally bold, or who are aroused by feelings of heroism or duty beyond the ordinary motives of men's actions, would otherwise face. Besides, therefore, the use of his arms, whether rifle, sword, or cannon, and in addition to the physical training requisite to insure health and develop muscle, the soldier is required to possess certain moral qualities which will enable him to perform the severe duties required in the abnormal condition of war. This system of discipline, although differing in detail, has been founded in all ages on similar great principles; and armies have been found fit or unfit for war in proportion as their training has imbued them with the qualities which will best enable them to meet its trials. Habits of obedience and of order, with strong feelings of *esprit de corps*, and a concern for the honour of the regiment, troop, or company to which he may belong, are the first essentials of a soldier, and directly and indirectly these are in-

culcated by the ordinary system of discipline, including careful and precise training in the use of his arms. During long periods of peace, and when the lessons and experiences of campaigns have been somewhat forgotten, a tendency is always found to exaggerate what may be considered as the pomp of war, at the expense of its greater essentials. Consequently, the means come to be considered as the end, and mere *smartness*, without reference to what it is intended to inculcate and to lead to, is aimed at rather than efficiency in all that pertains to the military profession. Periodical campaigns of short duration would doubtless be of incalculable value to an army; but as the army exists for the nation, not the nation for the army, such methods of training are out of the question, and imitation war becomes necessary so that the teaching of the barrack-yard in respect to the regimental officers and soldiers, and of the staff-school in regard to the staff, may be tested as to their real value.

Camps of instruction have from time to time been formed for these purposes; and although during the long peace, and prior to the camp at Chobham in 1852, they had of late years been little used in England, yet the remembrance of them was kept alive in our army, and notably the training at Shorncliff under Sir John Moore, which some of our best regiments received previous to the Peninsular War. During the Crimean campaign the camp at Aldershot was formed, and subsequently the system of flying columns, regulated as far as possible by a war standard, was employed. The campaign of Sadowa, in which the Prussians, with but little recent experience of war crushed in a fortnight an army well versed in campaigning, and still more the great struggle of 1870 and 1871, when the troops of

the leading military power were as easily overwhelmed by the same army, directed the attention of soldiers and civilians to the methods employed for making these troops effective. Consequently, with some hesitation the autumn manœuvres, organised on the German type, were commenced in 1871, and have been continued up to the present year. Whether they have or have not fulfilled their object is the question which the taxpayer is entitled to ask.

In endeavouring to put before him the means of satisfying this query, the axiom attributed to the first Napoleon, that the moral qualities of an army are of even greater importance than its physical qualities, should be distinctly remembered. The influence on the minds of officers and soldiers of large numbers of troops of all arms collected together under conditions very similar to those of active service, originates habits of thought and trains of ideas which conduce to just estimates of the military profession. The mere fact that for three weeks or a month the greater portion of the regular army of England are thinking and talking of little else than matters pertaining to their profession, is a great point gained. Every proposition and every scheme is subject to the criticism of men who feel that their lives and their reputations may depend on their soundness and correctness; consequently much that may appear good in theory breaks down under the rude but crucial tests to which it is submitted, and gradually, out of a chaos of plans and out of a mass of rash and inchoate ideas, some definite results in regard to the changes which have passed over the art of modern war are obtained. These remarks apply to all ranks—from the generals and their highly educated staff to the private

soldier, who views matters from a very practical and often very sensible point of view; for it must never be forgotten that the great lessons of strategy are subordinate to the importance of regulating the everyday life of the soldier in the trying conditions of actual service.

The efficiency of the French army under the first Napoleon, proved by the campaign of Ulm, was in great measure due to its training in the camp at Boulogne, although the Memoirs of the Duc de Fezensac show plainly enough how little the benefits of a large camp were really utilised, and how greatly its good was diminished by the idleness of those in high command. That this criticism can in any way be applied to our camps of instruction, the record of the work performed, chronicled with considerable ability and accuracy in the daily press, is a sufficient disproof; and before attempting to deduce lessons, it may be well to give a short summary of the system of instruction which the troops were called on to pursue.

Prior to the summer manœuvres—for they are more than summer drills—the staff at Aldershot, in communication with the heads of departments at the Horse Guards, were actively engaged in preparing general schemes, and in selecting the ground, often too much curtailed by cultivation, for the movements of the troops. The staff of the several corps, divisions, and brigades were organised, and, prior to the arrival of the troops, employed in choosing the position for their camps, and in arranging for their subsistence. As the regiments arrived they were at once put under canvas and commenced the usual routine of camp life. Kitchens were dug, watering-places for the horses prepared, streams and marshes bridged, and country

lanes or wood tracks converted into roads fit for the passage of artillery and stores. Direction posts were put up, and the field telegraph either laid along the ground, or placed on temporary poles by the side of the roads leading to the headquarter camp. At the recent manœuvres the 2d corps d'armée, comprising two divisions, was encamped at Aldershot, the 1st corps near Woolmer forest. The infantry and field artillery were encamped by divisions at a few miles' distance from each other; whilst the cavalry brigade and horse artillery of the first corps pitched their tents on the wide heath at the foot of the hills known as the Devil's Jumps.

Few spots in England could be found presenting more picturesque features than the country occupied by the first corps d'armée. The mixture of wide open heaths, with frequent commons covered with gorse and fern, intermingled with remnants of ancient forests, and varied by smiling plots of cultivated ground where the old farmhouses and cottages spoke of long-continued peace and prosperity, presented an almost ideal picture of an English landscape, the interest and even beauty of which were enhanced by the white tents and bright uniforms of the soldiery.

The tactical instruction commenced with brigade drills, quickly followed by the manœuvres of the brigades of the divisions against each other. Thus the staff of the divisions and brigades became acquainted with the regiments, and the soldiers were gradually accustomed to the work that would be required of them in the more extended operations. These brigade field-days were succeeded by the manœuvres of the divisions of the corps, each division in turn acting on the defensive or the offensive. The corps commanders and their staff served

as the umpires, while Sir Thomas Steel and the headquarter staff performed what may be termed the duties of judges. The capacity of the generals for manœuvring troops was thus tested, and the staff-officers were able to estimate and appreciate their several and individual qualities. If for nothing else these manœuvres would be of considerable value in the opportunity they present for the staff-officers of the army to become acquainted with each other. No rules or discipline will make the several portions of our army work well if the superior officers do not pull together. The social qualities and the education of the English public school, which most of our officers possess, contribute to this object, and form no slight groundwork for a really efficient staff; whilst the military education now superadded gives them the knowledge which, during the last European war in which our army was engaged, they were supposed to have wanted.

After about ten days spent in these minor operations, the real work of the mimic campaign commenced. Owing to the absence of a sufficient transport, one corps d'armée was stationary whilst the other occupied movable camps. Thus, as the first corps concentrated on the broad heaths known as Frensham Common, the second corps remained under canvas at Aldershot, marching out to fight on the open ground round the Devil's Jumps. After the advance on Aldershot, when the first corps under Sir Henry de Bathe turned the flank of Sir John Douglas, and completely rolling up his right wing carried the position which the latter general had endeavoured to protect with too extended a line, the second corps retired northward, and encamped on the moorland at Coldingly, subsequently taking up a

position near Hartford bridge flats. Owing to the exceptionally wet weather the actual days of manœuvring were somewhat curtailed; but a sufficient number of actions was fought to give rise to many questions and to solve many problems. Before following out the lessons thus learnt, a general sketch of the mode of conducting this veritable *kriegspiel* will conduce to a clear appreciation of its value. A general idea conveyed in few words was issued from headquarters prior to each day's operations. This idea usually stated which army was supposed to be on the defensive, and what lines it was to defend. The time for the troops to leave their respective camps was laid down, and the bounds of the ground over which operations were to extend fixed. The generals commanding the corps d'armée, by the help of maps, and of the surveys executed by their staff-officers, and usually after consultation with their division commanders, then issued short general orders, directing the divisions to move by certain roads and take up or attack certain positions, the details of the movements being left to the division and brigade generals.

Frequently the lessons of the *kriegspiel* were employed to assist in the development of the plans, and it was not unusual for the staff to work out on maps, with the help of models, the movements which the troops were to make on the subsequent day. The combined employment of personal recognisances, with the use of maps, proved to be one of the best lessons for a staff-officer, and afforded practical evidence of the possession of a cultivated intellect, united to the bodily activity necessary to ride over rough ground: in fact the teachings of the military college and of the hunting-field were well combined. The necessity of

fixing and strictly insisting on the exact time for the departure of the troops from their camps, arose from the limited extent of ground available, and the need, in some degree, of husbanding the strength of the men. General officers became so keen in the mimic war, that every stratagem was thought fair, and a few minutes gained by the cavalry in leaving camp, might make or mar the best arranged schemes: consequently the headquarter staff and the umpires had to keep a sharp look-out, lest a fast watch on one side or the other should accelerate the movements of the troops.

Exactly at the appointed hour, the several divisions and brigades, standing ready on their private parade grounds, would receive the order to march, and the cavalry, accompanied by horse artillery, would be pushed well to the front, either to seize some important position, or, acting as the eyes of the army, to endeavour to obtain intelligence of the enemy's movements. The due performance of this duty, probably the most important that cavalry will in modern warfare be called on to perform, was strictly insisted upon by the Duke of Cambridge, who had to combat the natural desire on the part of cavalry generals to keep their regiments in hand. The terrible effect of modern small arms, their power of being rapidly loaded, and their great accuracy, prevent cavalry, except under very exceptional circumstances, from approaching infantry, whilst the broken surface of a cultivated country would, under any circumstances, greatly restrict their movements, except in very small bodies; consequently, the more advanced cavalry soldiers recognise the fact that the *rôle* of cavalry has changed, and that whilst as important as they ever were to the success of an army, their duties are more those of the dragoon or

mounted rifleman than of the *sabreur*. To conceal the operations of their own army, and to ascertain and restrict the movements of the enemy, to extend the influence of an invading force over a wide extent of country, or to prevent an enemy from availing himself of the resources of the neighbourhood through which he may be marching, will be their chief duties, requiring great personal activity, both of man and horse, and an amount of intelligence which must raise, and has already influenced, the character of the officers and men of the cavalry service. Possibly a few regiments might be kept in hand for some decisive engagement, but the mass of the cavalry must be pushed to the front, preparing the way for battle—but, as the masses close, leaving the field clear for the deadly rifle. During the late summer manœuvres, the restricted field of operations prevented the cavalry from deriving the full amount of benefit that a more extended arena would have afforded; but enough was seen to impress on all a most instructive lesson on the employment of this important arm. With the cavalry scouts, parties of signal men rode, prepared to take up their positions on any eminence which would facilitate their signalling by means of flags the messages to the superior officers in rear. This method of conveying intelligence was much employed in the American war, where the field telegraph received great supplementary aid from the signal parties, and where the latter, as was the case when Sherman's line of communications was cut on his advance on Atlanta, retained their powers of sending intelligence when the telegraph wires had been broken. The formation of the advanced guards of the infantry columns demanded and obtained careful consideration, and the advantage

of pushing artillery forward to cover the deployment of the infantry and to protect the advance of the skirmishers was fully recognised. The march and movements of the main columns were frequently interfered with by the necessity of avoiding damage to crops and fences; and it was a somewhat difficult task for the umpires, first to imagine, and then to impress on the opposite side the idea of the deployment of troops who might really be huddled together in column of route between the roadside hedges.

Having alluded to these much-abused individuals—viz., the officers who were detailed to act as umpires, and who, of course, pleased no one, it may be interesting to see what their duties were. As the troops joined in battle, first in small bodies and then in masses, when the supports and reserves were brought under fire, the umpires had to decide which side was to yield ground. Giving due allowance to the nature of the position, the numbers engaged, and, most difficult of all, the effect of artillery-fire, when a few puffs of smoke at nearly a mile distant alone showed that batteries were firing on the lines of attack, or were enfilading the position taken up by the defenders, their decisions had to be delivered rapidly as well as judiciously, and their opinions were severely criticised by those who suffered from them. Their second duty was to keep the peace between the belligerents, to restrain the troops, as, excited by the mimic war, they pressed forward somewhat too eagerly, and to prevent a sham action from being converted into serious combat. Soldiers, and even officers, became so imbued with the spirit of the conflict, that they would have been only too happy if permitted to fight it out in reality. Many stories are told in illustration of this feeling:

it was said to be dangerous for a Highland regiment to be engaged with the troops whose ancestors were involved in what is known as the massacre of Glencoe; whilst at one of the earlier manœuvres a pugnacious colonel of militia is narrated to have taken off his coat when his regiment became involved in a wood, and to have offered to fight, in any way he liked, the colonel of the opposing force. The umpires have also to put troops who have suffered severely out of action—i.e., to kill them; and it is somewhat trying for keen soldiers hurrying rapidly to the front, to be suddenly stopped in their career, and ordered to pile arms and lie down, although towards the close of a long engagement there is not quite so great a dislike to this method of annihilation. Putting guns out of action is a most disagreeable duty, especially when it has to be performed by infantry officers, whose opinions on this point are not regarded with much respect by the scientific branch of the army; indeed the artillery officer who, after losing some guns, was heard to wonder why these d—d guardsmen were pitchforked into the position of umpires, might demand the sympathy of many of his comrades in arms. However, on the whole, great good-temper and forbearance were shown to the umpires; and they were merely considered fools who were usually tolerably harmless, their best commendation being when both sides equally abused them.

As at the *kriegspiel*, the lessons diminished in their practical value when the troops became engaged, and when their powers of fighting and their moral qualities would in real warfare have exercised an influence which no umpire could estimate at its proper value. When, therefore, the pickets and advanced

parties of cavalry and infantry had been driven in, and the main attack had become fully developed, the bugler from the headquarters, acting under the orders of the Duke of Cambridge, or, in his absence, of Sir T. Steel, would usually sound the cease firing, the generals with their staff would assemble, and after hearing the arguments on both sides, together with the unbiassed opinions of the umpires, the senior officer present—in most instances the Duke of Cambridge—would express his criticism on the day's proceedings, pointing out any faults that might have been committed, and indicating the lessons that the operations had afforded. Sometimes, as was the case when the first corps advanced on Aldershot, and when the position in front of Hartford bridge flats was carried by the same troops, the advantage was so clearly indicated that no doubt could be felt as to the issue of the action; but generally there was much to be said on both sides; and the battle would, if it had been fought in reality, have rested on the courage of the troops, and on their subsequent tactical movements under fire.

So much for the usual course pursued during the late manœuvres; and it now remains to be seen what practical lessons have been deduced from them. These lessons differ in kind, but not in importance, according to the rank and position of the individual; and, as it has been alleged by some critics that little profit accrues to the private soldier, it may be well, first, to consider his case, and to see what professional benefit has resulted to him from the recent manœuvres. As a premise, it must be remembered that the wellbeing and consequent efficiency of an army rests on the due performance of what some might wrongly call trifling duties. The

best strategical operations will be marred if the boots are bad; a swampy and ill-made half-mile of road may, by hindering the supplies of an army, delay its most important movements; whilst the inattention of the cooks in keeping the wood dry may, by preventing the troops from having their proper food, mar their efficiency at a crisis when their utmost exertions are needed. The existence of a soldier in barracks and in garrison is so artificial, that to some extent his mind becomes impregnated with ideas that are not military: he takes narrow views of his duties, and requires rousing up by a life more resembling that which a campaign would present to him. He has to learn that the power of enduring hardships is one of the chief excellencies of a good soldier. That his body must be in good condition, not weakened by drink and dissipation; that boots and socks must be in good order, the former broad-soled and easy, not such as he would like to walk about in in his garrison town; that, *coûte que coûte*, he must take care of his arms; that, in order to be ready for the early *réveillé*, sound sleep and consequent complete quiet in the camp are important desiderata; that good temper, and the art of looking at matters with a cheerful aspect are qualities which make a man popular with his comrades, and that many a regulation which he has hitherto looked on as meaningless, and consequently irritating, has an intention which camp life plainly demonstrates. The art of pitching a tent is not learnt in one lesson; the proper method of constructing the kitchens is only acquired after practical experience in all winds and weathers. The company's cooks become in a campaign most important personages, and the strong *esprit de corps* of regiments, marked sometimes in a most amusing way,

shows itself on every occasion. After a succession of stormy and wet days and nights, when the cooks of one of the Guards regiments had been up from 3 A.M. trying to kindle a fire and drain their kitchens, the fact that they had prepared the breakfasts half-an-hour earlier than the adjoining regiment fully compensated them for all their anxiety and trouble. The best method of picking horses is an art which the experience of recent manœuvres, in comparison with those of 1871, shows that our artillery and cavalry have completely mastered; whilst the serviceable condition of the horses after the succession of wet weather which characterised the month of July, proved that officers and men have given intelligent and unremitting care to insure their wellbeing. Every portion of the accoutrements undergoes the trial of service; much that may be fascinating in appearance fails in practical utility; and it may be doubted whether the cavalry at Coldingly camp, who on one especial day and night either slept in their boots or went barefooted from inability to pull them on, would object to some less smart-looking but more serviceable covering for the feet. The same wet weather showed that the white pouches for the infantry ammunition were not really serviceable; and in fact it would be endless to enumerate the several hints and experiences which regimental officers and men have acquired during these manœuvres. The management of soldiers under circumstances of hardship, and a due appreciation of their patient good temper, are not the least among the many important lessons that the young officer learns. He will find out that, if he knows how to command, the men will tax their utmost energies to obey him, and that by a little consideration he may save them much trouble, by which not

only will their powers of work be increased, but his thoughtfulness be more than duly appreciated. On the line of march, or during field-operations, the frequent order to *dress* given after the word *halt* will in a long day do more to tire men than an extra two miles' march—and this trifling instance is merely one among several that any intelligent regimental officer will call to mind. It may be said that these are small matters; but life, and especially the life of an army, is composed of so-called trivialities, and every great commander, in providing for its efficiency, has known how highly to appreciate their importance.

To do more than merely to indicate some of the lessons which each arm of the service has learnt would be presumptuous in the face of the many able critics whom our army produces. In regard to the infantry, perhaps one of the most important is that which promises to lead to some practical deduction from the multitude of chaotic theories that the changes in arms and the experience of recent wars have caused to be promulgated. The preponderance that accurately shooting rifles appeared to have given to defensive operations has been counterbalanced by the facility of loading afforded by the breechloader to troops moving forward to the attack; but hitherto the best method of formation has not been definitely settled, although the following steps in the right direction seem to have been agreed upon. First, that the attack of the first line, probably of the second, and possibly of the third, must be in open order, each line pressing forward and closing to the front as it nears the enemy; that this attack in open order differs greatly from skirmishing, which should precede it to clear the ground; and that it demands even

greater steadiness from the men than the advance in close order. In fact, if our soldiers gained an advantage in former wars by working in *two deep* lines when opposed to the denser formations of foreign troops, they should preserve the advantage by still further extending the principle, and by acting in open order and single rank against the modified tactical alterations of our possible opponents. On the other hand, the too great lateral extension of the formations of attack must be deprecated. The rapid succession of wave after wave of lines is necessary to carry any position firmly held, whilst the reserves must be in hand in the event of repulse. Increased steadiness of training for our soldiers, and more careful education for our company's officers, become needful to insure the work being well performed. If once men are launched under infantry fire, they are beyond the supervision not only of generals and of staff, but of their mounted officers, consequently company's officers and non-commissioned officers must learn to act on their own responsibility.

It is to be regretted that the restricted field of operations and the wet weather prevented the more frequent employment of out-pickets. This important duty is not sufficiently practised in our army; indeed, the system is not indicated with perfect clearness, and it would be well if on some future occasion especial attention were directed to the settlement of some of the questions that have arisen in regard to its proper performance. For instance, supposing the front of an army to be well covered by a cavalry screen, what pickets are required? and should they be organised on the German system—viz., in three bodies, exclusive of the reserve, or in the simpler method that has

hitherto prevailed in our army? But for the employment of pickets a considerable extent of country is necessary, the armies should be at some distance from each other, and it would be well if the field of operations were changed from the well known country around Aldershot to a locality with which our staff-officers were less intimately acquainted. The broad expanse of down-land in the vicinity of Wantage, and lying between the valleys of the Thames and of the Kennet, has not yet been tried as a field of operations, although it appears to present many advantages for autumn if not for summer manœuvres, whilst any difficulties that might exist in regard to the additional supplies of water required for the troops, would be easily overcome by the skill and energy of the engineers. Beyond the laying down of the telegraph wires, and the preparation of the camping grounds by repairs of roads, making watering-places, &c., little scope was afforded to the scientific branch of our army. No forts were raised, nor was the pontoon train which accompanied the troops put into requisition on any extended scale. Questions connected with the artillery were, on the other hand, much discussed, notably the great principle involving the latitude given to commanders of field batteries, in conjunction with the necessity of their united action for some common purpose. The distances at which guns open fire, and the dread of exposing them to the rifles of the infantry, prevent artillery from being brought as much to the front as in former times; whilst the system of concentrating fire without massing together large numbers of guns, causes batteries to be scattered, and out of hand, not only of the generals of corps, or of divisions, but of their own proper commandant; consequently

the criticism more than once passed on the tactical employment of the artillery, was to the effect that their operations were too diffuse and not sufficiently confined to the main object at issue. The very excellence of our guns, especially of the new sixteen pounders, adds to the difficulty of solving the problem in regard to the line of demarcation between the individual responsibility permitted to commanders of batteries and their proper supervision by superior authority. The most effective fire of artillery is at ranges over a thousand yards, consequently to bring them nearer would be entailing danger without any advantage, excepting the moral support that the presence of guns might produce; but the further they are removed from the infantry, the more they are beyond the control of the general who would probably be directing the movements of attack or defence; and there arises a risk lest his intention, either from not having been sufficiently impressed on the commandant of artillery, or on the officers of the batteries, should fail to receive the support which the guns ought to afford. To increase the power and the executive staff of the commandant of artillery might, in some degree, remedy the difficulty; but, on the other hand, a liability to divided responsibility and consequent hesitations might show itself. In fact, long ranges, and the extended field of operations thereby entailed, affect what may be termed the tactical discipline of artillery in a manner somewhat similar to the influence they have exercised on cavalry and infantry, and they appear to necessitate additional intelligence and education for the regimental officers, and, on the part of the general a habit of conveying to his subordinates a clear impression of his intentions,

leaving to them the execution of the details.

Another question almost involuntarily arises from the study of the summer manœuvres, and from the examination of the history of recent wars. Is the somewhat prevalent idea a correct one, that the proportionate number of guns to infantry should be augmented? does not rather the increased power of the rifle and the necessity of rapid movements appear to point to a reduction in the strength of the artillery? In most parts of England, how difficult it is to find ranges for artillery beyond those which the rifle would sweep; and what facilities for the shooting down of horses and the consequent capture of guns do the numerous hedges, banks, and hollow roads afford! Inferior troops need the moral support which even the sound of friendly guns affords; but good infantry learn that they carry a weapon which, in an enclosed country, will give them a terrible advantage over the best artillery, unless they be strongly supported; whilst the very necessity of protecting guns may tend to cramp the elasticity of the riflemen who might otherwise be more profitably employed. The question is, of course, merely one of proportionate strength between the two arms, and as artillery cannot be rapidly improvised, and as we in England depend for our field batteries entirely on the regular army, there is little danger in a great war of our being able to overstep the bounds which necessity would set for us.

A consideration of the employment of artillery in the enclosed and cultivated districts which the greater portion of England offers for the movement of troops, leads to the still larger question as to whether this country may not be more adapted

for offensive than defensive tactics. Nothing perhaps was more striking to the spectators of the recent manœuvres, than the ease with which the movements of large bodies of troops could be concealed, and the difficulty the army on the defensive met with in discovering the place from which the attack might be expected. For military purposes, the south of England is, to all intents and purposes, a forest intersected by numerous sunken roads, along which, by means of good maps and careful reconnaissances, troops could march, masking their operations by mounted riflemen pushed well to the front. Few defensive positions present themselves which cannot be approached almost under cover, or which cannot be turned unperceived by the troops who may be occupying them. The long range of our artillery would be of little service, as the ground is too broken to permit of being swept by its fire. To take up a position and await attack would be almost to court defeat, and it should be an established maxim that the army on the defensive must be prepared quickly and energetically to meet attacks by counter blows. The intelligent use of cavalry becomes of the utmost importance, and if, as seems probable, this branch of the service is to be employed rather to prepare than to take part in great battles, it may be worth consideration whether their arms and even drill may not require some further alteration. Many cavalry officers are inclined to think that the *sabreur* must give way to the mounted rifleman, and if so, no sentiment arising from ancient traditions, or regrets for past services, should prevent the changes which it may be requisite to introduce. To test the cavalry, and also to give scope for action to the supply and

commissariat branches of the army, a more extended field of operations than that allotted to the late manœuvres becomes essential; and, viewing the change in feeling of the rural population in regard to the presence of troops, and the evidence of the little damage which their operations cause, it would not be difficult to find a new and wider field of action than those already selected. The good conduct of the soldiery, their strict discipline, and the ready market they afford, have removed the prejudices which many localities formerly felt against their presence, and if no other benefit had accrued from the manœuvres of the past four years than the evidence they have given of the erroneous views of a soldier which were only too prevalent in the villages and rural districts of England, it would go far to justify the comparatively slight expense they have entailed. The duties of the small but excellent body of police who accompanied the army were light in regard to the soldiery; whilst every officer knows that if the temptations which the great cities offer to the recruit could be avoided, crime and sickness would be reduced to a minimum. Notwithstanding the unprecedented bad weather, and the exposure of the men, the sick lists of all the regiments diminished in a marked degree, and morally and physically the troops derived decided benefits from their short campaign. The young soldiers, contrary to preconceived notions, did their work admirably, and their physique was certainly not inferior to that of the recruits of former years. Indeed it may be doubted whether, except as regards numerical strength, the army was ever in peace time more efficient than at the present time. The keeping up of a sufficient force in spite of the high wages and superior

inducements of civil life, and the due provision of efficient reserves, may necessitate some modification or alteration of our military system; but we venture to think that few who have either watched attentively the growth and progress of the summer manœuvres, or who regard in a philosophical spirit the best method of training men in peace for the rude experiences of war, will doubt that the method of educating officers and soldiers by an imitation—feeble although it may be—of their life in actual campaigning, is conducted on sound principles, and therefore recommends

itself equally favourably to the careful thinker and to the practical worker. England is rich enough to spend money to secure efficiency, and at the present time there is no desire to stint necessary military expenditure. The taxpayer is satisfied that he obtains the proper value for the slight sacrifices he is called on to make, and we trust no desire will be shown to curtail a system which those who have watched the progress of the manœuvres must regard as containing, at all events, the germs of sound military education.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXX.

OCTOBER 1875.

Vol. CXVIII.

THE LONDON POLICE COURTS.

"Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
Swift of despatch and easy of access."—**DRYDEN.**

PROBABLY few of the readers of 'Maga' have ever entered a London police court, or had any practical experience of the working of that portion of our judicial system which most immediately affects the safety and comfort of our daily life. The column which is devoted by the daily press to the police reports, contains but a slight and meagre account of the actual proceedings which occupy the time and attention of the metropolitan police magistrates, and is confined almost exclusively to those cases which may be expected to result in trials of public interest and importance, which really form but a small part of the business which is brought before the magistrate.

The jurisdiction of the metropolitan police courts extends from Hornsey on the north to Norwood on the south, and from Barking Creek and Woolwich on the east

to Wimbledon and Hammersmith on the west of the metropolis ; from this, however, must be excepted the city proper, which remains under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor and aldermen.

In this district, then, are eleven police courts,* to each of which two magistrates are allotted, who are responsible for the conduct and despatch of the business, one of whom is in attendance from ten o'clock until five (and later if need be) every day throughout the year, except Sundays, Christmas-day and Good Friday. At Bow Street, in addition to the two magistrates allotted to that court, the chief magistrate attends daily, and besides taking a portion of the ordinary business of the court, presides over the very numerous cases which now arise under the extradition treaties, and over those more important investigations which may properly be

* Strictly speaking, thirteen ; but Hammersmith being united with Wandsworth, and Greenwich with Woolwich, these four courts may be considered as two.

considered as State trials, and conducts the necessary communications with the various departments of the Government. Clerks are attached to each court, and a staff of ushers and other officers are in attendance to assist in the transaction of the business.

The duties of the court may be divided into those which are inquisitorial and those which are judicial. To the former class belong all those inquiries which take place preparatory to the committal of a prisoner for trial at the sessions or assizes, comprising, with some exceptions, all felonies and the more serious class of misdemeanours. To the latter belong the far more numerous cases of every conceivable description which a magistrate has power to decide summarily.

The tendency of recent legislation has been to increase largely the number of this latter class. Larcenies and embezzlements for a small amount, or where the prisoner pleads guilty or is under the prescribed age,—cases which, a few years ago, could only be adjudicated upon by a jury—are now confided to the decision of a police magistrate; besides which, his jurisdiction in cases of aggravated assaults has, of late years, been largely extended. In the same class must be comprised those cases which arise under the numerous Acts passed within a recent period relating to the regulation of streets, the construction of buildings, the suppression of nuisances, the general sanitary arrangements of the district, the settlement of disputes between landlords and their lodgers, between masters and servants, including the important and sometimes very difficult cases which arise with regard to seamen's wages—and under other statutes, whose name is legion: and to these must be added common assaults, and all the petty offences

arising from disputes as to the water-tap, the clothes-line, the washing-copper, the feuds of children, followed by battles between their respective mothers,—the religious animosities of Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian, as bitter, though not so fatal, as when Richard the First returned from the Holy Land; and, above all, from that *fons et origo* of all crime—Drink.

As soon as the magistrate takes his seat, the ordinary business of the day commences.

Of this an accurate record is kept in the following manner: In all summary cases a careful note of the evidence is taken by the clerk, and preserved in the court. In all those cases which have ultimately to go before a superior tribunal, a deposition is taken down, read over, and signed by each witness, and then transmitted to the court before which the trial is to take place. A perfect history of each case is thus preserved for future reference, and a triple record of the decision is entered, in the magistrate's book, on the clerk's note, and on the police charge-sheet.

It requires no small amount of skill on the part of the clerk to disentangle the confused web in which a witness frequently enfolds his story. Dickens had great experience in police courts, and no doubt drew the rambling narratives of Mrs. Finching and Mrs. Gamp from what he there heard.

The arrangement of the business differs in some degree in the several courts, but in general that which is first disposed of consists of persons who have been taken to the station-house principally for their own protection, being what in police language is called "drunk and incapable," and who, if not in custody, would probably have been robbed or maltreated. These are generally discharged with a reprimand, or, if

old offenders, or persons who from their station in life might have been expected to set a better example, sentenced to a small fine. To these succeeds the "drunk and disorderlies," when the offence of drunkenness has been aggravated by some misconduct not amounting to an actual assault. These offences are generally visited by a moderate fine, or a short period of imprisonment. Then follow the more serious charges, which, of course, include every offence known to the law.

There are few cases which occasion more anxiety to the magistrate, or require greater caution and discretion on his part, than those which arise from the provisions of the Reformatory and Industrial School Acts.

Many persons would be startled at the powers possessed by magistrates under these Acts. The Industrial School Act of 1866 empowers any person to bring any child under the age of fourteen years, who may be found on the streets or in any public place begging, either avowedly or under pretence of selling small articles, such as cigar-lights, or wandering without home or guardianship, or who is a destitute orphan, or whose parent may be in prison, before two justices or a police magistrate, who may thereupon order the child to be detained in an industrial school for any period, provided it does not extend beyond the time when the child shall attain the age of sixteen years.

In addition to this, any parent, step-parent, or guardian who finds any child under fourteen refractory, or not amenable to proper control, may apply to two justices or one police magistrate, who may relieve the parent of his difficulty by sending the child to an industrial school until it is sixteen years of age. As to the age at which the power of the justices or magistrate is to com-

mence, the words of the Act would certainly authorise their being called into the nursery to manage a fractious baby of six months, weeks, or even days old! This is a contingency which is not likely to occur, and which probably the Legislature hardly contemplated. In all likelihood the justices or magistrate are invested with this power by the skill of the draughtsman, and must be trusted not to exercise it indiscreetly.

That these Acts require the utmost care and circumspection on the part of the magistrate is evident; and it becomes still more important from the circumstance that the powers contained in them may be called into action by any person; and unhappily philanthropy is not always accompanied by judgment, and the most cruel acts sometimes arise from the most benevolent motives. We heard the following case narrated not long ago by the magistrate at whose court it occurred. Just as he was leaving the bench, an old blind man and a little girl were placed in the dock. A constable stated that whilst he was on duty in the street, a gentleman had directed his attention to the little girl, had called the child and given her a halfpenny, and then ordered him to take her into custody. "I could not leave the old blind man in the street," said the officer, "so I brought them both before your worship." The magistrate inquired whether the old man was known to the police as an habitual beggar. "Oh no," was the reply. "He has been about for many years. He gets his living by fiddling for the sailors. The little girl is his grandchild, and leads him about. He may have begged now and then when he's very hard up, but it's very seldom, if at all." The magistrate discharged the prisoners; and almost immediately afterwards the

gentleman who had given the half-penny to the child, and then given the child into custody, entered, and took his seat by the side of the magistrate, who told him he had dismissed the case. "I am sorry for it," he said. "It would have been a very good thing for that child if you had sent her to an industrial school." "And what would her grandfather have done without her?" said the magistrate. "He might have got a dog!" was the reply. Such is benevolence when it runs mad!

Another case occurred shortly afterwards at the same court, which illustrates forcibly the necessity of extreme caution in the exercise of the powers in question. A man was summoned to show cause why he should not contribute to the support of his son, who had been sent to an industrial school. We will tell his story as nearly as we can in his own words.

"I call this hard lines.—Here you've took away my boy, and now you wants me to pay for him. I wants my boy back again. I've seven on 'em, besides one as I keeps, as belonged to a mate of mine as was killed in the docks by a fall, two years ago, and his mother died in the hospital, and I've kep him since amongst mine, and I never asked for no help from the parish or nobody—not a fardin. It arn't feasible that I should send my boy out to beg.—Wandering, was he? why, I sent him out for a walk, as the doctor said would do him good, and he never come back.—Looked bad, did he? He was like to look bad when he'd been down in the fever for a month.—Ragged, was he? why, it's likely, when I'd locked up his best clothes that he might go down decent to the country when I'd been saving up money to send him to get him out of the fever, as the doctor said. It's hard I have

to work to get clothes at all for some on 'em—and you takes him away and locks him up and sends him to prison.—School, is it? Well it's all one, and now you wants me to pay for him. I wants my boy back again. That's what I wants." The magistrate directed inquiries to be made into the case. The story was found to be true, and the result was that the child was restored to his father.

One instance such as this cropping up, indicates, we fear, the existence of many cases of hardship beneath the surface.

Another danger attends the administration of these Acts. A large, and we fear increasing, class exists, with whom it is an object of desire to get a child into a reformatory or industrial school.

It is a fact—and a more frightful proof of utter demoralisation cannot be conceived—that a parent not unfrequently places money in the way of a child with the express intention that it should be stolen, and then brings the child before the magistrate charged with the offence, in the hope of being thus relieved from the burden of its maintenance, and that it will be provided for at the public expense. Let the reader picture to himself the position of a working man who struggles hard to bring up his family honestly and independently, and to give his children some education; who denies himself personal indulgences, and labours early and late for this object, and who is exposed to the taunts and sneers of his next-door neighbour, who says, "Do as I do—drink your wages—idle half the week—turn your children into the streets—bring them up as thieves and vagabonds. The school board officer will pick them up and take them before a magistrate, who will send them to a school where they will be better taught, fed,

clothed, and lodged, than you can do for them, and paid for by rates or fools like you who slave and starve yourselves."

This is no imaginary picture. A man was summoned some months ago for an order to be made on him to contribute towards the maintenance of his child in an industrial school. When the officer served the summons, he boasted that this was the third child he had got provided for, and said they were quite welcome to him. The magistrate ordered him to pay five shillings a-week; but such an order is generally futile. The man moves his residence from place to place, and it would cost too much to hunt him out. He can earn from 35s. to 40s. a-week, and spend it in debauchery. Did our space permit, we could multiply these cases by scores; but we have said enough to show the extreme caution a magistrate is compelled to exercise.

The confusion arising from the apparent identity of two different persons has been the fertile theme of comedy ever since the days of Plautus.

A short time ago a man was brought to one of the police courts, charged with some offence not of a very serious nature. It was stated that he had been previously convicted at the Mansion House and at Worship Street. He admitted that he had been at Worship Street, but stoutly denied that he had ever been at the Mansion House. He was identified as having been there by his photograph, by his having a scar over the left eye, and having lost the first joint of the forefinger of the left hand. This certainly appeared pretty good evidence of identity. The prisoner was remanded for a week, and during that week another man who had a scar over the left eye, who had lost the first joint of the forefinger of the

left hand, who equally resembled the photograph, and who was, in fact, the man who had been at the Mansion House, was taken into custody. The two men, who had no connection with each other, were placed side by side in the dock, before the magistrate. Such a case as this is probably unique, and we should have been disposed to doubt its truth had we not received it from the magistrate before whom the men were brought.

Wilful and distinct perjury is, unhappily, common, but it is often clumsy and easy of detection; but there is a kind of false swearing which is more apt to mislead, when, in a hazy and excited state of mind, an account of a transaction, utterly inconsistent with the real facts, is given, but which yet is strongly impressed on the mind of the witness. This occurs sometimes with regard to matters as to which it might be supposed that mistake was impossible.

A prisoner was charged not long ago with assaulting and knocking out the tooth of an old woman. In confirmation of her story, the complainant displayed the gap in her jaw, and produced the identical tooth, so she swore, which the prisoner had knocked out. The appearance of the tooth excited the suspicions of the magistrate, and he called to his assistance a surgeon who happened to be present, and who, after examining the tooth, said that more than a month must certainly have elapsed since it had been in any living head, as there was a portion of the gum adhering to it, which was dry and shrivelled; "besides," he said, "the tooth that the woman has lost is one of the *incisores*, whereas this is a *bicuspid molar*." In spite of this, the old woman, who probably did not know what a "bicuspid molar" was, persisted in swearing that that was the

tooth, and nothing but the tooth. Indeed, the scientific language in which common facts are sometimes disguised might puzzle persons of a higher order of education: we have heard a black eye described as "echymosis surrounding the orbit;" and when it has been what is called in common parlance "banged up," the "action of the visual organs" has been said to be "impeded."

When the charges have been disposed of, the time of the court is generally occupied by hearing applications. It is impossible to place any limit to the subjects which are thus brought before the magistrate, and upon which his opinion and advice is asked. He might be supposed to possess the power of every court from the Queen's Bench and the Court of Chancery downwards, but the powers he is most frequently asked to assume are those which belong to the Divorce Court.

We happened to be present one day when a smart-looking young woman stepped forward to tell her wrongs. She related how, passing the door of one of her fellow-lodgers, she heard her faithless husband's voice inside, and, availing herself of the keyhole for the purpose of observation, saw him sitting with his arm encircling the waist of Mrs. Perkins. Thinking that where the husband was, the wife ought to be welcome too, she tried to open the door; it was fastened. She knocked; after a suspicious period of delay it was opened, and there stood Mrs. Perkins *alone*, looking the picture of innocence. "I looks round, your worship; I sees my villain's coat-tail a-sticking out of Mrs. Perkins's coal-cupboard. I pulled him out, and I scratched his face, I did, and he can't deny it. And I wants your worship's advice what I'm to do with him; and I puts it to your worship, what would be the feelings of your worship's good-lady if she

saw your worship's coat-tail a-sticking out of another lady's coal-cupboard?"

Such appeals to personal experience and domestic affections and habits are by no means rare; and indeed one of the most useful though least conspicuous parts of the duty of a metropolitan magistrate is that of acting as adviser to any one who seeks his counsel.

Hot weather adds much to the business of the police courts. The inhabitants of the close and crowded neighbourhoods come forth to enjoy we cannot say the fresh air, but such air as they can find. The mothers gossip, the children play, quarrel, and fight, and from one cause or another an application is made at the police court next morning.

"Please yer worship," says a young Irish woman, "I was setting on the pavement forenemat my own door with my feet in the kennel when Mrs. McCarthy comes up the court with a dhrop taken and blunders over my legs: 'Get up out of that,' says she, 'ye cock-nosed——' I wouldn't mintion to yer worship the baste she called me, but I never seed none of that name that hadn't four legs, and I've ownly two, and most of 'em has horns,—and I'm the mother of seven children, barrin two that I've buried, and here's my marriage-lines. 'And if it pleased the Lord to cock my nose, that's no concern of yours, Mrs. McCarthy,' says I; 'and if I'd had the makin of my own nose I'd have had as straight a nose, as any lady in the court; and if it's fighting you want, Mrs. McCarthy,' says I, 'if you'll wait till my trouble's over,'—for I don't know from this hour to that when that'll be, and it may be this blessed minute that I'm spakin to yer worship,—'I'll fight ye like a lady;' and with that, yer worship, she lays heed of my shoulder with

all the teeth she has, and that's not many, for Jim M'Carthy,—that's her husband, as she calls him,—knocked out four of 'em at Larry Regan's wake,—and began to ate me like a dog; and I wish yer worship would bind her to the peace till my trouble's over, for I'm in fear of my life with her and her faction."

Another young lady from the sister isle next addressed the magistrate. "It was last June as your worship gave me two months for biting Mrs. Sullivan's finger, and I've served my time for it; and ever since I came out I'm in fear of my life, for Mrs. Sullivan goes up and down raving like a bull-dog in dhrink all over the court, and calling me cannibal Kitty; and it's hard I should be called cannibal Kitty all my life when I've served my time for it."

The washing-copper is a fertile source of discord. In a house let in tenements—the phrase used to express a house inhabited by a number of families—the use of the copper is generally allotted to each family on one day in the week. On Thursday morning the first floor back comes down early, lights the fire, and departs in search of a pennyworth of soap and a hap'orth of soda. The second floor front, who considers Thursday to be her day, finding the fire alight, places her linen in the copper, and retires to give time for the water to boil. The first floor back returns, and finding the intrusive linen in the copper, throws it out into the yard. The second floor front comes down and resents the insult to her washing by pushing the first floor back, who tumbles over a washing-tub: she rises and throws a bowl of soap-suds over the second floor front, who vents her wrath in disparaging remarks on the first floor back's children, which are replied to by bitter taunts on the second floor

front for having no children at all—a reproach as keenly felt as in the days when Rachel exclaimed, "Give me children, or else I die." If one of the parties happens to be a Roman Catholic from Connaught, and the other a Welsh methodist, the Celtic blood boils up, and the *odium theologicum* adds bitterness to the waters of strife which have flowed from the washing-copper. The neighbours come in and take part according to their religious or geographical affinities. Hair and sleeves are tucked up, earrings taken out, and preparations made for battle. A policeman who, by a natural instinct, has snuffed the danger from afar, walks quietly up the court, and is vociferously called upon by each party to take the other into custody. "You've got no marks," he says, "and I shan't lock either of you up; you may go and ask the magistrate for summonses." He remains on the spot until the probability of a renewal of hostilities is over, and then proceeds on his beat.

As soon as the police court opens, the first floor back, with much circumlocution and many expletives, narrates to the magistrate how she was standing at the wash-tub when the second floor front rushed at her, knocked her over the washing-tub—it was a mercy her legs were not broke; if she had been two inches nearer the wall she would certainly have been killed; how she lay there smothered in mud, and she probably adds, "in gores of blood;" how the second floor front deliberately kicked her as she lay on the ground; how she is black and blue from top to toe all over, where she can't show it in court, but for which she obligingly offers a private inspection to his worship, or, as she modestly adds, "any other female;" and she doesn't know why she did it no more nor his worship, for she never

spoke a word to the woman good or bad. The second floor front, who, like Hamlet, is "fat and scant of breath," and has been outrun in the race to the court, next comes and tells how she was going through to the yard, when the first floor back "drownded" her with boiling water—if it had come in her face it would have blinded her—and then threw the tub at her, and if it had hit her it would have killed her, and then flew at her like a tiger, and tore her hair out of her head by handfuls, and there's the hair to prove it—and she produces a bundle of tangled hair (which, by the way, is sometimes of a very different colour from that which remains on the head from which it is said to have been torn); and she doesn't know why she did it, for she never had no conversation with her, nor wouldn't at no time, for she's nothing but low Irish, and a terror to the whole court. The magistrate grants cross summonses, and by the time they come on to be heard, either the parties have made it up and do not appear, or if they come into court, the magistrate, after listening perhaps for an hour to their statements, probably disposes of the case by binding both over to keep the peace, and to be of good behaviour for the future.

A rosy-faced cabman next steps up into the box to make his complaint against a melancholy wight, whose appearance bears evidence of his having just awakened from a drunken sleep in the cell. "I was called by this here gent," says the cabman, "last night in the Strand. He was solid and sober as your worship. 'Drive me to Poplar,' says he. 'All right, sir,' says I. Presently up goes the trap. 'Cabby,' says he, 'pull up at the next public.' I pulls accordin. 'Will you take anything, cabby?' says he. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' says

I; 'I'll take a bottle of ginger-beer,' for I drinks no spirits in hot weather, your worship. Well, he pulls me up at two or three more houses, one after another, and I suppose he has more drink, for when he comes out of the last, 'stead of gettin' into my cab, he walks away. I drives arter him, and I says, 'You ain't agoing away without paying me my fare, I hopes, sir.' 'Go and ask Mrs. Williams for your fare,' says he, 'down in Poplar.' 'Well,' says I, 'I daresay Mrs. Williams is a very nice lady, but I hasn't the honour of her acquaintance,' and though I have heard of sich a place as Poplar, I don't know much of it, your worship, for I puts up in Clerkenwell, 'and I'd be obliged to you, sir,' says I, 'if you'd pay me my fare yourself;' and with that, your worship, he seemed to be drunk, for he began to talk quite metaphysically; so after a deal of persuadin, I gets him into the cab again and drives him to the station, as the Act directs."

In a district which comprises what the late Sir Charles Wetherell, with happy alliteration, called Peas-producing Peckham, Cabbage-growing Camberwell, Clerical Clapham, Parochial Pancras, Kingly Kensington, Proud Pimlico, and Homely Hoxton, the class of offences contributed by each to the police courts naturally differs much. The organ-grinder who excruciates the ears of the refined inhabitants of Grosvenor Square and almost drives the studious philosopher into a lunatic asylum, is a welcome guest in Stepney or Poplar, where he may be seen any fine evening surrounded by a group of delighted children dancing to his strains. Cabmen supply cases in the West and costermongers in the East; but both these classes are the objects of more public opprobrium than is borne out by the experience of the police

courts. The street-preacher is an abomination everywhere, and, like some other vermin, he is ubiquitous. A pair, male and female, of this genus were taken into custody not long ago for an obstruction in the streets. They appeared in the dock, Bible in hand, with an air of resignation becoming the profitable martyrdom, productive of pence and praise, which they desired. The magistrate, who was determined not to gratify their wishes in this respect, discharged them with a caution. The next day the woman was taken in custody for being drunk and riotous in the streets, and the man was arrested on a warrant for deserting his wife and family and leaving them chargeable to a parish in the north of England. In suburban neighbourhoods gardens and orchards are pillaged. An unhappy urchin of nine or ten years of age was given in charge to a policeman by a clergyman for picking up two or three unripe apples which had fallen prematurely from a tree in his garden. After the child had been locked up for some hours he was brought before the magistrate, the constable produced the apples, and the clergyman made his charge. The culprit replied with floods of tears and howls of terror. The magistrate dismissed the case, consoling the little urchin with the reflection that had he been permitted to complete his crime by devouring the apples, he would probably have suffered the same punishment which awaited "Matthew the eldest son of Christiana when he was much pained in his bowels, so that he was at times as it were pulled both ends together when he had eaten the fruit of Beelzebub's orchard." At the same time he recommended the complainant to select the text for his next Sunday's sermon from the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

At the East End the docks and river furnish many cases.

When a sailor arrives in port he commonly falls into the hands of a crimp employed by a boarding-house keeper or an outfitter, or both. If the voyage has been a long one, so that he may be expected to have a considerable sum of money to receive, his kit is taken to the boarding-house: he is plied with drink, taken to the outfitter, where he is induced to buy clothes on credit for double their value; he is then freely supplied with money by his boarding-master, and falls into the company of one of that class for which many euphemisms have been invented, but who are most truly designated by the term which they invariably select for themselves of "unfortunates," and of whom we must in justice say that of the three to whom he falls a victim they are the least extortionate. When he is paid off, the boarding-master, the tailor, and the "unfortunate" accompany him to the shipping office, and watch for him as he comes out: he is put into a cab and driven to the tailor's, where he pays his exorbitant bill, and is frequently bullied out of even a further sum. The "unfortunate" then claims her share, and the boarding-house keeper gets the remainder of his money, ships him again, and cashes his advance-note at a discount of 25 or 30 per cent, allows him to run into debt, and then detains his clothes.

The sailor applies to the magistrate for a summons, when the boarding-master, who knows that the magistrate, before whom he has very probably appeared more than once, is pretty well up to his rascalities, surrenders the clothes, and contents himself with his share of the plunder arising from the hard earnings of six or eight months, and which have disappeared in as many days.

That excellent institution, the Sailors' Home, has done much for the protection of the sailors. The Legislature, the magistrate, and the police have all united for the same object; but until, by some means, habits of self-control can be introduced amongst them, they must to a great extent remain an easy prey to the land-sharks amongst whom they fall on their arrival in port.

Cases of a very distressing kind frequently arise when "slop-work," as it is called, has been pawned. The cheap, ready-made clothes are almost entirely made by tailors and seamstresses in extreme indigence: the price paid for making up a coat or a pair of trousers is something marvellously small. There is generally a middleman or security interposed between the shopkeeper and the actual workman or seamstress, who is answerable for the due return, in the shape of a coat or some other article of dress, of the materials that have been given out. Under the pressure of extreme want, and with the fallacious hope of being able to redeem them before the day for their return shall arrive, the goods are pledged; the security is called upon to pay; the workman or seamstress is given in charge; and the case comes before the magistrate as one of unlawful pawning. The pawnbroker produces the goods, which he knows perfectly well he has dishonestly taken in; but he unhappily also knows that, in the present state of the law, he can do so with impunity. Were a power given to the magistrate to punish by fine or imprisonment every pawnbroker who took in goods which he might have reasonable cause to believe to be dishonestly offered in pledge, it would go far to put an end to half the thefts that are committed. At present the pawnbroker's shop is the ready receptacle for

the greater part of the stolen goods in the country.

It has often been said that the English are a law-abiding people. This is evinced in nothing more than in the uniform respect and acquiescence with which the decision of a magistrate is received. Let the magistrate only hear patiently all that an applicant or a prisoner has to say, allow him to tell his story in his own way without interruption, show him that he thoroughly understands all that has been urged; and however adverse the decision may be, it creates no resentment or ill-will. The same feeling extends in a great degree towards the police. When an officer does his duty without unnecessary harshness, he is considered as an honourable enemy, to be feared and avoided, to be defeated by stratagem, or if need be by force; but he excites no feelings of hatred or malignity; indeed he is not unfrequently appealed to by the man he has just captured to speak a good word on his behalf. When an officer arrests a prisoner in the very act of committing a felony, or steps in to quell a fray whilst the blood is hot, he not unfrequently gets roughly or even savagely handled, and the most determined courage is constantly displayed by the police on such occasions; but when a criminal is arrested subsequently, a tap on the shoulder with, "I want you, Jack," is generally quietly submitted to. The feeling excited by the "copper's mark," as he is called—the traitor who has betrayed his companion in crime, who has given information to the police—is far different; he is the object of the utmost scorn and hatred, and not unfrequently the victim of the most savage vengeance.

From the broadest farce to the deepest tragedy, there is no phase of the varied drama of life that does not

come before the police magistrate. We were once present at a scene which will not soon be forgotten.

It was a little past midnight. A drunken row had taken place at a dance-house. Knives were drawn and a black sailor was stabbed. The police were soon on the spot, and after a desperate struggle the culprit was secured. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, and his assailant to the police station. A sergeant was despatched in a hansom cab to summon the nearest magistrate, who arrived at the hospital soon after two o'clock in the morning. As he entered the accident ward and walked up between the lines of beds in the dim light accompanied by the house surgeon, and followed by the prisoner guarded by two policemen, who bore marks of the desperate nature of his resistance, the gaunt figures, some sitting propped up swathed in bandages, others rising with difficulty from the bed-clothing to take a hurried glance and then sinking down exhausted on their pillows, reminded one of that marvellous picture of the Last Judgment by Portus preserved in the Museum of Bruges, where the dead rise in their grave-clothes to await their doom. "It's a bad case," the surgeon said in a low tone to the magistrate, "but I think he can speak now." A screen was drawn round the bed. The magistrate took his seat close to the wounded man's pillow, which was dabbled

in blood, and held the Testament to his lips whilst he administered the oath. The culprit stood at the foot of the bed guarded by the two policemen, his head wrapped round with a bloody handkerchief, for he too had suffered in the fray. The surgeon stood by carefully watching his patient, whose lips the nurse from time to time moistened with brandy. In a voice scarcely audible, and broken by moans and cries of pain, the wounded man gave such an account of the affair as he was able, which the magistrate noted down word for word. It was a confused and disjointed narrative. The magistrate read it over, and asked the prisoner if he wished to put any question to the witness. "I can put no question," he replied; "I was very drunk, and I don't remember anything about it." The magistrate folded up his papers and put them in his pocket, and as he left the hospital said to the surgeon, "Will he die?" "Probably," was the reply. "But we shall know more about it in a little while." After remaining several weeks in the hospital the man recovered from the wound, and we believe refused to charge his shipmate.

We have sketched a few of the incidents that occur in the London police courts—tribunals which are emphatically the courts of the poor, to which the words of Dryden which we have placed at the head of this paper are justly applicable.

WRECKED OFF THE RIFF COAST.

LIKE most of the towns of Spain and the Orient, Tangiers looks very inviting from the sea, and loses considerably on intimate acquaintance. Nothing can be more attractive than the dazzling houses rising tier over tier in the glossy green of the orange-groves, girdled by the grey walls, and guarded by the frowning battlements, of the fortress, with the whitewash of the whited sepulchre gleaming in the golden glow of an African sunset. For nothing can be much more repulsive than the interior of the tumble-down old city, especially of a rainy day, when each rugged causeway comes down in filthy flood, and the hanging house-eaves are gushing in dingy water-spouts. The rains should wash the place, and no doubt they do; but it would take the flooding of many monsoons to cleanse that Augean stable. For the plateaux above are loaded with the miscellaneous deposits of the dry season, and all the refuse and garbage that have been neglected by the jackals and vultures begin descending towards the sea.

It had come to be our solitary excitement looking out of the windows of the small hotel, and speculating on what would next be whirled past us in the gutter. For we had been storm-bound in Tangiers for four mortal days, ringing the changes between moods savage and sulky, under the disappointment of blighted schemes for sport. We had crossed from "the Rock" in the cattle-boat, with light portmanteaus and heavy cases of ammunition, with central-fire breech-loaders, rifles, and revolvers. We had talked confidently at the mess-table of bloody bags, made up of everything from wild boar to woodcock. Arrived at

Tangiers, we had interviewed the legation in the absence of its chief, and arranged for the escort of a Moslem soldier, detailed on the duty of answering for our heads with his own by the local representative of the Moorish vicegerent of Allah. Having secured this orthodox warrior's services, we should have felt bound in honour to find him employment, even had we been less eager to be up and doing for our own sakes. Twice we had saddled for the field and sallied resolutely out of the gates, under the gaze of the white-bearded elders who smoked and gossiped in their shadow. The first time we had been driven back by the falling floods before we had got well beyond the shelter of the consular garden walls. On the second occasion we had pushed somewhat farther. Encouraged by some watery blinks of sunshine, and fondly persuading ourselves that the heavens were shutting their sluices, we had persevered against our sounder judgment until it became plain that there had been nothing but a temporary obstruction. It was anything but an agreeable ride, as the wiry little barbs went labouring fetlock-deep through the holding ground, straining their sinewy loins with their hind-legs slipping from beneath them, and now and again half disappearing in a slough that seemed to surge up almost to the saddle-girths. The streamlets we forded were coming down in apate; the stagnant canals were brimming over with brown water; the gardens and enclosures were steaming in the warm air; the solemn storks themselves looked more than ordinarily disconsolate, as if they were being hard put to it to pick up a living in

spite of their lengthy legs and necks. Not more disconsolate, however, than Hamet, our soldier-guard, as he did his best to cover the priming of his primitive matchlock and pistol under his draggled *haik*. Yet persevere we did, till we drew bridle under the lee of the white-washed tomb of some sainted *marabout*, which looked a likely place to partake of our luncheon-breakfast. It was but a melancholy meal, however, as we bivouacked on spongy grass under the drip of the palm-boughs. We felt somewhat the cheerier for applications to the sherry-bottles and cognac-flasks, which there was no object whatever in economising; for the moment the meal was at an end we were again in our soaking saddles, bent on escaping back from the plague of water into the comparative comfort of the city we were sick of. Hamet led the way home at a hand-gallop, although the heaviest weight and the most indifferently mounted of the party. But the weather and the example of his unbelieving employers had been too much for his principles. He had set at defiance the unsocial law of his prophet, and indulged in draughts that were the sweeter for being forbidden. And there he was, shoving along in advance of us, recklessly driving his rusty stirrups into his charger's smoking flanks, and laying the road and showers of mud behind him, regardless of appeals, threats, and imprecations.

Plastered with the mud, and dripping from head to heel, the pitiful *mon dieux* of our sympathising little landlord had welcomed us home, as we came straggling up the steep street that led to his hostelry. Since then, we had scarcely set foot across his threshold. The rain had been descending remorselessly as ever; depression had passed into despondency, and despondency set-

tled into despair. Hamet, who had haunted the passage like an embodied reproach, had at last been discharged with a suitable *gnerdon*. Our sporting experiences in Morocco had sufficed us. Even should the weather hold up, it must be days before the waters could subside; and our one idea was to effect a retreat, and find ourselves back again among our friends of the garrison.

It is true that we might have been worse off. So much of an admission was wrung out of us as we drew our chairs to the dinner-table of an evening, in the cheery little parlour with the bright chintz paper and gay crimson hangings, with the ormolu clock and candles on the chimney-piece, and the battle-piece of Solferino suspended over the fire, where the President of the Septennate, in his *garance*-coloured pantaloons, was flourishing his *bâton* among volumes of smoke. The little dinner, served to admiration, made way for a voluptuous dessert. On the table were dates and figs, bananas and Tangerine oranges, sparkling crystal, and wax-lights in silver candelabra, long-necked bottles of ruby Bordeaux, with a squat decanter of topaz-tinged Manzanilla. But brightest of all was the visage of our lively host, M. Dumolard, who was easily prevailed upon to gratify us with his company, and who chattered away merrily when he had fairly slipped himself out of his prim court suit of decorous reserve.

It was on the fifth evening of our sojourn that M. Dumolard, for the third time, had made a movement to withdraw, observing incidentally—

"I will assure you, Sares, she shall not sail before to-morrow at mid-day; I come from seeing M. the Captain, and he tells me the half of the cattle are not loaded as yet. There was a piece of the *bétail* passing down the street but now; Mes-

sieurs must assuredly have heard them."

So saying, M. Dumolard bowed himself away; and as he closed the door, Jack Roper remarked to me, "I'm quite as well pleased we shan't have to make an early start of it, although I believe I should burn myself the brain, as Dumolard would say, if we had forty-eight hours more of this infernal purgatory. By the way, I hope the wind may fall as fast as it got up,"—for, just at that moment, a gust caught hold of the great fig-tree outside and rattled its branches against the casement.

Now any one who had the pleasure of Roper's acquaintance in happier days—Captain Roper, V.C., of the —th battery of her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Artillery—would have been sorely puzzled to recognise that genial officer in the morose accents of the foregoing speech. For no one had been in the way of taking life more happily, or had looked more naturally on the lively side of things. As he had been but a few short months before, even monotonous confinement through five wearisome wet days would have sat upon him exceedingly lightly, without the creature-comforts he enjoyed and the agreeable companion who shared his evil fortune. But through the last few months Roper had been changing fast, and thereby hangs the present yarn.

His reputation had gone before him when he got the route for "Gib," and men who only knew him by name were prepared to give him a cordial greeting. In the course of a week or so, he was "Jack" before his face to the set he was shaking down among; while all the rest of the world of the garrison men called him anything but Jack behind his back. He had a merry eye and an open manner, with the faintest suspicion of an *arrière pensée*—something that warned

you he could resent a liberty if need were. He was fairly good at most things, from rackets and billiards to waltzes and whist: he was an earnest and indiscriminate admirer of the fair sex—by the way, the prevailing tints of the Rock and the garrison ranged between olive and the colour of parchment—but the ravages on his heart by each evening's flirtation were generally repaired with the morning's reflections. He had a modest certainty beyond his pay, with considerable expectations from a capricious uncle. So naturally he was weighted with a burden of pecuniary embarrassments, although he contrived to carry them with unimpaired equanimity.

So life went smoothly with him at Gibraltar as it had gone elsewhere, till of a sudden its smooth tenor was ruffled. It was on a certain evening when yawning at the theatre that he set eyes upon the object of his grand passion without a presentiment of his coming fate. He merely admired as he was much in the way of admiring. It certainly struck him as odd next morning, not that the beauty of the evening had been smiling on him in his waking dreams, but that he had asked no one the night before who was the pretty girl opposite. Perhaps, had it been his habit to analyse the philosophy of his feelings, it might have occurred to him that the impression being deeper than he suspected, he had shrunk from the apprehension of hearing something, either to his disadvantage—or *here*. She might have been engaged, or married, or on a flying visit—possibly no better than she should be.

He met her again in the Alameda that very afternoon, and she bore the sunshine as well as the gaslight. She was accompanied, too, by the same elderly gentleman who had mounted guard on her at the theatre;

but Roper had no eyes for her companion; and, as it happened, the friend who was lounging on his arm had no eyes for any one else.

"Osalez! by all that's infernal!" that gentleman exclaimed in considerable perturbation, pivoting round abruptly and carrying his companion with him. "What! you don't know him?" he proceeded, in answer to Roper's inquiries and expostulations. "Then all I can say is, that is very lucky for you. Bless my soul! Osalez is as much of a public character as his Excellency. Perhaps there isn't a gentleman on the coasts of the Peninsula and Barbary to boot with a more miscellaneous acquaintance—and that's saying something. Osalez! why, he's reprobate of all trades and respectable in none—merchant, money-lender, smuggler, banker, broker—ay, and you may say butcher too. For he contracts to victual the garrison, and he coals the fleet. He goes shares with the contrabandistas, and he squares it somehow with the civil guard. He'll fly kites for anybody who makes it worth his while; but somehow when it's Osalez that raises the wind you're apt to be swept off your legs in a hurricane. Yes, you may say it's scandal"—for Jack had interposed with unusual cogency of argument, and still more unwonted excitement, pointing out that sleeping partners with smugglers were scarcely likely to obtain Government contracts—"you may call it scandal, and I don't profess to speak dispassionately, for he has a bill of mine, and he won't hear of renewing. But where there's a deal of smoke there must be fire, and Osalez lives in a most sulphureous atmosphere—ask any one."

To cut a long story short—a story Roper had latterly bored me with so often, that I had thoroughly mastered all its details—though he did not follow up a conversation that

gave him so little satisfaction, he was not to be deterred from making the acquaintance of the beautiful Hebrew. Perseverance had its reward. Often baffled, he succeeded at last, but it was even less easy to improve the acquaintance when he had made it. There was a yawning chasm between a gay young officer and a lady in the ambiguous position of the lovely and wealthy Miss Osalez; and the gossips of the garrison watched his efforts to bridge it with the keenest and most curious interest. The Osalez went out but little into society. Regarded as pariahs by English sets, they held themselves far superior to the "Scorpions;" and when Jack had manœuvred himself into one or two meetings with them, recklessly risking the loss of caste, he found himself opening the trenches in the light of day, under the eye of an exceedingly watchful parent. It was a standing puzzle to him, and a source of perpetual irritation, how that sly fluttering beauty, who divined his admiration and did not seem to dislike it, whose lustrous eyes flashed and fell, and whose colour went and came under his ardent glances, could ever have been bred in such a vulture's nest. For Osalez was as unlike his offspring as might be, and had nothing whatever of the gentle or prepossessing about him. Short and stern, squat and grizzled, something like a sherry-butt rolling along on a couple of quarter-casks, you could only guess his race and religion in the unmistakable *cachet* that nature had stamped upon his nose.

No wonder Esther was shy and fluttered, that the usually offhand Roper was very ill at ease, or that the shrewd Osalez never relaxed his observations on those rare occasions when the trio came together in society. Roper's presence provoked remark and piqued curiosity. The

whole room was wideawake to the unaccustomed visitor, as well as to the little drama that was going forward. Osalez felt he was being made a fool of. He feared, a little too late perhaps, that the same thing might possibly happen to his daughter; and finally, as the situation grew insupportably tense, he withdrew her into absolute seclusion.

Not being overburdened with military duties, Roper had leisure to indulge his despondency. Although Gibraltar is geographically Andalusian, the place is thoroughly English in pipeclay, pickets, rounds, and police arrangements. There is small toleration for serenades and ope-ladders. There is little of that "plucking the turkey," where the Peninsular lover presses and kisses the hands of his adored one through the ponderous window-bars that form her cage. Mr. Abraham Osalez lived in a charming cottage villa looking across to Apeshill—all bay-window, verandas, and trailing masses of creepers. But Miss Esther was as sequestered in it as if she had been double locked in a grilled and duenna-guarded chamber of Cadiz, with the windows turned inwards on a Moorish *patio*.

In these desperate circumstances, Roper decided on a dashing *coup*. As he told his story to the present narrator, whom he had installed as his confidant, *bon grè, mal grè*.

"As matters had come to a dead lock, I thought the best thing to be done was to make Osalez's acquaintance professionally. He wasn't likely to decline to accommodate me on the ground of my being oversweet upon his daughter; while, on the other hand, you know, it might increase his objection to me, if he heard that I had carried my custom past the family. And the connection seemed likely to be worth having; for, to tell the truth, since I had first set eyes on Esther, I had taken

to revoking at whist, and all manner of follies, and it was high time I made arrangements for replenishing my purse. As the novels have it, Osalez was civil but distant when I made my advances, and I can't say he showed me much consideration on account of the romantic sympathy that drew me to him. Since then we have had no end of interviews, but the conversation has confined itself strictly to bills and dis-count—and now——"

"And now?"

"Now it seems to me I've been making stern-way rather than otherwise. I see much more of Shylock than I like, and just as little as ever of the lady."

So it had gone on. Now, as far as I could gather—and Roper would be only too minute in his confidences—Osalez was revenging himself in the way of business on the handsome young gunner for all the domestic bother he was causing; and if that were really the Hebrew's game, it must be confessed that Jack played into his hands. What with blighted love, and accumulating money worries, from being merely profuse he grew reckless. Whether he liked it or no, he had to seek more and more frequent interviews with the hard-fisted father of his Jessica, and the more he saw of him the less he liked him. The odd part of it was, that his growing antipathy for the parent was anything but an antidote to his fancy for the child: in an atmosphere that ought to have nipped it, his love flourished as luxuriantly as the tropical vegetation on the Alameda, and what had begun like a hundred other caprices, had gradually grown into an absorbing sentiment. So between his attraction and repulsion for and from the Osalez family, Roper was losing flesh and spirits: friends and acquaintances began to fall away from him; the regimental

doctor prescribed change of scene, and as he would not be persuaded to banish himself to England, he had got up this flying trip to Tangiers.

And there we are back again, after this long digression, awaiting the precarious departure of the cattle boat, which lay taking in her cargo in the bay. Dumolard was gone down-stairs, and Jack had begun to fidget in his arm-chair.

"I think I'll just stretch my legs before turning in: one sleeps all the better for being blown about a bit."

"Nonsense, my good fellow. Why, you'll never keep your cigar alight in the wind. The rain has hardly held up for an hour past, and you can hear the street coming down in flood."

But Jack was on his feet and obdurate: Osalez himself could not have been more impracticable, and, after all, the point was scarcely worth arguing. In a few seconds he was back again, looking rather pale and excessively savage.

"Stumbled on a ghost?" I inquired, with some curiosity.

"No such luck," he answered with vindictive vehemence. "I'd sooner be haunted any day in the spirit than the flesh. Whom do you fancy I ran up against, just outside the door, of all impossible people?"

"Why, by the way you take it, I can only suppose it was that eternal *bête noire* of yours, that sets you on to worry me in season and out of season. And though I see no particular reason why he should not be in Tangiers, it does seem unlikely he should be abroad in such weather and at such an hour. A case of mistaken identity I expect, or perhaps a spectral apparition produced by a fervid imagination, acting on a couple of bottles of claret. I can't say on an empty stomach, although you are so desperately——"

"Hang it, man, it's past a joke. There's a coincidence, a destiny——"

what do you call it?—about it. I tell you I spoke to him, and made him answer me."

"Well, I suppose I must give in to the evidence of a couple of your senses, for spectres seldom speak when they are spoken to, and ordinary hallucinations don't go from sight to sound. As I said, why should Osalez not be here? He must have irons in the fire at Tangiers as well as everywhere else. But if he has, you may be sure that old gossip, Dumolard, can tell us all about it, and something more. You had better ring the bell, and let's have him up again."

M. Dumolard proved to the full as well informed as I gave him credit for being.

"You ask if Monsieur has met M. Osalez. But I believe it well; and why not? While the gentlemen have been detained with me, where, I dare to hope, they have found themselves not too ill," observed M. Dumolard, parenthetically, with a comprehensive bow, "M. Osalez, by a strange hazard, has been sojourning opposite. M. Mordecai, my neighbour, is of the same faith; and indeed I believe is of M. Osalez's relations. In every case M. Osalez has been there, as I say, and his daughter also—*très belle fille, parbleu!* I was admiring her from my belvedere but yesterday, when the weather cleared itself, for a moment——"

"What!" shouted Roper, springing out of the chair into which he had subsided, and making the clock and candles clatter with the violence with which he threw himself against the chimney-piece—"what! you saw Miss Osalez yesterday; and you never told me a word of it. Pshaw! what am I talking of? I beg your pardon, Mr. Dumolard: I forgot you know nothing; how should you? You were saying, I think, that you saw the lady——"

And Jack had the nerve to recover his control as quickly as he had lost it; so that Dumolard, who had at first been scared at the mine he had sprung most innocently, quickly grew flattered at the extreme interest vouchsafed him, and exerted himself to gratify the curiosity he had piqued. The sum of his long story was, that it was by no means surprising M. Osalez should be here at Tangiers. Quite the contrary. He did more trade with the town than any half-dozen other merchants put together. He had a contract for provisioning the English garrison. "By Jove! and that's true," interposed Roper. He owned the better part of the boat we meant to embark upon. And so on, and so on. M. Dumolard had plenty to tell; and all he had to tell went to magnify the means of the Hebrew.

After that last interpellation of his, Jack seemed somewhat *distrain*. M. Dumolard's facile sympathies and quick perception had told him that the handsome young Englishman's distraction had its origin in a profound interest in the beauty over the way, and to him accordingly he had addressed his animated narrative.

But chilled by the preoccupation that had paid so little heed, his voluble talk flowed more and more sluggishly until, at last, with a slight but expressive motion of his shoulders, he relapsed into resentful silence.

Then my friend took the word, and, with a Machiavellian astuteness for which I should never have given him credit, addressed the Frenchman with the frankness that sat so naturally on him, but with a studied courtesy very foreign to his manners.

"You can do me a great service, M. Dumolard, if you will allow me to make a friend of you and give

you my confidence. I am persuaded I can rely absolutely on your discretion."

Our little host was equally flattered and gratified. His face wrinkled amiably as it wreathed itself in friendly smiles; and he stood there bowing and scraping with his jewelled hand pressed upon his flowered waistcoat. It was plain that Jack had bound him to him, body and soul. So there Jack was away at score with the oft-told story—so much of it at least as suited his purpose; and he wound up with an "and now, M. Dumolard, if you only will, you can do me an immense service."

"Monsieur has but to command," M. Dumolard rejoined courteously.

"It strikes me, you see, that as Osalez has so much to do with this boat he means most likely to go over in her."

"And Mademoiselle also—nothing more probable," assented M. Dumolard; "specially as he is always immersed in his affairs and enormously pressed for time."

"Exactly so. Now as he is master of the situation, and may send down sailing-orders at any moment, he's safe to try to steal a march, and leave us planted here; and I'm sure it would be impossible to be more comfortable anywhere," he added, politely, as an after-thought.

Dumolard, however, looked sorely puzzled at the British idioms Jack had slipped into. Jack saw it, tried back, translated, and went on again. "The captain promised to let us know in time—he'd do it too, I think, if it were left to him, if there be gratitude in man or honesty in faces. He smoked a dozen or so of my best *partagas* coming across, and said he liked them; but——"

"But M. Osalez is the master, after all, as you have said—a man who will have his orders attended to. However, gentlemen, confide

yourselves to me. Mohammed shall go over to M. Mordecai's and inform himself. He is, as it were, a child of the household. Meanwhile, I shall despatch Achmet to the shore, and ascertain what they are doing on the steamer."

So spoke our zealous ally; and it was no sooner said than done. In ambush behind the darkened window-blind, Jack could watch the effect of Mohammed's mission. Not a gleam of light from the lattices opposite. The envoy knocked at the jealously-barred postern—first gently, and then as loudly as he dared. Not a sign of life on the part of the servants. It was clear the garrison had its orders—more than probable that this unnatural quiet portended a *sortie* later. So Jack took it; and already he was bustling about the baggage. Suspicious changed to certainty on Achmet's return. He had seen the Mary Anne with her steam up. There might have been reasons for that, besides the prospect of an early start; it was wildish weather and a shiftty wind for a vessel lying in such open anchorage. But to make all sure, Achmet had boarded her with a boat-load of pilgrims, and then he heard from the crew that they expected to be off by morning.

"*Canaille of a capitaine! va!*" ejaculated Dumolard, apostrophising the absent skipper; "it's always agreed between us that he let me know of the departure of the boat." And Jack was chiming in with some anathemas of his own, when there came a tinkle at the door bell. It was the arrival of an anonymous and dirty scrawl that had been deposited in Mohammed's hands by a mysterious messenger.

"The Mary Anne may be away by the morning; and you had best burn this bit of writing."

"Our ally the Scotch captain's fist and caution, for a thousand!

Now, M. Dumolard, there's not a shadow of a doubt. Don't let a soul be seen stirring. Have your people ready to carry our traps. Trust to me to keep a bright look-out; and when once our friends opposite are fairly under weigh, we'll slip down quietly on their line of march."

And the lover was transformed into another man, all life and spirit, in place of languid indifference. He positively rubbed his hands at the prospect of a rough night on the straits, with but a plank between him and his mistress—to say nothing of a drenching for them both by way of prelude. As for Dumolard, he had caught fire at the other's excitement. I believe both of them would have forgotten all about the bill had not Mohammed and I been there to remind them.

Roper was an easy-going fellow generally—one of the last men you would have suspected of nerves—yet I could hear his heart thumping on his ribs at the creaking of those heavy bolts of Mordecai's. As for Dumolard, he was dancing behind us like a dervish, now standing on tiptoe to peer out between our shoulders, now doubling himself up for a look from under our arms. I was interested myself, I confess, for there was a strong dash of romance about the scene that was enacting. Hour, one of the clock, or somewhat over. A pale moon riding overhead among watery clouds that generally had the best of her. The plash of the rain. The wind moaning fitfully in the complaining boughs; and not another sound in the silent city, save the howl of a dog, or, it might be, the bark of a jackal. A Moorish archway opening into a *patio*, where you caught a glimpse of a sparkling fountain among the dark orange-trees, the interior lit partly by the fitful moonshine, partly by the reflection

of torches held in the passages. Moors were coming and going in snowy raiment; and finally, Roper squeezed my arm hard as a couple of female figures emerged mounted on donkeys in Frankish waterproofs and under Frankish umbrellas. There was no mistake about the man's fancying himself in love, otherwise he would never have griped me as he did.

The procession got stealthily under weigh, having taken every precaution to attract no notice from our hostelry, which to all appearance must have been buried in slumber. The muzzles of the donkeys were muffled in shawls. The glare of the torches was masked by umbrellas. Enveloped in a Spanish cloak, Osalez stuck close by his daughter's stirrup, drawing her wrappings carefully around her. We could see him throw up a glance at our windows as he turned out of the yard. As for the lady, whatever she might have known or suspected, she never lifted her eyes.

Roper's head was out of the window before the last of the porters bearing bags and boxes had fairly disappeared round the corner of the house. When we set out in pursuit, it was all we could do to prevail on him to give them law enough, and let them commit themselves fairly to the deep before he ran into them on the steamer. "And after all," as I reminded him, "even when once we are safe on board, I don't see you'll be much advanced. Depend on it, Osalez is Turk enough to condemn the beauty to close sequestration for the passage. I lay you five to one in ponies, if you like, the captain gives her over the cabin you scented so fragrantly with those pet *partagas* of yours."

Jack declined the bet, observing sadly that I might just as well make the five fifty, but added, more sanguinely, that he would trust in

pluck and the chapter of accidents to bring them together before the voyage was over. He spoke prophetically, as the sequel will show.

I have tried my hand at a sketch of Scene No. 1—"The Start." Its *pendant*, Scene 2—"The Embarkation"—was even more characteristic. The moon riding overhead as before, but by this time with a more angry halo around her disc, and her wan rays more sinister in their glitter. The waters of the bay heaving and tumbling in breaking outlines that communicated a sympathetic thrill to the diaphragm—the "tideless sea" rolling in upon the beach with a fair imitation of an ugly surf, and a dismal grinding and churning among the pebbles. Considering the bay was half landlocked as the wind came, the strength of the ground-swell spoke volumes for what might be awaiting us outside. We had stopped short under the shadow of the houses that swept in a broken crescent round the shore, to observe the proceedings of the party in advance. Had Osalez shown the white feather at the eleventh hour, I for one should have been exceedingly glad of it.

But it was clear that the Jew's mind was made up to play Lord Ullin's daughter with the parts reversed; equally so that the lady's lover had no idea of being left on the shore lamenting.

The torches had been extinguished; still there was moonlight enough to let us distinguish all that passed. A stalwart Moslem, tearing off his dripping haik, stood revealed in clinging shirt and pantaloon. He caught up in his muscular arms what Jack affirmed to be the fairy form of Miss Osalez, although the bundle might have been a bale of waterproof for all one could tell to the contrary. He balanced himself on his bare and

stalwart legs; trode gingerly into the surf, embarrassed as he was with the precious package, and bent his oscillating steps towards a boat that was swaying among the billows.

"The idiot's over with her, by —," ejaculated Roper, as the Moor made a stumble, and he would have rushed to the rescue, regardless of consequences, had not I made a snatch at his arm in time.

"The Moor's as sure-footed as the barb you bucketed so unmercifully a couple of days ago. The lady's as safe in the meantime, at all events, as if she were in bed at her kinsman Mordecai's, as I devoutly wish she were; how it may be towards the small hours is another question, and if you want to be near her when the danger may be real, you had better keep as quiet as may be in the meantime."

Indeed it was plain that the Moor knew his business, and once started he went as steadily as his comrade who was bestriden by the respectable Osalez in person. The boat took them all on board with their belongings, and went pitching away till we lost it in the uncertain light. Now it was our turn. Mordecai's myrmidons had hurried home and left the coast clear. We had taken a touching farewell of Dumolard, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy being soaked in serving a love-affair; not many minutes more and we were rocking in comparatively calm water under the bulging counter of the Mary Anne.

"Passengers" was our answer to the hail from the deck; but it was not till after the look-out had been appealed to again, that the order was given to let down the side-ropes—we fancied we could hear Osalez in suppressed wrath, while the captain was seeking to soothe him in hoarse whispers.

Bluff and weather-beaten sea-dog

as he was, that old Scotch skipper had the makings of an actor in him. He came forward into the circle of light thrown by the mate's lantern, looking to any one behind him so far as his pea-jacketed shoulders were concerned, the very embodiment of astonishment and gruff discontent. But for us, there was a twinkle in his eye that belied his language, as he growled out his surprise at our arrival.

"Never supposed you gentlemen were in any haste to be gone: didn't dream you'd be for quitting comfortable quarters with the weather like to be so coarse."

Jack acknowledged the signal the captain threw out with a faint quiver of his own eyelid.

"Haste indeed, you had our message, hadn't you? You don't suppose we sentenced ourselves to close confinement in this infernal hole till the weather cleared."

"Well, then, Captain, I was mistaken, as it would seem, and there's an end of that; unless indeed you would be for putting cannily back again, now you've had some small foretaste of what we may expect round the point. You won't, you say? Very well then, he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar; but I doubt you'll be scarcely so well put up this time as the last. My bit of a cabin's bespoken; and you'll find some queer-like characters in the saloon."

Some slight confidences that passed in the obscure companion gave the shrewd skipper a fair notion of how the land lay. At all events, when plunging down through the darkness we emerged below in comparative light, I believe it was felt on both sides that we understood each other. The "saloon," as its master was pleased to term it, was far from a tempting apartment in any circumstances. The white-painted boarding of the sides was

guiltless of all pretence of decoration. The dingy ceiling was smoked black in the centre by the vilely smelling lamp that now swung beneath it. It was lucky, perhaps, considering the manners of its present occupants, that there was but a tattered scrap of waxcloth on the floor, for on the benches that ran along the sides of the ship, and encircled the battered deal table, were seated a strange company indeed, some of them smoking freely, and all dispensing with spittoons.

"Ay, they're a gay queer lot," repeated the captain, *sotto voce*, "gin only you could make them out more clearly through the reek. But with the weather and hindrances in the lading and one thing or another, we've been keepit here longer time than usual, and so all they folk have been gathering in about. These Jews there"—here he sunk his voice to a whisper—"are desperate hard set on money-getting; and wasting time is like wringing out their very heart's blood, otherwise they would hardly be so fond to go over with us, for they've just a desperate antipathy to the sea."

"You don't think there's danger, captain?" I inquired.

"Danger, no, not to say danger: gin there had been, I would never have taken my orders to sail from old Osalez, with that bonny bit lassie of his brought on board, for, after all, it's me that's answerable. Lord preserve me! what was I saying, gentlemen? Mr. Osalez laid his injunctions on me—well, never mind, we're friends here after all, I hope, and gentlemen forbye; but as I was saying, for danger there's none; but discomfort's another thing, and with the wind and the water sougling and sucking us in to the Riff shore, it may be longer before we make the rock than some of they fairweather gentlemen will care about."

"Oh, if that's all!" exclaimed Roper. He had been standing on full point at the door that divided this very common outer court from the inner sanctuary that shined his idol. "Oh, if that's all!" and he turned greatly relieved to have a look at our fellow-passengers. An odd lot they were, as the captain had remarked. Small as was the cabin, its atmosphere was so dense that we could scarcely embrace them in a single *coup d'œil*, but we could examine them more at leisure as we moved along between them and the table. There were stately Moors in their floating white draperies, with searching black eyes, sallow complexions, and sharpened features, staring before them in *farouche* tranquillity, and reminding me greatly of eagle-owls on the perch. All of them, I remarked, had singularly white and well-shaped hands, especially one venerable santon with a snowy beard, who clearly had never put those hands of his to use, although possibly with perpetual genuflections his knees might be as hard as horn. There were a merchant or two of pure Berber blood, attired very similarly to the Moors, although there were no mistaking the different type of figures. There were a couple of thoroughbred negroes from the remote palm-groves of Timbuctoo, dealing in dates as their staple commodity, and probably speculating in flesh and blood on occasion. There was a Berberised Frenchman, most likely a renegade. But the lives and souls of the motley party were those countrymen of Osalez that the skipper had alluded to. Some of them, by their dress, settlers in Barbary, some of them from the Spanish seaports, not a few naturalised scorpions of the rock,—they were jabbering to each other of gains and exchanges and every topic connected with money-getting, so far as we could

make sense of their *lingua mixta*. One or two salutations I acknowledged from individuals whose faces seemed familiar to me, though I had never dealt with them for cash, cigars, or anything else. But if we could make anything out plainly in that dim pandemonium, it was that we could not possibly stay below in it. Better a fresh hurricane from heaven any day, or beds on the sloppy decks *à la belle étoile*.

It might be pretty poetry talking of beds *à la belle étoile*, but looking at the matter practically they were altogether out of the question. The decks were as much encumbered as the cabin. The fore part of the ship was given up, of course, to the cattle. Dumolard's information had been accurate enough: scarcely half the animals had been shipped when Osalez took it into his head to be gone. But we were none the better off on that account; rather the reverse indeed in the event of a storm; for instead of being fast wedged as otherwise they would have been, our loosely-secured live freight might break away from their lashings, when, as the mate remarked, there would be the devil to pay and no mistake. Meanwhile they stamped and dragged at their halters and filled the air with uneasy bellowings that might have seemed ominous of coming disaster had one been much given to superstition.

Under the bulwarks aft, rows of Africans had made themselves as snug as circumstances admitted of. There was a general effect of dark blue cloaks, picked out with white under-garments, of turbans and fezzes, and red and yellow slippers. For besides ordinary passengers we were freighted with a batch of pilgrims taken on contract. They were on their way to establish communication with a screw steamer chartered from Gibraltar for the

Mecca voyage, and advertised to touch at the various African ports. While piled in barricades round the cabin skylights, were crates of poultry packed as closely as might be. Many of the cocks had apparently lost their heads already with the heat and stuffiness of their quarters. At all events they had entered on a mad crowing match at the moon, as if they had mistaken her watery ladyship for the blessed sun at day-dawn.

The captain civilly cleared a space for us between the paddle-boxes, and offered us the run of the gangway overhead. As for Osalez we had seen nothing of him since we came on board, and for the moment I at least had forgotten both him and his daughter.

A yo-heave-ohing rises from the steerage over the lowing of the oxen. The anchor comes up, the paddles go round, and the Mary Anne is moving. A clumsy tub she was; immensely broad in the beam and round as an apple in her bottom, safe enough, in all conscience, so long as she had moderately fair play, but rolling frightfully to the slightest shock on her sides. So it may be imagined how we began to feel it, when at last we drew out from under shelter of the land. I hope Miss Osalez may have been happy below, though I doubt it. I only know that when I last looked down into the main cabin while we were still in the bay, the pipes had gone out, the jabber of voices had been silenced, and nothing was to be heard but groaning, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; while the decks were littered with a moaning mass of miserable humanity, damped occasionally by the flying showers of spray. But all that was comparative Elysium to what was to follow. Even out of the shelter there was no wind to speak of, yet the swell was singular-

ly heavy, considering it came from the shore. Soon the decks were nearly as wet as the surrounding water. Wave after wave flooded us forward, each of them having scarcely time to wash out through the scuppers before it was followed by another and another. As for the pious hadjis, they were put through a course of involuntary ablution that should have relieved them from all such ceremonial observances for the rest of their natural lives. Meanwhile the engines were doing their best, but they sobbed like a pair of broken-winded screws who have been pumping themselves with violent over-exertion. We made pitifully little way, and I felt it was matter for heartfelt congratulation that the gale should have so nearly blown itself out. If we were in difficulties labouring through the afterwash of a storm, how should we have behaved had we been caught in its fury?

I was to have an opportunity of judging before morning. I had sunk into a troubled sleep with Roper's head bobbing against my shoulder, when a tremendous roll flung me forward on my hands and knees in a rush of slimy briny water. Nothing like a cold douche of the kind to bring the slowest man quickly to his senses. I had staggered to my feet in a moment, instinctively looking out to windward. The moon was brighter than ever overhead, in a sky that would have been clear but for the fleecy clouds that were drifting with ominous velocity; but when I had time to think about it, I saw the wind had gone right about. That thick grey curtain I started at, came travelling up from Tarifa, slanting uglily in the upper half of it, as yet hanging heavily perpendicular below. Had I been innocent of what was awaiting us when the gale met the groundswell with the steamer for their

plaything, a glance at the captain's face might have warned me. It did not show a sign of fear, but was eloquent with the sense of a terrible responsibility.

I had once been struck by a white squall off Candia, when we barely saved our bacon by the skin of our teeth; but so far as a vivid recollection serves me, it was milder than what we experienced now. For myself I felt assured that it was all over with us; no use attempting to float in such a sea, and the crazy boats would have been overcrowded and swamped, even had we ever succeeded in launching them safely. For a minute or two we were involved in a damp drifting darkness that might literally be felt, though it thinned and cleared fast as the gale tore it into tatters. It is true the sea did not run so very high, thanks to the conflict of opposing forces; but the jumble and turmoil of the breaking water gave one a good idea of indifferent weather in the Maelstrom. The scene on the one deck and the other baffles description. I could command them both when I had scrambled up on the gangway. The half-drowned oxen were plunging wildly, filling the night with frantic bellowings, those of them at least that had not slipped down on their sides to hang half-strangled in their halters. One or two had broken loose, so had a couple of water-butts, and these last went rattling about like shot in a bottle, making confusion worse confounded. The deck passengers had gone in a rush for the cabin doors, where the leading files had wedged themselves hard and fast. The rest were vociferating and blaspheming for the most part, clutching desperately at each other's garments, or anything else they could make themselves fast to; while a few were down on their knees praying devoutly. A hadji on pilgrimage

who goes to the bottom has his felicity assured if he has faith to believe it. The cross waves were making free with the decks, but as yet there was little danger of being carried overboard, although sundry of the cratefuls of poultry had gone cruising on their own account. The truth is, it was an awful moment for all of us—Christian or Jew, Mussulman or Pagan.

But the mate backed the captain manfully, and their coolness somewhat steadied the crew. With a couple of men at the wheel, they got the boat before the wind again, and on the whole I thought we were well out of it. For the squall blew over almost as fast as it had come up, leaving nothing worse behind than a fresh nor-westerly breeze, and a sea that was seething in circles like a boiling kettle. At another time I should have been horribly sea-sick; as it was, I was far too busy in helping to secure the frightened cattle.

All at once, the labouring engines came to a standstill. There was a startling cessation of the vibration of the planks beneath our feet. Struck powerless, the steamer fell away, rolling purposelessly in the trough of the waters. There was a general rush amidships, for most of us guessed what had happened.

They say a sense of common calamity tames the wildest and reassures the shyest of animals, making them forget their feuds for the time. The wolf and the sheep have been seen cowering together while being swept down a flood on the same raft of refuge. Roper and Osalez almost rush into each other's arms as they met over the scuttle of the engine-room.

Roper had clearly kept his head, whoever else might have lost theirs. He was much more curious than excited, when Osalez burst out with,

"For God's sake, Captain Roper, is there any danger?"

Roper had come to loathe Osalez, and at that moment he despised him. To bring his daughter to sea in such weather, and then to give a thought to his own miserable safety. So he looked down on him for a moment in silence, and then shouted out, with blunt incivility, "Never fear for yourself, Mr. Osalez. I believe we're safe enough unless the storm comes up again, and you take my word for it, there are some of us who were never born to be drowned."

Probably, in selfish prudence, he would have given much to recall the words the instant they were spoken. At any rate he would quickly have done it from a more generous motive. It was just because he had brought his young daughter on board with him that Osalez had forgotten his enmity for a moment. Reminded of it so brusquely, his angry eastern blood flushed up to his fallow face; but mastering himself with a strong effort, he answered shortly but not without dignity. Roper's face got as hot as the Jew's. He would have given the world to atone for that piece of injustice. There was no unsaying his speech, but impulsively he seized his enemy's hand with characteristic vehemence that excited not the slightest response.

"I never was so sorry for anything in my life, Mr. Osalez——" but before he had got further Osalez had turned away with a chilling smile, and a "Forgive me, sir, if I leave you to reassure my daughter." He could scarcely have picked out words to revenge himself more effectually. Had Roper made a snatch at the olive branch when it was offered, he might have been permitted to share in the work of consolation.

"Just like my luck and temper,"

he sighed. "I'll never have such a chance again, and—it serves me right."

"Who knows?" I ejaculated oracularly, looking away from the Pandemonium on deck upon the surrounding turmoil of waters.

The engines had broken down past mending, but there was no return of the storm; the hours slipped by sluggishly, sea-sickness and Oriental fatalism had generally got the upper hand again: most of us seemed resigned to endure stoically till time and the elements should bring us to some haven. I should have been tolerably contented myself, for simple squamishness sits lightly on one after an escape from sudden death, had it not been for close observation of the skipper and his second in command. I saw them laying their heads together and whispering anxiously, and yet neither of them were men to "shake at shadows."

"Now that it's over, we're all right, captain, are we not?" I took an early opportunity of remarking cheerfully, as I went up to him where he stood on the gangway, peering eagerly out over the paddle boxes.

His first answer was gruff enough and curt enough. But second thoughts succeeded, making him more civil and explanatory.

"God grant it, sir; but we may have our work cut out for us before breakfast-time, those of us that are men at least, for that lot of Jews and women and pilgrims are worse than the beasts that are bellowing below there." I looked inquiring, so he went on. "Ay, the wind's dropped, and it's as quiet as could be hoped for, and we might float for ever, if we had plenty of scum-room, and may be we might rig up some duds of canvas that would answer well enough till we could get help."

"But, God bless me! man, we're in the Straits of Gibraltar: they've only to get a sight of us and see that we are crippled, and they'll be racing after the salvage from Gibraltar and Algesiras. If you grudge the money, of course——"

"I don't grudge the money, sir; and I'll be bound my owner there, well as he likes it, would cast his about as if it were dirty water if he knew all I could tell him at this moment."

"What is it, then? You may as well take me into the secret; it's my profession to risk my life, you know; and I haven't got a daughter on board."

"Well then, it's just this. Where would you take us to be now? Somewhere in the course between the Rock and Tangiers?"

"Certainly. Where else?"

"Just so, and you would be sair mista'en. The worse luck ours. I haven't sailed the boat here, fair weather and foul, not to have some small acquaintance with the currents. I know the set of them at least, if not their strength; the day'll be breaking on us in another hour at the most, and then——"

"Then?"

"Then I jalouse we'll be no that far from the Riff coast; and with the air this way and the steamer helpless, I don't see what's to save us from going ashore. So you'll have to stand by us, if need be, when the time comes; that's what I wanted to say to you; and now I must be off to see after they bellowing beasts of cattle."

A pleasant hearing truly. I had heard something of currents and under-tows in the Straits. I had seen the sea running like a millrace off the opposite point of Tarifa. And I had heard even more of the Riffs than the currents—the most savage and lawless tribe of the wild and warlike population of Morocco. Living

almost under the guns of our great Mediterranean garrison, they were as reckless of life and as much of pirates within the limits of their mean, as any rovers who ever put out from Salee. Fiercely independent of control, their emperor had very little to say to them. I had listened to stories of garrison yachts becalmed in that dangerous neighbourhood, whose owners, although not men to make parade of their piety or their fears, had expressed most heartfelt gratitude for hairbreadth escapes. A broken-down steamer would be the most tempting of prizes, and here were we with the most helpless of freights, our passengers sure to be panic-stricken or unmanageable at the very first appearance of danger. I saw how it would be, when I went to take Roper into my counsel, and I had fresh proof, too, of how ridiculously he had fallen in love. As brave a fellow as need be, in thinking of Miss Osalez he lost courage altogether for the moment; then immediately he was a man again and something more, in the hope that the chance he had missed would come back to him. "We must save her somehow," was all he said; and, upon my word, I believe he thought no more of myself and the rest of us, than I did of the *Mary Anne* with her cattle.

One has witnessed the enthusiasm of an audience when the dull curtain flying upwards to the spring unveils some brilliant effect of the scene-painter. Passive actors in an agitating drama, the crew and passengers of the *Mary Anne* were in no mood to be enthusiastic about anything; yet I imagine there were few of them but must have been impressed in a way with the view that burst upon us with the breaking of the morning. We had been pitching and rolling in a dense watery vapour, which had been

slowly thinning from black to grey as the doubtful light came filtering through it. Of a sudden we felt some fresh puffs of wind, and at the signal there was a vivid reddening overhead like a fierce reflection of a fire from behind a canopy of canvas. Then a round ball of flame burned out above the eastern horizon, and the veil that had wrapped us hitherto floated away as by enchantment. The glorious range of the Atlas seemed within arm's reach. Peak rose on peak, their rocky foreheads flashing out in rosy effulgence, although here and there one of the shaven scalps was swathed in a white vapoury turban, while shreds of the veil that had been about us but the moment before were still clinging round the mountains' waists or were to be seen streaming away over their shoulders. In the sweep of an amphitheatre, those mountains embraced 'a bay, that still lay with their spurs and their lower limbs in the coldest and deepest shadow, except here and there to the westward, where some solitary sun-shaft, shooting down through a crevice in the serrated crests, had fallen in a line of light on the strip of pearly beach. There was very little beach, though: whatever the glories of the scenery in the eye of the artist, it was as ugly a bit of coast from the mariner's point of view as you need care to look upon. Jagged rocks sinking almost to the water's edge; long rugged reefs running out here and there, uplifting their heads in the most unlooked-for places, their slimy, weed-covered backs seeming to rise and fall on the swell like so many hideous sea-monsters waiting to swallow any castaways.

I knew not whether the noise of the swell breaking into surf, deadened though it had been by the distance, had given the captain preliminary warning of the imminent dangers awaiting us. I had not

spoken to him for the last hour or so. All I know is, that so far as Roper and myself were concerned, that bit of surprise was dramatic enough in all conscience; and before we had well time to exchange an ejaculation, a common thrill had run round the ship, followed by wailing and shrieking almost as loud and wild as that we had listened to when the squall caught us in the night-time. It said more for the skipper's nerve than veracity that he bellowed, from his stand on the gangway, an assurance that we were in no manner of peril. His Scotch speech was Sanskrit to the most of the mob, and if any one had listened to him nobody would have believed him. Instinctively I swept the seaboard northwards, to see if there were assistance in sight. There was nothing visible but one faint dark line of smoke. Gladly should I have given all I possessed in the world could we have been transhipped on board that invisible steamer.

"For heaven's sake, Esther—Miss Osalez, I mean—don't alarm yourself!"

The voice was Roper's; and when I wheeled round upon him, there was his beautiful lady-love half-reclining in his arms. Don't believe that the fair dove had flown thither naturally, when she came fluttering up from the cabin at the sounds of lamentation on the deck. But a tall Berber, "scroodging" like every one else, had sent her spinning aside with a shove from his square shoulder-blade, and that lucky Roper had been on the spot to receive her, and now he stood steady and soothing her a considerably longer time than was in any way necessary. Most ungratefully he cast one truculent glance at the unconscious Mussulman who had acted as the rough go-between of love.

If Miss Osalez apparently found some consolation in having her ruf-

fled plumage smoothed by that firm yet gentle hand, it would have been hard to blame her. The circumstances were excuse enough for abridging ceremony; and then she had known Jack so long as a devoted admirer, who had stooped from his higher position in society to make a fool of himself for her pretty face. There was assurance besides, as well as most delicious flattery, in seeing him not only cool but happy, when most people about him were in miserable panic. When the ground has been cleared beforehand, love-making naturally goes forward at a gallop in a supreme crisis of the kind; and to do him bare justice, Jack was the very man to profit by so fair an opportunity. Miss Osalez disengaged herself leisurely with a grateful smile and a murmur, which of course he had to stoop his head to hear. She let him support her to one of the benches aft, where he deposited her carefully out of the way of the general confusion. As for the father, he stuck by the pair, but made no objection. Jack's coolness had its influence on him too: apparently he began to regard the stalwart gunner as a life-buoy that it would be as well to keep within reach of the family—at all events, in the meantime.

For the more you looked at the situation the less you liked it. Our close vicinity to the land showed how fast the vessel must have drifted; and the set on the surface was still inshore, although it seemed as if some counter under-flow must be putting the drag on. It was a simple calculation, however, that if nothing could be done in arrest of our fate, we should know the best and the worst of it in an hour or so.

All this passed of course far more quickly than I have written it. I was on the point of going in search of the captain, when he spared me the trouble by coming to accost me.

"A bad job, sir. I trust you and your friend will lend us a helping hand."

"You may count upon us, captain; but what's become of your crew?"

"The crew, sir,—a when feckless, mutinous idiots! No, no; there's no a man we can reckon upon, fore-by the mate and the engineer lad, who's a Yankee; and maybe,—ay, there's ane dependable hand in the fore-castle—that's Davidson."

"It might be well to see to the boats in case of accidents, eh?"

"Accidents!—it'll be nothing but an accident if anything save us; and that you may lay your account wi'. Boats! od, the only boat I would trust to swim in siccan a sea as yon, got a boom through her bottom the time o' the squall, when the foresail was blown out o' the bolt-ropes. And as you may see yourself, all they Moorish and Jewish riffraff are making a rush for them already: if they should get them launched, they'll droon the sooner; but it's no worth disputing it with them, one way or another."

I might have laughed at another time at the skipper's peculiar philanthropy; but now it was anything but a laughing matter. "What the deuce do you mean us to do, then? Is there no means of bringing us up with the anchor?"

"It's our best hope, and it might easily be better. I doubt the ground-tackle's some the worse for wear, though it did hold us in Tangiers Bay yestreen, and it's bad mooring ground here; and then gin once the cable rub on they reefs, it would snap like a tow in the flame of a candle. We'll do our endeavour anyhow; and that's what brought me here to speak to you."

"I'll tell my friend what you say, and you may depend on us."

"Ay," said the captain, glancing over to where Roper was lounging

about in contemplation of Esther Osalez. "It may be bad for us men should we take our lives ashore with us; but it'll be worse maybe for some of the rest of us."

"Well, one good thing is, the coast seems quiet enough in the meantime—not a sign of life stirring anywhere."

"That's all you ken about it. Beg pardon, sir, but I'll be bound now that they cliffs are swarming with these Riff deevils, if we could only see them. And it's like there will be ane o' those douars o' theirs, as they call their rickles of villages, up that bit of a gully. There's gey good pasturing about the nooks on the hillside, for all that it looks gruesome and barren. But I've no time for clavers, for here comes the mate, and it's like he's found the powther barrel: we may as well be signalling with the bit brass gun we've got—there's the reek of a steamer there, and maybe they might hear us, though she be to windward. And, talking of powther, I wish you and Captain Roper would get up your arms and ammunition. You may have wilder sport than you missed at Tangiers before all's said and done."

The ancient piece of brazen ordnance made more noise than I should have fancied possible: the reverberation went rolling about among the rocks in the amphitheatre of mountains. Whether our friends, in the steamer heard it or not, it was very certain to give the alarm on the Riff coast. With that feeling strong upon me, I dived below to look after the arms. Roper was after me the next instant. "I say, old fellow, I think everything's going as swimmingly as possible."

"The devil it is," was my unsympathetic rejoinder.

"Yes, I know it ought to be no time for philandering; but isn't she a beauty, and such pluck. What

do you mean taking the guns out of their cases, when everything's still dripping on the decks?"

"We may want them before the day's an hour older—that's to say, if you don't intend that we shall all be made peaceable prize of by these Riff savages."

A new light seemed to burst on Roper, and certainly I had no cause now to complain of his amorous distraction. He unpacked and overhauled our armoury and ammunition with a close and eager attention that augured ill for somebody, should the weapons be brought into play. A second salvo from the brass gun, and another rattle among the Atlas echoes, greeted our return on the deck, each of us loaded like Robinson Crusoe when he took the field against the cannibals. Esther Osalez gave a little scream, notwithstanding Jack's commendations of her courage. However, Jack threw out some private signal in return which seemed to reassure her. Yet we were very visibly drawing nearer to the shore. Now the sun was lighting everything down to the water's edge, and by this time the foreground had become unpleasantly animated. We were close enough to distinguish with the naked eye the dresses of the groups who were clustering at the mouth of the ravine the captain had remarked upon. And carrying the eye upwards and inland, I could see other individuals scrambling down grooves in the rocks that might have been footpaths, but looked as if they had been worn by the rainfall. It was plain that these apparent solitudes were peopled by an eminently industrious population, indefatigable in their particular avocation, and ready enough to help their providence when it sent them a god-send in the shape of a ship.

The stir that was going on ashore quickened the captain's movements,

and impelled him to try our last chance of safety. Moreover, a stronger current had just laid hold of us, as we could tell by the increased velocity of the foam bubbles that went swirling past our sides.

"I doubt if the anchor'll grip yet; but it is best trying." The cable rattled through the hawse-hole as the anchor went over the side; we waited anxiously for the jerk that should have brought us up; but the sense of being swept smoothly onwards towards our fate was never lightened for a single moment. The captain shook his head ominously; the Yankee engineer's long face grew visibly longer, as he thrust his hands viciously to the very bottom of his trouser pockets. So we manned the capstan gloomily, and brought the anchor up again;—by the way, nothing could be less reassuring than the fretted strands of the cable. And still the steamer was setting steadily for the shore. The warm sun was drying the limpid air till we could observe the most minute details of the preparations made to receive us. The wild groups were gesticulating fiercely. Stalwart figures were flourishing lances and fumbling over matchlocks of portentous length. What was more serious, it was not merely a question of patience with them—of waiting till the friendly currents should wash the precious waif to their feet. For more than one long boat had been dragged down from its berth in the sides of the ravine, and was bobbing about by this time in the waters of the little estuary. Masts were being stepped and yards hoisted. And, "Od, sirs, they'll lay us aboard in the twinkling of a bed-post if we don't find the means of fending them off!" ejaculated the captain.

But in the meantime a bustle on board distracted our attention. The

sight of the threatening preparations on the land had changed the abject panic of our passengers into the passing courage of desperation. Better to chance it on the troubled straits than trust the tender mercies of the Riffs. There was a rush made on the only boat, some members of the demoralised crew taking the lead; and somehow it was lowered without upsetting. The captain eased his conscience with a warning of its state, which went altogether unheeded. "Ye madmen! ye daft, doited idiots! I tell you she makes water like a bauchled boot; and she's bound to sink with you if you put over for the Spanish side." But, all the same, a ladder was let down, and a human cascade of Hadjis and Jews and mongrel sailors began to precipitate itself over the side. The crazy tub floated comparatively comfortably under the steamer's lee. They managed to shove off before it was filled to the swamping point; and, selfishly speaking, we could well spare them. Yet much of the company they left behind with us was even less desirable. There were the women and the children, the old and the feeble, all harmless and helpless; but besides there was an ugly knot of sturdy Moslem fatalists. As no exertions of man could help him to elude his destiny, they had declined to scramble for accommodation in the boats. Besides, they might possibly think they had another chance. The miscreants ashore, though their hands were against most people, were after all of their own blood and faith. A judicious onset at the propitious moment might make them masters of the rest of us—infidel dogs, to be handed over as a peace-offering to our enemies.

"It's likely, doubtless, that may be their notion," responded the captain, when I suggested the idea.

"And we'll do wisely to hold together when we go about our work, and keep an eye on each other and on them in case of accidents."

The weapons we could muster were dealt out, so that five out of the half-dozen of an effective force were formidably armed. Roper and myself had handy breech-loading carbines, the very thing for the circumstances, warranted deadly up to 300 yards, and revolvers into the bargain. The captain and his mate had our No. 12 central fires, loaded with B.B. cartridges, that would scatter like case-shot at short ranges. The Yankee engineer, backwoods bred, had taken kindly to a ponderous ducking-gun. Mr. Davidson, able seaman, had to content himself with the rusty fowling-piece belonging to the vessel, and a pike he contrived to improvise for the occasion.

While making our preparations, the Moslems watched us gloomily, huddling themselves together, draping themselves in their mantles, and fumbling beneath them, possibly at daggers, as if by way of counter-demonstration. Aft on the quarter-deck the Osalez had kept themselves very much to themselves. Certainly their isolation was by no particular wish of the young lady's, and indeed she seemed to gain something more than courage from the affectionate looks her lover threw at her. She actually seemed to enjoy the excitement, and at all events had brightened up amazingly with the beautiful morning. She had let a great burnoose slip back on her pretty shoulders, and coquettishly adjusted her brilliant neck-ribbon. Positively, I saw her slip off her hat when Roper's back was turned, and, producing a tiny brush and comb from somewhere in her raiment, proceed to smoothe those magnificent tresses of hers. It was sure she did not

realise the worst terrors of her situation, or her eyes and cheeks would scarcely have been so lustrous.

Her father did. Evidently he was exceedingly sorry for himself, and, perhaps, to do him justice, still more anxious for her. Knocking about the straits and the African coast in the way of his very promiscuous business, he could scarcely have been altogether unaccustomed to danger. But this time the danger was far graver than usual, and then, as a careful man of business, he was irritated at having rushed into it wantonly. *Que diable* were he and his daughter doing on board of that unlucky *galère* at all?—at any rate, why had they insisted on sailing so soon, instead of waiting more favourable weather? Why indeed? All because that bull-headed Englishman, who, after persecuting them with his attentions in Gibraltar, would come blundering up against them in Tangiers, suggesting ideas of abductions and elopements. He blamed poor Roper for his own folly, and in fact was frank enough to blurt out as much, trusting, it may be assumed, to the impunity insured him by that virgin-worship of Jack's which offended him. Were my life prolonged for a century I should never forget the figure he cut. He had got himself up against the night chills in a rough fur cap, a shaggy poncho, and a pair of ponderous riding boots. Slung on one shoulder was a leathern bag, whose contents might possibly be inestimably precious. Swinging to the other was a bell-mouthed blunderbuss of his own, a most formidable weapon at close quarters. He paced round the spot where his daughter was seated with the methodical regularity of a sentinel on duty, but with the sullen ferocity of a wolf or hyæna exercising itself behind the bars of its cage. Every now and

then he would stop to pull his daughter's wrapper more closely round her, giving her a savage pat of affection and encouragement. Then he would mutter, and make a dash out along the decks, probably bringing up alongside of Roper, who appeared to fascinate him with an odd attraction of repulsion. As the Moors on shore got more forward with their preparations he had grown more excited, until he began almost to rave.

"You've been persecuting us on the Rock for these months past, and what evil demon brought you after us to Tangiers, Captain Roper? Should I ever return again in safety to my home——"

He looked the Shylock all over as he left the menace unspoken. Jack on his side burst out this time, but it was neither the unreasonable charge nor the implied threat he took fire at.

"What demon tempted you, you miserable man, to bring your daughter into such fearful peril, for your blind, idiotical faucies? As if I had ever dreamed you were in Tangiers till that unlucky hour you ran into my arms."

The indignation in his eyes was the more terrible in a man habitually so calm and good-tempered. Osalez was overmastered and perhaps conscience-stricken. At all events he said nothing, though he stood his ground, till Jack, who remembered himself, made a mighty effort over his temper, and extended his hand.

"Forgive me, Mr. Osalez, and set my speech off against yours. We have each of us grievances, it seems, and if I have done anything to make your life uncomfortable, again I entreat your pardon frankly. Surely when we are meeting a common danger, and know not what the next hour may bring to us, we can afford to forget our anger, and let bygones be bygones."

Osalez hesitated. His daughter had sprung up and drawn near to them at the first sound of the quarrel; her face was flushing with gratitude to the strong and stately Englishman for his forbearance; but, like a sensible girl, she resisted her first impulse to interpose. That would have been enough to harden the heart of her stiff-necked parent. It was the skipper who volunteered for peacemaker.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Osalez, let bygones be bygones, as the captain says. Shake hands, and let us all stand shoulder to shoulder, or else they misbegotten devils 'll be letting us have our kale through the reek long ere dinner-time. Take my word for it."

Sullenly acknowledging the cogency of the argument, the Hebrew touched the proffered hand.

"And now," resumed the captain, "we may as well clear the steamer forward, by heaving some of they brutes of cattle overboard; and when that's done, we'll have another try with the anchor. They're but sorrow and trouble to us, they cattle; but they may possibly divert the notice of our friends on shore there."

"The cattle belong to me," interposed Osalez; "and they're just as well where they are in the meantime. One never knows what may happen."

"But it's me that's responsible for the ship and the souls on board of her. You need not bend your brows that fashion, Mr. Osalez; it's long odds against both of us being spared for the one to dismiss the other."

"But it's no question of life, man—not for me at least," said Osalez, hurriedly, as if appealing to the captain against the doom he dreaded. "The Moors will know me: there are those on board who will tell them; though heaven

knows what they may have out of me for a ransom."

The captain gave his shoulders a shrug worthy of Dumolard. I couldn't help whispering to Roper, "A beautifully unselfish character, your father-in-law;" but I don't believe he heard me. His face was speaking comfort and sympathy to Esther, who was blushing for her father, till she looked more bewitching than ever.

It was no very difficult matter getting rid of the cattle—only withdrawing a board and driving them overboard; soon they were to be seen striking out for the shore in all directions. And, as the captain had surmised, the Riffs got ready to welcome them.

While our stray stock were being roped and penned ashore, we had again let go the anchor. Indeed it was high time to make our last effort. There were reefs immediately ahead of us both to port and starboard; and judging by the whiter patches of broken water, we might strike on a submerged rock at any moment. Anxiously we watched again after the plash; again the anchor was dragging, and the steamer moving still. Again we had gone despondently to the capstan-bar, when a jerk responded to the strain. The anchor had bit, and held firmly.

The sense of relief was great, but it did not last. The reprieve seemed likely to be very temporary.

"We'll have time to look about us now, eh, captain?" exclaimed Osalez, shooting up buoyantly to the surface from the depths of his despondency.

The captain showed no corresponding exhilaration. "We might possibly have had the time, had you but fitted us with the new cable I begged of you the day before we left the Rock. As it is, I'm thinking the few sovereigns you kept in your purse may cost you mair cash

than you'll care to part with, and us many a life forbye."

Whereupon Osalez made a clutch at the cap that covered his hair, and literally wept tears of rage and regret over that piece of ill-timed economy. It was the captain's theory that the anchor had caught hold of a ledge of rock; that the cable at this inoment must be fretting on the sharp stone edge. "And I'll take my solemn davy there isn't a sound strand in it; and more than one of them were snappit already, as you saw and found for yourselves."

"The Riffs, at any rate, are not in the secret of the quality of your ground-tackle," exclaimed Roper, after a time. "See! the beggars are getting impatient, and mean to come off to us as we won't go ashore to them."

It was even so. A couple of boats were being loaded down to the gunwales with people, and both parties bristled with matchlock-barrels and spear-heads. Sweeps were got out and manned by great muscular barbarians. They would be aboard of us in no time, if we made no objections. We looked blank, certainly, but I think determined. We had been preparing ourselves for this for some time; and then nothing is more wearying or worrying than suspense. Just then the mate, who stuck to his special charge like a man, and had been letting off his brass cannon at irregular intervals, walked up to it to fire another shot. The usual reverberations had risen and died away—hark! could that be an echo of them from the Spanish side? Latterly we had been too much occupied nearer home to keep a very bright look-out to seaward; but now we made a simultaneous rush to various vantage-points. Lightest and quickest, Esther Osalez had anticipated the rest of us.

"The steamer! the steamer! the steamer!" she shouted, letting her opera-glass rattle down upon the deck, clapping her little hands, jumping in joyous excitement on the cabin-hatch where she had perched herself.

"A gunboat from Gibraltar or Algesiras," pronounced the captain, after a long, steady look through his telescope.

"The Groper, for a thousand! Calverley's surveying ship. She's always poking about the Straits in all weathers." Such was the idea of Roper, and he was notorious for excellent eyes.

But Groper or not, she was yet a great way off, and it was hard to tell for the tumbling waves whether she was actually heading down for us. We hoped the best, however, and soon had reason to believe it. If that was her gun, it must have been in response to our signal; so we fired again and were distinctly answered this time.

Osalez having thrown himself down on his knees, got up to fling himself into his daughter's arms. Roper looked as if he would have liked to follow suit; but he had already taken advantage of the parent's paroxysm of devotion to press her hands in his and do everything short of embracing her. It was the cool and collected skipper who reminded us that our rejoicings were premature.

"It's a race after all, remember, between friends and foes. There's no doubt of it that the Riffs have sighted that boat long before we did, and that's the reason they're so keen upon coming aboard here. They're dour deevils to deal with in any case; and they'll be harder to beat off than ever, now that they see us like to slip through their fingers."

"If it's a race, there can be no question who is making the running.

I should say they must be pretty nearly within 400 yards by this time, eh, Jack?"

Roper nodded assent, glanced round at his lady-love to see that she was admiring his adroitness, sighted his carbine to its longest range, and pitched it up to his shoulder. He "browned" the boatful, no doubt; still, allowing for the pitching of one craft and the other, it was a pretty as well as a lucky shot. The boat yawed visibly and shipped a wave. One of the men pulling had dropped his oar as if the handle had burned him. But all the same, on they came again; the master of the engines tried his long piece with no results; and a couple of shots of my own had expended themselves on the air or the water. Our enemies regained their confidence, and while one boat deliberately slackened speed, another went off upon a detour to approach us from a different quarter. We kept loading and firing again, but thanks probably to the double motion, our practice left a good deal to desire.

"This will never do," said the captain, very sensibly. "It's no time for practising at long ranges. We had best get down behind the bulwarks, let them draw nearer, and bide our time."

Roper and Osalez, acting as allies for once, forced Esther to lie down on her rug. She utterly refused to go below decks. Then they subsided like the rest of us, and we all waited. We could catch at last the splash of the sweeps in spite of the sound of the breakers. The captain raised his head over the bulwarks, and drew a scattering fire of musket-balls which did him no harm whatever. "Now then, all of you, and take it steady, for God's sake!" This time the warning we gave them was unmistakable. A couple of individuals who were standing up

pitched head-foremost into the water, where they splashed about like wounded wild-fowl. One or two more dropped among the ballast of the boat. While the Riffs were occupied picking up their crippled comrades, the battery of breech-loaders was charged again. Another round, more casualties, and confusion became more confounded. Leaving their friends to their fate, they turned this time and headed for the beach, like Cleopatra's galleys flying from the fight at Actium.

The cheer that followed them in their retreat was cut short by a scream. It appeared that Miss Osalez's feminine curiosity had tempted her to peer out the other way, and the sight that greeted her was the second boat far nearer than we should have fancied. It had fetched a compass, caught both the breeze and the current, and with hoisted sail was slipping swiftly down upon us. But what made the scream finish more shrilly than it began, was the proceedings of the handful of Mussulmans on board. Naturally anxious to cut short the exchange of shots, they fancied the moment came to interfere with decision. The leader of them, the same who had jostled Miss Osalez the night before, had shuffled out of his slippers and was gliding towards Roper with uplifted knife. Roper, all unconscious, was in the act of delicately adjusting one of the Moslem's co-religionists, when Esther's scream brought him to his legs as if he had been galvanised. Changing his hands from the stock of his carbine to the muzzle, with the quickness of thought he anticipated his assailant by knocking him senseless—"a most salutary warning for the rest of the blackguards," as the captain observed. And meantime Osalez had placed the contents of his blunderbuss at the disposal of the second boat's crew

It was a long range for the weapon, but by luck or skill he shot plumb centre; though the charge did no serious damage, yet, thanks to the distance, it was so impartially distributed as to make the party stop short on their oars, and then promptly follow their fellows.

"Hurrah, my lads! here's the steamer coming!" exclaimed the captain in exceeding glee; and, indeed, it soon began to look like it. The hull was just rising out of the waters, and all hands agreed she was no other than the *Groper*. "Hurrah!" shouted Roper; "we'll get Calverley to spare us a couple of boats' crews and go and smoke the hornets out of their nest."

There's many a slip between the cup and the lip. The vessel gave a lurch that somehow sent Roper almost into Esther's arms, and the lurch was followed by a marked increase in our motion.

"The Lord help us!" exclaimed the captain, "it's the tow that's parted. You've done it this time, as I said, Mr. Osalez; what would you offer now, would you have let me bend in the rope you refused?"

I believe most of us felt moved to cast the Hebrew overboard, but his fresh paroxysm of anguish and self-indignation might have disarmed us. It was only the tough texture of his garments that prevented his rending them; and failing that, he leaped up on a bench under the bulwarks, and began wildly gesticulating toward the distant steamer. Another roll—his feet go from under him, and he vanishes from our sight. I rushed forward to see the fur cap disappearing down the vortex of a small whirlpool; what hope was there of his being saved, with that thick poncho clinging to him?

Esther, I must say, looked sublimely beautiful, as she tore her

cloak from her throat as if she were preparing to make a plunge overboard. She turned like a fury on the captain, who had laid hold of her promptly with great presence of mind; and slight as she was, she must have tasked his strength to hold without hurting her, had not an incident come to divert her excitement. The moment Osalez had tilted over, Roper had begun to strip. In a second or two he had parted with coat, boots, and braces. He, too, had taken a flying observation over the side, and had seen Osalez disappear under the counter of the vessel. The next moment he had bounded across the deck, taken a quiet header from the other side, dived, and disappeared also. I knew he was as strong in aquatics as at any other manly pursuit, but I own I grew intensely anxious when time went by and he never showed again. Ten to one his header might have brought him to grief upon a rock, and who could answer for the strength of the under-currents? As for Esther, she dragged the captain to the other side by strength of will rather than of body, and utterly unconscious of the man who held her, gazed wildly down into the seething water. In vain—there was no penetrating for an inch below these swirling circles; death might be grappling your dearest within a fathom of you, but at best you could only imagine the agony.

"Hold up, old fellow!" I shouted, as if he could hear me, and my shouting would help him, for I had seen the fair locks floating in the water beside the grizzled bullet-head of Osalez. A life-buoy, dexterously pitched, went skimming up to his very cheek, and the next moment Roper's arm was passed through it, and he was drifting in comparative safety. A rope went after the buoy, and at last we hauled the couple on

board. Osalez was utterly insensible when we laid him down, and for a moment we believed it was all over. But his daughter, when her first agitation was passed, showed herself the best physician of any of us. She ordered us about, telling us what to do, and directed the application of different stimulants with such scanty means as we had at our disposal. At length the chest heaved, the eyelids trembled, and the blood began to stir in the veins, till we could perceive a faint beat in the pulse. Then, and when she was assured that life had revived, she raised herself to thank his preserver. But Jack neither gave her time to speak nor said one word himself. He merely looked, and opened his arms, and, all dripping as he was, she flew straight into them, resigned herself to his embrace, and buried her face in his bosom.

"And why the devil shouldn't she? I would wish to ask you," exclaimed the captain, looking round savagely, as if any one had impeached her delicacy; and to tell the truth, in the tension of our nerves we all regarded the impulse as perfectly natural.

The yarn has run already to an unconscionable length, and it boots not to dwell on the fag-end of it. Broken loose from her moorings, the steamer still set for the shore, and the Riffs took heart to have another try for us. Again they had to beat a bloody and ignominious retreat, encouraged as we were by the swift approach of the Groper. Her Majesty's vessel took the Mary Anne in tow, and the tardy voyage which might have been disagreeable at another time, seemed delightful after our recent experiences. Roper, in high good-humour, did not press

Captain Calverley for boat-crews for a descent. By nightfall we were landed on the quays of Gibraltar. Osalez, enveloped in blankets, was under way for his residence, and, thanks to my preoccupations and the doubtful light, I can say nothing at all of Jack's leave-taking of his mistress. But, three months later, I had the pleasure of assisting at the quietest of weddings, when Esther Osalez, only daughter and heiress of the late Abraham Osalez, of Trafalgar Cottage, Gibraltar, was married to John Augustus Roper, Captain in H.M.'s Royal Regiment of Artillery. What is more, I had been requested to give away the bride; for the late Abraham Osalez had died of the fever contracted on the eventful night when his ill-found steamer was wrecked off the Riff coast. I may add that, before breathing his last, he gave his child his blessing, with absolute *carte blanche* to marry the man who might please her fancy, surmising doubtless, with his customary shrewdness, the quarter in which her choice would fall. As for religious objections, Osalez, as it may be imagined, had never been a bigot, and had kept a great deal of Christian company in his time; while his daughter found Jack the most eloquent of controversialists, and changed her creed before her marriage.

For the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, the mercantile influence Jack had won in wedlock found excellent berths for the worthy skipper as well as the mate and the Yankee engineer. The boat-load of passengers, who had vanished from our sight and thought, had perhaps as much luck as they deserved. Driven ashore in the bay, they were duly stripped, but dismissed as scarcely worth the murdering.

SUBORDINATION.

EVER since it was made—at any rate for as long as we can trace back its voice—the world has delighted in sentiments favouring independence and resistance to rank and power. Whatever its practice may have been, its general sympathy has always gone with the weaker against the stronger, the lower against the higher. The strong and the great—easily represented as the proud, unjust, and oppressive—have been thought quite able to take care of themselves, and to require no consideration; all the feeling of mankind has been kept up for the weak, the enduring, the resisting. Overbearing force seems to have been always considered a large and necessary element in society; the problem was how to keep it within bounds. Hence the cry of the prophet, the poet, the orator, has commonly been against misused power; even martial fame was incomplete unless the deeds which won it could be made to look like the humbling of some tyrant, or the assertion of some liberal principle; even tales of love derived their chief interest from opposition to some stern power which interposed between devoted hearts. In the beginning, no doubt, the complaints and denunciations were the genuine expressions of bruised spirits unable to help themselves in act, and giving vent to their sorrows in glowing words. But it is likely that there is a satisfaction in complaint apart from the suggestions of present misery; because it has been found that, after the affliction has been removed, the grievance cannot be relinquished, but is carefully cherished and made the theme of most that is said or sung. If this be so, and if human nature has a liking for the

accents of lamentation, the world's favour to those who are, or profess to be, in subjection, is in some degree explained. The anxiety of those who meditate tyranny to represent themselves as deliverers is explained by the same natural tendency. Thus one sees how giants, ogres, enchauteurs, and devouring dragons came to be invented; it was necessary to find objects against which righteous indignation could be abundantly raised. But for her peril we should not trouble ourselves about who married Andromeda; and Bluebeard, for all the world would have cared, might have died the common death of all men, if his organ of wife-destruction had been less prominent, and if he had had a more affectionate way of sporting with the tangles of his last partner's hair. Knight-errantry began with a belief that there was an amount of violence and oppression in the world which it was past the power of laws to relieve. Indeed, chivalry altogether, though its members were guilty of all sorts of acts, and ministered to all sorts of policies, yet claimed to exist for the object of helping them to right that suffered wrong.

Government has always been necessary for mankind, and rulers of some sort seem generally to be forthcoming. Their possession and exercise of power, however, have always had a tendency to excite in many resentment or envy, and to forbid the sympathy of those who may not have been absolutely hostile. Tyrants, despots, usurpers, are the hard names by which they have often been designated, and rebellion against them has generally been regarded as venial if not meritorious. It is not here intended to

suggest that the right lay on the one side or the other, but merely to note the tendency of men to turn against power and authority themselves, and to sympathise with others whom they see doing the same. If the governed feel aggrieved when subjected to those of their own nation, how much more plaintive must be their wail when they writhe under a foreign yoke!

What occurs between governments and peoples, occurs also between different classes of society. There is always a lowest class questioning and envying the class immediately above it; while that envied class is again impatient of a higher one, and so on. Nobody sees why he should serve or be subordinate. True, it is allowed that the world cannot go on unless society arranges itself in classes, and unless some govern and others are governed. But then what law is it, moral or divine, which decrees concerning any individual that he is to be in a lower and not a higher order? that he is to be subject and not to rule? As men we are all in many respects equal. It is not, as a rule, the wisest, or the most virtuous, or the most capable, who get to the top. Why, then, is a man contentedly to see power and worship conceded to his neighbour, while for himself there is only subjection and humiliation?

Questions like the above occupied the world for many centuries, and, though they elicited no distinct answer, they were often fruitful of striking events. Forms of government were altered—republics were invented, with a view of reducing the inequality, or, at the least, of conceding the first place (since first there must needs be) to merit. But in some form or other aristocracy and plutocracy managed to keep their heads up. Athens, Rome, Venice, failed to solve the problem.

At length Europe, towards the end of the eighteenth century, seemed determined to try a great experiment for bringing the whole human race on a level. France, goaded no doubt to madness by oppressive government, led the movement. She overturned all existing power, and everything pertaining thereto, blotted out distinction of rank, confiscated wealth, abolished privilege and ceremony. The Revolution did not fully effect its purpose, and the prevalence of universal equality had still to be postponed. But that epoch, for the first time in the world's history, gave to a whole continent the assurance that no class of society was so low or so feeble but that it might, by united and vigorous action, dispute hopefully for place and power with the classes above it; and never since has the lesson been for a moment forgotten. In every way have inferiors been asserting themselves against superiors, subjects against rulers, servants against masters, employed against employers, soldiers and sailors against discipline,—all against authority and the signs of it. The Revolution had in fact to go back, but the spirit of it never quailed. It has gone on steadily encroaching, levelling, politically, socially, in work, in pleasure, until we begin to find it hard to get along at all. We who boast that we have wellnigh executed the commission with which our race started, and subdued the earth; we, who by our knowledge and enterprise have brought the ends of the world together, smoothed and polished humanity, perfected every luxury for the enjoyment of life—we see before us the possibility of being reduced each to the isolation of savage life, because none will fill a lower place in that gradation which is necessary to united effort.

If any man think that this state-

ment of the case is too broad and unlimited as regards Great Britain, let him look around him and study the attitudes of men towards men. He will see that politically all are equal, and that laws and rulers are really at the mercy of the many; if he does not perceive the dangers which impend from this cause he may readily learn what they are, for much has been spoken and written on the subject of late. If he happen to have experience of the army or navy, he will know only too well how things have been going for the last half-century; the report of any friend will help him if he is ignorant of the state of the services. By dint of coaxing, bribing, and winking at offences, the outward appearance of discipline is kept up; but every man who is or has been charged with the duty of controlling others, knows by sad experience the difficulty of maintaining the superficial show of order, and the immense distance by which that show falls short of what is to be desired. While every day furnishes examples of the insufficiency of discipline to prevent crime, all changes in the regulations are relaxations, not restrictions. This is said, not as casting blame on any concerned. It could not be otherwise in the present day. The immense pressure of actual numerical majorities, and of the force of long-cherished opinion, against exertion of authority, is too much for any commander or body of officers. Let any inferior enter into judgment with his superior on any matter, and the helplessness of what are called "the authorities," and the overwhelming power of those who dislike authority, will be immediately manifest. If report speaks truth, a junior officer endeavouring to strengthen himself by falling back upon his superior, finds the expected support to be weaker than

himself; and the weakness increases as the scale is ascended, until when the top is reached, where the supreme power would be supposed to reside, there is found to be an abject terror of anything in the shape of a dispute, an eagerness to hush up and compromise, at any expense to discipline. A great official, who would have his nod or his frown regarded as the award of fate, must naturally shrink from a contest that will prove him to have no power at all, and end probably with the triumph of some troublesome litigious caviller, who, backed by the irresistible force of the public will, may set him, his orders, and the discipline of the service, at defiance. But a civilian has not to turn to the services to find out the direction in which things are working; the troubles of his own household will be sufficient. The humours, caprices, and demands of those whom he still calls his servants, and with whom the problem is to give the least possible amount of service or of respect for the heaviest wages, will bring home, with bitter emphasis, the truth of what has now been said. It is the same with trades, factories, and all great works; the labourers are really the masters, and will either have things in exactly their own way, or bring a common ruin on their employers and themselves. Neither can we explain this by saying it is a struggle about wages simply. It is more than that. It is a demonstration of power which recommends itself to an aspiring class irrespectively of the money question.

In short, look in what direction we may, we must see the old relations breaking up or already broken. Obedience is a word wellnigh without a meaning in the present day; the grudging labour, bargained for in every particular, and disputed over on every opportunity, has very little resemblance to it. Every in-

dication of deference and hearty compliance is fast disappearing: assertion of equality is the order of the day: none are contented, none are accommodating. All deem it their duty to be exacting and intractable. If the time were now unexpectedly to arrive when the meek should possess the earth, how many would there be found with any title to the inheritance?

Although it is the pretension and perverseness of the lowest classes which are now exciting astonishment and anxiety, we should be wrong if we were to accuse them of having been more unreasonable in this respect than their superiors. Their mutiny, or their vindication of themselves, or whatever may be the proper term for it, has been the most formidable of the repeated uprisings, and made us survey our position somewhat keenly; but they have only followed the lead of others—only come last in carrying into act that universal sentiment already noticed, which lauds, encourages, and inculcates resentment and reaction against superiority in every form. The movement began long ago. Abatement of respect and obedience to kings and governments was the earliest form given to it: then came depreciation of aristocracies and of all in public authority of whatever kind, then the struggle of the *bourgeois*, and after them of the lower orders, for political power. And before the political revolution was complete a social inversion was in progress. The *bourgeoisie* poured over its old limits and invaded the precincts of the territorial magnates. Rank and place found themselves sliding down rapidly into the general crowd, and wealth seemed to have established for itself an unchallenged sway. The reign of wealth has, however, been of very short duration. The lesson of insubordina-

tion has travelled down with only too fatal power and certainty to the strong, toiling, energetic class, who were the sinews of wealth; and wealth in its turn has to vacate the throne. The sinews of wealth we said; but in so saying we did not mean that wealth had any prescriptive right or exclusive interest in this important class: they have, properly guided, been the sinews of all enterprise, of discovery, art, war; they have had an immense share in making us what we are. Far be it from us to depreciate them. It is, however, saying no more than the fact to state that they are at present in a frame of mind very unprofitable to themselves and to others. They have put in, and seem inclined to maintain, their claim to mastery; the consequences of their doing so neither they nor any other can foretell.

In considering this universal objection to submit, one can scarce fail to be struck by the truth of two propositions. One is, that in order that mankind may progress they must work in grades, and there must be command and obedience. The other affirms, that though gradation and subordination be shown to be expedient, or even necessary, there is no rule which prescribes his place to any individual; consequently any one is at liberty to avoid service if he can.

Hitherto mankind have fallen into, or been thrust into, their places as co-operators for progress; and, though a tooth of a wheel might here and there go wrong, the system worked satisfactorily on the whole. But one does not see how possibly there can be further advancement when men of every class want to be masters. There was, it is true, in the old days of chivalry, a doctrine concerning *the graces of subordination*, by the influence of which men who were in nowise

compelled to subject themselves to others did, for the general good, or for their own instruction and training, go into a state of honourable servitude. "He who has never learned to obey," said a great authority (Lord Nelson, was it not?) "will never be fit to command;" on this principle, therefore, it is a good thing for all to practise "the graces of subordination." But it requires intelligence, reflection, and a general softening of manners to lead any one to a voluntary submission on the grounds which we have been supposing; we must not expect, therefore, such submission on the part of the least reflecting, the least enlightened, and the least refined class, who are at present rather exulting in the exercise of power, and who, from the sentiments in which they have been trained, are not likely to see in subjection anything but a brand and a reproach. In fact the descent of power has at length outstripped the descent of culture. Willing subordination and obedience are not to be looked for; and the sort of aid which is covenanted for, and given only according to the letter of the bond, is not likely to take us forward. What, then, have we to expect? We may keep in halting motion, receding two steps for every one that we make in advance, and so certainly losing ground, until we get back to the condition in which the supply of labour will far surpass the demand; undergo violent disturbances; and finally have subordination established by hunger, assisted, perhaps, by military power. But what a prospect is this! How can we, who have gone so far, and who aim at going so much further, bear to think of such retrocession? And yet we must re-establish order and obedience, or be content to go backward? But how is this to be done?

In the second proposition above stated we read that no one is morally obliged to submit himself to another. To force a man to labour against his will is to make him a slave. An attempt in this direction can be justified only on that which has been called in detestation "the tyrant's plea, necessity." The reader probably is inclined to smile at such an idea as forcing labour in this century. But, if he will reflect, he will see that it is an idea which, with a changed name, he is continually hearing discussed. What is conscription, what is serving in the army by lot, but forced labour? And we know that our legislators, our journals, and some of our authors, have been very busy over this scheme. Nobody has yet undertaken to carry it into effect, but we have been familiarised with the idea for all that. It is as inconsistent with freedom to make a man work in the army against his will as to make him work at a trade against his will, and yet we talk seriously about doing the former. So there is nothing so very absurd in the idea after all. What, then, is it that induces us to tolerate such a proposition? Necessity, or that which in matters of State takes the force of necessity—the public safety, the general good. The State, then, for what it considers to be for the general weal, can force men to serve as soldiers. This may be done somewhat arbitrarily and without even universal consent. Quakers, for instance, would never recognise the right of a Government to make men serve in the wars; nevertheless the service would be enforced. Neither would compulsion to serve be the only new feature. Once the Government began to make its pressure felt, it would not only get soldiers by force, but would keep them efficient. It would find means of stopping wholesale desertion and

making away with necessities. It would find out, moreover, that it could not exact obedience in the articles which have just now been stated without tightening the bands of discipline in general. So one sees how, under circumstances sufficiently pressing, individual liberty might be interfered with by the State to an unlimited extent. It is plain, then, that a man's natural right may be set at naught by the State whenever the condition of the country may seem to call for such an exertion of power. It is only a step from this to suppose the State stepping in to fix the positions of men in civil matters, and to make them work and obey whether they like it or not. As things are at present, however, every man is free to work or not to work, free also to declare that if he is to work he will dictate to his employer, and his employer shall not dictate to him. Want of money, want of education, want of connection, are what have generally driven men to submit themselves, and to work in the lowest grades; but these are mere accidents, and there is no moral law which prescribes that the poor, the untaught, and the friendless shall submit to other men more fortunate than themselves.

The situation is so unexpected that it uproots preconceived notions—baffles all the old calculations, maxims, sentiments; for these were based upon the presumption that there would be always a necessitous class ready to work and to obey. For the first time, probably, since the creation, a country has reached the eminence of having no down-trodden class; no class that can make out a colourable grievance against society; none that as a whole can appeal to pity and demand redress. Poetry and oratory are like to be bankrupt. We have reached this promised land of uni-

versal independence, and what do we see around us? Unbounded happiness, unchecked prosperity, entire contentment, unanimous progress is it? Nay, it is none of these. It is more like a dead lock, a neutralisation of force, whose natural outcome would seem to be the creation of an artificial poverty.

The cure of our disease, if cure for it there be, is probably far off, possibly undiscovered. We who animadvert on the case can point out no remedy. All that can be effected just now is the recognition of the evil, and some review of its antecedents. We must understand what the ailment is before attempting to deal with it. It adds to the difficulty of the question when we reflect that our material prosperity and our intellectual advancement flourished contemporaneously with the upheaval of classes until lately when the artisans and labourers assumed the right of dictation. When they turned round upon their employers progress was suddenly arrested. Their great numbers as compared with any other class explains this partly, but, as we think, not wholly. There is another thing to be considered, which is, that classes which were not quite at the bottom of the scale were all more or less cultivated and able to judge of the remoter effects of any violent movement. They could see that though they might on occasion secure immediate gain by turbulence and obstinacy, yet that the ultimate loss would far more than counter-balance such advantage, so that it was not advisable to push things to extremities. Yet although, as was to be expected, the turning of the class which subsisted by manual labour was the immediate cause of the paralysis of labour, it is probable that the action of other classes, by prompting and encouraging this

class to revolt, has mainly contributed to the mischief. Perhaps it might be an aid towards understanding the situation if men of any of the classes above manual labour were to reflect on the feelings which have for some time animated their own class. If they find that their endeavour has been to reduce obedience within the narrowest limits consistent with the retention of the means of living; if they find that they have been inclined to assess the value of their own services, and to determine what should be given to their employer or superior without attending to his wish or opinion on the matter; if they find that they have, as far as they dared, withheld all outward tokens of respect—then they must not be astonished to find men of less education than themselves imitating their tactics. Now there is much reason to believe that all classes have been equally unwise in this respect as to feeling, although all have not been blind enough to go the length of stopping business altogether. All, therefore, have contributed to bring about our present difficulties.

If, as has been suggested above, the workman and labourer are simply copying other classes, we gain from this at least the knowledge that these persons are imitative—that is something to know. Knowing this, we see how they may be led to wiser courses, or how, at the least, the example which now encourages them in their obstinacy may be amended. Let every man, instead of crying out against the mutinous spirit of those below him, try to correct the same spirit in himself. Let him practise a little the graces of subordination. Let him obey in a true sense; that is, not according to the letter of a contract, but with a hearty desire to give satisfaction. And this dispo-

sition, if it once became general among the educated, would certainly at last find its way down to mechanics and labourers.

Reflection will probably show us that the old sentiment about oppression; servility, and so forth, has survived the circumstances to which it owes its birth. After real oppression had been got rid of, we kept denouncing as wrongs, and levelling, those distinctions for which society is the better. Absolute equality is, one sees, impossible. How far short of it must we then stop? We ought to stop at that point where at least the general good will not be diminished through the wilfulness of individuals or of classes. Certain it is that we have gone too far now; and for the present what we have to do is to retrace our steps. There is not much danger of our receding too far; but at least it is safe to say that we should recede until we find ourselves recovering the old prosperity. It is a question whether there ever was so little public wrong in a community as in ours at present, or whether in any community at any period men were so obstinately determined to stand out for their utmost rights. We know very well that there is often a higher duty than the assertion of rights; nay, that there are occasions when to assert one's own rights or the rights of one's fraternity, is to do a public wrong. Suppose that we were as tenacious of rights and as jealous concerning them in other matters as we are in the matter of work, where would the world be, or what two persons could exist together? It will be found that the giving up of certain natural or even legal rights is the cement of society; and of all surrenders, voluntary subordination, within reasonable bounds, is of most value.

Some who have not looked into

the subject may be inclined to doubt what has been said above about all ranks being more or less guilty in respect to the loss of subordination. But all who have experience of discipline or control know well that insubordination seldom or never begins with the rank and file; their revolt may be the first exhibition of it, but it will have been at work some time ere any such manifestation occurs. The amount of crime and the relaxation of discipline in the army which Parliament and the press are continually discussing, is the consequence of a long growth of a captious, questioning spirit in the higher ranks, a spirit which weighed nicely the amount of obedience which would satisfy the letter of the law, avoided where possible every outward demonstration of subjection, and boldly criticised orders and regulations. The same may be said of the navy. And we know well how peers and high officials have lately been shorn of the respect which was once paid to their position; how it is voted "snobbish" to use a title of honour except on occasions of high ceremony; and how official correspondence is moulded in the very hardest form.* But probably the most marked repudiation of discipline is to be seen where one would least expect to find it—namely, among the clergy. Nothing that we have laid to the charge of servants and workmen is too bad to be said of many of our clergymen, who notoriously set rules, customs, and superiors at defiance, insisting upon having their own way in fact, and sheltering themselves under any and every quibble of law, while conscious

that they are running counter to the spirit of the laws. What an example is this to set to the laity! how greatly must it encourage the proud spirit that is abroad everywhere! The mischief which these ministers are doing is infinite. If we might look anywhere for obedience it is surely to them, for obedience is, without doubt, pleasing in the eyes of the Master whom they profess to serve. And this last consideration should be of weight with all who will yet recognise the authority of Scripture, which strongly recommends obedience. The holy writings, while they denounce tyranny and oppression, yet command obedience, not for wrath but for conscience' sake.

Now that no class is trampled on, it seems to be time to give over the old song about resistance, thralldom, and so forth. The repetition of it tends not to liberty, but to the withholding of due service, and the violation in spirit, if not in letter, of agreements. There is no doubt that individuals, and classes too, pride themselves in going as far as they can in the direction of denying service, and in suppressing outward signs of subordination. If there were a pride in making a full and honest return for the wages paid, things would be more hopeful. By-and-by the time may come when perfect liberty and perfect co-operation may flourish together; but we have not yet reached that time, and are not yet in view of it; and how, for the present, we may best allay friction so as to keep the wheels of progress going at all, is a problem that must necessarily occupy many minds.

* Mr. Carlyle contributed not a little to the abolition of terms of courtesy in official correspondence by sneering at "having the honor to be," and suchlike expressions. He would be the last man, we fancy, knowingly to countenance insubordination; and he probably had not an idea that by Spartanising correspondence, he was assisting a perverse spirit. It is good that discipline should be remembered in some way in all the actions of life where different grades are brought *vis-à-vis*.

SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

MONEY.

It is singular that no psychologist has yet attempted to determine the exact nature of the relationship between mankind and money. Of all the ties which cramp us, of all the bonds which embarrass our free-will, of all the passions which choke the liberty of our aspirations, the lust for money is manifestly the most enslaving; but still no thinker has endeavoured, thus far, to analyse the manner of its action, to calculate the limits of its power, to investigate the precise import of its laws. The "experimental evidence" which modern science calls for as the starting-point of its inductions exists on the subject in limitless abundance; the facts stand out before us in glaring clearness; but the philosopher who is to work them into a system has not appeared. Money is to some few amongst us a mere useful tool; to many more it is a ruthless taskmaster; to all it is a necessity; but to no one does it present the character which must necessarily be assigned to it some day, of a measured universal force. There is an enormous gap here: the coming generation may see it filled, perhaps; but we, of this day, can only gaze at the hole, and say, "How big it is!" However, as we are now standing on its edge, we may as well kick a few stones into it, in order to see how far they will roll.

The material elements of the question are even more evident than its moral conditions, for a good many people have some of them in their pockets; and yet we know but little of their annals and adventures. It was said in France, in 1854, when the Russian war

began, that scarcely anybody was quite certain where the Crimea was; and that the majority of the French people, even in the educated classes, confounded it with the Morea and Corea, and thought that all of them might be somewhere in the Pacific, or on the west coast of Africa. Our own notions about the history and the science of money are, pretty generally, of this vague kind; but really our ignorance of them deserves some pardon, for of all the repellent books which men and women can attempt to study, there are none which are more odiously unpleasing than those which treat of money. Economists and cambists are useful people in their way, but they manage to make their way so outrageously unattractive that nobody ever follows it from joy or love. Instead of lending a new charm to a subject which is so generally seductive, they absolutely contrive to strip it of its inherent fascination, and to render it as ugly and as stupid as rain. There is nowhere a more flagrant example of misuse of a great occasion. They discuss an all-alluring question—a question which goes to the bottom of almost every heart, on which readers, no matter of what age or latitude, are eager to be fervid; and yet they handle it in such a fashion that they choke off enthusiasm, swamp zeal, and stifle ardour. Their books are like November fogs, inevitable, but choking, blinding, and depressing. They tell us absolutely nothing of what we are curious to know, and scarcely anything that the mass of us can understand. They talk to us about exchanges, and mint prices, and gold standards,

and double valuation, and all the mysteries of bank - parlours; but, outside the city, these explanations have no meaning and no enticement; they hold no place in circulating libraries; they simply make the public shudder slightly, and force it, in spite of its natural sympathies, to murmur, "Horrid money!" And this is not the whole sum of their offending, for even on the arid points which they do discuss, they lead us into mazes of uncertainty, and add confusion to our ignorance. Here is an example of their doings:—

Most people know approximately where their money comes from; some people know even how they spend it; but who knows what becomes of it after it is spent? If we go to the economists for information on the point, we find that they talk to us superbly about "circulation," about "the laws which regulate the movements of the precious metals," about "demand and supply;" so, in our confiding trustfulness, we immediately suppose that, according to their statements, money keeps on running restlessly about in obedience to necessities which it cannot resist—like the Wandering Jew or a white mouse in a revolving cage; that the inevitable condition of its existence is to keep on changing hands; that the coin with which we pay our bills to-day will serve to pay some one else's bills to-morrow, and will go on indefinitely paying bills, as is the duty of all sovereigns which are well behaved, and which properly discharge the functions of their place. But, having thus induced us to innocently believe that money leads a life like that of water—perpetually moving, perpetually varying, perpetually modifying and reconstituting its shape, but never disappearing—the same delusive economists then unfold to us just the contrary, and tell

us, with appalling figures and the stateliest proofs, that, after all, money is constantly abandoning all shape whatever, and that the truest of all facts about it is, that it goes out of sight and comes back no more. This assertion looks, however, so utterly amazing, that at first we naturally hesitate a little before we admit its possibility. We are all so perfectly aware that everybody wants money, and that the possession of it is always the best way to acquire more, that we fail altogether to comprehend how so coveted, so useful, so indestructible an article can disappear at all. According to probabilities, it would seem to be quite certain to the unlearned that all the gold the world has seen must still be in existence somewhere—that such cherished property cannot anyhow have evaded the eagerness of our persistent clutch—that it never can have become impalpable or invisible. And yet we find, to our bewilderment, that the economists are more right in their second story than in the first: we discover, when we ask about it, that gold does vanish, that silver does become extinct, that the great object of the world's ambition fades from our pursuing hand like daylight, happiness, or life.

Where are now the hoards that history talks about? Where are the big collections we wondered at respectfully at school? Where are the golden stores of Cræsus, Solomon, Cyrus, and Sesostris? Where is the treasure which Shah Nadir conquered from the Great Mogul? Where are all the heaps of metal that have been sifted out from riverbeds and dug from mines? The present Western world has certainly not got them—they exist in no place that we know of; and though we may suppose that a goodly portion of them has been hidden under ground, and there forgotten, and

that another fraction is lying at the bottom of "the greedy sea," those two explanations seem scarcely sufficient to account for the disappearance of so many of the much-loved millions that mankind has successively possessed. The difficulty will probably be never solved, which is a pity. The statisticians of the future may some day calculate the number of the hairs which grow upon our heads, in order to thenceforth measure the dismal progress of the growing baldness of young British gentlemen; professors may ascertain, to their own entire satisfaction, the exact quantity of atoms required to produce a soul; but no complete information is ever likely to be forthcoming as to the present hiding-place of all the bullion that men have had and lost. We do not even know, indeed, how much we really have lost; we can estimate it in a sort of way, it is true, but we can put no reliance on our computations, and it is only as a matter of idle curiosity that it is worth while to group together the figures which have been published on the subject. But as the curiosity is tempting, we may as well yield to it.

A Russian gentleman named Narces Tarassenko-Otreschkoff has written an odd book about gold and silver, has given in it a variety of laborious calculations, and has deduced from them, with curious inventiveness, that the entire stock of the precious metals which the world had owned from Noah down to Christopher Columbus amounted to £1,800,000,000. It is of no use to deny the statement, for we cannot in any way disprove it; it is not of much use to believe it, for it is based upon considerations, testimonies, and valuations which merit no serious credence. But as it is the only reckoning which exists upon the matter, its very loneliness supplies it with a worth, just as a

white thrush possesses enormous value; for that reason we may as well take it as it stands, with the trusting confidence of ignorance. And there is the more ground for not making too much difficulty about the product of the first few thousand years of the earth's existence, because the last four centuries alone have provided us with very nearly twice as much treasure as M. Otreschkoff attributes to the entire period antecedent to 1492. There does not seem to be much doubt on this latter point; for the Monetary Congress held at Brussels in 1873 has published official documents in which we are told, as a seriously probable fact, on the evidence of Humboldt, Jacob, and many more authorities, that the quantities of gold and silver of which we have become possessed since the discovery of America, represent a value of about £3,200,000,000. Consequently, on these two showings, the general total collected between the Deluge and the Tichborne trial would be, approximately, £5,000,000,000. Now, according to these same Brussels papers, the entire stock of metal actually held, in any form, in Europe and North America, does not exceed £1,800,000,000, of which £1,000,000,000 is in gold and the rest in silver; so that, if we guess the share of South America, Australia, and the colonies at £200,000,000 more, the whole present store of the Christian countries of the world amounts to about £2,000,000,000. The other £3,000,000,000 we will look at separately.

The manner of employment of the Christian £2,000,000,000 would seem, as well as we can judge it, to be somewhat as follows:—£650,000,000 of it exists in coin, in effective circulation; on that point the economists appear to

be tolerably of one mind, for the differences between them do not exceed the trifling sum of £100,000,000. The quantity absorbed in plate and ornaments (including house-gilding) can only be estimated arbitrarily; but as McCulloch put it many years ago at £112,000,000 for Great Britain and Ireland only, it does not seem to be too fantastic to guess it now at nine times as much, or £1,000,000,000 for the entire Christian world. A balance of £350,000,000 would thus be left to represent the hoardings of baptised humanity. Of course these figures are partially imaginary, but as they are not in contradiction with any evidence on the subject, it is just possible that they may not be very outrageously wrong. If true, they indicate that one-sixth of the Western store of precious metals is hidden away (probably in coin), that two-sixths of it are in effective circulation as money, and that the immense proportion of one-half is held in plate and ornaments.

The annual loss by friction, shipwrecks, and accident, is counted generally at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the cash in circulation; the waste and wear on the metal used in the arts may be put at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and the loss on hoarded treasure at as much. If the fairness of this arithmetic be admitted, a total loss is constantly occurring on the £2,000,000,000, which belong to the civilised countries of the earth at the rate of about £16,000,000 in a year. That is the first element of waste, and the richer we get the higher will it mount up. Luckily the annual production of gold and silver now averages about £40,000,000; there is therefore a margin still remaining for the current needs of the world, which are, according to McCulloch, at the rate of £10,000,000 a-year for increase of currency, and £12,000,000 for use in the arts.

The other £3,000,000,000 are more difficult to deal with, for we have scarcely any evidence to guide us; the books are dumb about the question. We know as a general fact, which cannot be disputed, that a vast proportion of this sum, especially in silver, has got away into Asia, but it is impossible to seriously suggest what has become of it there. McCulloch does indeed express the opinion that £400,000,000 are now employed in India in coin and trinkets; and intimates that the burial of silver is carried on so actively in the East, that in six years only, from 1852 to 1857, £100,000,000 were so disposed of in Hindostan and China alone. It is true that this rate was exceptional; but when we remember that the exportation of the precious metals to Arabia and India was commenced by the Phœnicians, and that it has been going on, more or less, ever since their time, it becomes clear enough that a prodigious quantity of them must have drifted to oriental countries, whence very little, relatively, has come back. It seems to be accepted on all hands, that the sums successively interred there are altogether beyond measurement, and that the richest metallic deposits on earth are sprinkled over Eastern Asia in forgotten hiding-places. Even if we admit, for form's sake, that £1,000,000,000 still exist in use there, there would yet remain £2,000,000,000 unaccounted for; and though it is quite obvious that a part thereof represents the accumulated loss of forty centuries in Europe, it still continues to be reasonably probable that the greater portion of this huge sum is somewhere underground in Asia. If, to gratify our curiosity, we capriciously suppose that one-half of it is so interred, it would follow that one-fifth of all the bullion that

the world is supposed to have ever seen has disappeared in this way, and that another fifth has been lost by war, by friction, waste, or accident. The true proportion may, perhaps, be larger still, and we certainly do not exaggerate in estimating it at two-fifths of the whole £5,000,000,000 on which we are calculating. Furthermore, whatever be the sum, it is increasing, and will continue to increase, with production and consumption.

Here, then, is an answer—for what it may be worth—to the question that was put just now. We guess the total disappearance of treasure since the Tower of Babel at £2,000,000,000, and we reckon that waste is now going on, in Christian countries only, at the rate of £16,000,000 a-year. To make the account complete, the present annual loss in Asia, whatever that may be, must be added to it. We repeat that the figures are, to a great extent, fantastic; but they are just as likely to be right as any others that can be produced, and a very pretty picture they present.

And now that we have disposed of this first question, we can go on to another, which, though less amusing, has, at all events, the merit of being more practical. Why is it that we employ gold and silver for money? It is not improbable that the mass of us would reply, most conscientiously and convincingly, "Because they are gold and silver." If so, the mass of us would give precisely the very answer which, in spite of its simplicity, would best express the true reason: the economists themselves are forced to fall back before it in the end; for, as Turgot said, those "two metals became universal money, not in consequence of any arbitrary agreement among men, but by the nature and the force of things." They did not jump into

their position without some competition, however; but when once they had won it, they held it against all comers. They had to struggle in the origin against iron, copper, earthenware, and painted wood; and, later on, against special local products:—against glass in Arabia, stamped leather in Russia, salt in Abyssinia, cocoa-nuts and seeds in Mexico, tobacco in Virginia, and cowry-shells in Africa; but they beat them all. The same necessities have produced everywhere the same results; gold and silver are adopted as the best medium of circulation because they really are so. The reasons of this superiority become evident as soon as we consider what are the qualities required in money; and it is worth while to put the question and to answer it, because, in all probability, very few of us, except the specialists, have ever bestowed two thoughts upon the subject. Those qualities are five in number:—

The material of money must be susceptible of division into the smallest portions.

It must keep indefinitely without deterioration.

It must be easy to transport, in consequence of containing much value in small bulk.

All pieces representing the same value must be equal to each other.

Its intrinsic worth must vary as little as possible.

The union of all these properties—that is to say, of divisibility, durability, facility of carriage, equality of parts, and steadiness of value—is found only in the two precious metals; many substances own some of them, but no other matter combines them all. For instance, grains of corn are eminently divisible, salt is of almost unvarying value, marble is very lasting, water is identical in all its portions, pearls and diamonds are easy to move

about; yet not one of these things is fit to serve as money, for each of them possesses only one or two of the five essential requisites. It is because gold and silver unite the whole of them that, after comparison with all other known objects, they were long ago selected by common consent as the materials of money.

We all know that, originally, they were employed—as they still are partially in China—in lumps or ingots, which were weighed and cut when wanted, and that the many inconveniences of that way of effecting payments led naturally to the idea of substituting what we now call “coin.” There is a legend that coined money existed in those very early days when Saturn and Janus preceded Victor Emmanuel as kings of Italy; but the critics have demonstrated the falseness of the tale, just in the same way as they have proved that no such persons as Horatius Cocles and William Tell ever existed: they insist that there is no mention of coined money anywhere in Homer; they remind us that, as there was no cash in his time, the value of Diomed’s armour was estimated at nine oxen, while that of the dandy Glaucus represented a hundred; they add that there is not a word about money in the Bible until the time of Abraham; and they wind up by the assertion that, according to the Parian chronicle, the first coins were struck in Ægina, under Pheidon, king of Argos, in 895 B.C.; they even tell us, with scrupulous precision, that these coins were silver, and had a turtle marked upon them. And then they go on again to say that that very wise man Lycurgus at once foresaw the deleterious influence of the precious metals on society; for less than ten years after Pheidon started currency, he (Lycurgus) prohibited gold and silver in Lacedæmon, and allowed only coins

of iron and copper. The luxurious Athenians, however, did not share this hard view of life, for, under Pericles, silver money had become so abundant in their hands that they were able to spend three millions of talents in public edifices, and to keep twice as much in reserve for the expenses of the Peloponnesian war. From its very first beginning coining was regarded as a prerogative of sovereignty; it was recognised that such a process could not be left to private hands; and that Governments alone could certify the true value of the money current in their territory.

And here, as we have alluded to coining, we may as well put in a parenthesis about it, and draw attention to the often-forgotten fact, that the value bestowed by the act of coining is only nominal. The real worth of a piece of money is altogether independent of that act, and results exclusively from the quantity of pure metal employed in it. All that coining does is to supply an official indication of quantity and purity, and to save, in that way, the trouble and the risk of weighing and assaying. And even this restricted though very serviceable merit is quite a modern property of coinage, for so long as Governments found it handy to debase their money, the act of coining was simply a deception. It is only during recent times that the guarantee which States profess to supply by minting money has become a universal and substantial reality.

This leads us to a third element of the subject; the first we looked at was more or less imaginary; the second was practical; this third one is scientific. In our growing wisdom we have found out, during the last hundred years, that, though adopted as an emblem, money is a merchandise as well. It is both a measure and an equivalent: not,

however, an ideal measure, like a yard or an hour, which can be conceived, abstractly, in space or time; not an ideal equivalent, like a weight which is equal to another weight, or a force which is balanced by another force,—but an effective measure, a practical equivalent, possessing a value of its own identical with that which it is employed to express. It is not only a sign, it is the thing signified as well. It is this reality, this intrinsic substantiality, this inherent authenticity, which form the essential basis of the actual system of metallic money: it has been fought about tremendously; tons of angry books have been composed upon it; but it has at last attained the altitude of a principle, it has become a science all by itself, and nobody would now presume to entertain a doubt about it.

And yet from this reality springs up, like a butterfly from a chrysalis, like a flower from a bud, that pretty, airy, vaporous product — paper-money, which forms the fourth, or elastic-fluid section of the subject. It is precisely because gold and silver money is so real; because, being real, it is excessively expensive; because it is risky to move about; because it wears away, and may be lost; because, in fact, it has all the inconveniences of reality, that it has been found necessary to replace it, as much as possible, by a counterfeit. This is indeed most curious logic. The economists first prove to us, by glowing and triumphant arguments, that money ought to be, must be, is bound to be, a reality; and then they go on, glowingly and triumphantly as before, to demonstrate that a fiction must necessarily be employed to replace that reality. Of course their arguments are convincing; of course it is impertinent to discuss them; of course it is indispensable to have sovereigns because they are genuine money; and

of course it is consequently indispensable to have bank-notes because they are fictitious; of course reality is the essential parent, and of course a sham is the inevitable child; of course a bank-note is the necessary product of a sovereign, and of course sovereigns would be altogether incomplete without bank-notes. All this is without doubt quite true, and yet it does not look like either truth or common-sense; but the economists require us to believe it, so we bow down our heads and meekly believe. But faith does not imply comprehension; faith is generally supposed to be a process by which we admit what we cannot understand, and that definition of it applies most certainly to this case. Our weak intellect might have grasped the logic of the economists if they had contented themselves with recording that, as we have not got enough metallic money for our wants, we have therefore supplemented what we have of it by a simulated representative, to which, for the sake of convenience and facility, we have attributed a certain nominal value. We could have unquestionably agreed with them if they had asserted that, as real money is a costly and wasteful luxury, as, in England only, on our supposed £70,000,000 of circulating coin, we are paying, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum, about £1,000,000 a-year for wear, tear, and loss, it has been found practical to replace it by a cheap substitute. But they do not content themselves with elementary considerations like these; simplicity is good enough for the unlettered public, but is totally unworthy of economists; so, scorning facts, they mount to principles, and assure us, without inquiring whether we understand them, that, according to those principles, money is governed by two fundamental laws,—the first, that it cannot be money unless it is intrin-

sically worth what it pretends to represent—the second, that money which has an intrinsic value is so full of disadvantages, defects, and inconveniences, that it is indispensable to replace it by paper, because the latter has no value at all.

And yet, whatever be its theoretical position towards coin, paper-money is particularly handy; and if we could only remain in ignorance of the fact that, possibly, it may lose its assumed value and be worth nothing, we all should be inclined to look upon it with a tenderness absolutely parallel to that which we accord to the brightest sovereigns. Unluckily, however, for our trusting fondness, it does sometimes happen that bank-notes deceive us, that they are not really convertible into the metal which they claim to represent, and then we mourn, and say it is a great shame. Our fathers did so, doubtless, in 1813, when the one-pound notes of the Bank of England fell to 14s. 2d.; and our various Continental neighbours have had, and have, frequent opportunities of conceiving the same sentiment. Whatever be the cunningness of Bank Acts, they do not suffice, in any land, to constantly maintain the price of this sort of currency. All that the cleverest Governments can do is to lay down rules which work well in quiet times; for the whole world knows, by personal experience, that no rules whatever can be relied on to keep bank-notes at par in days of crisis. But, as days of crisis are not frequent, we run the risk of them, and, from old habit and indifference, forget that all paper-money is a sham—an excessively meritorious sham, but none the less a sham. It wants but reality to be considerably more perfect than the metals whose place it takes; and it is quite comprehensible that, notwithstanding its one defect, it should have spread

all over the earth, since Marco Polo first discovered it in China six centuries ago. It weighs nothing, it costs nothing, and if it is lost, nothing is really lost. Of course the loser loses by his loss, but as the issuer gains an exact equivalent by the suppression of his liability, the loss is merely individual, not general; whereas, if a sovereign drops into a chink, the entire nation is twenty shillings poorer. These are immense qualities to possess, and it is indeed deplorable to be obliged, after enumerating them with hearty admiration, to come back again to what we said just now, and to repeat once more that paper-money is a sham. It is, however, "currency," which means that it has the capacity of being current; and so long as it retains that capacity unimpaired, it certainly merits to be regarded, with tea, gunpowder, and the compass, amongst the most admirable of the many inventions which we owe to the Chinese.

The fifth division of this many-sided question includes the differences of production, relation, and position between gold and silver. Before the discovery of gold in California and Australia, by far the greater part of the harvest of metal from Spanish America was in silver; the ratio of yield was then (in value) about four of silver to one of gold; but since 1850 the proportion has changed so utterly that it has now become one of silver to about three of gold. In other words, the worth of the gold raised, as compared with that of the silver simultaneously obtained, has risen seven-fold during the last twenty-five years. This must be humiliating for silver. It came into use so long before gold was heard of, that it might have legitimately expected, if men had gratitude, to continue to preserve its ancient rights undamaged, and to retain, in its venerable quality of

the oldest inhabitant, a constant position of prescriptive priority over its richer and more gaudy rival. But, if silver did really have the presumption to think all this, it has been most unpleasantly undeceived, for gold has partially succeeded in turning it out offensively into the cold shade. Look, for instance, at this thankless England, where we coined no gold money at all until 1527; where, until that date, we had nothing above silver, excepting such foreign gold pieces as managed to creep surreptitiously into use amongst our ancestors: well, even here, in the old home of strong Conservatism, we have heartlessly turned out our poor old friend, and have forced it into the second place. It has lost "the battle of the standards;" not, as the phrase may possibly suggest to the unlearned, a fight in war time, for regimental colours, but the struggle between white silver and tawny gold as to which of them shall constitute the official "standard" by which the money of the country is to be regulated—that is to say, which of them shall have an unvarying mint value, fixed by law; the other being degraded to the contemptible position of a mere vile merchandise, of varying price, like sugar, indigo, or cotton. All other countries, however, have not acted towards unlucky silver with the same oblivion of former benefits. We have induced Portugal, Brazil, and Turkey to do like us, but elsewhere the ancient claims of silver have been kept up. They are recognised exclusively in America, Holland, Russia, the Scandinavian kingdoms, and the East; and though in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and the United States, gold has been admitted to an equality of rights with silver, the latter in no way suffers by the parity, but keeps up its privileges under the shelter of a "double standard." It would be a gloomy process to explain exactly what a "standard" is, and how it works: those who desire to know all about it can study its mysteries in the special books, of which there are a tremendous number, for the fighting on the question has been long and bitter, each nation angrily declaring that its own plan is the only right one. The relationship of value between gold and silver is a different matter altogether: it has never varied very much in Europe; it has stood there regularly at one of gold to fifteen or sixteen of silver. In China, however, where silver has always been befriended, the rate was formerly about one to ten; and in Japan, when the latter country was first opened up, some twenty years ago, it was as low as one to three, so enabling sharp speculators to make enormous profits, for a time, by exporting gold.

But if the intrinsic value of the two precious metals has remained tolerably steady towards each other, the value of money itself has become, as we all know, immensely modified since it was first invented. A careful calculation of the successive changes which have occurred in it was published, some years ago, by the well-known French economist J. B. Say, who arrived at his results by working out the variations of the price of wheat at different periods of the world's history. His tables indicate that, according to this gauge, money was five times more valuable in 200 B.C. than it is now; that in the eighth century, after the abandonment of the mines of Spain and Attica, it had risen to six and a half times; that in the fifteenth century it had got up to its maximum of seven and a half times our present scale; that immediately after the discovery of America, when quantities of metal began to circulate

in Europe, it rapidly declined; that in 1514, only twenty-two years after the first voyage of Columbus, it had fallen to four and a half times; that in 1536 it was down to two and a quarter times; and that it was nearly at our actual value in 1640. By this showing, £100 were worth as much in the year 1450 as £750 are now; and as, in addition to this contrast in the practical work of money, there were then, comparatively, no means of spending, no luxuries, and no needs, it is probable that the real difference of relative wealth was far greater still. It may indeed have been possible, allowing for these subsidiary considerations, that £1 produced four hundred years ago as much as £20 will offer now.

There are a dozen other points which might be talked about, but the line must of necessity be drawn somewhere; so we will cast a passing glance at but one more question—at the totally new notion of the possible internationality of money which our generation has seen born—and then abandon the material section of the subject. The not unnatural disposition of mankind, in every land, has always been to recognise as valid the coins of that land alone; the coins of other lands have always been regarded, everywhere, as mere metal, not as money. This rule is so universal that it exists even in Central Africa; for there the glass beads which form the circulating medium employed in exchange for ivory, are not accepted by the residents as cash unless they be of a certain fixed shape and colour. That shape and colour, just like national coinage, confer the character of local currency; the negroes will have that and nothing else. In the same way no British grocer, no German beer-seller, will take payment for his merchandise in francs, pesetas,

or dollars. It is altogether useless to affirm that as they are just as good as reichs-marks or as shillings, they ought to be accepted in their places; the argument is valueless, though the fact is true. However full our pockets may be of foreign specie, we can obtain absolutely nothing to eat, drink, or smoke with it. Now this, in theory, is absurd: in theory it is a disgrace to our practical nineteenth century that the same coin will not pay bills everywhere; but in practice the old habit is so strong that ten yards across a frontier the contents of all purses must be changed. One would have thought, however, that certain exceptions might be found—that Dover, for instance, was a place where French and Belgian money would probably be admitted (at a discount); and yet it happened once to this present writer that the people at the Lord Warden refused indignantly to take payment in French silver for his bed and breakfast, and that he only managed to get honestly out of the hotel through the compassionate mercy of a high-souled waiter, who provided him with current sterling. Yet though this patriotic hatred of alien coin is universal, there positively were found, ten years ago, four Governments who had the bravery and the common-sense to make a treaty by which they erected a “monetary union” between their peoples, and enacted that their various moneys should circulate without distinction throughout their respective territories, and should be legal tender in them all. These countries were France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland, the four States which possess a decimal coinage based upon the franc. When one thinks about it, this really was a most wonderful act. What a gigantic heap of prejudice and blind ignorance and unreasoning resistance must have been

first removed before the result was obtained! Next to the adoption of a common language, the possession of a common money is perhaps the most practically useful end to which international negotiators can direct their efforts. An example has been set to us; it would be pleasant to hope that it will be followed.

And now let us turn back again to our starting-point, and try to discover for ourselves, in the entire absence of a guide or an instructor, what we can manage to make out, all alone, about the moral influences which are exercised by money. A good many of them ought to be easy to detect, for we have not to grope about for them in books, or even to feel for them in our pockets; they stare us in the face on all sides. And it is precisely because they are so evident that they are doubly important, for their character of actuality, of contemporaneous development and existence, bestows upon the subject a special interest, and makes it more than ever desirable that a wise man should rise up amongst us to extract from it its teaching, and build a science on it. The nature of the influence of money has always been the same since the world began, but the present vast development of that influence is essentially a modern fact. So long as the relatively little money which existed was concentrated in a few hands, its action was special, limited, and individual; but in our time, an undetermined quantity of people are getting money, and almost everybody is drifting, directly or indirectly, under its mastery. It consequently is becoming urgently important that we should be well informed as to the precise nature of the new force which is thus growing rapidly around us. And, furthermore, present questions and present phases of old questions are vastly more attractive to us than

ancient ones; so that even if this aspect of the subject possessed a past—which, in truth, it does not—that past would not offer any of the interest which its immediate character is now provoking. We do not particularly care to know that the effect of money on Lucullus was to incline him to live grandly, on Mæcenas to dispose him to keep poets, on Pericles to tempt him to build monuments. But we cannot fail to feel a special curiosity to learn how we ourselves and our daily friends are being moved by the new power which is so evidently beginning to dominate mankind at large. The rush of money in our generation is so violent and so all-pervading, that almost every one has been swept into its vortex; but it is not perhaps impossible to stand back a little, in a quiet place, outside the current, for a moment, and see what we can discover in the men and women who are being spun about by it. The one thing they desire is to be looked at; it is for that alone that they have flung themselves into the whirlpool; they cannot, therefore, make the slightest objection to our staring at them. The people who possess money, take usually such tremendous care that we shall see it, that in their frantic efforts to drag it into the sunlight, they unconsciously pull out their thoughts along with it, and expose them to us with a frank openness which they certainly display in nothing else. They think that it is modest to hide their virtues (if they have any)—they think that it is respectable to hide their faults (if they can); but as to their money and its action on themselves, they advertise the two together, simultaneously, with an amplitude and an eagerness which could not be surpassed even by the proprietors of the *Spécialité Sherry*. This class of rich people

—and it is now a big one—seems, however, totally unconscious that it is exhibiting its inner self as well as its money: it does not appear to be aware that it is offering the weaknesses, the stupidities, the ignorances of its members as a spectacle to lookers-on; that no one cares one atom about its carriages, its horses, its dinners, or its diamonds, but that everybody laughs at its poor efforts to render its riches public. This first and most conspicuous of the moral influences of money, as they are developing themselves in our actual society, is a consequence of the undeniable but prodigious fact that most rich people are radically convinced that to be rich is in itself a merit. It is amazing, but it is so. There are persons of this description—we all have seen them—who positively scorn other people because they are not rich too; who look upon sovereigns as the one test of merit, and who regard poverty as a condition of low inferiority, if not, indeed, of absolute degradation and disgrace. It is true that this strange state of mind exists, more or less, all over the world, but it is found particularly in societies where money is gained rapidly—where new men acquire it in a few years. It is frequent in America; we saw enough of it in France during the Second Empire; but it is incontestably in our own English land that it is now showing up most violently. British subjects of this generation seem to be particularly powerful in money-making, but how extraordinarily weak they are in money-using! A second influence which its possession exercises upon them is, generally, to convince them that wealth and pleasure are identical, that the degree of the pleasure depends upon the cost, and that pleasure can be paid for like gloves. Poor, wretched, misguided idiots! They require to be told (though they don't believe

it even then) that enjoyment is not a material state, but a moral one; that no money can buy it; that it is more often a property of the moderately poor than of the very rich; that it depends on the condition of the mind, not on the condition of the purse. Surely some clever fellow might make a fortune by setting up as a "Guide of rich people to happiness, on scientific principles—terms high." Unfortunately, as soon as the clever fellow did make his fortune, he would probably require a guide for himself; for it is a most lamentable truth that though certain poor men, so long as they are poor, entertain the most praiseworthy contempt for money, and the soundest views as to its unworthiness and absurdity, they usually fall down before it and worship it, like everybody else, if chance should throw it abundantly upon them. It is indeed deplorable that the only people who really judge money wisely should be those who have not got it, and that they should lose their wisdom directly they acquire it.

In dealing with a subject of this kind it is difficult to avoid exaggeration; we are simply generalising, and generalisations have the inconvenience of excluding the shadings, the reservations and the explanations, without which precision and exactness are not obtainable. If, then, we assert that the effect of the possession of much money is to develop selfishness and vanity, we make a statement which, though altogether true as a collective proposition, is not necessarily true in all its application, and which, in some few of them, is not true at all. Before applying such a statement to any special person, or to any particular society, the varieties of human nature must be taken into account; their workings must be watched and estimated; the circumstances and

surroundings of individuals must be measured and allowed for; every internal or external pressure which can modify the rule and produce an exception, must be duly noted and assessed; and all this implies immensity of labour and perfectness of judgment. Let us hope that the philosopher of the future on whom we count to elucidate the whole subject, will be capable of performing the one, and will be sufficiently endowed with the other; but, pending his appearance, let us go on gazing at the outside lines of the work which is awaiting him, taking no account of the diversities of detail, and strictly circumscribing our expression of opinion to the great salient features of the sight in its public aspects. Within that limit we cannot get far wrong; for the influence of wealth, according to history and the Bible, has invariably been the same in all times as it is on a larger scale to-day—an influence which dries up the heart, which stunts the tenderer faculties, which chills the warmer impulses, which leads men on to measure life by the deceptive standard of their own vanity. Of course, though it is ridiculous to say so, a certain quantity of money is indispensable; of course, with our actual system of education, and with our actual conditions of existence, it is impossible to live agreeably without material satisfactions, and without intellectual contentments which are only attainable with the aid of money; but the quantity of it which is really needed for such purposes is relatively small, and, even if it were large, it would in no way follow that its employment for legitimate and intelligent objects would necessarily do harm to its possessor. The danger does not lie so much in the proportion of the sum as in the unworthiness of the use; it lies in the fierce attempt to eat with two spoons at once, with

the sole object of showing that the eater is rich enough to own two spoons. The world is growing full of people with two spoons; one sees them everywhere, and yet it scarcely seems as if their true character were yet rightly understood. Material progress is altogether separate from the two-spoon notion; it is, of course, to a great extent, a consequence of money, but of money well employed. Health, cleanliness, and comfort are indeed worth paying for, and our whole actual situation is so really pleasanter than that of our predecessors that we should be specially ungrateful if we despised the cash which has aided to provide us with it. "The Romans under Romulus had a badly-sculptured wooden Jupiter for a god, a hut for a palace, a handful of hay on a stick for a flag, and not a sixpenny-piece in their pockets: our coachmen have watches that the seven kings of Rome could not have paid for." Since Romulus we have all of us got up to shirts, and beer, and beds, and boots, and we owe them all to that most generous friend, ready money. The fault that we are mourning over is not in the sovereigns which pay for progress and wellbeing, but in the moral influence which we permit those sovereigns to exert upon us. And yet the fact seems not to strike our actual teachers: we had an example of their indifference to it recently, in that remarkable discussion which took place about "Life at high pressure." Attention was then almost exclusively directed to the pressure of work,—scarcely any notice was taken of the pressure of riches; and yet, of the two, the latter is by far the more destructive, for the evil done by over-work affects men only, while the mischief which is wrought by over-money extends to women and even to children. The entire organisation of society and of home

is included in its action. The universality of that action, the extraordinary strength which it is now manifesting, are special to our generation; it is they which give to the subject its grave aspect, and which promise to lift it quickly to the height of one of the great questions of the time. It will be recognised before long that character is degenerating under the influence of too much money; that the conception of the objects and obligations of life is taking a more and more directly personal form; that a new and numerous class is everywhere seeking to shine out before the world, not because it is fitted to be brilliant, but solely because its interest is to force the world to admit that money is the coming power.

So long as money was merely a necessary adjunct of rank or name or high degree, it was nothing but a supplement of another totally distinct force; but actually it has grown into a force by itself, a force which claims to be independent of, and indeed to be superior to, all other forces. It is seeking to assert itself as a revolutionary power, violently, noisily, and impudently, and to thrust aside, if it can, the nobler rulers which have preceded it. This audacity is offensive; but the falseness of the theory on which it rests is more offensive still. That theory appears to be that money is not a simple stepping-stone to something better, but is, in itself, a result, a product, and an end. It is in this latter character that it now obtrudes itself, that it shouts out loudly for more room, that it insists upon its right to rank amongst the cardinal virtues.

It is not impossible that these impressions may seem somewhat overstrained to persons who have grown accustomed by long habit to the shape in which money is now so generally manifesting itself; but

to those who behold from afar—to those whose perceptions are not blunted by the grinding down of constant contact—to those who look on with the unprejudiced indifference, which is perhaps obtainable by distance only—the notions which have been just expressed appear to indicate the truth.

Of course it may be argued that there are about the world a quantity of rich people whose fathers have been rich for centuries—who from their boyhood regard their wealth, not as a privilege or an excellence, but as a necessity and a right; and that, in considering the question as a whole, the undamaging influence of their money on the members of this large division should be set off against the deleterious action of the other sorts of wealth of which we have been speaking. But is it certain that blood and birth and ancient tenure do absolutely free their owners from the contagion which fills the whole air round them? They certainly resist it better than the mass; but can it be seriously pretended that it has no effect upon them whatever? Can it be honestly urged that they alone possess, from inherited ideas and habits, a special grace which places them beyond the reach of a disease which appears to be indiscriminately attacking the entire population around them? Would it not be more candid and more true to own that this argument is applicable only to the question of degree; that the whole thing is simply a matter of gradation; that the malady is in reality universal; that it respects neither caste nor place; and that all that can be said in favour of the higher classes of Europeans is that, thus far, they have suffered by it less than those below them? This difference, however, natural as it may now be, cannot be expected to last on indefinitely. The special moral character-

istics of each period of history have shown themselves with such markedly equal vigour in all the classes of society without distinction, that it would be altogether in conformity with precedent, to anticipate that the great new striking characteristic of to-day will do the same. If so, the process of the canonisation of money, which has been so energetically commenced in our time, will doubtless be carried by the next generation to complete success; all actual resistance to it will gradually disappear, and hard cash will be adopted in every family, from top to bottom of the scale, as the universally recognised tutelary saint of mankind.

It was said just now, incidentally, that certain persons regard their money as a right: the notion is so very odd that it deserves a little separate consideration. As to the fact of the existence of such an impression no doubt is possible; we meet each day a quantity of people who are quite convinced that wealth is due to them, that it is a merited appendage of their importance, a logically inevitable prerogative of their greatness. Now, of all the false states of mind which the possession of money can induce, this one is perhaps the most remarkable. There is a kind of bad excuse for a new man who has risen up from nothing, who finds himself, with stupefaction, at the head of a big house, who buys a picture-gallery as a stern duty, who yields to the intoxication of young wealth, and believes himself to have become a personage in the State. The poor creature should be partly pardoned, for he is simply a snob, who, in ignorance and inexperience, takes a false view of life. But no similar apology can anyhow be offered in favour of the man who, born to wealth, misuses it; that man

has to bear the responsibility of inherited advantages, for his father's position has given him an elevating education, which is wanting in the other case. A good many such men do bear their riches wisely; a good many of them have as much contempt for money, in itself, as the poorest philosopher can possibly feel for it. But still, however numerous these sages may be, they constitute, after all, but a small minority in the crowd; their fellows, generally, regard their incomes as a testimony of the high approbation which heaven entertains of their superiority to other people, as a natural birthright which distinguishes them from the mob. To ask such persons, men or women, to believe that their money is nothing but a mere accident, a simple hazard of the game of life, would be like telling them that two and two make five; they could not comprehend it—the allegation would surpass their understanding. And yet it seems, if we can trust the facts around us, that money simply stumbles on to people with its eyes shut; that it, like all the other elements of human fortune, is stone-blind; that it wanders helplessly no matter where, and gives itself unconsciously to no matter who. To argue, as is often done, that it is distributed by divine will alone, as a direct and express gift, is to introduce into the question a difficulty beyond solution; for if money is only obtainable as an intentional grant from Providence, it would follow that Providence occasionally employs swindling, robbery, usury, and lying, as means of action to enrich its elect. Will those who adopt this view of the matter undertake to prove that the Honduras Loan was got up in heaven? But, no matter what the source whence money comes, the people who have it do not invariably ap-

pear to be quite worthy of it; whilst amongst those who own none of it, we not unfrequently discover persons who seem to merit some of it. The character of its distribution indicates, with all the rest of the evidence, that the possession of money is not a "right;" that it is not a privilege accorded by the special intervention of Omnipotence; that it is not even a result obtainable with certainty by hard work or skill; but that it is, in the majority of cases, a chance inexplicable by reason—a lottery in which the winners have had their ticket given to them for nothing.

To classify these facts, to group these truths, to test their relative importance, to assign to each of them its place in the total which they form, to extract from their assemblage a reliable and teaching theory, to lay before humanity a set of principles and laws on which it can rely for guidance amidst the misleading influences of money,—all this will be a practical and useful work for our successors. Perhaps the subject is not ripe yet; perhaps its signs, to certain eyes, may still appear to be conflicting, or at all events inconclusive; but as it cannot be denied that those signs are growing clearer year by year, that the symptoms are fast multiplying, and that their gravity is augmenting, it will perchance be recognised that it is not premature to call attention to them as an inevitable object of future study and research. At all events they merit watchfulness, for the power which money is assuming is not a matter which can be safely left to settle itself; the harm which it has done already is big enough to supply promise that it will become bigger still hereafter; and however absurd it may appear to assert that the very power which men most cherish is precisely the

one which seems to be doing the greatest actual damage to them, it is well worth while to run the risk of being laughed at in order to suggest it. It is not in its political or social consequences that the matter is considered here; that section of it is purposely omitted. The irritations, the aspirations, the envies and the hates which are growing up about the world in consequence of the disparities which exist in the apportionment of money, are outside our immediate view; we limit ourselves here to the single question of the influence of money on the character of those who possess it; it is quite large enough by itself.

It would be out of place to say anything about the grand things that can be done with money, for great uses of it require a vigorous moral effort altogether in opposition to the habitual tendencies of its influence. Small goodnesses, such as public alms-giving and church-building, are beneath serious attention, for in this country they are little more than a local form of ostentation—a direct effect of the advertising vanity which is provoked in Britain by large possessions. There is infinitely more true charity amongst the Continental nations, notwithstanding their comparative poverty, than this rich English race can show, for gifts abroad are almost always hidden; there the right hand is really unacquainted with what the left fingers do. The stain of money lies specially upon Great Britain—its great mark is here; it is consequently for us to set the example of a fight against it, and to show that though we are the only people in Europe of whom a "Book of Snobs" could be written, we recognise, at all events, our peculiar national defect, and mean to try to cure it. It is

true that we have to struggle, in this case of money, against a universal domination, which is not proper to ourselves exclusively, which has shown itself, everywhere and always, to be stronger than much wisdom and much will; before which the most solid virtues have faded away, the noblest resolutions have vanished; against which, thus far at least, no preparation has enabled men to contend. But we English are an energetic people, and a fight of this kind ought to tempt us. And after all, the entire question is simply one of common-sense. The objection is not to the fact of our growing richer; on the contrary, as money is an essential element of national strength, there are patriotic reasons for continuing to accumulate it. But is it altogether beyond our force to introduce some change into the miserable ways of viewing its individual uses

which now are current amongst us? Must the attempt be recognised as quite hopeless? Smallpox has been stopped by vaccination, distance has been suppressed by electricity the sources of the Nile have been discovered. Why, then, having accomplished these seeming impossibilities, should we not indulge the dream that some day, by a startling invention, the world will acquire the means of establishing a wiser nature of relationship between itself and money?

There we leave the subject, and we could not quit it in a better direction than to follow out a dream, for a dream it is to a good many of us. To have spoken about it at all is perhaps a folly; but, as Voltaire says, "It is more easy to write about money than to have it; and those who have it laugh at those who can only write about it."

THE BRITISH SEA-FISHERIES.

No department of British industry has received such a remarkable impulse from railways as the sea-fisheries of the United Kingdom. They have, in fact, completely revolutionised it. Before the Eastern Counties Railway was constructed, the transport of fish from Yarmouth to London was effected by light vans drawn by post-horses, and the quantity amounted to about 2000 tons a-year: nearly double that quantity is now conveyed to London and the great manufacturing towns in the course of a fortnight. During the year 1853, the *annus mirabilis* of the Yarmouth fishery, 12,000 tons of fresh herrings alone were despatched from that place to London and the provinces. At Grimsby the quantity of fish landed in 1872, and transmitted by rail, averaged 600 tons a-week, or at the rate of more than 31,000 tons a-year. The prodigious quantity of wholesome food now daily forwarded into the interior of the country from our principal fishery stations almost exceeds belief. The station-master of Lowestoft informed the Royal Commissioners in 1864 that in the two preceding years he had often despatched from that town 100 truck-loads of fish a-day, each truck containing from three to four tons. From 4000 to 5000 tons of herrings and 1000 tons of other fish have been sent by railway from the town of Dunbar alone in the course of a single week into the interior of Scotland. Before this rapid mode of transport was invented, the consumption of fresh fish was restricted to the seaboard, the metropolis, and a few of the most considerable provincial towns. To the mass of our inland population the red herring was the only

representative of sea-fish which ever met their eyes; now there is scarcely a hamlet in which the poor man's frugal dinner is not occasionally varied by a dish of fresh herrings, or some other cheap fish, which the facilities of transit from the coast have brought to his door.

The increase of fishing power brought of late years to bear upon the sea is equally remarkable. In 1814 only five vessels were fitted out as deep-sea trawlers from Yarmouth, and not one from any other part of the United Kingdom. There cannot now be less, on the most moderate estimate, than 1000 sea-going trawlers hailing from British ports, and working in the North Sea, and certainly not less than 300 in the English Channel, and 100 in the Irish Sea. The evidence obtained by the Royal Commissioners in the course of the inquiry in 1864 distinctly proved that for many years there had been a gradual increase in the number of fishing-smacks in every port of the United Kingdom.

It is difficult, by a mere inspection of figures, to realise the enormous quantity of herrings taken every year on the coast of Scotland alone; but, if the low average of 750 fish be allowed for each barrel, we find that no less than 580 millions of herrings were cured in 1872, besides an unknown but very large quantity disposed of fresh; and when it is considered that there is no reason for supposing that the fishermen can ever take more than a very small percentage of the myriads of fish which annually swarm around our coasts, any attempt to estimate the extent of the shoals, and the number they contain, can only produce a state of utter bewilderment.

The amount of netting used in the herring-fishery, enormous as it appears when the number of square yards is estimated, is utterly insignificant when compared with the surface of the sea, and the extent of the area in which the herrings are unobstructed and undisturbed.

But man is not the only persecutor of the finny inhabitants of the deep. They are unceasingly preyed upon by multitudinous and voracious legions of their own species. The greatest destruction of fish-life probably takes place as soon as the young animal acquires an independent existence, and essays to swim in the world of waters around it. As soon, to quote the words of Mr. Holdsworth,* as it becomes capable of active movement, the great struggle for life commences. It has to eat, and to take care that it is not eaten; but in the war that is incessantly waged among the finny tribes (large fishes feeding upon small ones, and small ones on smaller), myriads of the newly-hatched fry must be devoured before they have strength to fall upon their neighbours. Yet millions upon millions of these little creatures escape an early death, not, perhaps, to attain anything like maturity, but still to live long enough to take an active part in the destruction of their smaller kindred, and to become worthy of a humble position on the fishmonger's stall.

Sea-birds also find in fish their natural food. Calculations have been made of the number of herrings consumed during the season by the gannets of the island of St. Kilda, supposed to number at least 200,000; and allowing for each bird the very moderate meal of five herrings daily, they would amount to 1,000,000 a-day. Professor Huxley

stated before a Parliamentary Committee in 1867, as the result of his investigations while pursuing his inquiries under the Scotch Herring Commission, that the number of herrings which would have been devoured by the cod and ling known to be taken in the course of a year on the Scotch coast must, had they not been caught, have far exceeded the number of herrings ordinarily sold by all the fishmongers and fish-curers in Scotland. But cod and ling are only two of a host of enemies, which herrings have to evade if they can. A hoghead has been taken out of the belly of a whale; a shark probably destroys tens of thousands in a year; and his congener the dog-fish is the never-failing attendant on a shoal. Between the dog-fish and the gulls there seems to be a mutual alliance; the "dogs" drive the herrings to the surface, when they are pounced upon by the gulls, and are by them scared back to their relentless enemies the "dogs." If the persecuted fish take refuge in deep water, or even in the bottom of the sea, they are not safe, for they have been found in quantities in the stomachs of turbot, halibut, congers, and plaice.

The principal methods resorted to for supplying the demand for sea-fish in the British Isles are—

1. By trawling; 2. By drift-nets; 3. By long and hand lines; 4. By seines.

1. The beam trawl is by far the most effective engine which has hitherto been invented for the capture of certain descriptions of fish. To its operation we owe the supplies of the most expensive kinds with which our tables are furnished. The term trawling is derived from trailing or dragging, the trawl being a net which is

* Deep-Sea Fishing and Fisheries, by Edmund W. H. Holdsworth. 1874.

towed, traile'd, or trawled along; and it is so constructed as to sweep into its bag such fish as naturally keep close to the bottom of the sea. It has the general form of a triangular purse, and the mouth is kept open by certain mechanical contrivances that the fish may enter while the net is being towed along the ground. The beam is a long horizontal spar, measuring from 36 to 50 feet, which is prevented from touching the ground by means of two iron supports or heads. The upper part of the mouth of the net is fastened to the beam, and the under part just touches the bottom while the bag is towed along it. If the beam were to touch the ground it would frighten away the fish and deter them from entering the net. The object of the trawl, it will be thus understood, is not, as is commonly supposed, to dredge, but to sweep the bottom of the sea, and this is effected by the ground-rope, which, passing smoothly over the sand, gently rouses from their state of quiescence whatever fish may be lying before it, when they instinctively dart either into the bag or one of the side pockets, from neither of which they can escape. The trawl can obviously only be used on sand or smooth ground, the resort of flat fish of all descriptions.

The modern trawling-smacks are generally fine powerful craft, with upwards of 60 feet of keel, and good beam, some of them registering 70 tons. As soon as a trawler has reached her fishing-ground she is put under easy sail in the direction in which it is intended to trawl, which of course depends upon the wind. A tolerably straight course must be kept, and this can only be done when the wind is fair, or more or less abaft the beam. The trawl is necessarily towed in the direction of the tide, as fish all

lie with their heads towards it. Supposing the tide to run at the rate of two or two and a half miles an hour, the trawler will spread sufficient canvas to carry her through the water at the rate of about a knot and a half faster than the tide; but the resistance offered by the trawl and its contents is such that a great press of sail is sometimes necessary to attain even the small speed which is required; and the curious spectacle is often presented of a trawling-smack in a stiff breeze, with all sail set, and heeling over to a degree that puts gunwale under water, moving at the rate of scarcely two miles an hour.

The proper working of the ground-rope is essential to the success of the trawl. A certain biting action, or close pressure on the ground, is necessary when soles, turbot, and other flat fish are worked for, as these fish when disturbed do not rise like round fish, but seek safety by burrowing in the sand. When, therefore, the trawl is towed slowly along, the ground-rope simply disturbs the flat fish, which lie exceedingly close, and their natural impulse is to bury themselves; but the meshes at the bottom of the net prevent this, and they accordingly dart forward and are imprisoned in the bag.

The longest period a trawl can work continuously is one tide. The process of hauling the net on board is a tedious one at all times, and a very arduous one in bad weather, occasionally occupying two or three hours, during which the smack may be rolling and pitching in a heavy sea. When the net is near the vessel due preparations are made for getting it on board, and the interest sensibly increases. It is a bad sign if the bag is got on board without a word being said; but if the catch should be good, the excitement is considerable, as the

earnings of the crew depend upon the quantity and quality of the fish, trawling being generally carried on in partnership, the owners and the men participating in certain fixed proportions in the profits of the undertaking. The contents of the net are generally of a very miscellaneous character, varying in a great degree with the season and the locality. In a good catch there will probably be some turbot, with a fair proportion of soles and brill, large numbers of skate, plaice, whiting, and haddock, with, perhaps, a few cod, dories, and red mullet. Turbot and brill exhaust their last energies in convulsive flappings on the deck; and the dog-fish, alway numerous, display their ferocity by snapping and erecting their spiny backs, as if indignant of the guile of which they are the victims. These small sharks are either knocked on the head as speedily as possible, or thrown overboard, together with large quantities of star-fish, zoophytes, spider-crabs, cuttle-fish, and other forms of marine life which possess no value in the market.

A ton of fish is considered a fair haul for a trawler. An average catch may consist of about three hundredweight of soles, a small proportion of turbot, brill, and cod, the remainder being classed as offal, simply from the lower price which it obtains, although finding a ready sale. The banks in the shallow sea which separates England from Holland, and which constitute about a fifth of its area, are very prolific. It is not uncommon for a trawler to take in a single night three tons weight of fish in these waters.

An objection has been raised to the practice of trawling, on the ground of its alleged tendency to exterminate the fish, where it is habitually used; but it may be doubted whether it has even the effect of frightening the fish from

the spot where the trawl works. The master of a Hull trawler gave his opinion to the Commissioners to the effect that the trawl rather attracted the fish, stirring up the worms and crustacea around it, and that they follow it as rooks do a plough. Thirty trawlers often work together for weeks within hail of each other, and there is little difference in the takes from day to day, or between those of the foremost and hindmost vessels. The objection to the trawling as tending to an ultimate exhaustion of our fishing-grounds is thus completely disposed of by Mr. Holdsworth in his admirable and exhaustive work.

"We may here observe," he writes, "that the extent of ground actually fished by the beam-trawl, is much less than appears to be generally supposed, and the destructive effect in capturing fish, whether of marketable size or otherwise, of this method of working proportionately exaggerated. The largest nets used by the deep-sea trawlers are fifty feet wide at the mouth, or to use the ordinary expression in describing them, that would be the length of the beam. Now it would require 120 of such trawls, placed side by side, to fill up the breadth of a nautical mile of 2000 yards. The proportion of ground covered by a simple trawl of the size we have mentioned, will perhaps be better apprehended by reducing it to a small scale. If we take $\frac{1}{12500}$ th, then the largest-sized trawl would be represented by half an inch on a space five feet wide. The small inshore trawlers work with beams varying from 15 to 25 feet in length, and the longest of these would occupy only a quarter of an inch on a reduced scale.

"In the hundreds, we may say thousands, of square miles of trawling ground in the North Sea, there must be a great extent of bottom

which is never disturbed: for if fifty large trawlers were to work abreast within a space of two miles, nearly four-fifths of the ground would be untouched by their nets. The harvest the trawlers are continually gathering in is a moving one, and the trawling-ground may be successfully worked over day after day, for there are no means of preventing the fish coming upon them from other places in the neighbourhood. This is shown in an unmistakable manner in the case of the Brixham and Plymouth grounds: both of them are of very limited extent, and yet furnish a constant supply of fish throughout the year, the number and description varying with the season."

That immense quantities of young fish are caught in the trawls which would be better left in the sea, is unhappily true; but the shrimp-trawlers, which ply their occupation in shallow sandy bays, are much the greatest offenders, for the quantity of young fry which frequent these estuaries is infinitely larger than in deep water. It is now a well-ascertained fact that fish of all descriptions either shed their spawn on the surface of the water, or deposit it on rocky ground near the shore, where it is matured into life. In either case neither the ova nor the young fry could possibly be affected by the operations of the large-beam trawler; but it is different with the smaller trawlers; and we have ourselves seen thousands upon thousands of young turbot, brill, plaice, and soles, not larger than a shilling or a sixpence, which had been hauled up with shrimps by the trawlers of Morecambe Bay, and which, if allowed to attain maturity, must undoubtedly have

increased the productiveness of the sea-fishing. Shrimp-trawling, if it cannot be carried on except under circumstances so injurious to the fry of large fish, should, it has been suggested, be suppressed; but the livelihood of thousands of industrious men depends upon this occupation—their whole capital consisting of their boats and gear—and a prohibition of shrimp-trawling would be their ruin. The magnitude of this interest, although it is essentially a poor man's, may be conceived from the fact that from Leigh alone, on the Essex coast, 2000 gallons of shrimps are frequently sent to London as the produce of a day's fishing by the trawl-shrimpers of that place.* But Leigh is only one of the very many localities where these little crustacea abound, and which afford a livelihood to a most deserving class of men, and supply one of the few delicacies which are within reach of the very poor.

Trawlers sail in fleets. The crews are generally engaged for a six-weeks' voyage, and despatch their catches from time to time in fast cutters to Billingsgate. A portion only, and that chiefly belonging to the smaller owners, is landed and sent off by railway. The splendid craft which wait on the trawlers and bring their produce, packed in ice, to Billingsgate, can almost sail in the eye of the wind, and in a strong breeze the lee rail is rarely seen above water. Screw-steamers are also used; but the only advantage they possess over their fast-sailing competitors is in calms. In the North Sea, each smack remains on her ground for six weeks or two months, and frequently at so great a distance from land that

* Mr. Mayhew, in his 'London Labour and London Poor,' states the quantity of shrimps annually sold at Billingsgate to be 500,000,000; of these 770,000 pints (about 324 to the pint) are hawked in the streets of London. The best are from Leigh, fetching from 10d. to 2s. 6d. per gallon.

there is little hope for her if she cannot face the terrific gales which sometimes blow in that stormy ocean. Good craft as they are, and with stout hearts on board, the weather sometimes overpowers them, and a winter rarely passes without some being missing. In the disastrous gale of November, 1863, no less than seven trawlers belonging to Hull, each with a crew of five hands, were totally lost, and twenty others were afterwards towed into the harbour disabled.

But if trawlers have sometimes more wind than they desire, they are rarely compelled to remain idle in the North Sea by a continuance of calms. There is generally breeze enough to enable them to work, and the supply of fish from this quarter is therefore tolerably steady.

The most valuable of all the fish caught by trawlers is the turbot. The increased supply of this esteemed fish has of late years somewhat reduced its price, and brought it within the reach of classes to which, in former days, it

was an unattainable luxury. The price usually paid for a moderate-sized turbot to a London fishmonger was, within our recollection, from a guinea to a guinea and a half. Turbot can now be had for the moderate price of a shilling a pound, and in portions to suit the convenience of bachelors and small families. These fish are found on most parts of the coast of England and Scotland; and there is a tradition that one was captured off Whitby which measured six feet across. The North Sea has from time immemorial been noted for turbot, especially the Dutch coast, where during warm weather they are caught of very large size, and in very shallow water. Wherever the ground is favourable for trawling, turbot are found; and they doubtless abound in places over which the trawl has never yet worked.

The following is a statement of the weight of fish and the realised value of one year's fishing by a first-class Grimsby trawler. Larger catches have been made, but they are exceptional:—

WEIGHT OF FISH.									AMOUNT REALISED.								
Prime.			Offal.			Total.			Prime.			Offal.			Total.		
tons.	cwt.	qrs.	tons.	cwt.	qrs.	tons.	cwt.	qrs.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
22	18	2	94	7	3	117	6	1	443	6	0	189	7	6	632	13	6

The practice of keeping fish in ice is comparatively recent. A large proportion of it, as soon as it is out of the water, is now put into the well. Every fishmonger now possesses an ice-cellar, and every trawler is furnished with an ice-well. That the flavour and firmness of the fish are impaired by icing there can be no doubt; but that it is the means of bringing an immensely larger supply,

in at least a wholesome condition, within reach of consumers, is unquestionable. In 1872, 22,000 tons of ice were imported at Grimsby alone, principally from Norway. An airtight compartment is fitted in the hold of every trawler, in which from two to four tons of Norwegian block-ice are placed before the smack starts on her trip. Such of the smacks as do not send their catches immedi-

ately to Billingsgate by one of the attendant cutters, retain their fish on board. The fish on being hauled in are stowed away in bulk, with broken ice between each layer, and this process is continued until a cargo has been obtained. The vessel then returns to port, after an absence of perhaps ten or fourteen days. On being taken ashore, the fish are repacked in ice and sent to London or some other destination. Thus nearly all the fish which is served up at our tables has probably been at least a fortnight out of the sea.

Considering the time spent in going to and returning from the fishing-grounds and in port after the several voyages, together with the frequent interruptions from unfavourable weather, the actual period which trawlers occupy in fishing does not probably exceed nine months in the year; and it is in winter, from the general certainty of there being sufficient wind for the purpose, that the most profitable trawling is carried on.

Formerly all country orders for fish were executed in London; now directions are given daily by "wire" to the agents established at the various ports at which fish are landed, and a great saving of time and expense is thus effected.

Next in importance to deep-sea trawling are the long-line and hand-line fisheries, which are carried on not only in the North Sea, but over a great extent of ground within a moderate distance of the shores both of the British and Irish Channels. The largest supply of one of our most esteemed table-fish, the cod, is thus obtained; for the quantity caught in trawls is insignificant compared with that captured by lines. In addition to cod—hake, ling, pollack, and coal-fish are taken by hand and long lines, and can seldom be taken in any other way.

The number of hooks used by a deep-sea line fisherman amounts to many thousands, and it is a special business to provide bait for them. Whelks, or "buckies" as they are called in Scotland, are exclusively used on the long lines of the cod smacks on account of their toughness and the good hold they give to the hook. Large quantities of these shell-fish are obtained from Boston and Lynn Deeps, but they are also procured on the Kentish and other coasts.

A complete equipment for a lining-smack is 7200 fathoms of line, equal to more than seven geographical miles, and to this are appended 4680 hooks. The lines are shot at sunrise, or earlier if the weather be fine, and they are always hauled in before night. Cod commanding an exceptionally high price, everything is done to insure their reaching the market in prime condition; and this can only be effected by keeping them as long as possible alive. They are accordingly placed in wells, with which all the lining-smacks are supplied, as soon as they are taken off the hooks. These welled smacks are specially constructed for the purpose. The well is not a tank fitted into the vessel, but a part of the smack itself, and a constant supply of sea-water is kept up with it by means of auger-holes bored in the vessel, at various distances and intervals below the water-line. It is not unusual for a smack to return from the Dogger Bank with from twenty to twenty-five score of live cod, and with half that number in ice. Halibuts are also taken on the lines, and kept alive in the well.

When the line-smacks arrive with their cargoes at port, the live cod are taken out of the wells by means of long-handled landing-nets, and are placed in wooden boxes or chests, large numbers of which are

kept floating in the docks at Grimsby, and in them the fish are stored until they are wanted for the market. Each chest holds forty full-sized cod, or about a hundred smaller ones, and the fish will live in them, without any material falling off in condition, for about a fortnight. There are always from fifteen to twenty thousand live cod at Grimsby waiting their turn for transport to London or elsewhere. Every day a certain number of these stored fish are, according to the demand, taken from the chests. When the time arrives for preparing the fish for the market, a chest of cod is brought alongside a hulk kept for the purpose, and moored in the dock near the market-place. The cover is then taken off, and a man gets into the opening and takes out the fish, seizing them by the head and tail. "The commotion amongst perhaps forty or fifty cod just out of the water is," says Mr. Holdsworth, "of course very great, and it is often no easy matter to get a good hold of them; but one after another they are lifted out, and thrown up to the deck of the hulk, where they are taken in hand by another man, who performs the duties of executioner. He grasps the fish tightly behind the head with his left hand, holds it firmly on deck, and giving a few heavy blows on the nose with a short bludgeon kills it at once. With a large and lively fish it is sometimes as much as can be done to hold it down with one hand on the slippery deck whilst giving it the *coup de grace*; but the work is generally skilfully performed, and the dead fish rapidly accumulate into a large heap, whence they are taken ashore to be packed in bulk in the railway trucks waiting close by to receive them." The fish thus killed and packed reach Billingsgate in time for the market early on the following morn-

ing and are known in the trade as "live cod"; for they are quite fit for crimping some hours after having been killed in the manner described. These cod command the highest price, and are looked upon as essentially "west end" fish.

Although the cod which appear on the fishmongers' slabs are really in a fresher and finer condition than almost any other fish, weeks may have elapsed since they were swimming at large in the North Sea. They have in fact been imprisoned in condemned cells awaiting their turn for execution, happily ignorant of the fate in store for them.

London alone requires 500,000 cod annually; but to suppose that so prolific a fish, and one from its size well able to take care of itself, is likely to be considerably reduced in numbers by any amount of consumption, would be absurd. Nevertheless due consideration has been given to its reproduction. In April long-lining is prohibited, and no cod are obtained from the North Sea for the three following months.

Hand-line fishing is practised comparatively on a small scale, and generally within a moderate distance from the shore; but it supplies the local markets with much excellent fish in a better condition for the table than the supplies obtained from the long-line fisheries, kept as the fish are for a considerable time in ice after having been caught.

Trawling and line-fishing contribute to the luxury of our tables; but the herring-fishery is one of the great staple industries of the British Isles. The herring, however lightly it may be esteemed by some as compared with the turbot, the cod, the dory, and the red mullet, has for ages been a source of greater wealth than all the other fish in the sea together. It was not without a due appreciation of its relative bear-

ing upon the grandeur and prosperity of their country, that the Dutch bestowed upon the herring-fishery the title of the "Great Fishery," and on that of the whale-fishery the "Little Fishery." Judging by the records which have come down to us, it would seem that the herring was unknown to the ancients. It was a stranger to the Mediterranean, and no allusion to it appears in any Greek or Roman writers.

During the present century, the English and Scotch herring-fisheries have increased with extraordinary rapidity. The cause which long retarded their development was the false economical system of bounties, the only effect of which was to tax the people of Great Britain for the benefit of other countries, supply the foreigner with articles of consumption at prices below the cost of their production, and, as regards the native fisheries, to encourage idleness and indifference in their prosecution. The long blockade of Holland during the wars with Napoleon, by almost annihilating Dutch commerce, opened up markets which had before been unknown to the Scotch and English fisheries; and from the close of the revolutionary war their progress has caused those of the Dutch to dwindle into comparative insignificance.

The herring is found throughout the year off some or other parts of the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. The configuration of the shores, the temperature and other physical peculiarities of the seas, estuaries, bays, lochs, and sounds which herrings frequent, all exercise a modifying influence upon the fisheries. The craft of herring-catching is, it has been said, a mystery which requires an initiation into its arcana. A 'dark night and a gentle breeze, however, are considered most favourable to success.

One of the regulations of the Scotch fishery during the last century prohibited fishing by moonlight as likely to disturb and to scare the herrings off the coast: but fishermen disagree upon this point; for an essay in the 'Transactions of the Highland Society for 1803' contains the following remarkable statement: "Herrings are often known to feed or lie at the bottom of the sea, motionless and torpid all day, and great part of the night. Frequently the fishermen, in some hundreds of yachts and boats in loch-fishing, after setting their nets at four o'clock of a winter's evening, rest on their oars, or examine their nets, sometimes for eight hours in succession, without a single herring being found in any of them; and yet the instant the moon makes its appearance, the great body of herrings spring up from the bottom like a flock of birds, in such numbers, and with such velocity and force, that every train of nets in the line of the shoal is raised by them above the surface of the water; while the fish, struggling to be disengaged, appear like a long web of white linen from the immense numbers entangled in the meshes."

The fishermen in the north of Scotland have a distich—

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
And the mackerel loves the wind."

Pennant, describing the beauty of the scene in the western lochs during the autumnal herring-fishery, says that as soon as the beams of the rising moon fall upon the serried shoals, the sea sparkles with the mingled hues of the sapphire, the emerald, and the diamond. It is therefore probably the sudden transition from darkness to light that affects the herrings, and attracts them from deep water to the surface; but full moonlight is certainly unfavourable to the operations of the fisherman.

Those who have seen the herring only when dead, with its leaden lustreless hue and blood-shot gills and eyes, recognise none of that beauty which it displays when fresh out of the water, with its back of bluish green shot with white, its cheeks of a silvery sheen, and its scales bright with orange and gold. Of all the fish with which the ocean teems none have been so abundantly provided as the herring; and, considering its nutritious properties and excellent flavour, none has undergone so unreasonable a proscription from the tables of the wealthy. This ostracism of the herring is of modern date; for in the ancient *menu* of the households of our oldest families, the red herring, then the only representative of the species which could be transported inland, occupied an important place, and it was served up in a variety of forms—stewed, potted, baked, boiled, roasted, fried, made into pies, soups, ragouts, puddings; dressed with cabbage, pickled with mushrooms, boiled with carrots, in the Spanish way, in the Dutch way, in the Italian way, and as “Virginia trouts!”*

The herring is by some the least esteemed of sea-fish simply because it is the most abundant. If it were scarce and dear, it would be admitted to the best tables as far superior to many fish that are now seen there. With us Scotch, who have always been greater fish-eaters than our southern neighbours, the herring is a national dish, and much ingenuity has

been displayed in the various modes of doing justice to its merits. “Who,” writes one of our northern epicures, “with frame braced up and hunger sharpened by the keen breezes of a Highland glen or moor, that has tasted the Loch Fyne herring, freshly drawn from its native waters, has ever forgotten the glorious sensation?”†

Herrings are of three kinds, according to the season—maties, full fish, and spent fish. Maties are those in which the roes and milts are distinctly but not very largely developed, and in this condition they are in the highest perfection; for they are much fatter than “full fish,” the increased size of which arises from the great enlargement of the roe and milt, and this cannot take place without a corresponding diminution of fleshy substance. The full fish, however, are those which are most in demand on account of their large size. They are also much more abundant than maties, or they are captured in much greater quantities, as, being nearer their spawning time, they congregate in larger shoals, and generally approach nearer to the shore. The great north-eastern herring-fishery of Scotland is chiefly for full fish. It commences in the middle of July, and early in August it is general from the Tyne to the Shetland Islands. The Dutch fishery being earlier, more maties than full fish are caught, and it is carried on at a greater distance from the shore.

The late Mr. James Wilson is the

* Fresh herring roe, as treated by Carême, the prince of modern cooks in the last generation, gratified the palate of his fastidious master, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., and might have stimulated the palled appetite of a Lucullus. “Carême,” said his Royal Highness, “the dinner yesterday was delicious, but you mean to kill me with indigestion.” “Mon Prince,” replied the great *artiste*, “my duty is to provoke your appetite, not to regulate it.”

† To cook fresh herrings, the receipts are numberless. Here is one: Take them by the tail, and with a coarse cloth rub the scales up towards the head, this will remove them without injuring the fish. Then roll the fish in oatmeal, fry them in pure salad-oil, and when done lay them before the fire, that the fish may be dry and crisp. Serve with lemon-juice, cayenne, and brown bread and butter.

highest recognised authority upon the Scotch herring-fisheries; and the fullest notices of them are to be found in his 'Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland,' undertaken at the request of the Fishery Board in 1842. Commencing his researches along the western coast, he dwells upon the just reputation enjoyed by the herrings of its deep and land-locked waters, and laments the diminution in their numbers; but we are inclined to think that any material falling off in the quantity of fish off these shores is extremely problematical, for the Western Highlanders certainly do not fish as much as they might. The proprietor of the Southern Hebrides, we have been told, could not induce the people even to try to catch the fish that were literally swarming round their coasts at the time when the whole population was suffering the severest privations from the potato famine. The same reluctance to avail themselves of the food which Providence directed, it might be said, almost to their very doors, equally characterised the inhabitants of the western coast of Ireland. Nowhere has there been so much poverty, indolence, and listlessness as on the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland.

The Caithness herrings are larger but coarser fish than those taken on the western coast, and they are seldom obtained in good condition after August. Coasting along the eastern part of Caithness to the great herring-mart of Wick, the deterioration in quality becomes more striking,—the Wick herrings, although remarkable for their abundance and size, being never equal, even when in their best condition, to the smaller varieties of the western shores. During the week ending on the 18th of August, the eastern herrings, Mr. Wilson found, had commenced spawning; and, seven

hundred boats discharging their takes every morning, an examination of this vast mass of fish showed that the proportion of spawned fish to full fish was becoming greater every day. Mr. Wilson noted early in the season that the Shetland herrings were nearly equal in quality to those of Loch Fyne; but when the fishing was more advanced, great numbers, owing to the completion of the spawning process, were found in a deteriorated condition.

The herring-fishing ground worked over by the Yarmouth and Lowestoft boats extends as far north as Hartlepool, but the best fish are captured off the Norfolk coast. The fishery commences in February, but it is very doubtful whether herrings taken so early in the year are fit for human food; their roes are at that season quite undeveloped, and they sell for very little in the London and other markets. Farmers in Norfolk and Suffolk buy them for manure at a very low price. Herrings caught in February and March are neither wholesome nor nutritious; they are nevertheless dispersed by railways over the country, and bought by thousands who, finding them dry and insipid, become disgusted and eschew herrings altogether. The great Scotch and English herring harvests occur in the second half of the year. In the north the herrings are full about the end of August and September, they then spawn and disappear. The best fishing at Yarmouth is not before October or November; and in the west of England the season does not commence before December. These diversities appear to prove that the shoals are local, and seem incompatible with the theory which once found favour with naturalists that there is a vast annual migration of herrings from the Arctic Seas. Every observation which has

the mass that can be surrounded by the net. An eminent Cornish naturalist describes a shoal as having extended from Mevagizzy to the Land's End, a distance, measured by the line of coast, of over 200 miles.

The pilchard is scarcely known out of Cornwall as an article of food, and it would probably be at once rejected as such by those who were not previously acquainted with it; but no Cornishman, whatever his rank, would think of excluding it from his table. Its oily nature is somewhat qualified in the cooking, and its only admissible sauce is a little salt and water. "A pilchard feast" at the commencement of the season is a Cornish institution. No Cornishman would think he had done justice to it unless he had consumed at least a dozen. No fish has a more attractive appearance when fresh from the net than the pilchard, clad as it is in complete silver mail. If any of our readers should desire to experience a new pleasure, let him pass a fine summer's night in one of the Mount's Bay pilchard driving boats. He will find in the characteristic talk of the honest Cornish fisherman no small amusement, and there will be sport for him in catching the large hake which always follow the fish.* He can also enjoy the novel luxury of pilchards taken from the net and broiled over a bright fire, with an occasional small glass of genuine cognac which may not have paid duty, just to neutralise the richness of the fish, and, it may be, to whet the appetite for more. The hake when in the water is invested with a green metallic splendour, and when hooked is as lively as a great salmon. These fish, which have been known to weigh 30 lb., can be caught at

night freely by means of a rod and reel, or by a light hand-line from the boat. They are, with the spotted dog-fish, inveterate persecutors of the pilchards, and feed on them with unappeasable voracity. Forty thousand of these fish have been brought on shore at Mount's Bay in a single day. They also abound on the coast of Ireland; and Galway Bay is sometimes called Hake Bay, from the extraordinary number of these fish which frequent it. They approached the shore in the neighbourhood of Plymouth in such vast quantities, in December 1874, that the fishermen caught them as fast as they could bait the hooks and let down the lines, and the sinkers in their descent struck the backs of the fish, in such dense masses had they congregated. The spotted dog-fish, the glutton of the sea, is more destructive even than the hake, for he disgorges the pilchards almost as fast as he swallows them, and repeats the process, until he is weary of the work of slaughter. The carnage committed by these voracious creatures, 20,000 of which have been caught in a seine with pilchards, is invariably indicated by the blood-stained water, and by the quantity of oil observed floating on the surface of the sea. These insatiable fish, which apparently only desire to gorge themselves with oil, are assisted in their ravages by sepia or cuttle-fish which, with their hard mouths, resembling parrot's bills, cut up the pilchards with great adroitness.

Whiting-pollack, which abound on the Cornish and Devonshire coasts, partake both of the character of the cod and the whiting. They are taken of a large size by

* The hake cut in slices and fried with bread-crumbs is excellent. Slightly salted, or as they say in Cornwall, "powdered"—i. e., sprinkled with salt for twenty-four hours—and then boiled and eaten with egg sauce, it is excellent. These fish are beginning to be more appreciated, and are now occasionally seen on some London fish-stalls.

offer the fishmongers a ducat apiece for the first herrings they received.

The pilchard-fishery is next in importance to the herring-fishery, and is carried on chiefly on the coast of Cornwall, both by drift-nets and by seines. The meshes of the nets are not so large as those used for herrings, the pilchard being a somewhat smaller fish. The Cornish fisheries are very important, and their produce is in great demand both in the local and foreign markets. They form one of the great staple commodities of the county. The fleet of fishing-boats has long been famous in the annals of Cornwall;* and the enterprise and hardihood of their crews are known in every part of the British seas. The number of boats belonging to Mount's Bay alone amounts to 500. The greater number of these are of a large size with decked fore-castle, carry a lug and mizzen sail, and are manned by four or five men each. No spectacle can be more delightful than the departure of this fleet from its moorings in the picturesque bay of the "guarded Mount," on a fine summer evening, their great tanned lug sails glowing like cloth-of-gold in the rays of the setting sun. The drift-fishing commences in July, and is carried on throughout the summer and autumn. Almost the whole of the catches is sold for local consumption, for there is scarcely a Cornishman who does not think it necessary to possess a little store of salt pilchards to eat with his potatoes in winter, and with all the greater relish as being the produce of his native seas; for the Cornishman thinks no county comparable to his own, and its "tin, fish, and copper" to be no

mean elements of the prosperity and greatness of England.

The Cornish seine pilchard-fishery has been too often described to need much detail here.† The great success with which it is occasionally rewarded, the large capital required for its prosecution, and the uncertainty which attends it, has led to the formation of companies, the operations of which are regulated by Acts of Parliament. The largest shoals of pilchard do not approach the coast near enough to be captured by seines before September, but from that time until Christmas they are occasionally caught in vast quantities—5500 hogsheads having been taken by one shoot of the net. The largest quantity caught by seines and cured in any one season amounted to 45,638 hogsheads. The fish, after being properly salted and packed—a process requiring some thousands of hands, considerable time being necessary to extract the oil with which the pilchard is so abundantly supplied—are exported, chiefly to the Italian ports of the Mediterranean. Not less than 20,000 tons of salt are, on an average, yearly used in the Cornish pilchard-fisheries.

The approach of a large shoal of pilchards is generally first perceived from the cliffs, and its presence is indicated by a slight ripple on the sea, and a tint on the water like the reflection from a rose-tinted cloud. As soon as the shoal is near enough the seine is shot, and hauled sufficiently close to the shore to allow the ground-rope to touch the bottom, and thus prevent any of the fish from escaping. The occasional extent of the shoals is amazing, but it is generally only a small portion of

* One of fourteen tons made her passage to Melbourne with four men, emigrants to the colony of Victoria.

† In the number of this Magazine for September 1874 will be found an article which contains much interesting information respecting this fishery, and the district of Cornwall where it is chiefly carried on.

the mass that can be surrounded by the net. An eminent Cornish naturalist describes a shoal as having extended from Mevagizzy to the Land's End, a distance, measured by the line of coast, of over 200 miles.

The pilchard is scarcely known out of Cornwall as an article of food, and it would probably be at once rejected as such by those who were not previously acquainted with it; but no Cornishman, whatever his rank, would think of excluding it from his table. Its oily nature is somewhat qualified in the cooking, and its only admissible sauce is a little salt and water. "A pilchard feast" at the commencement of the season is a Cornish institution. No Cornishman would think he had done justice to it unless he had consumed at least a dozen. No fish has a more attractive appearance when fresh from the net than the pilchard, clad as it is in complete silver mail. If any of our readers should desire to experience a new pleasure, let him pass a fine summer's night in one of the Mount's Bay pilchard driving boats. He will find in the characteristic talk of the honest Cornish fisherman no small amusement, and there will be sport for him in catching the large hake which always follow the fish.* He can also enjoy the novel luxury of pilchards taken from the net and broiled over a bright fire, with an occasional small glass of genuine cognac which may not have paid duty, just to neutralise the richness of the fish, and, it may be, to whet the appetite for more. The hake when in the water is invested with a green metallic splendour, and when hooked is as lively as a great salmon. These fish, which have been known to weigh 30 lb., can be caught at

night freely by means of a rod and reel, or by a light hand-line from the boat. They are, with the spotted dog-fish, inveterate persecutors of the pilchards, and feed on them with unappeasable voracity. Forty thousand of these fish have been brought on shore at Mount's Bay in a single day. They also abound on the coast of Ireland; and Galway Bay is sometimes called Hake Bay, from the extraordinary number of these fish which frequent it. They approached the shore in the neighbourhood of Plymouth in such vast quantities, in December 1874, that the fishermen caught them as fast as they could bait the hooks and let down the lines, and the sinkers in their descent struck the backs of the fish, in such dense masses had they congregated. The spotted dog-fish, the glutton of the sea, is more destructive even than the hake, for he disgorges the pilchards almost as fast as he swallows them, and repeats the process, until he is weary of the work of slaughter. The carnage committed by these voracious creatures, 20,000 of which have been caught in a seine with pilchards, is invariably indicated by the blood-stained water, and by the quantity of oil observed floating on the surface of the sea. These insatiable fish, which apparently only desire to gorge themselves with oil, are assisted in their ravages by sepia or cuttle-fish which, with their hard mouths, resembling parrot's bills, cut up the pilchards with great adroitness.

Whiting-pollack, which abound on the Cornish and Devonshire coasts, partake both of the character of the cod and the whiting. They are taken of a large size by

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hand-lines. When of moderate size they can scarcely be distinguished in flavour from whit-
ing. The larger fish possess considerable firmness, and are a good substitute for cod. Nowhere can the red mullet, the sea-woodcock as it has been termed, the acme of gastronomic excellence, be enjoyed in greater perfection than in Mount's Bay. They are not so large as the famous Guernsey mullet, of which 2½ lb. is no unusual weight, but their flavour is superior, and they are often so abundant as to be very cheap, although it is generally a safe speculation to send them in large quantities to the London market. The red mullet, notwithstanding its scales of Tyrian dye, is not an elegant fish in form; but its liver, which constitutes its best sauce, redeems its plainness. Dorics, although not peculiar to the western seas, are fairly abundant, but not so large in size as those frequently taken off Brighton. Turbot of excellent quality are caught by long lines in the sandy bays with which the west of Cornwall and Devonshire are indented; and conger-eels and ling afford abundant food for the poorer classes, who consume them both in a fresh and salted state. Cornwall is famous for its congers, the rocky character of the coast being well suited to the nature of this fish. They are sometimes caught of an enormous size, measuring from 7 to 8 feet in length, and weighing 100 lb., and the getting a large one into a boat is often a very difficult process. We have known one of these monsters, apparently dead, on the return of vitality after being stunned by heavy blows, show such determined pugnacity that the fishermen were glad to facilitate his return to his native element.

The mackerel-fishing of the British seas, although valuable, is

not to be compared in importance either with the herring or the pilchard fisheries. No fish possesses a more beautiful appearance than the mackerel; round and plump but tapering finely towards the tail, it is altogether a model of elegance and strength. Its belly and sides are of a pearly white with a golden tinge, and it displays tints of purple and crimson when freshly caught, but which rapidly vanish after death. The back of the mackerel is its most striking characteristic, the colour being a varying blue shot with green with zebra-like cross bands of black, straight in the males, but irregular in the females. This fish, although gregarious, is an ever-restless rover, and its appearance at any given time or place can never be relied on with any degree of confidence. Drift-nets for mackerel-fishing are worked on the same principle as those for herrings and pilchards; but as they generally swim near the surface, the nets are corked so as to keep them high in the water. A fleet of mackerel-nets is made up of eleven or twelve score, the whole extending for two miles and a half. Mackerel first appear early in the year, and are caught in January sixty miles west of the Land's End. The fishery, however, does not generally commence before the end of February, but continues throughout May, June, and July. Mackerel do not approach the land like herrings for the purpose of spawning, but they shed their spawn on the surface of the water, at varying distances from the shore. They remain in shoals until they have spawned, and while thus congregated do not very readily take a bait; but this process accomplished, the shoals disperse, and instead of returning to deep water, as appears to be the habit of herrings, approach the land and even enter harbours, where they afford

excellent sport with the hook and line.

The extravagant prices formerly paid for the first mackerel in the London market have been greatly reduced by the speed with which they are now conveyed by railway, and the large supplies which can be immediately forwarded after any considerable catch. It was formerly a race between the boats which should first land its fish and obtain a temporary monopoly of the market; but mackerel now reach London not by hundreds but by tens of thousands at a time. The highest price recorded as having been paid in Billingsgate market for mackerel was in 1807, when the first van-load from Brighton sold for forty guineas per hundred of six score, or seven shillings each. The following year they were so abundant at Dover that they were sold sixty for a shilling. The mackerel-fishery on the east coast of England in 1821 was unprecedented. The value of the catches made by sixteen boats from Lowestoft in a single day amounted to £5252; and the sum of £14,000 was realised by the fishermen of the coast of Suffolk at the same time. The value of the catches at Yarmouth has been occasionally as high as £35,000 in a year.

In the south of England, wherever there is an extensive range of beach suitable for the purpose, as between the Bill of Portland and the Start Point, seining for mackerel is frequently carried on with great success, and very large takes are effected in the vicinity of Brighton. Being the most perishable of fish, and not cured for exportation, the market is liable to be very frequently glutted with these fish during a successful season. They do not rank high in the gastronomic scale; but, on becoming abundant as the season

advances, they are a great boon to the poorer classes, and provide a cheap and acceptable article of diet to thousands.

The sport of mackerel-fishing off the Cornish coast is well described by the author of 'Wild Sports of the West.'

"Directed by the movements of the gulls and puffins, we followed the mackerel, tacking or wearing the boat occasionally, when we found that we had overrun the shoal. For two hours we killed these beautiful fish as fast as the baits could be renewed and the lines hauled in; and when we left off fishing, actually wearied with the sport, we found that we had taken about five hundred. . . . There is not on sea or river, always excepting angling for salmon, any sport comparable to this delightful amusement; full of life and bustle, everything about it animated and exhilarating—a brisk breeze, a fair sky, the boat in quick and constant motion—all is calculated to interest and excite. He who has experienced the glorious sensations of sailing on the Western Ocean—a bright autumnal sky above, a deep-green lucid swell around, a steady breeze, and as much of it as the hooker can stand up to—will estimate the exquisite enjoyment a morning's mackerel-fishing affords."

The kettle-net is used to entrap the mackerel-shoals which, at certain seasons, approach very near the shore with the rising tide, by diverting them by means of a barrier of stakes and nets fixed at a right angle to the beach, and forming circular ponds or wears, from which the fish are unable to escape. Very large catches are sometimes made in this way; but the continuation of such ponds is discouraged, and in some places prohibited, by the Board of Trade, as interfering with boat navigation near the shore.

Few persons, we suppose, now believe sprats to be young herrings. Vast shoals of these small fish make their appearance in our bays and estuaries during winter. The largest

fishery for sprats is at the mouth of the Thames. They are generally caught by the stow-net—a conical bag, about sixty yards long, which is shot when the fishing boat is at anchor, and is allowed to drift for some distance astern, and on the tide becoming slack, the net is brought up alongside. When the shoals are large the captures are great, and the fish are sold to dealers who supply the inland markets. When the demand for them as food is slack, they are sold for manure, for which they are in great request.

Sprats are the poor man's delicacy, and a dish of these really excellent little fish often gladdens the supper-table of many a household in the crowded back streets and alleys of our great towns. Immense quantities are occasionally taken off the coast of Essex, and conveyed to Yarmouth to be cured like red herrings. They are also pickled, and are considered by many as little inferior to anchovies. Although sprats are not herring-fry, certain other small fish of epicurean celebrity undoubtedly are. The nature of whitebait was for many years a subject of controversy among ichthyologists. There is now no doubt of their being simply herring-fry. The fact of their being taken in comparatively brackish water may be due simply to immaturity. No whitebait with roe in it has ever been seen; there is therefore every probability that when they grow large enough to breed they do so as ordinary herring. The fastidious *gourmet*, who would regard with infinite disgust the appearance of a fresh herring on his table, considers as the perfection of delicacy the little creatures which are served up at Greenwich and Blackwall, and probably swallows as many at a sitting as, if full-grown, would suffice to gorge a whale.

It is remarkable how little change

has taken place in the localities where fish abound, and how few new fishing-grounds have been discovered in the British seas. Great expectations were created a few years ago by the discovery, beyond the "stormy Hebrides," of a bank from 20 to 25 miles in length which promised extraordinary results. Cod-fish were not only in great abundance, but of an extraordinary size, frequently measuring six feet in length. The fishing, however, was necessarily limited by the depth of the water, and could not be carried on successfully when it exceeded 50 fathoms. The Dutch were the first to work this bank, and it is still fished occasionally by the Shetlanders, as well as by smacks from Grimsby; but it is so exposed to the tremendous seas of the North Atlantic, the weather is so uniformly bad, and the difficulty experienced by the boats in regaining the bank when blown off it in a gale of wind is so great, that very little disposition is shown to fish in such troubled waters.

The sea is an inexhaustible storehouse of food, and notwithstanding the enormous destruction of fish by sea-birds, by man, and by each other, the amount in the ocean is probably maintained at a constant quantity; but it could not be so maintained without that boundless carnage which sometimes perplexes our reason, and almost staggers our faith. If suffered to multiply without restraint, the denizens of the ocean would speedily find their domain, immense as it is, too small to contain them. Buffon has stated that the produce of a male and female herring, if allowed to multiply without check, would in time produce a bulk of fish larger than twenty of our globes. And when it is considered that every female herring contains from six to eight millions of ova within her ovaries, the state-

ment, astounding as it is, may be believed. The abundance of herring-ova spawned upon the coast of Labrador has been reported by a trustworthy observer to be so great that he has seen the shore covered with it to the depth of two feet for several miles.

The Ettrick Shepherd, in one of those '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' which in former days were the delight of the readers of this Magazine, says—
"Were every eatable land animal extinct, the human race could dine and soup out o' the ocean till a' eternity."

Well might Spenser exclaim—

"Oh, what an endless work has he in hand
Who'd count the sea's abundant progeny,
Whose fruitful seed far passeth that on land,
And also them that roam the azure sky—
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So vast their numbers, and so numberless
their nation!"

As a source of nutriment, as a field of profitable industry, extending enormously the area of food production, admitting of vast expansion, which can be worked at every season of the year, requiring no outlay in seed or tillage, and no artificial stimulants to renew their harvest (for the fisherman reaps where he has not sown and gathers where he has not scattered), the British sea-fisheries deserve the consideration of all who feel how largely the comfort and wellbeing of a people rests upon that humble but solid basis—abundant and low-priced food. It may be roughly estimated that London annually consumes 800,000 fat cattle, which at an average weight of 6 cwt. each, would amount to 90,000 tons of beef. At the present time there are certainly not less than 900 trawling-vessels engaged in supplying the London market with fish; and assuming the annual take of each vessel to be only 90 tons, this would give a total

of 80,000 tons of trawled fish; but this computation is irrespective of the vast quantities of herrings, mackerel, sprats, and fish caught by lines, drift-nets, and seines. An acre of land properly tilled will produce every year either a ton of corn or three hundredweight of mutton or beef; but an area of good fishing-ground of the same extent at the bottom of the sea will yield to a persevering fisherman a considerably greater quantity of nutritious food every day in the year. It was computed by the late Mr. Mayhew, in his work on the London Poor, that during the months of October and November, or what is termed the costermongers' fish season, 600 millions of herrings are disposed of in the streets of London alone, providing a cheap and wholesome meal for thousands and tens of thousands of the humble classes of the metropolis.

The prejudice against a fish diet which was long current, was based upon the assumption that it yielded but little nutriment. The result, however, of an analysis of various kinds of fish has proved that they contain nearly as much albuminous matter as the flesh of quadrupeds—hence, as flesh-producing food, fish is nearly equal to beef. The herring contains, moreover, a large quantity of oleaginous matter in addition to its albuminous principle, by which its nutritious properties are considerably increased.

It is evident, therefore, that fish were designed to occupy an important place in the sustenance of mankind, and it certainly contributes agreeably to that variety of diet by which the human frame is maintained in its highest degree of vigour and health. Nitrogen is a well-known and important vital stimulant; and the proportion of nitrogen relatively to carbon, esti-

mated in grains, is in flesh-meat as 160 to 2580, and in herrings 217½ to 1435. Fish is a flesh and muscle, not a fat producing aliment, as is obvious from the appearance of our seafaring population, who are spare, sinewy, and strong, and free from those mountains of flesh and masses of blubber which characterise the prosperous beef-eating Englishman, and have from time immemorial typified the traditional John Bull.

It is impossible not to recognise the beneficence of Providence, not merely in providing a food so generally palatable to mankind as fish, but in endowing the creatures which supply it with such amazing fecundity that no draughts which can ever be made upon the great reservoir which supplies it can ever permanently diminish its contents. Not less admirable is the arrangement which brings this resource within easy reach of those for whose use it was designed. The population of the ocean, with their facilities of swift locomotion, might have roamed their vast home in pursuit of ceaseless change, and have retired for the purpose of reproduction to its inaccessible depths; but an irresistible impulse directs periodically towards the shore myriads of its multitudinous inhabitants, which move with the regularity of great armies, are actuated by a pre-determined purpose, and fulfil an appointed end.

“Who calls the council, states the certain day,

Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way.”

If the sea is a scene of boundless destruction, it is not less one of animated enjoyment. It teems with life, and the lively motions of its inhabitants denote an intense and vivid existence. Their organisation is such that, while they are unconscious of the precarious tenure

of their lives, they are probably in very slight degree, if at all, susceptible of pain. The ocean has been termed a great waste of waters; it would be more correctly described at once as the great fertiliser of the earth, and as itself fertile to a degree which baffles our powers of conception. The light which is often observed to flash in phosphorescent sparks over the wide expanse of waters, is but the vital manifestation of an invisible and universally diffused animal world. “Some have thought,” says Paley, “that we have too much water on our globe, the sea occupying nearly three-quarters of its whole surface. But the expanse of the ocean, immense as it is, may be no more than sufficient to fertilise the earth. Or independently of this reason, I know not why the sea may not have as good a right to its place as the land. It may proportionately support as many inhabitants and minister to as large an aggregate of enjoyment. The land only affords an habitable surface; the sea is habitable to a great depth.”

The surface of the ocean may be less prolific in highly organised living forms than that of continents, but it is not improbable that, on a further examination, its depths may be found to possess a greater richness of life than any other portion of our planet. The abundance of marine animalculæ is indeed known to be so great, that sea-water is itself a nutrient to many of its larger inhabitants.

The vast extent of the ocean, and the illimitable supply of food which it produces, may well excite astonishment that this great resource is still so little drawn upon by man. Our fisheries are certainly capable of an immense extension, and it is surprising that more capital is not employed in working this inexhaustible mine of wealth and prosperity. It

ministers not less to our enjoyment than to our sustenance. "Pour une infinité de bonnes gents," says a French writer, "la mer n'est que le domicile des turbots et des sardines, le séjour des morues et la nourrice des huîtres. Au nom de la mer l'eau leur vient à la bouche." Fish was the favourite diet of the Athenians, and to it their brilliant intellect and exquisite refinement of taste may have been in some measure owing, as well as to the lightness of their atmosphere and the geniality of their climate. The supply from their land-locked seas was probably abundant; but certain kinds of fish doubtless always commanded high prices, and were within the reach only of the wealthy. Plato is represented as censuring his friend Aristippus for his extravagance in providing a magnificent dish of fish for a banquet given to his friends; but he excused himself by declaring that he had given only a moderate sum for it. "But why even a moderate sum?" remonstrated Plato. "Because I am as fond of fish as you seem to be of money," retorted Aristippus.

The epigrams of Martial and the Roman satirists abound in allusions to the extravagance of the great fish epicures of their time; for the osophagy of Rome attained an insane pitch under the empire. The fishmongers of those days well knew how to profit by the prevailing mania. "The sea," these gentry were accustomed to say, "is free to all; but fish is only for those who can pay for it." This somewhat cynical sentiment is not without its counterpart at the present day. Certain descriptions of fish are enormously and

disproportionately dear in comparison with the cost of obtaining them and the remuneration received by its captors. The price realised by the proprietor of a first-class trawler for his prime fish amounted, a few years ago, to only 2½d. per lb., but it was disposed of by the retail fishmongers at 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. per lb. The fisherman's share may have been since somewhat increased; but the London fishmongers not only continue artificially to limit the supply in order to keep up prices to an extravagant height, but, by their combination to prey unmercifully upon an unresisting and long-suffering community, manage to secure by far the largest proportion of the profit from every fish which they get into their hands. Their gains are inordinate; and they form a large and wealthy fraternity. Combination should be met by combination; and the public, who have in so many other instances found the means of effectually protecting themselves against the avarice of tradesmen, may in time devise some mode of supplying themselves with this necessary of life on more reasonable terms than they are at present obliged to submit to. The traditionary feelings against these fish extortioners is of very long standing, and it was amusingly illustrated in the last century by Fielding in one of his novels, in which he thus inveighs against them: "Thanks to whom, the poor can eat sprats and herrings but no other sort of fish; as a remedy, I respectfully suggest the expediency of immediately hanging, without compunction, all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality."

MICHAEL ANGELO

DURING the course of the month which has just passed, the artists and the critics and the art-lovers of Italy—no inconsiderable band—along with all the populace of Florence, which inherits as its birth-right that knowledge and love for the beautiful which in other regions is connected with the highest culture only, have been celebrating the fourth centenary of the birth of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the greatest of all those great masters whose works have glorified Florence and made her illustrious. We have little inclination to enter into the details of a ceremonial more or less like all ceremonials of the kind. By this time, at least, everybody has learned that in such celebrations genuine enthusiasm is so alloyed and mixed up with the spurious, and so diluted by that love of shows and pleasuring which is common to the crowd everywhere, that the vulgar and ludicrous sides of the matter are more generally prominent than the heroic. But it cannot be amiss to take advantage of the occasion, and to remind the reader of the real claims upon posterity which are possessed by so remarkable a man. These claims have been already set before the world again and again, but it is not easy to exhaust a genius so great and a personality so striking; and the moment is propitious, and tempts a word more on so attractive a subject. In an age remarkable not only for artists but for notable men of every description, Michael Angelo stands alone in greatness and individuality, more universal in his genius, more striking in character, than any contemporary artist, unless, indeed, it be the kindred but much less well-known figure of

Leonardo, whose prodigious powers we all take to a great extent on trust, impressed still, at the distance of centuries, by the extraordinary impression which he made upon his time. But Buonarroti stands in no mysterious glory, vaguely disclosed among the mists of ruin and still vaguer vapours of praise, like Leonardo. His steps are clearly traced for us across the far distance; his actions, his works, even his thoughts, are preserved in distinctest certainty; and himself, even in his characteristic features, in his ways of speaking as in his ways of working, in the infirmities of his temper and the greatness of his soul, is as well known to us, nay, better, than if he lived to-day. There was a third, as great as the others we have named, living at the same time in Italy; but to compare Raphael with either of these veterans would be almost as strange as to measure the Angel of the Annunciation with the men who gaze at him in the pictures. Raphael's very youth cuts him off from the comparison, as well as the manner of his mind, in which the characteristic peculiarities of the others find no place. He is not one who appeals to the intellect and the judgment, as they do. He does but take our hearts, smiling, so that neither he nor we are fully aware whether it is the mightiness of his genius or the sweetness of human sympathy which subdues us to him. But the others are not unconscious. From the first to the last Michael Angelo is aware of himself; he knows his power, and that he is not as other men; with no generous confidence of sympathy, but with a certain despotism he rules—nay, domineers—over us, pleased if we tremble somewhat

as well as applaud, and feel his superior greatness to the bottom of our hearts. He stands like his own "David" looking down upon the smaller figures round him, with no kind delusion in his mind as to the difference between them and himself. And as he has thus held his place, supreme in Florence, from his youth, almost from his childhood, not without a certain brag of his strength, half humorous, half angry, so he does still, reigning imperiously, not careless of his sway, nor indifferent to the homage which he will force out of us, rather than go without it. In the picture-galleries and on the hillside; confronting us in the public piazza at the very doors of the old palace; and in the deepest gloom of the dark cathedral, behind the altar, surprising us even in the dimness with his princely presence—he is everywhere, throwing vivid sayings at us where there is nothing else to be done, and even by means of the great works of others, leaving a certain trace of personal magnificence to show where he has passed by. More people, we believe, think, when they look at the great gates of San Giovanni, of him who said they were fit to be the gates of heaven, than of him who made them; and when we pass by Donatello's San Giorgio, the critic who for all comment gave that noble figure the word of command and bade him "March!" is almost more present with us than the older sculptor. And from his early youth, when he called the splendid church of Santa Maria Novella, all sweet and shining in those frescoed glories which his own boyish hand helped to dress her in, his Bride—to that moment in which he chose his resting-place in Santa Croce at the exact spot whence, when the great doors were open, he could see the cathedral, and watch from his tomb

the glorious dome through all the centuries, rising steadfast against the Italian sky—his very sayings usurp the sovereignty of the city, putting him before us wherever we turn, and, whether we will or not, first and foremost before any other man.

The story of Michael Angelo's long life has been so often told, that, so far as mere information goes, it may be thought a work of supererogation to give it over again; but it is impossible even to think of Florence, and leave out the man, who of all the despots of Florence was the most potent, and the only one whom all Florentines accept heartily and with no jealousy of his power. He is altogether different from the homelier type of Tuscan character, the *pâte* which produced such men as Giotto, Donatello, and Botticelli, a race joyous and robust and simple, children of the soil and of the sunshine; but he is still more characteristically Florentine in his masterful force and haughty personality, manifestly of the same blood as him who made the great journey through hell and heaven. Men of this class are always remarkable, whatever may be the landscape that encloses them. They are like mountains, austere and solitary in a grandeur of nature, which no effort can bring others up to, or amiable inclination on their own part bow down. Such men have always a certain gloom about them, a habit of imperiousness, an impatience almost pitiless of the smaller crowd around, to which, on the other hand, they can be as gentle as angels when the meaner mass perceives its own inferiority. Perhaps the half-solemn, half-contemptuous bravado which we find in Michael Angelo, the pleasure he evidently had in making it apparent how easily he could excel and surpass other men, was peculiar to himself; but the consciousness of

an elevation above their kind is common to this type of greatness, not so attractive as the brotherliness of the sweeter nature, but perhaps more impressive to the common imagination, which always in its soul believes more in self-assertion than in natural humility. The great artist was but a boy-apprentice in the workshop of Domenico Ghirlandajo when he drew round one of his master's designs in the hands of a fellow-pupil, the correct outline of the figure which the head of the *bottega* had drawn badly or carelessly—a boyish feat which is much more important as an evidence of character than even as a proof of the superlative genius which taught him more than his master could; for such contemptuous indifference to the feelings of others is as striking in its way as the wonderful power displayed. Reverence or subordination do not seem to have been virtues possible to Michael Angelo; then and after he brooked no control or reproof, and having no doubt of his own right to be first, took his place always with an arrogance which, whether we like it or not, we are forced to accept as an integral part of his character. The same mixture of scorn does not appear in the more solemn arrogance of Dante. When the poet said, at a great public crisis, "If I go, who will stay? and if I stay, who will go?" the utter seriousness of the question veils the prodigious self-estimation in it; but the painter's attitude is one of proud carelessness, as of a being so much above the others that even they themselves could have no doubt on the subject. So intense a sense of personal value and importance is not amiable; but it is, as we have said, deeply impressive to the common mind, and entirely characteristic of this manner of man.

Like Dante, too, Michael Angelo was of noble birth, a fact which perhaps accounts in some degree for the marked difference between him and the lowlier class of artists already indicated. It was but a *petite noblesse* after all: neither the poet nor the painter came from any lofty house, or was born in the purple; but yet no emperor was more unlike a medieval peasant or craftsman than the artist who boasted a surname and belonged to the Buonarrotti, was unlike those who were of the soil, the sons of John or Peter, the apprentices of a Brunellesco or a Botticello, picking up a name in this quaint way. Cimabue is almost the only other in the long succession of Florentine painters who shares this distinction. Scarcely one of them possesses a family name. Giotto, Donatello, and the rest, have nothing but those given to them at their baptism to make glorious. Domenico of the Garland-maker, and Andrea of the Tailor, are still more homely in their means of identification; and many more wear a changed version of their master's name, like those quoted above (Brunelleschi from Brunellesco, Botticelli from Botticello), instead of the non-existing patronymic; while others are distinguished by locality, as Baccio of the Gate, Pietro of Perugia, Paolo of Verona. Michael Angelo, however, was separated from the common herd by a good round mouth-filling set of syllables, and a legendary descent from the Counts of Canossa, a legend which the great family was delighted to give its sanction to when the distant kinsman became a great man, courted by popes and princes. It would be vain to say that he took any importance from this fact. The much nearer and more important fact that he was himself Michael Angelo, moved him a great deal too much to leave room

for any smaller pride about the Counts of Canossa; but such was the fact, and it is not without importance in his life and character. He had hot, knightly blood in his veins, little disposed to turn off a foolish piece of condescension as Giotto did, for example, with the laugh and the shrug of peasant humour, maintaining his independence with a sharp but good-humoured gibe, as peasants do everywhere—a mode of treatment, let us allow, by which the artist gets the better of his adversary more effectually than were he ever so indignant. But the son of the Buonarrotti, like the son of the Alighieri, has at all times an *animo sdegnoso*, too indignant, when not too contemptuous, of all pretences of superiority, to put up with them lightly or pass them off as a jest.

Michael Angelo was born in March of the year 1474 according to the old reckoning, 1475 according to ours, so that the real fourth centenary of his birth was in the spring of this year. His father held an honourable office as *podestà* or chief magistrate in the little town of Caprese, and the child was sent to the hills near Arezzo, according to the custom of his time—a custom which prevails in many parts of the world till this day—to be nursed by the wife of a mason, from whom, he declared afterwards, he derived his love of the chisel. His father Ludovico had so many children and so little money, that he was fain to get his sons disposed of in “the arts of wool and silk;” but he seems to have been somewhat disinclined to allow that one of them, from whom, it appears, he expected better things, to engage in the art of design. It might have been supposed that Art, properly so called, was sufficiently honoured in Florence to prevent the struggle which so often attends the selection by a promising

youth of one of those crafts of genius which are so ineradicably and universally marked as vagabond and precarious in the opinion of the sober-minded of all countries and generations; but it does not seem to have proved so in his case. He was scolded and sometimes beaten by his father and his elder brothers, “who thought, perhaps,” says Vasari, “that this faculty of his, uncomprehended by them, was something mean and unworthy of their ancient house.” Finally, however (and there was not much time lost, for he was but fourteen after all), the boy was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, and began the formal study of art.

This was the moment when the greatest of the Medici was at his highest point of power—and the connection between the great Lorenzo in his mature manhood, and the young Buonarrotti at the very beginning of his career, is at once picturesque and interesting. Lorenzo, who loved art, as he loved everything that was beautiful, had collected in his garden a number of classic antiquities, *anticaglie*, statues and busts, and every scrap of antique art which could be scraped together by diligent collectors, agents everywhere for the princely Florentine. It was the very height of the Renaissance, and Lorenzo and his favourite society were deeply classical, prizing nothing that was not Greek, and very eager to introduce as many classical customs as possible, and to found a school of art which should rival that of Athens. In his garden—with perhaps a side gleam from the example of Plato, changed to suit the circumstances—where all his wealth of *anticaglie* was arranged, he placed the old sculptor Bertoldo, who had been a pupil of Donatello; and sending round to the *art-bottegas* in the city, desired that any of the youths who were inclined towards sculp-

ture, should come and study there. Among those who were sent by Ghirlandajo was Michael Angelo, who took to the clay and marble with an eagerness and rapid comprehension that astonished everybody. "After a few days," Vasari tells us, "the lad was so advanced as to attempt to copy a faun's head in marble; and though he had never before touched either marble or chisel, his attempt was so successful that the Magnifico was startled. So pleased was he, that he began to banter the boy, reminding him that his faun was old and that old people lose their teeth, and that it was very unlikely that the jaw of his model could have been in such perfect condition. It seemed to Michael Angelo in his simplicity, loving and fearing the master as he did, that he meant what he said," Vasari adds; and his is the most agreeable version of the story, though there are others who represent the youthful Buonarrotti as doing that for policy which Vasari says he did out of his simplicity—a more natural explanation at so early an age. But whether simpleness or cunning, so it was, that the boy took the Magnifico's hint, broke out some of his faun's teeth, worked at the jaw to make it appear that they had dropped out, and putting the mask in Lorenzo's way, waited, no doubt with a beating heart, to see what he would say next time. The great man was delighted with the effect his joke had produced. It became one of his favourite stories which he told to his friends, and laughed at with kindly enjoyment; and he lost no time in showing his goodwill. He took the young artist into his house, where, we are told, he was treated like one of Lorenzo's own children, and at the same time he gave the old Buonarrotti an appointment, providing thus for both father

and son. This good fortune lasted for four years, till Lorenzo's death, during which time the boy-sculptor must have had many opportunities of self-improvement, and especially that of intercourse with the most cultivated men of his time, the wits and philosophers and connoisseurs who collected round Lorenzo's table. When the Magnifico died, his unworthy son and successor Piero continued his father's patronage to the young artist, but not in Lorenzo's princely way. Instead of great subjects in marble, Piero set the sculptor to make a statue of snow; which, however, considering that the artist was scarcely twenty, probably did not disturb him so much as it has disturbed his worshippers since, as a slight to his great powers.

When the Medici family were expelled from Florence, Michael Angelo seems to have been seized by a temporary panic, lest perhaps he, almost a member of Lorenzo's family, should share the disgrace and ruin which no doubt the party expected must follow the downfall of their head, as had always happened heretofore; an unnecessary panic, as it happened, for Savonarola's influence kept the demons of party retaliation in check. No doubt, however, the fright was good for the youth, enlarging his horizon by the sight of Venice and Bologna, in which last place he found a warm welcome. Shortly afterwards he was taken to Rome, where his fame had gone before him by means of a Cupid sold to Cardinal Riario as a genuine antique. Here, before he had reached the age of twenty-five, he executed the great *Pietà* in St Peter's, still known as one of his most perfect works; and, it is evident, by that and other productions got himself to so great a height of reputation that even his own city found it worth while to

remember and tempt him home again. This was done by a bribe of an entirely characteristic kind. A certain mass of marble which had been badly *abozzato* a hundred years before by Maestro Simone da Fiesole, whose intention it had been to make a giant out of the huge marble, nine braccia high, but who had only gone far enough to spoil it—had been left for all this time, a shapeless wreck, upon the hands of the Operai of the cathedral—the commissioners of works or building committee, as we should call them. There had been talk of handing over the piece of valuable material thus rendered useless to Leonardo and various other sculptors; but either Michael Angelo himself, seeing possibilities in the stone, claimed the disposal of it, or the Operai, as the story says, feeling their fellow-citizen to have the first claim, offered it to him. The young man, as may easily be supposed, jumped at this chance of distinction. "Michael Angelo made a model in wax," says Vasari, "of a young David with a sling, intended for the front of the palazzo, in order to show that, as he had defended his people and governed it with justice, so whosoever governed that city should boldly defend it and justly govern it. He began to execute this figure in the workshops of Santa Maria del Fiore, where he made a tower with wood and stone round the marble, and worked it out without being seen by any one."

No more congenial piece of work could have been imagined for him. Huge though the mass of marble was, it was so awkwardly shaped by the mistake of the old artist who had spoiled it, that it was no ordinary achievement to evolve out of it the splendidly proportioned and gigantic youth whom the young sculptor, all his energies stirred by the difficulty of the undertaking,

saw in the stone. The failure of the material to afford full expression to this heroic figure is apparent, we are told, in one of the shoulders of the "David," which ought "to advance a little further, and to be more fully rounded, but which is flat in consequence of the imperfection of the marble, in which still appear the strokes of the chisel by which it was first so unskilfully begun. Certainly Michael Angelo performed a miracle," says Vasari, "in thus resuscitating one who was dead." This great work was begun in 1501, and erected in the place which it held till a very recent period, before the door of the Palazzo Vecchio, in 1504—"a proof," says one of the commentators, of the "terrible genius with which Divine Providence had endowed" the sculptor. There is a description of Michael Angelo's work given years after this when he was an old man, which recurs forcibly to the mind when we endeavour to realise the singular and striking scene which Vasari indicates: "I have seen Michael Angelo at the age of sixty . . . make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than three of the strongest young sculptors could do in an hour—a thing almost incredible to him who has not seen it. He went to work with such impetuosity and fury of manner that I feared every moment to see the block split in pieces. It would seem as if, inflamed by the great idea which inspired him, this great man attacked with a species of fury the marble in which his statue lay concealed." What, then, must have been the eager energy of the work when the young artist of twenty-five, shut up in the solitude of his huge shed with that contorted mass of whiteness, *storpato* and *guastato* by his predecessor, out of which his "David" was struggling,

getting limb and sinew gradually free, as blow after blow resounded on the stone—worked in a fury and passion of inventing, day after day, till the long throes were over and the imprisoned had got free!

With all this we are obliged to confess that the great “David,” the pride of the Florentines, which stood so long white and strong against the stern Tuscan walls of the Palazzo Vecchio, gigantic in its roundness and force of youth, touches our heart individually in no wise, and is absolutely indifferent to us. We do not attempt to defend ourselves from the well-merited stigma of want of taste and artistic appreciation, but freely acknowledge a personal defect which fortunately is not general. But dulness of admiration in respect to the work produced need not diminish the interest with which we regard its creation—the conflict of the sculptor with the spoiled marble out of which he forced the vast proportions of the young champion and patriot, against all hope or precedent; as picturesque and interesting an incident as any to be found in the annals of art.

After this great effort in sculpture, the most remarkable that had been made since the awakening and revival of art, Michael Angelo seems to have turned off at once by caprice of nature or sport of circumstances to the other branch of his great craft, so different in its requirements from the grandeur and stillness of sculpture. Circumstances no doubt had to do with the composition of the great cartoon intended for the decoration of that hall of the Consiglio Maggiore which Savonarola had built, and in which he spent the last night of his life; but no doubt he was simply returning to his original profession when he

accepted the commission for that picture, now in the tribune of the Uffizi, about which Angelo Doni, the friend of Raphael, for whom it was painted, endeavoured to bargain with such disastrous effect, the haughty painter doubling his price, like the Sibyl, for every reduction attempted to be made. Both these compositions, however, bear traces of the characteristic method of the sculptor. The uncomfortable strain of attitude in the Virgin of the Uffizi detracts greatly from the beauty of the picture; but in the cartoon the sculptural treatment is in perfect accord with the subject, which represents a party of soldiers bathing, and suddenly disturbed by the appearance of the enemy. Scraps of this only have come down to posterity, the cartoon having been torn in pieces, according to Vasari, by the envious hands of the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli, whom it would be absurd to speak of now as a rival of Buonarrotti, though he considered himself as such in his day. The companion cartoon designed by Leonardo da Vinci has met with a similar fate, and is only known to us in a fragment copied by Rubens, and known as the “Battle of the Standard.” The most perfect idea of what Michael Angelo’s cartoon was, is to be seen from an old copy in the possession of the Earl of Leicester, which has been engraved, and of which Mr. Black gives a photograph in his beautiful book.* These pictures mark but an episode in the life of the great artist. It pleased him to put away one tool and take up another—transferring to the canvas the grand forms and muscular development of sculpture, and, curiously enough, revenging himself for the stillness of the one in the vehemence of the other.

* *Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, Sculptor, Painter, Architect.* By Charles C. Black. Macmillan: 1875.

ment action of the other. Neither Leonardo's picture nor his own was ever executed.

Immediately after this interval of painting occurred that encounter of two of the most notable men of their time, which has given a striking and humorous page to the history of art. Julius II., probably some years after his accession to the Papacy, took the great sculptor, whose temper and character were not unlike his own, into his employment, in order that he might glorify himself with a tomb worthy his own estimate of his greatness—a most wise precaution for all who share the impulse of posthumous vanity. The Pope and the artist were a fit pair to meet in that great old Rome, so full of memories; and the warlike narrative of their friendship and quarrels, hot on both sides, yet on neither without a mixture of genuine regard and liking, is full of interest and character. Its beginning, however, was not of an agreeable kind. Excited by hopes of a splendid work, not less honourable to himself than to Pope Julius, Michael Angelo had first to betake himself for eight dreary probationary months to the marble country of Carrara to choose the blocks for his statues, and to get them painfully conveyed to the sea, to be sent off to Rome. In this exile, during which it is easy to imagine the eager anticipation of the great sculptor, held, as it were, in the leash, and unable to get to work, though with such wealth of virgin material round him, he had hard ado, Vasari tells us, to keep himself from striking out with those fiery vehement strokes of his, some huge *abozzo* in the white rocks of a cave, as a memorial of himself and his weary vigil. What pilgrimages we should all have made to that powdery waste had he left some such vast mysterious image

as the uncompleted "Day" of San Lorenzo, to keep the world in mind of the long days he passed there among the rough marble of those precious caverns! The blocks which he sent to Rome half filled the piazza of St. Pietro; and as soon as the artist was released from the labour of collecting them, he rushed at his more congenial work *con grande animo*. Such was the eagerness of both artist and patron, that a communication, "a bridge," as Vasari calls it, was made between the Vatican and the great shed in the piazza which had been erected over the sculptor and the marble which he attacked in a sacred fury of creation. It is not difficult to understand how the perpetual intrusion, at any moment, however critical, of such a visitor as the fiery old Pope, with the licence of age added to that of absolute power, inquiring, criticising, praising and blaming with more zeal than knowledge, must have gone far to drive the equally fiery young sculptor half frantic by times, when he had to suspend his chisel, and subdue his *furia*, and listen to all his Holiness might choose to say. Perhaps an impatient word burst from him at some especially unpropitious visit, which nettled Julius; but at all events, when a new arrival of marble from Carrara made it necessary for the sculptor to get money from the Pope, his Holiness was busy and could not see him. This was repeated two or three times, at first to the surprise, and afterwards to the furious indignation, of Michael Angelo, who felt himself as great and independent as either prince or pope. "You don't know who it is to whom you refuse admittance," a wondering bystander said at last in his hearing to the lackey who shut him out. "I know him very well, but I am here to obey my orders," said the man. Michael Angelo turned

away breathing fire and flame, and bidding the lackey tell the Pope that if he wanted him he must send for him, went off to his house, where he gave his servants orders to sell everything to the Jews, and left Rome instantly, riding all through the night in hot haste, and never drawing bridle till he reached Tuscan soil. As it proved, he had taken the only wise course; for he had scarcely reached Poggibonsi on the Florentine frontier, when no less than five couriers arrived one after the other, with letters from Julius recalling him. But the sculptor was no less proud than the Pope; all the messengers could get from him was a brief note of reply, proudly informing his Holiness that it was impossible for him who had been "*cacciato via come un tristo*," to go back again; after which he made his way to Florence, settling down in his old quarters, it would seem, with all the haughty sadness of an injured man.

Notwithstanding this tremendous breach between them, however, a certain hankering after each other is visible between the two who were so fitly mated. Michael Angelo betook himself to the work which he had left to obey the summons of Julius, working sullenly at the cartoon, it is said, which he had not finished; while the Pope, on his side, wrote angry letters to the Signoria, demanding that his artist should be sent back. At the end of three months Julius came to Bologna, and here the odd quarrel came to a characteristic conclusion. Persuaded by Soderini the Gonfaloniere, who had already shown himself much his friend, and moved by the patriotic fear of involving his country in the dispute, Michael Angelo was induced to go to Bologna, and present himself before his great adversary. Evidently this time the *entrée* was

not refused to him. When he reached the presence-chamber the artist knelt down, apparently not venturing to speak. His Holiness cast a sidelong look at him, lowering and *sdegnato*. "Instead of coming to us, thou hast waited till we came to thee," he said gloomily. Then Michael Angelo took heart of grace to ask pardon, no doubt a hard thing to bend his mind to; and the two proud men, neither willing to make a step too far, yet both longing to be friends, were silent for an angry and anxious moment; when happily one of those conciliating courtiers who are always to be found where princes are, ready to smooth away every difficulty, interposed with ingratiating folly. "Forgive him," said this Polonius — bishop, monsignor, or simple retainer, it does not matter which; "your Holiness knows that these kind of men are poor ignorant creatures, and good for nothing except in their art." Quick as lightning the Pope turned upon the foolish mediator. "It is thou who art ignorant!" he cried, delighted no doubt to have some third person to relieve his mind upon—and turning the meddler out of the room, forthwith gave Michael Angelo his blessing, and received him gladly back into full favour.

Thus ended the quarrel with a humorous transference of guilt, which no doubt filled the old Pope with glee. As a pledge of their renewed union, the sculptor made a statue of his patron in bronze for the town, which is described by all who saw it as of the most admirable force and likeness. Julius himself, with his usual half-amused half-angry clear-sightedness, is said to have asked, when he saw this representation of himself, and especially the proud and spirited action of the right hand, which was elevated, whether he was supposed

to be blessing or cursing? Michael Angelo, with unusual courtiership, replied that his Holiness was warning the people of Bologna to be upon their good behaviour; and asked whether he should place a book in the left hand. "No," said Julius, in high good-humour—"not a book, but a sword, for I am no man of letters." The reconciliation, it is evident, had united these two minds, so original and vigorous, more closely than before. There is another story, less pleasant, of this statue, which did not long survive, being injured in a riot, and finally recast into a cannon, called from it *La Giulia*. Francia, who was of Bologna, where still his pictures are the inheritance of the city, was brought to see the image of Pope Julius, as no doubt the whole population was, one way or other; and, whether by inadvertence or by jealousy, called it, "*uno bellissimo getto*"—a very fine cast—as if, says Vasari, he praised the bronze more than the art. Michael Angelo was not the man to accept such poor commendations. He answered hotly that his material was no more to him than were the colours with which he worked to Francia himself. "You and Cossa are two solemn blockheads," the enraged artist added, in the presence of several *gentilhomini*, to the confusion of the artist. Even this does not seem to have satisfied his wrath. Shortly after he saw a son of Francia's, a very handsome lad, to whom he exclaimed with as much bad taste as injustice, "Thy father does better in flesh and blood than on canvas!" We are disposed to hope that Francia was not jealous but only confused by the greatness of the presence in which he found himself, and that Michael Angelo, when his passion was over, recognised the cruel injustice of his retort.

Meanwhile, according to the story,

mischief was brewing against the sculptor in Rome. Vasari, who is so often incorrect, may well have lapsed here, as contemporary writers so often do, into imputation of motives for which no proof can be offered; and that Michael Angelo himself held the same opinion is no great proof in its favour. According to Vasari, then, the architect Bramante, who was Raphael's relation and Michael Angelo's enemy, had ere now interposed to arrest the progress he was making,—first, by persuading Pope Julius that it was unlucky for a man to build his own sepulchre in his lifetime; and secondly, by representing that the then existing cathedral of San Pietro was too small to receive fitly the great groups already partially executed, for the completion of which all those blocks of purest marble of Carrara encumbered the piazza. The San Pietro of that day was not the great temple with which we are now acquainted, and which from all the adjacent heights shows its great dome, the only distinctly visible object upon the vast level of the Campagna, the one thing which is Rome. The older church was an ancient Roman basilica founded by Constantine, rich and splendid with antique marbles, but not raising itself in imposing height, the genius of the city, like the present edifice. We speak of our own age as careless of the monuments of the past, and with still warmer zeal we rave against that eighteenth century which the fashionable caprice of the present day is beginning to rehabilitate. But even the eighteenth century with all its Vandalism did nothing which can be compared to the daring of the sixteenth—the Renaissance age—in which, without a pause or compunction, the old basilica of Constantine, the earliest cradle of the faith, was pulled to pieces, in order to place on its site a

bran-new cathedral. Pope Julius and his advisers did this *en gaieté du cœur*, without a single pause of consideration or alarm; and it was natural that with such a tremendous enterprise on his hands, Julius should cease to be anxious about his sepulchre, especially as for the moment there was no place to put it, had it been even more near completion. So much of the story is fact and indisputable. Bramante, however, did not stop here; and Vasari attributes to the architect the too cunning notion that the Florentine artist should be invited to change his trade—which, however, he had already been known to do of his own will—to put aside the chisel with which he had wrought such wonders, and to take to painting instead, with the idea of thus securing a downfall for the pride of the man who had shown himself unrivalled and above all competitors in marble. With this intention Bramante is said to have suggested to the Pope the idea of filling the Sistine Chapel, the private chapel of the Papacy, with frescoes, in remembrance of Pope Sixtus, the uncle of Julius—and of confiding the execution of them to Michael Angelo. This subtle attempt to ruin the artist by forcing him into the work which has become almost his highest distinction, is too fine surely, even for a keen Italian brain of the sixteenth century inspired by the profoundest hostility; and good Vasari, who is so often assailed by his critics, may, it is to be hoped, be as wrong in this as he is often in the more innocent particulars of dates. But, anyhow, whatever the cause might be, it is certain that Pope Julius, leaving the marbles of his sepulchre for the time—and indeed throwing off all thought of sepulchres altogether in the delight and splendour of these new undertakings, which surely

must have had power enough to keep an old man alive if anything could—ordained with imperious yet flattering tyranny that his Florentine, and no other,—not Raphael, though Raphael too was a favourite,—should paint his uncle's chapel, the place which he used for his own devotions, such as they were. Michael Angelo was profoundly disappointed by this change of plan. He had made his design for the tomb—a design to our eyes by no means remarkable for its beauty—in the classic taste of the time; and his whole heart was in his marble, which he had chosen so carefully, quarried, and made roads for, and superintended in every stage of its progress, and out of which he had already got four finished figures, and eight more which were *abozzato*, just in that stage of suggestiveness which delights a true artist's soul. But nothing that could be said would turn the old Pope from his determination, and probably, after their recent breach, Michael Angelo had no desire to break with the kind old despot again. He submitted, therefore, with one fling at Bramante, who could not fix the scaffolding necessary for him without making holes in the roof, till the sculptor, delighted with the passing triumph, invented on the spot the necessary means, and humbled his rival on the eve of the undertaking into which he no doubt believed that rival had helped to force him—a characteristic pleasure.

To tell the story of the Sistine frescoes would be too long, though it is full of the same quaint humour as distinguishes all Michael Angelo's intercourse with Pope Julius. They quarrelled perpetually over it, the painter refusing to uncover his work, the Pope insisting on seeing it, making perpetual invasions even

upon the dangerous footing of those scaffoldings from which once, in a fit of passion, he threatened to throw the great workman down. More than once it hung on the balance of a chance whether the artist would rush off, as he had done before, and leave his patron to get the works finished as he could. But, as all the world knows, they were completed at length, to the admiration of Christendom, and the great content and glory of Pope Julius, whose perpetual interruptions and aggravations must on the whole, one would imagine, have kept the painter amused through his long and exciting labour, and which add a sparkle of kindly nature and character to the graver record. "Oh, truly happy age of ours!" cries Vasari; "oh blessed workmen, who in your own time have been able to enlighten the dimness of your eyes at the fountain of so much light, and to see growing softly before you by degrees all that was difficult in this marvellous and singular work!" If Bramante moved the Pope to it out of a malicious intent to ruin Michael Angelo, no scheme could have failed more signally: the frescoes of the Sistine left him as unique in painting as he had been in marble, and filled all Italy with admiration and pride.

Not even now, however, could the cherished work over which he had spent so much thought, the tomb of Julius, get accomplished. The Pope died only a few months after the completion of the roof of the Sistine Chapel, leaving to two of his nephews, both cardinals, the charge of completing, but *con minor desegno*, this memorial of himself, to which Michael Angelo was but too anxious to give up his time and labour for love of the work, and for love of the Pope who had scolded and thwarted and loved

him. The new Pope, however, Leo X., a Medici, one of the family to whom Michael Angelo owed his beginning in art, stopped the execution even of this "minor design," and sent him back to Florence to take in hand the magnificent new works of embellishment and completion, by which the Church of San Lorenzo there was to be turned into a shrine for the Medici, and celebration of their greatness, now raised into loftier elevation than ever by the accession of the new Pope. These Medici had been banished from Florence with scorn and hatred eighteen years before; they had been kept at bay ever since by the struggling republic, who feared them as her worst enemies, with a just appreciation of the persistent purpose of the race to make themselves reigning princes of the city, which Cosimo and Lorenzo had ruled astutely by means of the old forms of constitutional liberty. Slowly and surely, however, while the republic laboured with its cumbrous hierarchy of rulers, the chief of whom was changed every two months, to the great hindrance of public business, the fallen house began to right itself, as rising dynasties have a way of doing, and, aided by Pope Julius whom Florence had thwarted and offended, again got footing in the city, in the disastrous year 1512, the same year in which the Sistine frescoes were finished. The dangerous race were admitted as "private citizens only"—a transparent fiction in which nobody believed—and were surrounded by mercenary troops, who cowed the city, which, with her best men banished, and her moment of fate arrived, fell helpless into their hands. The first thing the Medici did was to dissolve the Consiglio Maggiore, instituted by Savonarola, and which perhaps had not proved so successful as had been hoped—and to establish

a servile government, by means of the old farce of a public Parlamento, which was the ancient way of flattering the foolish masses into support of despotism. When, however, on the death of Julius, the Cardinal Medici was made Pope, Florence, dazzled by the elevation of the first Florentine who had ever occupied the Holy See, almost for very pride forgave the Medici. It was at this moment that Michael Angelo was suddenly sent away from the work in Rome, to which he felt himself bound both in honour and gratitude. Leo was a man of very different calibre from his imperious, eager, and warlike predecessor. Though he has got much false fame as the most cultivated and elegant of Popes, there was in him no such *naïve* magnificence, no such impatient curiosity and love of vast and splendid things, as had thrust Pope Julius into all manner of noble undertakings. Family pride and a politic intention to please and amuse the Florentines till the chains should be safely riveted on their shoulders, would seem to have moved him more than any real appreciation of the great sculptor's powers.

Leo's commission was of little advantage or pleasure to Michael Angelo, whose submission and obedience to the new Pope's orders, so unlike his proud rebellion against Julius, betray at once not only his own advancing age and lessening courage, but the melancholy failure of that free Florence which no longer had the power to protect her sons, and the heaviness of those bonds of ancient gratitude and friendship, which the generous spirit cannot shake off, however unworthy may be the heirs of an unforgotten benefactor. Once more the great artist had to take his weary way to Carrara, or still worse to Serravalle in the Florentine ter-

ritory, where marble had been found—a withdrawal of custom from the lord of Carrara, which brought the enmity of that potentate upon the sculptor; and to make roads for the conveyance of the marble, and block out columns never to be used, and banish himself to the savage wildness of these hills in the very height of his glory and power. The only distinct memorial of this wretched interval, in which he kept coming and going between Florence and the quarries, chafing at the thousand delays, and longing to get back to real work, is the *finestre inginocchiate* of the Florentine palaces—the ironwork, formed like a kneeling figure, which every visitor of Florence must have remarked, a picturesque feature of the streets—which the great sculptor invented at some stray moment, throwing his great imagination into the humblest as into the highest art.

Leo's pontificate lasted nine years; and this period remains like a great desert in Michael Angelo's life dividing its grander activities, a curious evidence of that pontiff's patronage of art. And after Leo came the short and unhappy reign of poor Pope Adrian, a good, pious, humble-minded Teuton, as much out of place in that corrupt and splendid court as it is possible to conceive. During this short interval of quiet, the artist returned, it is said, to those marbles of the Julian tomb which lay so heavy on his mind and conscience, and which he seemed fated never to complete. The second Medici Pope, Clement VII., was elected in 1523, on Adrian's death; and it is to him finally that the world owes what is perhaps Michael Angelo's most wonderful work, the tombs of the Medici in San Lorenzo, with those marvellous allegorical figures, which, if they have ever been equalled, have certainly never been

surpassed, either in ancient or in modern art. But before we reach this magnificent and melancholy climax of the sculptor's powers, there intervenes an episode at once in his personal history and in that of his country, without which it is less easy to understand their meaning, and to give to his character its full development.

Clement VII. was unfortunate. He had not the wisdom of combination which distinguished his great kinsman Lorenzo, and the times were not favourable. Twice over he was driven into the castle of St. Angelo for safety; once by personal enemies, the second time by the German army, which sacked Rome, and sickened the world by its atrocities. Florence, which had been chafing under the re-established rule of his family, seized the moment of the Pope's downfall to make one desperate effort for emancipation. The young representatives of the Medici were sent out of the city, the Great Council was restored, the popular government reconstituted, and for a moment it seemed possible that Florence might again triumph, and her old liberties be restored. Then burst forth once more, after the long interval of thirty years, the strenuous religious impulse which Savonarola had given, and which—sternly suppressed and held down both by the republicans of the other party, who had killed the prophet, and by the depraved and despotic Medici—had endured throughout all persecutions. The Piagnoni party, the Puritans of the time, was made up of the surviving followers of the prophet, and their sons and successors; and to this party belonged the new Gonfaloniere, Niccolò Capponi, of the same family as that bold Piero Capponi who defied France in Savonarola's time. Appointed to this high office at a crisis which somewhat

resembled that memorable revolution through which Savonarola had piloted the republic, Capponi saw nothing better to do than to throw himself back upon the traditions of that most glorious moment of recent Florentine history; and, when the struggle recommenced, he electrified the great popular assembly by proposing to the newly appointed Council that they should elect Jesus Christ as king of Florence! The Consiglio Maggiore was Savonarola's special institution, and the memory of a man so great had sunk deep into the heart of the people. All the enthusiasm of old surged up to answer this appeal: with a quaint regularity, such as contrasts strangely with the fervour of popular passion, they put the proposal to the vote; and out of eleven hundred citizens only eighteen dropped the white bean of dissent, and rejected the heavenly monarch. A memorial of the election was still, until very recent times, engraved over the doorway of the Palazzo Vecchio—the monogram of Christ, sign of the only kingship which Florence would allow; and once more "*Viva Jesu Christo nostro Re!*" was shouted about the streets as in the days of the prophet. This singular echo of the one only strenuous attempt ever made, entirely independent of party, to establish on a sound basis the freedom of Florence, has a ring of despair in it, as echoes so often have; but it animated the town to its last great struggle, as perhaps nothing else could have done. The name of Savonarola was still a word to conjure withal; for no Florentine whose judgment was worth having, not the most hostile to him, not Machiavelli even or Guicciardini, could despise the prophet, or think of him as a vulgar fanatic. His genius, his high honour and enthusiastic love of freedom, were as undeniable as his power.

After the Emperor's forces had done their worst on Rome, and paralysed the power of the Pope, to the great comfort of all who withstood the Medici, one of those sudden transformations came about which destroy all schemes and make all calculations vain. The belligerent powers after doing their worst paused and softened, and a great peacemaking and reunion took place,—a union which filled Florence with fear and horror—Florence, which had made alliances with France according to her traditionary policy, and had made herself doubly objectionable to the Pope, both as Pope and as Medici. For some time she hoped that France would help her; but by-and-by France too made peace, and the alarmed republic found herself standing out against a world of foes, the Pope breathing threats and penalties, and all the retainers and hangers-on of the Medici getting ready to return in double force. Perhaps the fact that they had already sinned beyond reach of forgiveness against Clement and his kinsfolk, helped the Florentines to maintain a steadfast face in a moment of such danger. Their lives or their possessions, or both, were forfeit anyhow; in any case, exile and social destruction was the best they could expect; and in very desperation, a strenuous resistance was determined on. At least, for the moment, they were free from the hated presence of the Medici, and to defend their city was the sole possibility that remained to them. The very foundation of the new alliance between the Pope and the Emperor was a contract for the marriage of Alexander, the illegitimate representative of the Medici, with Margaret, the illegitimate daughter of the Emperor—the two to be sovereigns of Florence, no longer under any pretence of republican liberty, but openly

and simply as duke and duchess. Such news as this was enough to make the most timid burgher fight. The Florentines sprang to arms with universal consent. They called their best men to counsel, collected all possible means of defence, and prepared to do grim battle for their liberties. The most available way to the city was over the leafy hill of San Miniato, which even at that distant period was gay with smiling villas, the country-houses of the wealthy citizens; and here, accordingly, the first thoughts of the defenders turned. From San Miniato even the feeble artillery of the time must soon have made an end of the beautiful town below; and the fortification of this weak point was the first step. Michael Angelo was as near idle as it was in his nature to be at the time, designing *fenestre inginocchiate*, and working languidly at Pope Julius's tomb. It would be a strange idea now to select the greatest artist of the age as the natural constructor of fortifications for a threatened city; but there was nothing strange in it then. He was appointed commissary-general of the fortifications; and immediately set to work upon them with neither hesitation nor doubt of his own powers. It is true he had been a retainer of the Medici, cherished and nurtured by them; but all the descendants of his patron Lorenzo had died out, and any loyalty he may have still felt towards that great name was claimed by no representative. The young Medici were bastards; the Pontiffs of the name had wasted his time and spoiled his existence; and duty to his native city was infinitely beyond any shred of youthful attachment to them or rather to their relations, which might have deterred the artist, had they treated him better, from working against them. Fortunately, however, for Florence

and himself, the two Popes had done nothing to perpetuate the hereditary friendship; and thus Michael Angelo was left at liberty to work for and think of his country alone.

From the broad and peaceful road which rounds the base of San Miniato the traveller may still see traces of dark masonry stretching upwards, overgrown by the facile vegetation of Italy. These are the last remains of the walls which the great sculptor built. He traced the line of his defences through all the peaceful wealth of the hillside, and even posted cannon upon the top of the tower which looks so serenely over Florence, peacefully guarding the dead who lie there wreathed and covered with *immortelles*, and distinguished by those fond inscriptions to which the Italian tongue lends a certain grace. The sun blazes on those stony graves all gay with uncongenial ornament, and shows us nowadays nothing but pretty villas peeping out from clouds of soft foliage—the olive-gardens and wealthy orchards of the *Colli*, the suburban slopes which Florence loves. She loved them even then in her moment of trouble three hundred and fifty years ago, and had covered them with pleasant houses, with peaceful monasteries, with gardens and fountains and greenness. But in the opening of 1529, when everything was at its sweetest, bands of young men with hatchet and hammer were set to work on the fair hill side to cut down their own houses, their own trees, everything which stood in the way of the defence. It is touching to find that when they had nearly pulled to pieces the convent of San Salvi, on the roadside—that convent at the door of which Corso Donati fell dead two centuries before—they paused before a fresco painted there quite recently by Andrea del Sarto, and spared the half-ruined walls for

the sake of the picture, like true art-loving Florentines. But they did not spare those villas which were as the apple of his eye to each good burgher who possessed them. Michael Angelo was sent off in the midst of these heart-rending clearings to Ferrara to study the fortifications there as an aid to his work, and was received with great courtesy by Duke Alfonso, who playfully called him his prisoner, proposing with flattering grace the ransom of a picture to be painted when time permitted. When he returned to his work on San Miniato, the conflict had begun. A curious life he must have led at this exciting time. From his engineer's work on the hill among the demolished villas and down-trodden gardens, when he could escape from trench and battlement, he hurried down to his studio and solaced himself with an hour's work at one of the Julian statues, or diverted his thoughts from the troubles of the time by that allegorical Leda, which he had begun to paint for the Duke of Ferrara; and when such escape was impossible, on the very heights themselves, amid his workmen digging and building round him, the great artist employed his impatient hands in a bas-relief of a winged Victory, giving his orders, chisel in hand, and turning back to his own creative labor when he had measured a trench or watched the strengthening of an outwork. Had victory been with the Florentine arms, what noble place had that *abozzo* been worthy of, carved in the free air, within the walls that stood for the defence, not of Florence only, but of all hope and freedom for the Tuscan race! As it was, this Victory—poor image of the true—perished somewhere in the tumult of defeat, and exists no more.

For Florence was conquered, as

everybody knows, by panic and treachery—fit weapons of the Medici—more than by arms; and her long and glorious career came to a close, never to revive again, under the ignoble sway of an illegitimate duke—not even a lawful Medici, though wearing in their right the first coronet of princely authority which had ever been acknowledged in the free city. The Medici slew, confiscated, and imprisoned, as was their nature, as everybody had done before them; and Michael Angelo was one of those who had to keep in hiding—it is said in the tower of San Niccolò Oltr'arno—for some time after. But at length it came to the recollection of Pope Clement that S. Lorenzo and the family tombs were still uncompleted, and that there was but one Buonarrotti in the world. Accordingly, he sent his emissaries to seek the sculptor, with orders to say nothing to him except that his usual allowance was waiting for him, and that he ought to attend to his work. What Michael Angelo replied to the man who first told him so, we are not informed; but hiding breaks the strongest spirit, and he returned to his work, as he was told to do, in silence, working with a sombre *furia* at the great figures in the sacristy, by means of which, as no other man in Florence was capable of doing, he could write in majestic despair the tragedy of Florence, how hope had departed, how life had become a desert, and how it was hard to struggle into waking consciousness, but good to sleep and to forget—nay, better, best of all, to be of stone, and feel no more.

This is the burden of the famous figures which all the world has thronged to look at since, and which few, we imagine, have parted from lightly or without a profound impression. Of the men to whom so sublime a monument has been

raised, who knows anything, or cares to know? the monument is not to an inconsiderable Giulio or Lorenzo, but to the great city which had struggled and erred so long, which had gone astray and repented and suffered and erred again, but always mightily, with full tide of life in her veins and consciousness in her heart; until now the time had come when she was dead and past, chained down by icy oppression in a living grave. Michael Angelo saw that hope was ended in Florence; no more eager conspiracies, no more fortunate chances, no other bold burgher or inspired prophet to break her chains; but the lethargy of death, the chill of the tomb, the very stupidity of unconsciousness, was to be her fate. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" he might have cried, as Dante did when the death of Beatrice darkened heaven and earth to the poet; but with a deeper reason. Buonarrotti said nothing; he took the marble which he had quarried out at Serravezza, weary yet not despairing—and with the fire of grief in his eyes put forth his sombre strength upon it, and rent out of its white depths the symbols of his despair,—not after the model of that still beauty of the Greek, the passionless godhead of pure line and form, the material poetry of a stony perfection. The four great figures of Day and Night, Twilight and Dawn, are instinct with the sentiment of modern thought, that profound struggle of feeling which ancient art eschews. As we look at them, suggestions, not one but many, pour into our minds, of mortal conflict, anguish, and hopelessness—of a fatigue and despair of the soul which go infinitely beyond the most intolerable weariness of the body; yet of the inevitable waking, the acceptance of our burden and penalty which nature and Provi-

dence alike impose upon men. Night sleeps, but it is the sleep of a sublime despair; not rest, but oblivion of ill, is what the great slumberer has desired, yet sorrow unforgetten hovers upon the very stillness of her exhaustion: and with what pain upon her beautiful brow that sad Aurora wakes! not the rosy-fingered Aurora of the classics, but a heavy mortal Dawn, rousing herself painfully, reluctantly, to meet the care which is awake before her. What anguish, what mortal conflict, what forced assent to the cruel laws of nature—submission, yet resistance, —a duty compulsory and terrible, yet not to be cast off, and which the sufferer accepts, though she loathes it, too strong in honour and right to shirk the needful act, whatever it may be! All this, and more than this, is in these gigantic yet beautiful figures; and, again, a something additional in the great Day, bursting Herculean from his stony prison, half hewn, nothing known of him but the broad brow and resolute eyes, and those vast limbs which are not yet free from the cohesion of the marble, though alive with such strain of action. Here is the second great poem of Florence, self-utterance and revelation of a mighty intellect overpowered by mortal sadness, yet incapable, how painful soever the exertion, of failing to the claims of life and nature. The spectator who remembers what was the fate of his country and what his own—compelled, both man and city, to come back after the defeat of all their hopes, to the perpetually recurring task, to bear the burden that every day brought with it—will gaze with reverence and an ennobling pang of feeling at this great

setting forth before heaven and earth of the weird of humanity; not like those mysterious and awful pangs of the divine Sufferer, with the representation of which that age was so familiar, and which it beheld wherever it turned imaged forth in highest and in rudest art,—but something almost more bitter, as being less holy, involuntary, and aimless—anguish bearing no fruit or recompense either to God or man. He who can stand unmoved in presence of these wonderful creations, or leave them without a sense of something learnt and felt beyond the usual lessons and emotions of ordinary life, passes our comprehension. They mark the climax of Michael Angelo's genius, the height of power and expression beyond which it was not given to him or any other mortal man to reach.

Lest we may be supposed to impute too much meaning, as it is so easy to do, to the great artist in this his most impressive work, we quote his own interpretation of the sentiment of his *Notte*, addressed to an anonymous poet, who had, in true Italian fashion, in an elegant sonnet, bidden the spectator who doubted the real existence of the wonderful sleeper to awake her, and be answered. Here is, in the person of his great conception, the sculptor's reply:—

“Grateful is sleep, and still more sweet,
 while woe
 And shame endures, 'tis to be stone
 like me,
 And highest fortune nor to feel nor
 see;
 Therefore awake me not; speak low—
 speak low.” *

The statues that Michael Angelo has placed above the sarcophagi which support his emblematic fig-

* “Grato m'è l' sonno, e più l'esser di sasso
 Mentre che l' danno e la vergogna dura;
 Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura;
 Però non me destar, del parlo basso!”

ures are professedly of two quite unimportant personages; the Lorenzo, dead not long before, who was the father of the child Catherine dei Medici, portentous infant, then in Florence—and a brother of his, who died without even so much distinction as lies in that fact. And which is which no one can now say. We are told that when remonstrated with as to the features not being correct, the sculptor replied with haughty carelessness that he did not suppose people a hundred years later would care much how the dukes looked—an unquestionable truth. And yet one at least of these statues is remarkable and interesting in the highest degree,—the figure popularly called the *Penseroso*, long supposed to be Lorenzo, now supposed to be Giulio, very likely in fact neither, but a noble representation of thought and intellect in opposition to the insignificant and commonplace good looks of the classical young warrior opposite. Perhaps the artist meant to represent in these contrasted figures the types of practical and of contemplative life; perhaps he only made the helmeted thinker so impressive and grand because he could not help it, and had exhausted all the possibilities of commonplace in him, by the creation of the light-minded and small-brained individual who sits in serene insignificance above the mighty spirits of the "Night" and "Day."

It is almost a relief from the strained feeling with which we contemplate this greatest of modern works to return to our biography, and to find the old fiery humour of the artist breaking out again in presence of a fine gentleman and courtier who came from Ferrara to fetch the picture which Alfonso had asked for, and who, finding it so many square feet or inches less than he expected or approved, declared

it to be *poca cosa*—a small affair; which foolish sentiment cost courteous Alfonso his picture. The wrathful painter sent the emissary packing about his business, and would hear no more of him. He gave the picture afterwards, in careless generosity, to one of his pupils, to portion his sister,—not displeased, perhaps, to show the dainty Ferrarese, and all the world, how little store he set by the commission which they had placed so high a value upon.

Shortly after the execution of the great groups of S. Lorenzo, in the year 1535, when he was approaching sixty, Michael Angelo left Florence. There was nothing to keep him there any longer. He had finished all the work he cared to do, and Alessandro, the new duke, was no friend of the proud artist who had done his best to keep him and all despotisms at bay. He went to Rome, where he had now the cartoons of his "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel to think of, as well as the still unfinished tomb of Pope Julius, which, however, after a long interval, he got clear of, by the erection of the great "Moses" over his early patron's tomb in the Church of S. Pietro in Vinculis, though in a setting and with accompaniments very different from those originally proposed, and much less appropriate. And though he had, we think, attained his highest point of achievement, there was still great work before him—in one branch of art, the magnificent conception of his "Last Judgment," and, in another, the great dome of St. Peter's, which had yet to be "hung" in mid-sky over Bramante's new temple. In this latter undertaking, as well as in the cupola of S. Lorenzo in Florence, he refused to depart from Brunelleschi's models, which he had already said might be altered but not improved—"si

però variare, ma migliorare no.") With the same obstinate loyalty to the great Florentine model, he declared that the dome he was about to build should be the sister of Santa Maria del Fiore, *piu grande, ma non piu bella*. These works were undertaken in the pontificate of Paul III., the successor of Clement, who displayed much of the eagerness of Julius to secure Buonarotti's services and keep him near. There is a curious mixture of tyranny and flattery in the words with which the new Pope took possession, whether he would or not, of the great sculptor. "I have wanted you for the last thirty years," said Paul; "and now that I am Pope I will not be disappointed." Michael Angelo was no longer the hotheaded young Florentine of the Julian days, when he treated his Pope almost on equal terms. He had lost courage for such daring deeds, and learned the necessities of submission. But though he was more self-controlled in his intercourse with the authorities, the old half-savage wrath, mingled with grim humour, would burst forth now and then, as when he took his revenge upon Biagio da Cesena, an impertinent courtier who ventured to criticise the "Last Judgment." The artist turned the Minos of his great fresco into a likeness of his audacious critic with a swift stroke of rage, which is like Dante in its grotesque vindictiveness—though no doubt amusement mingled with wrath before the revenge was half accomplished. "Where has he placed you?" asked Pope Paul, when the aggrieved official made his complaint. "In hell," said Biagio. "I am sorry to hear it," the Pope said gravely; "if it had been in purgatory I might have done something; but in hell I have no jurisdiction:" and there Biagio stands, in eternal expiation

of his ill-advised remarks, till this day.

Michael Angelo never again returned to Florence: his exile was voluntary, not forced, like Dante's; and while the one made frantic efforts to return, the other refused all invitations to go back to the desecrated and subjugated place. But in both these great and kindred souls a bitterness as profound as their love seems to have risen against the home of their affections, the peerless city which both held up to the world with a kind of adoring hatred. Dante pouring upon Florence the fiery torrents of his wrath, yet moving heaven and earth to get back to her; and Michael Angelo fondly copying—though it was against all the habits of his imperious individuality to do so—the beloved dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, yet refusing so much as to enter the town upon which at last, after all struggles and anguish, the chains of petty despotism had been riveted,—are but different manifestations of the same intense patriotic passion. But in Dante's day there was hope for the vigorous and turbulent race which had yet so much fighting and so many revolutions to get through, and every reason why the *fuorusciti* should get back if that was possible; while hope was over for the fallen city upon which the great Buonarotti turned his back, his heart heavy with shame and sorrow, with no desire but that he might be able to forget her, and never see her outraged beauty more.

After the climax of his genius and grief, however, he lived for a quarter of a century in a sufficiently tranquil old age, in Rome; and here it is, perhaps, as the softening shadows of the evening smoothed away most of his fierceness, that the great artist comes nearest to our sympathies. He was more happy

and more beloved personally, in this lingering conclusion of his days than he had ever been in his life before. In his earliest years, indeed, some traces of domestic affection may be dimly perceived through the record, which is full of other things. He had loved his father and his young brother Buonaroto, of whom he wrote in the early days of his work in Rome, that "if Buonaroto be in danger, I will leave everything." At the same youthful period, "Your Michelagnolo, sculptor in Rome," as he signs himself, desired his father to "think only of your life, and let everything go rather than inconvenience yourself, for it is more precious to me to have you alive and poor, than all the gold of the world if you were dead." But these tender and filial sentiments are the only indications we have of his private existence; and no woman seems ever to have crossed his lonely path till the fair and noble Vittoria Colonna, in middle age and faithful widowhood, came all at once into his life, and charmed the old man into a tender and reverential warmth of friendship, more delicate and exquisite than any relationship between man and man, which was, nevertheless, as distinct from love, commonly so called, as night from day. He wrote to her constantly, composed sonnets for her, found in her house while she lived in Rome the best society of the time, and a happy refuge from the weariness of his declining years and many labours; and derived from her altogether a new consolation and brightness. All the more sorely did he feel the want of her, when vague accusations of heresy and the establishment of the Inquisition drove her from Rome in 1541, after some five years of close intercourse. He is said to have shown his grief at this

separation in the most characteristic way. He had hurt his leg by a fall from some part of the scaffolding on which he had been working at the completion of his "Last Judgment," just at the moment when this much more serious calamity befell him; and in his misery the proud old man, falling back, no doubt with a bitter and sore heart upon the habits of his livelong loneliness, shut himself up in his room, trying to defend himself from his real suffering by the old harsh traditions of stoicism and independence of external aid. He was baffled in this unnecessary martyrdom by the determined kindness of a Florentine doctor—Baccio Rontini—who forced his way into the room and defied the sufferer to turn him out. But a profounder affliction still lay before him in the death of the beautiful and generous woman who had thus opened his heart. She died in 1547, and the old darkness fell back deeper and more solitary than ever on the old man's waning days. And Urbino died, his faithful servant, whom he had expected, as he says, to be the prop and support ("bastone e riposo") of his childless age; but who "dying, has taught me to die, not unwillingly, but with desire for death." Heavily the shadows fall over such long and lingering lives. It is sad to die young; but sadder still to outlast all loves, and drop after, instead of before, one's time into the grave which has already swallowed up all life's attractions. And no man, we suppose, ever gets far enough off from himself and his work, however long he may live, to estimate Time calmly, or take comfort in the fame that will live after him. Fame at its best is but a poor compensation for the ills of existence. It may be a pleasant crown of happiness, an ecstatic elixir to stimulate the energies of

youth ; but it becomes poorer and soul. Here are his own solemn reflections in the dim twilight of his but emptiness and vanity to the aged closing years.

The course of life has brought my lingering days
In fragile ship, over a stormy sea,
To th' common port where all our counts must be
Added and reckoned—works for blame or praise.

Here ends love's tender fantasy, that made —
(I know the error of the thought) great art
My idol and my monarch : now my heart
Perceives how low is each man's longing laid.

Oh thoughts that tempt us, idle, sweet, and vain,
Where are ye when a double death draws near,
One sure, one threatening our eternal loss ?

Painting and Sculpture now are no more gain —
T' the soul which turns towards that Godhead dear,
Who holds His arms out to us from the cross.

No better conclusion could be his sorrow, old age, and greatness,
given to the story of Michael with those words of mortal fading,
Angelo than thus to leave him in yet everlasting loyalty and hope.

THE DILEMMA.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE capture and occupation of the Residency Lodge, as Sparrow's house was styled, in the night attack conducted by Falkland and recounted in our last number, gave a new aspect to the defence. It is true that the main garrison had to be reduced by the strength of the picket now established in the new outpost; but the relief caused by the latter more than compensated for this. The guards could now be withdrawn from the east side of the main building, and those in the portico and bath-house were reduced in strength. Moreover, the ground between the two buildings was now practically free from fire. The moral effect of the victory was even greater. Not only had the enemy made no progress in their blockade; they had been forced to give ground. Falkland was sensible, indeed, that he had made a blunder in not occupying the Lodge in the first instance, but was consoled by the reflection that even the most successful war is made up of blunders; and although poor Braywell's cheerful face was missed, and the little garrison could ill spare the gap made by the night's work in its slender muster-roll, still the loss sustained was extremely small considering the nature of the service. The garrison was naturally, therefore, in high spirits next morning, and a sense of excitement pervaded the building. Those were to be envied who were sent over to the Lodge on errands with supplies or messages, giving them the opportunity to examine for themselves the scene of the exploit; while the account of the affair which those who had come back after taking part in it were

called on to repeat in the different parts of the building, afforded matter for endless conversation and questionings. Miss Peart wanted to run across under Spragge's escort to see the place herself, but was stopped by her mother. No sign of the enemy could now be discerned from the main building, except by the look-out on the roof; and, in the absence of any present danger, it seemed as if the active siege were really over, and that at most they would now have to undergo a blockade, which must surely be raised very soon. Colonel Falkland had calculated that the relief would arrive in a week at latest, and four days had already passed.

Four days! it might have been a year, so long did the time seem since they were first shut up, and so completely had the emergency of present needs effaced for the time all interest in the past. The few acres of ground commanded by the rifles of the little garrison made up their world; and beyond an occasional expression listlessly thrown out as to how things might be passing in the rest of India, the conversation within all turned on the business of the hour. The last reports of the look-out man of any movements observed among the enemy, whose main camp was still pitched beyond the court-house about half a mile off, and the interpretation to be put upon them; any change ordered in the roster for duty; counting the hours till it should be time to serve out the rations of tobacco; criticisms on the toughness of the mutton stew, which formed the main item of their simple meals; calculations whose turn it was to receive

a share of the beer which Captain Buxey doled out with economic care,—these were for the most part the topics of conversation.

At first sight the appearance presented by the interior of the building during this time might have seemed one of disorder; here and there in the verandas men lying asleep on cots at any hour of the day, others strolling listlessly from place to place to exchange a word with their comrades at other posts, while in the drawing-room a group of persons might be seen lounging about, the etiquette of manners preserved among them being strangely at variance with their haggard and dishevelled appearance; a few only of the men wore coats over their shirts or under waistcoats, which with dirty white or flannel trousers made up a costume in keeping with the unshorn and hot but pallid faces of the wearers; while of the ladies' garb the best that could be said was that it was feminine, the wearers having for the most part abandoned any attempt at adornment as well as at trying to keep cool, and wearing their hair tied in a knot at the back of the head. A few fanned themselves when they had leisure, but generally the heat was allowed to take its course as something too fierce to be contended with. Not that the room looked untidy; of the servants who had remained with their master, one belonged to the sweeper caste, and performed his customary functions of sweeping all the floors daily, while the ladies took it in turn to dust the furniture. Nor amid the seeming listlessness of movement about the place was there any real disorder or want of discipline. Only those were asleep who were off duty, and only a fourth part of each of the different guards could be absent from their post at a time. A

sentry was stationed at the headquarters of each post, who, standing on a table so as to look over the parapet, watched the ground in front. There was always also a lookout man on the roof of the building; the rounds were made every hour by a senior officer; and whether on or off duty, every one had his weapons with him ready for instant use. At night the garrison was on the alert, so sleep must be taken by day. The ladies, too, had their regular turn of duty in the sick-room, while Mrs. Hodder and Mrs. De Souza the clerk's wife undertook the washing of such garments as could be spared for the purpose. Thus all were occupied, with the exception only of Mrs. O'Halloran, the wife of the bazaar-sergeant who had been killed on the night of the outbreak, an East Indian, who, although the mother of two children and soon to be the mother of a third, looked but a child herself. Such mental and bodily powers as the poor creature might have possessed, had become quite paralysed by the shock of events. Having found her way to the Residency on the night of the outbreak, in the carriage in which her husband had placed his wife and children before he went off himself to get shot at his post of duty, she seemed incapable of rousing herself to do anything, but sat day after day listlessly in a chair, speaking when addressed, and coming to table at meal-times, but taking no apparent interest in what was going on around. Fortunately Mrs. Hodder had taken the children under her care, washing them and dressing them in their scanty clothing every morning, while Miss Peart helped her to look after them during the day; and the poor dusky little things, who partook more of the nature of native than European children, were perfectly docile and

contented, amusing themselves happily with the little rag dolls which that young lady had fabricated for them. "I can't make out properly what Mrs. O'Halloran says," Miss Peart had remarked to Spragge; "she does talk in such an extraordinary way—it isn't English and it isn't Hindustani, or like anything else I ever heard before; but only think, she is not sixteen yet, at least as far as she knows, for she is not sure about her age, and she can neither read nor write. Her father was a band-boy in your regiment; isn't it dreadful? He may actually be fighting against us!" "You may depend on it, the band-boys are not fighting," replied Spragge, "whatever else they may be doing; that is not at all in their line." But indeed no one knew what had become of the Christian bandsmen belonging to the native regiments—whether they had been killed, or had run away, or were serving with the mutineers. Drums and fifes had been heard every evening proceeding from the rebel camp, but these might belong to the 80th, whose bandsmen were all natives.

This day, then, was the most tranquil which the garrison had passed. They had become used to the hardships of the situation; all was quiet without and prosperous within, for the three wounded men were doing well. Captain Sparrow displayed a philosophical resignation to the misfortune which deprived the garrison of his services; and when Justine, to whom fell the office of waiting on him, was dilating to Yorke, as she met him in the doorway of the sick-room, on the sad chance which struck down the gallant captain while nobly leading the attack upon his own house, the latter did not feel it necessary to tell her or any one else, that as no shots had been fired until the assailants had entered the veranda, the

captain must have been considerably to the rear of the party to have been hit while outside.

As Olivia came out of the ladies' room that evening into the west veranda to join the party on duty there for a little fresh air and conversation, she stood for a moment in the doorway watching with amusement the young men engaged in hunting a scorpion which had crawled under an empty beer-box. "That's the seventh scorpion which has been killed in this veranda," said Spragge, as he dexterously extracted the insect from a crevice in the box wherein it had tried to take refuge; "see what a monster it is, Mrs. Falkland!" he continued, holding it up between his finger and thumb for the lady's inspection. "You needn't be afraid of it; grasp a scorpion by the tail firmly in this way, you see, and he is impotent for evil, like Pandy outside if you show him the muzzle of a rifle. But he must perish, nevertheless; no quarter can be given to the enemy,"—and so saying, the young man dropped the scorpion on the pavement and trod upon it.

"I cannot think why there should be this plague of scorpions," said Olivia, sitting down on a chair which one of the party had placed for her; "we used not to be troubled with them at all in former days."

"It is because the ground has been disturbed," said Yorke; "they live in the ground, and the digging of these ditches round the house has brought them out."

"I don't know what the cause may be," said Spragge, "but I protest, as a man and a sentry, against being exposed to these risks. Life will become positively dangerous if this sort of thing goes on. Talk about 'nervous duty' indeed! 'nervous duty' is a joke to sitting down on one of these boxes without taking an observation first."

"There is no rose without a thorn," observed another young fellow. "Life in this veranda would be really too jolly if it wasn't flavoured with a chance of scorpions; besides, there is to be no 'nervous duty' to-night, so the one is a set-off against the other."

"Nervous duty" was the slang name given in the garrison to any special service, such as the enterprise of the previous night.

The western veranda being the hottest part of the building at evening, was usually the least frequented at that time; and on this occasion its only occupants besides Olivia were the guard stationed there, one of whom, being on duty, was standing on a chest looking over the parapet; the two sepoys attached to the post were sitting on the floor at the end, smoking a joint hookah, with their muskets by their side; while three or four officers stood leaning on their rifles round Olivia's chair. Unshorn, and clad in scanty garments soiled with dust and sweat, yet they looked like true knights ready to protect their princess to the death; and sounds of light laughter broke from the little group, while Olivia joined in the conversation, her manner with them all being such as might become a sister among trusty brothers. The young men in the garrison almost worshipped Mrs. Falkland, who had sympathy and gracious words for all.

The others were rallying Yorke on what they termed his dandified appearance; and indeed that young officer was the only one of the party in a clean shirt—a phenomenon which he was fain to explain, apologetically, was due to his having

selfishly kept back a brace of those garments for his own use, while distributing the rest of his wardrobe among his fugitive brother officers, so that he could indulge in an occasional change of raiment. "But you will look just as shabby as any of us by to-morrow, my boy," said Spragge, "for the laundry arrangements appear to have collapsed. A useful garment of mine has been in the wash ever since yesterday morning, and hasn't turned up yet." Then, as the little party was breaking up, Olivia, as she passed into her room, called to Yorke to follow and bring his other shirt for her to wash, and as she insisted on being obeyed, notwithstanding his protestations, he was fain to produce the soiled garment from his box. Yorke felt ashamed of himself when delivering it up, for allowing her to take it from him. It was well enough for Mrs. Hodder and Mrs. De Souza to act as washerwomen, but that Olivia should undertake this menial office on his behalf seemed like desecration. Nevertheless, as he stood by, while Olivia, baring her white arms, poured water into a basin, and after washing the shirt, handed it to him with a sisterly smile to hang up to dry in the veranda, it seemed to the young man as if she had never borne so noble a presence. He could have stooped to the ground in his veneration to kiss the hem of her robe, and for the time he felt that the life they were now leading, which brought him near her person, and made him one of her defenders, was far happier than the old days of peace and banishment from her presence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The night began quietly, but had not made much advance when the

look-out sentry in the west veranda heard a noise in the garden and

called up his guard, and soon the whole garrison was under arms. Sounds could be made out as of a body of men collected there, behind the hedge, and therefore not more than fifty yards off, and for some time the defenders remained in continued expectation of another immediate attack. But the hours passed on and no forward movement was made, while the sound of digging could be distinctly heard. The enemy were apparently intrenching themselves in this advanced position. About midnight Falkland sent out Yorke and the jemadar to reconnoitre, one from the bath-house trench, the other from the portico. But this time the enemy were not to be caught napping; they had sentries all along the hedge, preventing approach to the scene of operations, and the scouts could only make out that the garden seemed full of men, and that the spade was hard at work. It seemed useless to throw away ammunition by firing in the dark; but the garrison was kept under arms all night, although no longer expecting an immediate attack, yet filled with the uneasiness which men acting on the defensive must feel, when their assailants are planning some new scheme against them.

In the morning a long mound from three to four feet high could be seen here and there in the gaps between the bushes, at a distance of about fifty yards from and parallel to the house. At first the garrison supposed that this was merely a device to annoy them by bringing musketry-fire on the building at close quarters; but the trench was not made use of for this purpose, nor was there any fire opened from other quarters. The new position, however, was evidently occupied in some force; men could be seen coming and going, although the bushes were too thick to dis-

tinguish their movements plainly; and all day long the spade was kept at work, and it could be seen that more earth was being thrown up.

For so long as the garrison was kept under arms, no man could leave his post; but when about sunrise it became apparent that no immediate enterprise was in contemplation by the enemy, the usual routine was returned to, and some of the members of each guard being now free to go about the building, this new move of the rebels was everywhere warmly discussed, the general opinion being to the effect that the colonel would not allow Pandey to take the offensive in this way for nothing, and that another bout of "nervous duty" might be looked for soon. And public opinion was right. For some time Falkland, watching the enemy's proceedings from the roof, was puzzled to know what they meant; but Braddon, who was crouching beside him behind the west veranda parapet, suddenly hit on the true solution. They were sinking a well from which to drive a mine under the building. There could be no doubt about it. All this extra digging could be with no other object, for the parapet was high enough to afford ample cover already, if a trench of occupation only were in contemplation. The unaggressive attitude of the enemy all this time confirmed the suspicion. No loopholes garnished the crest of the trench, as would have been the case if it was meant for offensive purposes, and the garrison provoked no fire by exposing themselves above their walls in watching the operation. The enemy evidently wanted not to provoke an exchange of fire, but to carry on their digging without disturbance. The well-sinkers of Mustaphabad were famous. Fifty feet a-day would be easy work in that light soil. Give them three

days and the building would be reached and blown up.

Falkland's resolution was soon taken. A sally must be made, and the miners driven away at all costs. Another surprise like that on Sparrow's house could not be hoped for; but by creeping down to the south of the garden, and then working up along the line of the hedge, the enemy might be taken in flank unawares, and if roughly handled they would probably give up their occupation of the garden; and then, their last attempt failing, they might lose heart and break up the siege altogether. The brigadier gave his consent and Braddon, whom Falkland consulted, entirely approved of the enterprise, only suggesting as a useful condition that he should be allowed to form one of the party. It was arranged that the sally should be made by the force told off to relieve the Lodge picket, before proceeding to that place at dark; and accordingly, when that relief, consisting of five officers and four sepoy under Major Peart, paraded for duty at sunset in the bath-house, Falkland and Braddon joined them there, and the former announced the proposed enterprise to the party, explaining with great minuteness the plan of operations. The success of the sally would depend on every man knowing exactly what had to be done.

Thus the scheme had been kept pretty quiet; for the different persons told off to take a share, as they made their way to the rendezvous, looked to be merely the relief parading for the Lodge picket, and the brigadier had again been made to promise not to tell the ladies: but as usual in such cases, the intention had leaked out; the fact that Braddon—who commanded in the portico, and who had never been absent save for a few minutes from his post—should be selected for picket duty was noted; and a feeling

of expectancy pervaded the building, extending even to the sick-room.

"Are you for nervous duty again to-night, Arty?" said little Raugh, as Yorke came up to his bedside before repairing to the rendezvous, carrying a musket and girded with a belt and bayonet. "What's up again to night?"

"Nothing particular," replied Yorke; "but it is as well to be ready for duty; besides, the picket has got orders to wear bayonets." This he added for Olivia's information, who had come up to the bedside, and was looking anxiously at him.

"But *you* don't go on picket duty, do you? You are the colonel's staff officer, you know. What's the good of trying to humbug a fellow?" said the sick lad, crossly; and then, turning to Olivia, he cried, "Oh, Mrs. Falkland, how long you have been away! I thought you were never coming back."

"Keep quiet, Mr. Raugh," said Olivia, gently, smoothing the sheet which the youngster had kicked almost off in his restlessness. "I have only been away for a very few minutes, you know, and Justine promised to look after you."

"Oh, I don't care about Justine," replied Johnny; "let her stick to Sparrow—they seem to suit each other;" and the two listeners, turning to look in the direction of Captain Sparrow's bed, could not help smiling at what they saw—for that gentleman, propped by a chair supporting his pillow, was sitting up and holding one of his fair nurse's hands with *empressement*, while the latter, fanning him with the other, was looking downwards with an expressive simper on her face which indicated that the captain's conversation was of a gratifying nature.

"The poor boy is rather feverish this evening," said Olivia to Yorke,

following him for a few steps as he returned towards the door, "and that makes him irritable; but of course he is right in his suspicion. There is to be another attack somewhere to-night, I can see; and if you are going, my husband must be going too. He must have gone to the bath-house already; I could not find him anywhere. If I had, I would not have said a word to dissuade him; but oh, Mr. Yorke, is it right for him always to put himself in the front in this way?" And Olivia's large eyes looked anxiously into his, as she waited for an answer.

"I don't think there will be much in the way of danger, Mrs. Falkland," replied the young man, involuntarily looking downwards, for the glance cast on him was almost more than he could bear, and he felt that to return it would betray his secret. "Pandy has been hit so hard that he is pretty well knocked out of time, and is not likely to show fight; besides, example is everything, and the colonel is worth a dozen men in work like this. But I will do what I can to prevent his exposing himself more than necessary, although perhaps that may not be much."

"Thank you, my noble friend," said Olivia, with fervour, holding out her hand; "God bring you back safe again!"

"Much she cares about my safe return," thought the young man bitterly, as he moved away. "All she thinks about is the colonel. And yet if it were otherwise, should I not cease to worship her? She would not be my ideal woman if she were not a true wife."

The little detachment was drawn up on the platform of the bath-house, while Colonel Falkland explained carefully what had to be done, translating his instructions to

the four sepoys who formed part of it. Then they waited till it should be dark enough to sally forth.

As soon as the time arrived for starting, Falkland, taking Yorke aside, told him he had better return to the house and give word to Major Dumble, who was left in command, that the expedition was starting.

"But surely, sir, you will take your aide-de-camp with you?" pleaded Yorke.

"No, no, my dear boy—not this time; there is no work for a staff officer to do. Besides, there are enough of us as it is."

"You forget, sir, that I know the inns and outs of the garden better than anybody. I may really be of use."

"There is something in that," said the colonel, "but I want to leave somebody behind with a head on his shoulders. Well, Braddon," he continued, turning to that officer, and calling him up to where they were standing, "let Yorke take your place; it will be better that you should remain to look after matters here."

"Confound it, colonel," pleaded Braddon, "let us have fair play, please. I haven't been on nervous duty of any sort for ever so long. Besides, I think a fellow ought to have a mouthful of fresh air when he gets a chance. That main guard is the very deuce for heat."

"Why, this is rank mutiny," said Falkland, laughing. "Well, I suppose you must have your way. You, Yorke, can come as a supernumerary; keep behind me."

Then Falkland led the way out of the bath-house at the south end, through a gap made in the parapet round the well, and the party moved silently down in single file away from the building. All were armed with muskets and bayonets except the leader, who had a sword

and revolver. When they had advanced about a hundred yards Falkland turned to his right, followed in the same order till the garden was reached, when, passing through an opening in the hedge, the party faced to the right, forming a line of single files at one pace distance from each other, of which Falkland was on the left or outer flank—Braddon, who had brought up the rear, being on the right, and just within the line of the hedge. Thus the assailants were on the flank of the enemy's working-party posted opposite to the house, on which they now silently advanced after pausing for a few seconds to get into order, during which they could distinctly hear the hum of voices and the noise of the diggers. Whatever caution the enemy might have taken against surprise, they evidently did not expect an attack from this quarter; and the assailants advanced for some distance without being perceived, till they came upon a couple of men lying on the ground behind a bush. There was a momentary waving of the line, a couple of dull thuds with the bayonet and a muttered cry, and the line moved on. But this silence could not be maintained. One of the party, as they made their way through the brushes, stumbled, and fell; the noise was heard by the enemy's guard; and as the line came up they had started to their feet and were standing huddled in a group, as if irresolute and not knowing what to expect. The bushes were thick and the darkness great, and the assailants were close on their foes before any resistance was made. Then one or two shots were fired, lighting up the scene, a line of a dozen men pressing forward against a much larger body, but irresolute and in disorder. "I am hit," called out Major Peart, falling to the ground. "Fire, and charge!"

cried Falkland, discharging his revolver as he spoke, and a volley fired at arm's-length was followed by a rush and a hand-to-hand fight. Several sepoys fell, others fled, some fired their muskets; a few sprang on the line sword in hand, and were killed with the bayonets. Two attacked Falkland, who was on the flank, at once, and the sabre of one would have cut him down; but Yorke, who was behind him, parrying the stroke with his bayonet, ran the assailant through. It was real fighting, but lasted only for a few seconds, and then the place was cleared of the enemy, and only the victors remained and the slain, whose bodies, clad in white jackets and waist-cloths, lay scattered on the ground.

One or two of the party made as if to stop and look after their wounded comrade, but Falkland called on them to keep in line and clear the garden first; and the line advanced along the whole length of it, and then wheeling round on their left, turned back and pushed through it again, this time at a greater distance from the house. Three or four times they traversed the garden in this way, gradually working to the boundary-wall and clearing it of enemies. Here and there they came on a white-clothed figure, which flitted away at their approach, sometimes firing at random first. The enemy, taken by surprise and bewildered at the nature of the attack, and without leaders, had abandoned the garden almost without resistance, leaving some ten or a dozen of their comrades on the ground. They now began, however, to line the garden-wall, and to send from behind it an ill-directed fire, and Falkland withdrew his party towards the spot where Peart had fallen. But although this could at once be recognized by the bodies of the dead sepoys, Peart was missing. "He

must have got up and made his way into the house," said one; and Falkland despatched Spragge to find out if this was so. "We must not leave him alone if he is still outside," he said; "it was one thing to spoil the effect of our advance by stopping to look after the wounded, it is another to desert a wounded comrade;" and the party rested for a few minutes, examining as far as they could in the darkness the nature of the enemy's work behind the trench, which confirmed the suspicion on which the sally had been undertaken. Close to the scene of the fight was the shaft of a well, into which one of the party nearly fell; and Yorke descending into it by the ladder which the enemy had left, groped his way, the colonel's revolver in hand, along the gallery running out from the bottom, some thirty feet long already—fortunately for him, deserted.

Presently a messenger came from the house to say that Peart had certainly not returned either to the main building or to the bath-house. "He must have moved a little, perhaps by the way we came," said Falkland; "let us search in that direction;" and they traversed the garden along the hedge up to the starting-point, but without success. The two dead sepoys who were first killed were lying where they had been left, but their own comrade was not to be seen. Then Falkland spread out his party to extend the search, and at last one of them stumbled on something under a bush, which appeared to be the missing officer. "He is soaking in blood," said Braddon, stooping down, "and cannot speak." "Has any one a light about him?" asked Falkland, also bending over the body, and trying in vain to discover its condition in the darkness.

A match was produced and lighted, and by the clear flame which rose steadily in the still air, the dress

could be recognised as that of Peart, but the features were undistinguishable, so slashed was the face with sword-cuts, while the body, besides being mangled in the same way, was pierced with bayonet wounds. He seemed to recognise them, but could not speak. "Shall we lift him up and carry him back, sir?" whispered Braddon. "Better call the doctor here," replied Falkland, placing his hand on the clotted fragments of clothes that covered the wounded man's heart. "Yorke, do you go and fetch Maxwell; and Braddon, do you move forward with half-a-dozen men and extend in our front, to give warning if the enemy should advance. Not that they will molest us to-night. And, Yorke, we shall want a lantern."

Another brief space ensued, while the little group surrounded the wounded man, whose low moans alone broke the silence. Then Maxwell came, and the lantern was lighted behind the bushes, whence its light could not reach towards the enemy; but the doctor had scarcely arrived when the moans ceased, and he shook his head as he arose from stooping over the body. "He could not have lived long in that state," he observed; "it is as well he has died at once."

"We will bury him here in the trench," said Falkland, "it is better that his poor wife should not see him." And they set to work with some shovels which had been found lying scattered about at the top of the mine.

Thus had the sortie done its work of clearing the garden, and the whole business did not last ten minutes; but it was more than an hour before the party returned within the protection of the building, for on Peart's burial, Falkland set some of them to throw the dead bodies of the sepoys into the mine, and shovel the earth taken from it

back again, while the rest kept guard in front. But the enemy's random fire from behind the wall took effect at last. One of the sepoys came up to Falkland to say he was hit, and asked leave to go back, and the latter then drew off the rest of the party.

The course of the enterprise had been watched by the ladies from the top of the house. The time had gone by for thinking about stray bullets; and, having sought the open air at dusk, they were not to be persuaded to descend by the warning given them by Captain Buxey, the only officer off duty, of the dangers of the coming sortie. They stood facing the western parapet, looking down with throbbing hearts on the scene below. The brief main conflict took place within fifty yards of them; and they could distinguish the voices which uttered the hurried oaths and cries, as the assailants met their foes, while the flash of the firearms lighted up the group for an instant. Bushes concealed the bodies, but their heads and shoulders were clear in view; it was a momentary vision of men engaged in mortal strife, breathing hate and passion in their faces. Then all was dark; but there could be heard the tramping of persons hurrying through the bushes, while the position of the fire, which now and then flashed out of the darkness, showed that the assailants were driving the enemy out of the garden.

No one dared ask the others whether they thought there had been any loss.

"What is that?" presently whispered some one, as a movement could be heard close to the edge of the garden, at the spot where the encounter had taken place. "Can that be our people coming back?" But no, they were still at the far end of the garden, some three hundred

yards off. The noise was really caused by the rebel sepoys who were down in the mine when the attack took place, and who creeping out after the sortie had advanced, came upon the body of the wounded Peart, and were dragging it away, but, getting hurried, had backed and stabbed him, and run off.

Then the lookers-on could make out that the assailants were returning after scouring the garden, and then that they were halted by the mine-head. Presently a footstep could be heard on the gravel, and a figure seen making for the covered-way, and exchanging words with the guard within, and the ladies ran down to the rooms below to meet Spragge as he entered the building. "They have carried the mine in splendid style," said one of the officers who surrounded Spragge to the ladies as they came hurrying up; "but Spragge has come to know if Peart is here; he has been hit, and is missing. They think he must have come back by himself."

"What is that about my husband?" cried Mrs. Peart, pressing forward in the dimly-lighted veranda towards Spragge; "what has happened?"

"He was hit at the first go off," Spragge answered, "but not badly, we hope, or he couldn't have walked home, you know. Where is the doctor?" continued Spragge, and staggering forward he would have fallen if another officer had not caught him; and by the light just then brought up, his breast was seen to be dripping with blood. Then while Maxwell and Grumbull laid him on the floor and examined his wound, the vain search was made through and round the building for the missing officer.

Shortly afterwards Maxwell was summoned away, and left his patient with Grumbull. "Thank you, Grumbull," said the wounded man,

faintly, as the former continued the examination; "every confidence in you, of course, but I would rather wait till Maxwell comes back; so pray let me alone for a bit, like a good fellow." Then as Mrs. Peart, candle in hand, and with a scared face, was traversing the building, some one told her that her husband was found, and then that he was dead, and that they were burying him in the garden.

When the party returned, Falkland sought out Mrs. Peart, and told her that her husband had fallen while gallantly doing his duty, and patting Kitty Peart on the head as she stood by looking up at the colonel, told her to be a brave girl, and help her mother to bear the trial. It was one of the strangest scenes of those strange times: the group of officers, flushed and hot from their labours, telling the story to such of their comrades as were free to join them; a little in advance of them Falkland talking to Mrs. Peart, behind whom were assembled the other ladies, who had come to hear the news; the one lamp suspended from the ceiling

throwing a dim light over the big room, the candle Mrs. Peart still carried bringing into stronger relief Falkland's grave face and the scared aspect of the poor widow, while the daughter, with Falkland's hand resting on her head, had burst into tears. "Come away, dear," said Olivia, gently; and, putting her arm round Mrs. Peart's waist, led her away to the ladies' room, whither the sobbing girl followed them.

Spragge had had a narrow escape with his life, the bullet which hit him having glanced off, making a flesh-wound and breaking a rib. He was put to bed in the sick-room and tended with the other patients, and warmly commended in the morning by Falkland for his behaviour in keeping his place in the line till the fighting was over, notwithstanding his wound. The sepoy hit by the stray bullet while filling up the mine was less fortunate. He had been shot through the body; and although he did not feel much hurt at first, and was able to walk back, he died in the morning.

CHAPTER XXX.

Notwithstanding the loss sustained, the garrison were in high spirits for the rest of the night at the success of the sortie. And the state of things next day amply justified the night's enterprise. Not only was a great danger averted; the enemy were so cowed by the surprise that they did not attempt to resume their mining, or even to re-occupy the garden. The other side of the building being already kept clear by the occupation of the Lodge, the garrison were thus practically free from molestation, although the rebels had not given up the investment, for they could still be

seen collected about the court-house and in the village opposite the Lodge.

Great, therefore, was the sense of relief; nevertheless, as the day wore on, a reaction set in from the excitement of the previous night, and, in the absence of any pressing emergency, a sort of lassitude and weariness was now becoming observable. Time and confinement were beginning to tell. The building, large and airy though it was, had become almost intolerably close and stuffy, with all the sides closed up in the savage heat of June; and the ladies, who spent a part of the night on the

roof, purchased the comfort dearly, which involved a return to the sickening atmosphere below. All were tiring of the monotonous diet; they felt the need of food, but brought a sense of loathing to their meals. This morning; also, the two children had sickened, and lay side by side on their cot, each with the doll Kitty Peart had made for it on the pillow beside it, looking up at passers-by with languid preoccupied eye, while their mother sat fanning herself in a chair near them. Poor Kitty herself took her share of the nursing; and while fanning Jerry Spragge, gave him the particulars of poor papa's death, with such embellishments as had already gathered round the event. It did not occur to the poor girl that one of a party of soldiers might be shot, although not more prominently engaged than the survivors; so she described to the patient how her father had fallen covered with wounds, while heroically leading on his comrades, and the better-informed young fellow had not the heart to set her right. Nor did Mrs. Peart keep to herself in her sorrow. For her there could be no seclusion for the conventional time, to be followed by a reappearance in decorous weeds, while face and voice should be attuned to proper keeping with the condition of bereavement. Some of the other ladies indeed offered to bring her share of the rude meals to their private room; but the two sick children lying there, peevish and crying, made such partial solitude unwelcome; and Mrs. Peart, although for the time suspending her share in the nursing, took her place as usual at the public breakfast-table, where the unpleasant-looking food was almost concealed from sight by the swarm of flies that settled upon it.

Mrs. Polwheedle presided at this meal. It had got to her ears that Major Peart had been left on the

ground when he was wounded, and killed afterwards; and while helping to console the widow through the night, she had not forgotten to point out how the major might have been saved if he had not been left alone on the ground after he was wounded. Mrs. Polwheedle, who had been very active in nursing, and whose bustling cheerful manner had contributed sensibly to sustain the spirits of the female members of the garrison, but on whose temper events were beginning to tell, was not herself this morning; and was now holding forth with raised voice and flushed face in criticism of the last night's enterprise, the only gentlemen present at table being the brigadier and Captain Buxey.

"Better have a little of this stew, my dear," she said to Mrs. Peart; "it's the last day you'll get any, for the sheep won't hold out any longer. They have had no food for three days as it is. But there won't be many left soon to want meat or chapatties either, if we go on like this. There's Braywell and Sparrow gone one day, and now your husband and young Spragge and a poor sepoy the next; I can't see what Falkland wants to be always going on in this way, attacking here and attacking there for. Why doesn't he keep quiet inside? I wonder you allow it, brigadier. It's as much your fault as his. You are responsible for everything, you know, for I suppose he made a pretence of asking your leave first."

"My dear, I said I thought there was a good deal of risk in the rally," replied the poor old man meekly; "but I deferred to Falkland's judgment in the matter, and he considered it was necessary to do something. He is able to go about and see into things better than me, you know."

"Go about!" retorted the lady—"I should think he was able to go about. He goes about a great deal too much, to my mind; and then to leave that poor fellow to be hacked to pieces while he must be marching and countermarching up and down the garden like a madman. No! I don't care who hears me," she continued, as Captain Buxey pointed in the direction of a doorway from which Mrs. Falkland was advancing, "so long as the brigadier commands here I shall say what I please; and I say it's a shame, and you may tell Falkland so, if you like, my dear," she added, turning her flushed and angry face towards Olivia.

"My husband is busy enough as it is, Mrs. Polwheedle," said Olivia, taking her place, and leaning her head wearily on her hand, with the elbow resting on the table; "it would be better not to trouble him with our small difficulties; don't you think so, brigadier? No, thank you, Captain Buxey," she added, as that gentleman was handing her a plate of the stew, "I can't eat anything this morning; I will take some tea, if you please."

"Yes, my dear," observed the brigadier to his wife, with an attempt at dignity, "what Mrs. Falkland says is very true; ladies should not meddle with military matters."

"And why shouldn't they meddle?" retorted the lady, turning sharply round on her husband. "Why don't you meddle yourself, then?" she continued, as the poor old gentleman sat silent under the question, "instead of sitting there, day after day, eating and drinking the best of everything, and never doing a blessed thing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you ought: you are no more use to any one than that little half-caste idiot of an O'Halloran."

"Mrs. Polwheedle," said Falk-

land, who had entered the room when her voice was at its highest, "it is quite against rules to disturb the garrison by noise of any sort. I have the brigadier's orders to put any offender against the rules into confinement. Pray don't give me occasion to enforce them against you."

"Brigadier," said the lady, bridling up, and scarcely able to speak for passion, "will you sit there and see your wife insulted?"

"My dear," said the brigadier, mildly, "pray be calm and reasonable; Colonel Falkland is only doing his duty."

"The brigadier gives all his orders through me, ma'am. No, not another word, or you go to your room and stay there," and Falkland looked so stern that Mrs. Polwheedle gave up the contest and sat still, silent and cowed; and Falkland, beckoning to his wife to follow him, left the hall.

"Olivia, my love," said her husband when they had reached the anteroom, "that old woman has got hold of the brandy-bottle again."

"Brandy-bottle, Robert?"

"Yes, dear; she has done it before. She took one from Buxey's store two days ago; and now she has done it again. He told me another bottle was missing; and she is evidently the worse for liquor. You must find out where she has hidden it, and give it back to Buxey. You look tired and worn this morning, my poor child," he added, fondling one of her hands in his, "and I daresay that old fury has been frightening you more than the enemy; but you must keep up your courage; we shall all of us want all the strength we possess."

And indeed, notwithstanding the present suspension from active measures by the enemy, Falkland had just now special cause to feel harassed and anxious. The supply of flour had almost come to an end—the stock laid in, through a miscarriage

of plans executed in a hurry, having been much less than was intended, while the garrison was larger than was expected, owing to the reinforcement of faithful sepoys. There still remained several sheep, but the grain for them was failing also, nor would a meat diet keep the garrison in health. Moreover, the wounded were beginning to do badly. Maxwell talked of amputation for McIntyre, but feared the consequences; and young Raugh's wound looked angry, although a clean sabre-cut; and the doctor said better things could not be looked for with bad air and bad diet. A still more serious matter was the state of the ammunition. A supply coming in from the palace had been intercepted by the *emute* in the town on the afternoon before the siege began; notwithstanding the repeated injunctions given to husband the ammunition, the garrison, especially at first, had been disposed to fire oftener than necessary; and now, although there was abundance of lead for bullets, only enough powder remained for about five rounds per head. This state of things Falkland kept secret from every one but Braddon and Yorke; but the sepoys, as well as the rest of the garrison, must guess the smallness of the store from the care with which it was husbanded. No one, indeed, had believed in the reality beforehand of a serious investment, or that if unsuccessful at the outset it would be persisted in so long; but they had now been shut up for six days without any tidings from the outer world. How far the mutiny had extended, and what other communities had been swept away, or were resisting like themselves, they had no knowledge; but that the Government were in great straits might be inferred from the delay in sending relief. The last tidings before the siege had been, that

a regiment of local infantry was being despatched to their aid; but even allowing for delay in crossing the great rivers, now swollen by the melting of the mountain-snows, this aid should have arrived long ago if not interrupted or diverted.

Two messengers had been sent out by Falkland—servants: one on the first night with a note to the government of the nearest province, to tell them of the condition of the garrison; he was to find his way to the nearest station or camp still occupied by British troops, and to deliver it there. The other had been sent out the previous night, on the east side, while the enemy's attention was diverted by the *sortie*, who was to bring back any news he could pick up, but he had never returned. If this man had proved faithless, the enemy might be encouraged to persevere in the blockade by learning in what straits they were placed. In this state of anxiety and suspense was passed the long day, the harder to bear from the quietude maintained by the enemy, which afforded nothing to divert attention from the tormenting heat.

When night came on, the jemadar, who was in his master's confidence and knew the importance to the garrison of obtaining news, volunteered to go out and seek intelligence of the state of things in the enemy's camp; and Falkland, although loath to let the brave fellow undertake this perilous office, for he was so well known in the city as to run special risk of detection, was fain under the emergency to accept the offer. Accordingly Ameer Khan, disguising himself as far as possible to look like a sepoy, and taking musket and pouch-belt, slipped out and stole through the garden in the darkness. Shortly before dawn he returned, to the great relief of his

master, who had entertained but little hope of seeing the faithful fellow again. He had managed to get over the garden-wall without being perceived, and although soon afterwards challenged by a picket of sepoy, had got past safely by passing himself off as a sepoy of another regiment, and had been all through the rebel camp and city. The enemy showed no sign of raising the blockade: indeed in the bazaar the talk was all about the repulse which a body of troops marching to the relief of Mustaphabad was reported to have received. It was a new levy apparently, probably the same body whose march had been reported to Falkland before the blockade began. A large part of this force, it was said, had deserted to the enemy; and the remainder, after sustaining considerable loss in attempting to occupy a rebel town on the line of march, was in full retreat. Such was the tale brought back by the jemadar, amplified no doubt by bazaar gossip, but probably accurate so far that the attempt at relief had for the present failed. On the other hand, there was much talk about the doings of a body of horse said to be moving down from the settled country, the leader of

which, who had gained the *sobriquet* of "The Black Feringhee," appeared to have already established a name of terror by his prowess and savage retaliations on the country through which he was moving; and the sepoy camp was evidently beginning to be uneasy at the prospect of his coming against them, although the general impression seemed to be that he could hardly venture to attack so large a force, without support from infantry or guns.

So much information Ameer Khan had managed to pick up by wandering about the bazaars, which all through the night were astir with people who took their sleep and kept at home during the fierce heat of day; and the conclusion to be drawn from it was far from encouraging. The jemadar had also learnt the fate of the emissary sent out the previous night; and the gallant fellow could not restrain the emotion he felt when describing how the unfortunate Kidmatgar, having been recognised, had been carried before the Nawab's brother, who now ruled in the city, and in his presence horribly mutilated and then turned out into the street as a warning to others. Well might the bravest man shrink from so horrible a fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

During this night, spent by Ameer Khan on the expedition described above, and by the garrison at their posts, the ladies who were off hospital duty forgot for a time their dangers and hardships in peaceful slumber on the housetop; when next morning, just as they were about to descend the stairs to the room below, something whistled over their heads with a rushing sound unlike anything they had heard before; a sharp report followed from the direction of the court-house.

Falkland, always on the alert, hurried up to the roof just as another cannon-ball whizzing past warned the occupants to hasten down. A couple of field-guns were to be seen in front of the court-house, at a point where a good view of the house was afforded by a gap in the trees; and the sepoy could be made out busily engaged in reloading them.

"The Nawab's guns," said Falkland, surveying the scene through his glass, "a present from our Government; they used to stand in front

of the palace. So, this accounts for the rascals' inactivity yesterday; they were getting this ready as a surprise. They may have guns, however, but they have no gunners," he added, as the balls from the second discharge passed harmlessly overhead and buried themselves in the garden behind, while Yorke, who had never been in the way of round-shot before, involuntarily bobbed his head. "I beg your pardon, sir," said he, laughing, as the colonel looked round and stared at him—"it was quite unintentional; I won't do it again."

"I wonder where they have got their shot from," observed the colonel, after a pause; "a good deal depends on that. Do you think you can pick up the one which has just lodged behind that bush? Thanks, my dear boy," said he, when, a few minutes afterwards, Yorke returned from the other side of the garden bearing a shot in his hand, and the latter felt Falkland's smile and look of approbation to be an ample reward for the service. "Yes, it is a hammered shot, as I expected; that will be the saving of us: the practice is sure to be bad with these lopsided things, and they won't have too many to throw away."

The sound of the guns created some consternation at first within the building; but Falkland reassured the members of the garrison assembled in the big room, by producing the specimen shot, and the inmates soon became accustomed to this new annoyance, which brought no harm at first. Even at that short range the enemy could not at first hit the mark. Some shot hit the ground about the building, but most of them flew over and buried themselves in the garden. "It is odd that there should be no stray gunners on leave in the city to show them how to handle a gun,"

observed some one later in the morning, who had hardly spoken when there was heard a noise overhead as of falling bricks, and the messenger sent up-stairs brought back word that a part of the roof parapet had been carried away, close to where the look-out man was standing.

Half an hour afterwards a shot came through the east veranda, making a hole in the sandbag parapet, and, sending up a cloud of dust, lodged in the outer wall of the building.

"That is no hammered shot," said Underwood, who was on duty in the east veranda, handing the shot to Falkland, who had come out to look at the place.

"This is a regular cannon-ball beyond a doubt," replied Falkland, examining the missile; "but they cannot have a large stock, or they would not have begun with the lopsided ones, and it will take a deal of hammering with nine-pounders to bring this building down; it was not constructed by the Public Works Department." But the sentries were withdrawn from this veranda, there being no danger of an attack upon it without warning; and the number of balls which came through during the day justified the precaution. For the most part they merely struck the wall, knocking out plaster and brickwork, without doing much damage; but occasionally they found their way into the adjacent side-rooms through the doorways; one shot of this kind went through a bag of meal in the store-room, and another traversed what had hitherto been the sick-room, shortly after the patients had been removed to the west side of the house. Fortunately the guns were north-west of the building, so that the line of fire was oblique, and did not command the centre room.

Thus the hours sped by, and up

to mid-day the garrison had suffered no harm. Then the fire was stopped for a time, to be resumed in the afternoon; but it was still so desultory and ill-directed that the garrison were becoming indifferent to the annoyance, when, late in the afternoon, a fatal shot came through the portico. It must have glanced against a tree or some other obstacle, and become deflected in its course, for the portico was out of the line of fire; but it came crashing through the thin sandbag wall, smashed the legs of an officer of the 80th, as he lay asleep on a camp-bedstead, killed two sepoys lying on one of the steps, and then glancing off from the stonework, and slicing off the back of Braddon's pillow—he was asleep on another cot—without touching him, tore through the body of Yorke's horse as it stood picketed just beyond, and so made its exit through the parapet on the other side, those who had escaped starting up from their sleep and gazing in wonder at the mangled forms of their comrades.

The news of the catastrophe soon spread through the building; and while those who were kept to their posts by duty were still questioning the others who had gone to learn particulars, another casualty was reported. A messenger from the Lodge came over with the news that Layton, the shopkeeper, who was on duty there, and a very useful member of the garrison, had just been killed by a stray bullet coming through a loophole. So far the garrison had experienced a remarkable immunity from loss through the enemy's musketry-fire, and a certain proportion of casualties from this cause was reasonably to be expected; but coming at this time the loss seemed to be exceptionally hard to bear. An hour later there was another serious blow. Buxey was with one of

the servants in the store-room serving out supplies, when a shot came through the doorway, killing the man, whose mangled body fell over the open jar of meal they were handling, drenching its contents with blood. The rest of the stores were at once removed to a less exposed part of the house; but this accident had made a serious inroad upon the scanty stock remaining, and a feeling of despair now for the first time possessed many of the garrison, while the stoutest-hearted felt their courage sink at these losses in their slender numbers, which they were powerless to retaliate or guard against unless by some desperate effort. And when Falkland was seen to go up to the roof a little later with Yorke and Braddon, it was rumoured that another spell of "nervous duty" was in store for some of them.

"I think we might take those guns with a rush, sir," said Braddon to Falkland, as they surveyed the position from the look-out place; "we might come round on them from the flank, and spike them without much loss."

"I have been thinking of that too, but it would be a desperate remedy. We should lose time removing the barricade, which they have made as strong as ever. Even if we got as far without loss, they would never allow us to retire unmolested. The houses opposite the Lodge are swarming with men, who would be almost in the rear of our advance. The distance is full six hundred yards. It would cost us our last cartridge to retire over it, and even then we should have to leave our wounded behind us, if any were hit. No, I think it will be better to hold on, and keep a few shots for a last resource." And the garrison were not disappointed to hear that no sally was to be made. All felt with Falkland that the remedy would be too desperate.

That night another shallow grave was dug in the garden for Underwood and the two sepoys, and Layton was buried by Braywell near the Lodge; the dead horse also was dragged out and buried, the enemy offering no molestation.

The firing had stopped, but the ladies were not allowed to sleep on the roof, and were crowded together in Olivia's room in the stifling heat, while sleep was driven away by the cries of young Raugh. The poor lad was now quite light-headed, and sang English ballads all through the night in a shrill voice.

That night, while Egan was on duty in the trench leading to the bath-house, he was suddenly startled by seeing something moving stealthily towards him from the direction of the garden-hedge. Soon making it out to be a man, he covered him with his rifle, but paused before firing till the nature of the attack should explain itself. He could only make out one man, and being a cool fellow, Egan contented himself with keeping his rifle ready till the man had approached quite close, who then began waving his hand in a deprecating way, and whispered in Hindustani—

"A poor man, Sahib, with news; don't fire."

"All right, old fellow," replied Egan; "come along, and don't be afraid. You've had a precious close shave, old gentleman, all the same," continued Mr. Egan in a lower voice, as he assisted the stranger to climb over the trench; and soon the word being passed, the messenger was brought to Falkland in the south veranda. He was a little wizened old man, a mere bag of bones, and naked save for a small cloth round his loins, and a pair of coarse shoes.

"A letter, sir," said the old man; and taking off one of his shoes, and drawing a couple of nails concealed by mud and dust, extracted a tiny

piece of folded paper from between the layers of the soles. This letter, flattened out, was barely three inches square; written in faint ink on the thinnest paper, and soiled by the journey, the following words were with difficulty deciphered:—

"To C. O. [commanding officer] Must. Am marching down with a levy of Sikh horse. Juriana local infantry attempting the same thing have been beaten back with loss of many killed and deserted, and Jordan, commandant, badly wounded. The direct line from here strongly defended, and passage of river difficult, so I shall work round by the north: this is longer route, but only practicable one. Have sent you three despatches before this; news of you difficult to get, and accounts conflicting. Country generally smashed up. Delhi not yet taken, but expected to fall in a few days, when all will come right. My fellows promise well, but are raw at their work. And there is a lot to be done. But hold out for . . . days, and I will be with you . . ."

The latter part of the note was the most illegible of all; the number of days mentioned, the writer's signature, and the date of the letter, could not be deciphered.

This despatch thus entirely corroborated the account brought back by Ameer Khan. The writer was evidently the "Black Feringhee" talked about in the city, but who he was no one at first could guess. The old man could not give the information; he had not come direct from the camp, but had received the letter at a neighboring village from his son, who said that he had come fifty miles with it in two days, but he fancied the name of the officer was "Carte Sahib." Carte Sahib? who could that be? There was no officer of that name in the army.

The old man was in a hurry to be

gone before it grew light, and refused to be the bearer of a letter out, saying he could not hope to find Carte Sahib and his horse, who were here one day and there another, like a wild elephant. And being rewarded with a handful of gold mohurs—a small fortune for a peasant—which he secreted dexterously in his waist-cloth, the old fellow, making his salaam, crept out and disappeared in the garden.

“Poor old gentleman,” said Egan, as he went off, “he is sure to get his throat cut with all that loot about him.”

Almost everybody in the garrison was asked to try and decipher the letter. None of the officers, however, could make anything of the signature; but when Falkland showed it to his wife, she at once said it

was Kirke, and on the discovery being made, every one was surprised that he had not made such an obvious guess. Kirke was known to be on leave in the hills when the Mutiny broke out, and so good a soldier would of course be at once employed in an emergency. “No wonder,” said Falkland, “the fame of the ‘Black Feringhee’ has got abroad; these are the times to show what men are made of. If it is possible to relieve us, Kirke will do it. To think,” he continued, looking at his wife, “that a woman’s wit should solve in a minute the difficulty we men were all blundering at.”

Olivia blushed as he spoke. She could not tell him then how familiar her cousin’s handwriting used to be with her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Another morning broke, and those who had been trying to rest rose sweltering from their beds, and set about making their scanty toilets. Guards were changed, the unsavoury rations were given out and cooked, and all applied themselves in their different tasks to live out another weary day. McIntyre groaned with the fever of his wounds; Raugh was quieter and only sang at times. The firing began again from the two guns and went on in desultory fashion; almost every shot now hit the building, no great feat in gunnery, but still an improvement on the practice of the day before.

Thus wore on the dismal morning. Only nine o’clock, and the day was already five hours long, and yet how many hours remained!—when suddenly the garrison was aroused from its dull state of endurance.

“That shot must be wide of the mark,” said Falkland, starting up

from his couch in the drawing-room on which he was taking a morning sleep, and resting on his elbow, as the report of a gun was heard without the accompanying whistle of the shot: “there goes another,” he added, as the second gun was fired off. “Pandy must have come to an end of his cast shot, and be falling back on the hammered ones. If so, we are in luck.”

As he spoke, the look-out officer came running into the room. “There is something up! colonel,” he cried; “they are turning their guns at somebody away out on the plain.” Falkland hurried up to the roof.

Beyond the Lodge, on the other side of the road, was the village surrounded by a mud wall, of which mention has already been made. This village enclosure was nearly square, and with its houses and surrounding trees interrupted the view of the open plain beyond, portions of which, however, could be

seen through the gap between the village and the court-house, and again to the south of the village, although in these directions also, the view was a good deal intercepted by the trees in the park. And on this plain some object was now exciting the attention of the rebels, for, as the lookout man had reported, the two guns were turned away, and were firing in that direction, and a large column of sepoys was drawn up on the open space behind them. What it was could not at first be told; only a cloud of dust could be seen rising high in the sultry air, and floating over the village; but presently some horsemen could be made out to the south of the village, about three-quarters of a mile off, retiring slowly, the skirts of a larger body, and then as a light air blew the dust away, some cavalry could be distinguished drawn up in regular formation, now halted in column, and facing towards the enemy; and immediately the news spread through the building that relief had come—Kirke and his levy of horse.

"Kirke's levy evidently," said Braddon, who had been summoned to the roof; "the men are dressed in all sorts of ways, and very irregular is the dressing of their ranks. However, handsome is that handsome does! Kirke won't be the man I take him for if he doesn't soon find his way in, now that he has got so far."

"Is it Kirke's men," said Falkland, "or the levy of some native chief? I begin to think it must be the latter. Why should Kirke, if it were he, keep away out there, as if he were afraid of this wretched fire? It is to be hoped that they do not mean to sheer off, after all, and leave us in the lurch; but I can't make out any Europeans with them."

"Yes!" cried Yorke, who was looking through a field-glass; "I see a European there, on a grey horse,

going along at a foot-pace with his back turned this way, and with a helmet on, and there is an orderly riding behind him. Ah! now he is gone out of sight behind those trees. There he comes again, don't you see, sir, to the right?"

"It is Kirke, and no mistake," said Falkland, looking at the distant mass through his glass. "I could tell his figure on horseback among a thousand. Thank God, we are saved!" and the tone of relief with which he spoke showed how much his previous bearing had belied his real hopes of escape.

The news of succour had spread instantaneously through the building; discipline for the moment was suspended, and the staircase to the roof was crowded with people coming to see the relieving force with their own eyes. Even the brigadier managed to hobble up; nor could Falkland refuse to allow each lady in turn to come up and have a look at the distant horsemen and try to distinguish the Europeans with the force, of whom two had now been made out.

All was now changed to life and high spirits within the building; a messenger was despatched to the Lodge with the good tidings, while even the wounded began to cheer up, except Johnny Raugh, who was still unconscious but quiet now, and breathing heavily.

The Residency now was quite unmolested; but some of the occupants of the Lodge showing themselves in their excitement incautiously on the roof, drew down a sharp fire from the village on the opposite side of the road, which was still full of men.

Still the relieving force made no attack; they could be seen now and then, through the gaps in the trees, moving about in the distance, but they came no nearer, deterred apparently by the difficulty of at-

tacking so numerous an infantry well posted; and endless were the surmises of the lookers-on as they watched the movements of the horsemen with straining eyes and eager faces. Why don't they charge down to the south, and clear the ground up to the wall there? The enemy can't be in strength in that direction; they might relieve us in that way without difficulty. Can it be they have been told the Residency has fallen? But no, that cannot be, or why should the rebels be investing it? But to make sure, Falkland had a standard hoisted on the roof—a table-cover on a pole. It took some time to manage this, and when the thing was done all sign of the cavalry had disappeared.

Kirke must be acting as the advanced-guard of a force which had come to reconnoitre, and has fallen back on the main body, to wait for the infantry to come up, said the more hopeful; but dread despair came upon the garrison when the news spread. It was as if a shipwrecked sailor were to see a ship sail by, unheeding the raft to which he was clinging.

"Main body or not," said Falkland anxiously to his two lieutenants. "we must manage to communicate with Kirke at once, for I am sure it is he; I can't believe that his sheering off like this is more than temporary. Kirke has pluck and judgment for fifty men, but every minute is critical; we cannot afford to run the risk of our want of ammunition being found out. The very fact of relief being so near may incite the rebels to strike a final blow and be off. Which of your men, Braddon, do you think, could be best trusted to get out?"

"He would have to wait till dark, sir, would he not?" asked Yorke, "before making the attempt; and then if he succeeded he might lose

all the night in looking for them. I have a plan to propose, sir; let me mount your mare, and take my chance of getting over the wall and through these brutes. They will be so surprised they won't have time to fire," he added, seeing that Falkland looked doubtfully at the proposal.

"That is a big wall to take," observed the colonel, after a pause, during which he had been regarding the young man with a look that conveyed his approbation.

"Kathleen would do it, sir, never fear," replied the other; "it is not five feet high there by the gateway; she is good for that any day."

"I think she is, but she will need to have her master on her back to do it, after being so long without being ridden."

"I think I can sit a fresh nag as well as most people," observed Braddon, "though I say it who shouldn't; but these are not times to stand on modesty. Let me go, sir, and you shall see me witch Pandy with noble horsemanship."

"No, Braddon, you are too heavy. Yorke's idea, however, is a capital one, but it will be better for me to go than either of you."

"But ought the commandant to desert the garrison, sir?" objected Braddon. "We shall never be able to get on without you; and the people would lose heart if they heard you were gone."

"I would rather stay of course, but this is a case of duty. Everything depends on communicating with the force outside, and for this it is necessary to get over the wall. Relief will then only be a question of a few minutes; my absence for so long can't do any harm."

"You have seen me take a wall, sir," said Yorke, "and on a horse that was a mere pony beside Kathleen. I believe I could do the trick

all right. I am a good stone lighter than you, and certainly I can be better spared."

"No reflections on your horsemanship, my dear boy," replied the colonel, putting his hand kindly on Yorke's shoulder, and looking down as he spoke; "but Kathleen has not been out of her stall for ten days, and has been on half rations for a week. She will do best with her master on her back, but the credit of the plan is all yours. But we must not lose time in talking."

They descended to the portico, and the mare was saddled, while the opening was cleared again which had been made in the parapet the previous night for removing the dead horse. The affair occupied only a few minutes, while Falkland, going aside with the brigadier, explained what was proposed, and obtained the old man's consent to his errand. Then turning to Buxey, who also had been summoned to the portico—"Buxey, old friend," he said, "we are all liable to accident; if I should come to grief, I charge you to convey to Government my particular recommendation of Braddon and Yorke. The conduct of the whole garrison will speak for itself, and will, no doubt, be rewarded suitably; but I wish it particularly to be recorded that these two have especially contributed to the success of the defence." Then he made a movement, intending to enter the building; but suddenly turned back again, and saying in a low voice as he passed Yorke, while he pressed his hand for an instant, "I leave Olivia in your charge," mounted, and passed out by the gap from underneath the portico.

The mare walked quietly out for a few paces, but when having got clear of the building Falkland pressed her sides, she gave a furious plunge which almost unseated him, the preface to a course of

bounds into the air, which tried her rider's horsemanship, but did not advance his progress off the hard road. At last he got her on to the lawn, only one degree less hard, and put her into a canter towards the north end, the mare still plunging madly in the excitement of leaving the stable, trying to pull the reins out of his hands, but going with a short stiff action as if her limbs were cramped by the long confinement.

It was about mid-day, and the scorching vertical rays of the sun beat down on the fiery soil; shadow to the right or left there was none. As the rider and horseman approached the north park-wall numerous faces appeared behind it and from the outhouse at the end, and there was rapid firing at the sudden apparition. The anxious and excited lookers-on thought at first he was going to take the wall at that end, which was very high, but he turned round when near it and came cantering back again towards the portico, saluted now by a shower of bullets from the enclosures beyond the Lodge.

The guard of the portico had some of them clambered on the parapet, while others unable to restrain themselves ran outside to watch the event. The Lodge picket, too, were all standing on the roof or on the pathway outside, but the enemy for the moment did not heed them.

Again Falkland turned the mare up the park and galloped her to the end and back. She is going more at her ease now, and the rider stoops over to pat her neck as the noble beast settles into her long stride. Now he turns her again, still going at an easy gallop, and describing an arc and bringing her round, puts her straight at the east wall, just above the entrance gap, where it was lowest. The distance

is about a hundred yards, but to the lookers-on it seems a dozen times that length, as breathlessly they watch him nearing the wall. Then there is an instant of suspense as the mare rises at the obstacle and clears it gallantly. The leap accomplished, Falkland makes straight forward between the village and the court-house; the former seems alive with men, all firing at him as he shoots by, while a whole platoon is discharged from the men drawn up by the court-house; but the figure of the rider can be made out erect and harmless, galloping over the plain, the danger past, until lost to view in the distance by the intervening trees. "Hurrah! he will be up with the cavalry in no time at that rate, and we shall have them back again in a minute or two." Such are the cries echoed by the spectators of Falkland's successful feat, as they take the news into the building. All is joy again for the moment. It seems as if the relief had actually come.

But the minutes pass by, and there are no signs of the horsemen; no dust in the distance marks their return. And now there follows another long pause of dreary heart-sickening suspense. No one can guess what has happened; and the weaker members of the party put vague guesses and questions to each other, which no one can answer, while the sterner ones remain silent. Braddon and Yorke scan the scene from the roof; but the long hours pass by, and no signs can be discerned of relief. Once when Yorke descended to the building he met Olivia coming out of the sick-room, and her sorrow-stricken face told him that she knew of Falkland's departure; but as he advanced towards her she turned a look as of reproach and scorn towards him, and passed suddenly into the ladies' room to avoid him. Alas! thought

he, even her firm mind is giving way under these trials, and no wonder.

About four o'clock news came from the roof that the guns were being again turned on the building; and in a few seconds the whistle of the shot recommenced, with the accustomed accompaniment of falling masonry, as great pieces of the brickwork fell away under each discharge. Then despair seized upon most of them. This must surely mean that the relieving force has been driven off. A large body of sepoys, too, were seen moving down to join the outposts in the village. This looked as if another assault were intended. There was nothing left now but to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But half an hour afterwards some of the portico guard thought they heard musketry firing in the direction of the city. All ears were turned anxiously in that direction, one or two men being sent outside to hear better. There could be no doubt about it. Nor was it a mere *feu de joie*, as some said at first; the noise was continuous but irregular, like sharp skirmishing or street fighting. Hope began to stir again with them. It must surely be the relief coming at last. Falkland is leading an attack upon the enemy from their rear, to clear the city of them. Yes! it must be so. See, the sepoys are being called back from the village, towards the court-house, and the number about that building has diminished; they are evidently being sent forward to defend the city. The guns too have been withdrawn again, and are turned in that direction.

And now the sound of firing gets closer; the attacking party must be gaining ground.

Still the strife proceeds, but as the sun gets low, the sepoys can be seen coming back from the city and

forming up irregularly to the south of the court-house, while some of their leaders are riding about on horseback as if trying to rally them. But it is of no use; they begin to break away by twos and threes and to make for the village again, from the rear of which other stragglers are now running away in the direction of cantonments. There will be no rally in the village, although the place would be hard to carry if well defended. The garrison can restrain themselves no longer; and a party headed by Braddon rush out from the portico, and, joined by those on picket at the Lodge, they line the park-wall and fire their last cartridges at the rebels retiring in disorder over the ground in front. This completes the panic. The sepoys, instead of retreating into the village, send back a few desultory shots in reply, and now sheer off behind it to avoid the fire thus opened on them, leaving a few bodies stretched on the plain. In a few minutes they have all disappeared, and the attacking force is seen emerging from the trees towards the city and advancing in skirmishing order up to the court-house. Amongst them can be distinguished in the dusk an officer on horseback, a European by his helmet. He looks ahead for an instant, and then hearing the cheers set up by the garrison on catching sight of him, gallops up to the gateway, the barrier at which is pulled down by eager hands to make way for his horse,

and in another instant he rides among them within, and is surrounded by the excited group, each trying to grasp his hand, while they shout to the others in the building, who with some of the ladies may be seen hurrying down the walk. The siege is over, the garrison is relieved.

The horseman was Kirke. "You thought I meant to go off and leave you in the lurch," he said smiling, in reply to some of the numerous questions with which he was assailed. "We could have come down to the south and cleared the place in a jiffy, I know, but that would have driven the enemy back into the city, and it would have been a devil of a job to dislodge them. No, I determined to take them in rear; and besides, Falkland got news that a large party in the city were prepared to join our side and release the Nawab, if we only showed ourselves near the palace, so we thought we had better begin at that end and work downwards; and very well the thing has been done. I wish you could have seen my fellows skirmishing through the streets, with nothing but their swords and carbines."

"And Falkland?" cried the eager group of listeners, who had forgotten him for the moment in the excitement of deliverance; "where is Falkland?"

"Ah!" said Kirke, looking grave as he dismounted. Falkland had been killed, leading the advance through the town. Who will break the news to his wife?

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXXI.

NOVEMBER 1875.

Vol. CXVIII.

THE FRENCH WAR PREPARATIONS IN 1870.

PARIS, *October 20, 1875.*

A SKETCH of the present state of the French army was given in these pages three months ago.* It will not perhaps be altogether useless to append to it an outline of the situation of that army at the moment when the late war broke out; for, though important changes have been introduced since into the system which then prevailed, old habits still continue to exist in sufficient force to lead a good many onlookers to imagine that some at least of the same results might be produced again by the same causes. As regards the year 1870, very detailed evidence of both causes and results has been supplied to the world; and though that evidence has been brought forward in a fashion which most Englishmen cannot help deploring, it has, at all events, the merit—for the object which is in view here—of unfolding a complete story of what happened.

No foreign spectator has forgotten that, directly the war was over, the

French exhibited a fierce desire to localise the blame of their defeat—to remove it from the people at large, and to allot it specifically to certain persons. There was a hot longing in the air to destroy somebody—a restless need to select victims as a sacrifice to the national pride; so that, when public punishment had been brought down to a few chosen heads, all the rest of the population might soothingly comfort itself with the conviction that it was proved to be innocent of all participation, direct or indirect, in the faults which had brought about the wreck. The idea which was suggested in certain English newspapers, that the causes of disaster might perhaps be, not exclusively individual, but, to some extent at least, national as well—that they might be, in fact, a result of weaknesses and infirmities proper to the generation as a whole—was contemptuously rejected as preposterous. It was declared to be impossible that so utter a dis

* See 'Blackwood's Magazine,' August 1875.

comfiture could be in any way attributable to reasons common to the entire land; it was asserted, with all the confidence of rage, that it resulted solely from the personal incapacity and folly of a few guilty individuals, and a shout arose that those individuals must be discovered and convicted. A variety of measures were adopted in consequence of this clamour: the Bazaine trial and the two parliamentary inquiries into the contracts made during the war, and into the proceedings of the Government of the 4th of September, were instituted mainly in order to satisfy it; the nation astonished and afflicted Europe by the savage delight which it seemed to take in dragging into daylight all the secrets of its disgrace; and, to make the confession thoroughly complete, nearly all the more important actors in the war wrote books, describing fully their own merits and each other's sins. By these strange means the whole inner history of the preparations for war was laid bare. It was a sad sight for the friends of France; they have mournfully remembered it: but in France itself it really seems to have become almost forgotten; it appears to have half vanished from popular memory and to have left no manifest trace behind it, except, indeed, some unslaked hatreds which are silently biding their time. In one sense, therefore, the tale has become prematurely old; but as, to foreign eyes, the value of its teaching is in no degree diminished by the indifference with which, according to appearances, the mass of the French have now grown to regard it; as, indeed, to our view, that teaching looks, in some respects, to be almost as much needed by them at this present time as it was before the war,—it may be worth while to group together a few of the facts

which it presents. The revelations made are, however, so extensive, the questions which they raise are so complicated and so varied, that it would be impossible to consider all their aspects here: the insufficiency of military preparation is the only one at which we propose to look; and though the details of it are scattered through a hundred volumes, it will not be difficult to pick out the more important of them.

But in order to obtain a general view of the material conditions under which France commenced the campaign, it is essential to look back a little and to see what had been passing during the years which preceded 1870. The other wars of the Second Empire had brought to light so many faults of organisation and such incredible disorder of management, that it was scarcely possible to suppose that the Government had not attempted to remove some at least of the defects which had been revealed. It was not reasonable to imagine that a system could have been left entirely unchanged which—to refer to one single class of examples only—had allowed 75,000 men to die in the Crimea of disease and privations, while only 20,000 were killed or died of their wounds; which, though of course on a much smaller scale, had reproduced in Lombardy nearly the same proportions of mortality; and which, according to Dr. Champouillon's report, had left badly wounded men so utterly without food during the Solferino campaign that many of them crawled from their beds into the roads in order to beg for bread. And yet it turned out that these "imperfections," as they were gracefully called, had produced no effects at all; that routine had kept things as they were; that no reforms whatever had been enforced or even proposed. The various army services remained ex-

actly in their old condition; the teachings of the Russian, Italian, and Mexican wars were forgotten in victory; the French had conquered; a system which had provided triumph was taken to be, if not faultless, at all events quite good enough, notwithstanding its "imperfections:" and so everything went on unaltered. Indeed, so convinced was France of the ample sufficiency of her military arrangements, that in 1865 the Corps Législatif called for a reduction of the army, and the Government did not dare to refuse it, for it was just beginning to struggle out of the fatal expedition to Mexico, which had cost £14,000,000 of confessed outlay, and nobody knew how much more of unavowed expenses. Considerable diminutions were effected: 2 regiments of heavy cavalry, 32 squadrons of other regiments, and 221 companies of infantry were suppressed; 1268 officers were put on half-pay. But the very next year the Sadowa campaign occurred; France woke up abruptly to a sense of impending danger; victory ceased suddenly to seem a certainty; a universal feeling jumped into existence that the army was not strong enough, and that immediate measures must be taken to increase it. It was not generally imagined that the entire military organisation of the country needed to be changed—that unsatisfactory conviction was, at that time, limited to a few wise men; but everybody became convinced that the number of soldiers must be instantly doubled. Yet, notwithstanding the unanimity of this feeling, a strange delay occurred; the Emperor and his advisers could not agree between themselves as to the plan to be adopted; they disputed over it so long that it was not until nearly eighteen months after Sadowa that *Maréchal Niel*, at that moment Minister of War, was ready to bring

forward his bill for enlarging the army; and that bill, which was waited for so long, was limited to the creation of the *Garde Mobile*. And then, as if it wished to proclaim to Europe that, in the eyes of France, number was everything in war and organisation nothing, the Chamber refused to allow the Minister to drill this new *Mobile* for so exorbitant a period as eight days at a time, as he proposed; it reduced the periods of instruction to twelve hours, thinking, apparently, that as every Frenchman was born a soldier, that length of teaching was quite sufficient for him. And the Minister bowed down his head before this childish folly, and told the Chamber that, though it really was a pity to so restrict the education of men who knew absolutely nothing, he would do what he could all the same: "it is for this reason," he added, "that I see with less regret the suppression of the eight days of drill, and I add that, without them, we will do the best we possibly can." In this prodigious fashion was established the new force which was to render France a match for Germany! From that time forth the *Garde Mobile* was counted as representing some 500,000 available soldiers.

Maréchal Niel did, however, make an effort to introduce a few small improvements into the active army; unfortunately the effort did not last—he died in 1869; and though, after the appearance of General *Trochu's* celebrated book in 1867, a Commission had been appointed to select a new system of infantry manœuvres fitted to the changes which had arisen in the art of war, that Commission, of course, declared in substance that no modifications were required, and things were kept as they were before.

The result was that in 1870 the French army was virtually in the same condition as in 1850; it had

learnt absolutely nothing whatever; the one single novelty which had been introduced into it—the formation of the Garde Mobile—was an utter illusion; it was no more ready for a serious campaign than a sick school-girl is ready to go up the Matterhorn. Two illustrations of its general state of organisation may usefully be given before we begin to describe what happened when the war broke out. They are taken almost at hazard, amongst fifty others of the same kind.

M. Blondeau, Intendant-General, stated in his evidence before one of the parliamentary Commissions, that the waggons of the train were all kept parked at Vernon; that when he went there in 1868 he observed that there were about 8000 vehicles in the enclosure; that they all had to be got out one by one through a single gateway; that, consequently, a very long time would be required for the purpose; and that he believed the officer in charge of the park had made a calculation showing that the operation would last for eight months. This means that the officer in question knew perfectly that the vehicles intrusted to him could not possibly be employed in the event of sudden war; but that, instead of informing his superiors of the fact, he contented himself with privately working out a sum which showed arithmetically the utter uselessness of the whole thing. If this officer had been asked why he did not inform the Ministry of the impossibility of getting the carts horsed and taken away, he would most certainly have replied that ten or twenty times in the course of his career he had ventured to point out abuses to his chiefs; that some of those gentlemen had simply shrugged their shoulders with indifference; but that others, less gentle in their views of the proper attitude of a subordinate,

had given him to understand that if he made complaints his promotion would be delayed. It should be added, however, that, thanks to M. Blondeau's visit, the condition of this park was altered before 1870.

The second example is so curious and complete that we will state it in the words of the report. M. de la Valette, another intendant, said that—"In 1867, at Strasburg, we were speculating on the possibility of a war; an idea of war was in the air, and it was natural that we should think about it on the frontier, for, even at that time, it was felt that the nationality of the district might depend upon the issue of a war. General Ducrot then commanded the division; and as he felt most deeply the apprehensions to which I allude, we frequently talked over the measures to be taken in order to provide Strasburg with supplies for either aggressive or defensive action. In 1868 I drew up a statement showing what was indispensable for an army of 30,000 men, indicating what we had in store at the time, pointing out the useless articles which might be removed in order to make room, and enumerating what was wanted to make up a complete assortment. I had given a copy of this statement to the inspector-general in 1868; I gave a second copy of it to the intendant-general in 1869.

"Our fears increased; we found that the inhabitants of the opposite bank of the Rhine were convinced that war was coming. I therefore examined my calculations over again; I increased them so that they might serve for a corps of 50,000 men, and I took them to General Ducrot, asking him what he thought about them. I told him that, on two separate occasions, I had communicated my views to the representatives of the Ministry

of War, that I had arrived at no result whatever, and I proposed to give him another copy, for him to send to the Ministry through General de Failly, who at that time commanded at Nancy. I added that if the Minister saw the same statement come before him through two different channels, he would perhaps imagine that there was something in it. Soon afterwards I went myself to Paris; I saw there M. Blondeau, chief of the intendant of the army, who spoke to me in a tone which proved how little he knew of the truth. He said, that if my impressions and those of General Ducrot were correct, it followed that the Minister of War was the only person who was ignorant of the facts of the case; for if they really were as I supposed, the Minister would certainly have spoken to him about them. That was conclusive; there was nothing more to be said. As I was leaving M. Blondeau, he observed that I did not seem to be satisfied. I answered that, even if General Ducrot and I exaggerated the dangers of the situation, it was painful for me to return to Strasburg without having obtained anything whatever."

Then appeared General Ducrot, who gave the Commission the following information:—"I commanded the Strasburg division for five years. When I first arrived there I wished to know what was in store, for there were large magazines full of objects. I found 2000 cannon, of which about 400 or 500 were fit for use. All the others were old bronze. There were stone cannon-balls of the time of Louis XIV., and an enormous quantity of flint-muskets. I wrote at once (in 1865) to the Minister of War, calling his attention to the fact that all this was very much out of place in a frontier fortress, and asking that the useless objects should be trans-

ported into the interior of France, that they should be replaced by serviceable stores, and that the cannon should be put on carriages. I found that we had cooking-pots for 2000 men and water-flasks for 15,000, and so on with everything else. Many absolutely indispensable articles were altogether wanting. There were no halters or picket-ropes for horses; but there was black cloth enough to dress more than 100,000 men.

"I wrote to the Minister that all this was inadmissible, and I insisted on the necessity of relieving us of our useless stock and of sending us what we needed. I talked about it all to M. de la Valette, who was then my intendant. He drew up a statement of what was wanted for a corps of 30,000 men, with a reserve of 10,000, showing exactly what we had in excess and what we had not got at all. We verified this statement together, and I sent a copy of it to M. Blondeau. I remember particularly that we required 144 waggons, and that we had only 18; and I begged M. Blondeau to remedy this at once. He replied by a polite letter, saying that he recognised the justice of my observations, and that he would attend to them. Soon afterwards M. de la Valette informed me that he too had written, but with no result; and he asked me to communicate officially with General de Failly, who commanded the corps d'armée, saying that he (La Valette) would do the same to the Ministry of War. This was done. I got a reply stating that before waggons could be sent to us it was necessary to see if we could provide shelter for them. There the matter remained until the war broke out. I had spent five years in asking uselessly for indispensable objects."

These two stories supply good illustrations of what was manifestly

the general condition of the French army. The Ministry was convinced that its management was excellent; it would listen to no complaints, it would follow no advice; it calmly continued its habits and traditions, the essential principle of which was to leave things as they were.

After this indication of the situation during the period which preceded the war, we will now give details of what occurred at the moment when the war began.

As regards the numerical force of the army, which is naturally the first question to consider, no absolutely exact data are obtainable. The various official statements which have been published are not only incomplete, but disagree frequently with each other. It is, however, quite possible to group the figures according to the seeming probabilities of the case, and so arrive at an approximate result. The nominal peace footing was 400,000 men, and the reserve of the active army stood at 165,000; so that on this showing, there ought to have been 565,000 men immediately disposable. But the very first thing we discover is, that the 400,000 men who were counted in the budget were not under the colours; and, though it is not possible to determine with precision the number who really were there, we shall find good reason for presuming that, on 15th July 1870, it could not have exceeded 300,000 altogether—the other 100,000 having evidently been sent away on leave, so as to economise their pay and rations. It is true that, at the plebiscite of the 8th of May, 330,000 soldiers had apparently voted in France and Algeria; but it will be seen directly that we cannot find that number in July. It is therefore probable that, directly after the plebiscite, 30,000 more men were sent home, in addition to the 70,000 who were

already evidently absent in May. These figures do not pretend to be strictly exact; but as to the main fact that the effective force of the French army had been reduced to a very low ebb indeed in the summer of 1870, no doubt is possible; for General de Palikao, who was Minister of War from 10th August to 4th September 1870, uses the following words in his book, '*Un Ministère de 24 jours*.' In speaking of the plebiscite he says—"The result of this political act was to show Europe that the total number of men present in our army was only 250,000." This figure is, however, too low, and was used probably as expressing the number of fighting men, after deducting the non-combatants. Still, reduced as the army was in fact, the theoretical number of disposable men stood, as we have said, at 565,000. Let us see what this produced in reality on the outbreak of war.

In his evidence before the Commission of the Chamber, *Maréchal le Bœuf* put in a written statement, from which it results that, on the 2d of August, the entire army of the Rhine, including the troops of *McMahon*, and even the corps of *Canrobert*, which was not then really formed, amounted to 244,000 men; and that figure is confirmed by *General Frossard* in his book on the operations of the corps which he commanded. But this included, necessarily, such of the men on leave, and such of the reservists, as had had time to reach their regiments since they were called out on the 14th of July, nineteen days before. It may be guessed, under all the circumstances, that the men of these two classes who had managed to join their corps by the 2d of August must have represented somewhere about 44,000; so that, if that estimate be correct, the number of men of the Rhine army who were with

the colours before the war was about 200,000. If the number of leave men and reservists exceeded 44,000, then the 200,000 must, of course, be proportionately diminished, which would make the previous situation worse still; for it appears

in the evidence that all the other troops in France, in Algeria, and at Civita Vecchia, irrespective of those incorporated in the army of the Rhine, did not, on or about the 20th of July, exceed 93,000, made up as follows:—

Eleven regiments of the line,	14,500	men.
Three battalions of African infantry,	2,500	"
Eight regiments of cavalry,	6,000	"
The part of Canrobert's corps which had remained at Chalons,	10,000	"
And the depots, which are put at about,	60,000	"
So giving a general total of	93,000	"

Consequently, we can only discover, altogether, about 293,000 men (which we have previously put roundly at 300,000) as having been under arms before the declaration of war, instead of the 400,000 voted in the budget.

To this original basis of 293,000 men we have now to add the 107,000 who (to make up 400,000) must evidently have been on leave, and also the 165,000 of the reserve. The former were of course soldiers, but the same cannot possibly be said of the latter. All the reservists, it is true, had been in the army, and had consequently received a military education; but since they had finished their term they had never been called out for exercise, and scarcely any of them had ever seen a chassepot, for that arm had been introduced into the service after the greater part of them had left it. Furthermore, most of them considered themselves to be virtually freed from any further obligations towards their country; and it was proved by thousands of lamentable examples, that it was not with any lively feeling of discipline or duty that they found themselves called upon to rejoin. It is worth while to quote one instance out of many, of the disorder which reigned amongst them. We will take it

from an interesting book on the action of the railways during the war, which has been published by M. Jacquemin, manager of the Eastern Company. He says: "From the third or fourth day (after the declaration of war), our stations, like those of every line in France, were encumbered with soldiers of the reserve belonging to every regiment in the army; they were grouped by the district intendants under the orders of non-commissioned officers, but the latter had no authority over their detachments, and knew nothing of the men who composed them. The result was that men kept dropping off on the way, and that these isolated soldiers soon formed a floating mass which wandered about the roads and railway stations, living at the cost of any charitable persons they could find, but never reaching their corps. At the end of August the station at Reims had to be defended against an attempt at pillage made by a band of 4000 or 5000 of these men, who had given up all idea of joining their regiments." It is fair, however, to add that, in many cases, these men had to go enormous distances to join; several regiments were more than 400 miles from their depots, to which all the men had to go in the first instance; and General Vinoy quotes, in his book, as a

specimen of the organisation which prevailed, the famous story of the Zouaves who were sent to Algeria to get their uniforms and then brought back to France to fight. He says: "In the war of 1870, reserve men belonging to the regiments of Zouaves, but residing in the northern departments, had to cross the whole of France and to embark at Marseilles in order to get themselves armed and equipped at Coleah, Oran, or Philippeville, and then come back to their corps at the point whence they had started. They travelled 1300 miles by railway and crossed the Mediterranean twice." Another tale, of exactly the same kind, was related by M. Blondeau in his evidence. He said that by far the greater part of the reserves of *infirmiers* and of workmen required for the army belonged to sections of these services which had their depots in Algeria; that when the war broke out he entreated that these men might be sent direct to the army of the Rhine, where they were most urgently required; that he was told in reply that such an arrangement would be "too complicated," and that the men must go according to rule; and that, in fact, a very large number of them (nearly 3000 apparently, though, as the statement is rather confused, that figure may be incorrect) were embarked at Toulon and sent to Africa because routine required it.

Between the want of discipline of the men and the disorder of the management, the incorporation of the reserves went on with extraordinary slowness; indeed, we have just supplied evidence enough of that slowness by showing that the number of those who had joined the army of the Rhine on the 2d August, nineteen days after they were called out, could not probably have exceeded 44,000. Now, according to

a document emanating from the Minister of War, 163,000 reservists were started off to their regiments between the 18th and 28th of July; and we must necessarily suppose that the 107,000 men whom we imagine to have been on leave were also on their way to join, so making 270,000 men in all who were travelling to their destinations during the second fortnight of July. If, therefore, we are right in our computation, that only 44,000 of them had reached the army of the Rhine on the 2d of August, it follows that the remaining 226,000 must have been at that date either at the depots of their regiments, or else on the roadsides all over France. Of course it is not possible to say how many of them had got to their depots; but there is good reason for believing that the number who were wandering along the highways and round the railway stations was enormous, for all the histories and reports are full of lamentations on the subject. The majority of these 226,000 men were utilised afterwards, that is evident; but there is no exaggeration in presuming that, during July and part of August, at least 100,000 of them were straying about the country living on public charity.

This is indeed a frightful story, and it would be impossible to believe it if it were not told, directly or indirectly, by the numerous French witnesses on the subject. It is so sad and strange that it is worth while to resume it in one sentence, and to repeat once more, that at the moment when the war broke out, the French army consisted nominally of 400,000 men, of whom about 107,000 appear, according to the probabilities of the case, to have been absent on leave, the remaining 293,000 being present with the colours; that when these 107,000 men, and also the

163,000 men of the reserve, were ordered to join, only 44,000 of the two classes (which numbered together 270,000) had reached the army of the Rhine in nineteen days; and that of the remaining 226,000, one-half may be presumed to have got to their depots or their regiments elsewhere than in the Rhine army, while the other half continued to wander about France without any apparent intention of joining voluntarily at all.

We get next to the *Garde Mobile*. When war was declared it existed on paper only. It is true that, in 1869, a little drilling of the Parisians belonging to it had taken place; but the experiment had given the worst possible results; the men had behaved disgracefully, and the attempt had been abandoned. A slight commencement of organisation had also been sketched out in the eastern departments; but when *Maréchal le Bœuf* became Minister of War in 1869, he had suspended the further preparation and instruction of the men, on the ground that he did not believe there was the slightest use in it. It may therefore be observed, before we pass on, that *Maréchal le Bœuf* appears to have intended to fight Germany with nothing but the 565,000 men of the regular army and its reserve. The nominal effective of the *Garde Mobile* stood originally at 500,000, as we have stated; in 1870 it was given officially at 420,000, but it does not appear that even 20,000 men thereof had been really utilised at the end of August. Such of its members as had been called up at that date were exclusively in the eastern fortresses; for it is not possible to count the Parisian battalions which conducted themselves at Chalons in such a fashion that they had to be recalled to Paris as being not only useless, but dangerous.

From all these figures it results

that the whole nominal force of the French army, regular troops, reserves, and *Mobiles* included, amounted to about 985,000 men: and *Maréchal le Bœuf* has stated in his evidence that, out of this general total, 567,000 really serviceable men could be relied upon; but, if we allow for the sick and the non-combatant services, which would represent on this latter total 74,500 men, and also for the *gendarmerie* and the troops absolutely required in the interior and in Algeria, the number to be so deducted may be put altogether at 130,000. There would therefore remain only 437,000 men to bring into line, from which again we must deduct the number of the reservists who did not join. So that, whichever way we turn the question, it seems indisputable that, the total forces of every kind which could be seriously employed against the enemy at the first commencement of the campaign could not have much exceeded 300,000 fighting men, only five-sixths of whom were on the frontier. It should be repeated that these figures cannot be absolutely relied upon, for some of them are hypothetical and the rest are extracted from a mass of contradictory official evidence; they seem, however, to present a reasonable appearance of truth.

The *matériel* was in an even worse state than the men. General Suzanne, who, in 1870, was Director of *Matériel* at the Ministry of War, informed the parliamentary Commission that, when the war broke out, France possessed 21,000 cannons, of which 10,000 were field-pieces. So she did; but, unfortunately, these numbers included, as Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier observed in his speech to the Commission on 13th June, 1873, "cannons of the time of Louis XIV., and the artillery of Gribeauval;" all the

old smooth-bore guns were also counted in it as forming part of the disposable armament. Furthermore, though there really were 4000 rifled field-guns, only 2376 of them possessed carriages and limbers; the others were all lying on the ground. And even this reduced quantity could not be utilised, for the number of horses required for them was 51,548, with a corresponding supply of harness; so that, as only 31,904 horses were forthcoming, it was not possible to send more than 150 batteries (300 guns) to the army of the Rhine; and even this number included mitrailleurs, so cutting down the cannon, properly so called, to 850. As, however, we have shown that the army of the Rhine was limited to 244,000 men, it follows, after all, that, in consequence of its numerical weakness, the theoretical number of 4 guns to each 1000 men was really reached. It should be added that there was harness for 47,000 horses; it was therefore found possible, by making limbers and buying horses, to turn out 80 more batteries by the latter half of August, just in time to send them to Sedan to be taken by the Prussians.

The story of the muskets is of the same nature. The official reports showed that there were 3,350,000 of them in hand on 1st July, 1870, and it was argued that, with so vast a supply, an army of 900,000 men would fight for several months. But it turned out that only one million of those muskets were chassepots, that 1,750,000 of them were percussion-guns, and that the rest were modified Minié's (*tabatières*). As an example of the fashion in which these arsenal statements were made up, it may be mentioned that 57,000 of those very guns had been sold as old iron, for six shillings each, and were in process of delivery to the buyer;

but they continued to be counted as available for service in the event of war! The result was that, after the first month, there were virtually no chassepots left, and that the contest had to be carried on with such inferior weapons of varied types as it was found possible to make or buy.

The stock of ammunition was so insufficient that only about 120 cartridges existed for each chassepot: in the very first battles of the campaign the supply was exhausted, and special manufactures had to be set up.

As for uniforms and kits, it was supposed that far more than enough were in store; but they ran short immediately, and contracts for every sort of article had to be made in all directions before the month of August was half over.

Of food it may be said that scarcely anything was ready. There were 38½ millions of biscuit-rations for the army, but no stocks had been laid up in the fortresses; in Metz, for instance, according to the evidence, there was a quantity of corn and flour, and some bacon, but neither rice, coffee, salt, nor wine.

The telegrams sent by the various commanders reveal the state of the supplies at the very commencement. On the 19th July, General de Failly telegraphed: "I have nothing—not even money; we require supplies of every kind." On the 24th the Intendant of the 5th Division telegraphed: "Metz, which supplies the 3d, 4th, and 5th corps, has no more biscuit or oats." The same day the Intendant of the 3d corps says: "The 3d corps leaves Metz to-morrow: I have no *infirmeriers*, no workmen, no ambulance-waggons, no field-ovens, no carts, and not one intendant in two divisions." On the 25th July, the Sous-Intendant at Mézières sent word: "There is neither biscuit nor salt."

meat to-day at Mézières or Sedan." On the 28th, *Maréchal le Bœuf* telegraphed: "We cannot march for want of biscuit." On the 29th, General Ducrot telegraphed to Strasburg, from Reichshoffen, where he was with his division: "The question of food is becoming more and more grave; the intendance gives us absolutely nothing; everything is eaten up around us." And all this, let it be borne in mind, took place in France itself, with the bases of supplies close to the army, and before one battle had been fought.

The same disorder existed in the fortresses; not one of them was in a state of defence. We have already described the state of Strasburg; the Bazaine trial has shown the condition of Metz; the construction of the outlying forts there were scarcely commenced; at Belfort nothing was done until two or three months after the declaration of war: Toul, a most important strategic point, was not armed. In Paris the state of things was almost worse; the forts contained one guardian each; not a gun was in battery in them.

Whichever way we look through this long, saddening testimony, the story is the same. M. Wolf, Intendant of M'Mahon's corps, says that there were no orders and no plans; that, though the railway company could carry nearly all that was required, it could not, for want of men, unload the waggons when they arrived at their destination, and that the unloading had to be done by the troops; that it often happened that a mile of waggons stood for a week full of objects which were most urgently required, because it was impossible to discharge them. Everybody declares that there were no ambulances, no hospitals, and no nurses; and that if it had not been for private charity and for the society for helping the wounded,

the men would have been left to die where they dropped. But let it be remembered that, while all this was happening in Alsace, hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of hospital attendants and army workmen were at that very moment on their way to Africa, in obedience to routine. General Ducrot says that, before his division quitted Strasburg, he applied for permission to leave the shakos of the men in store there; that the Ministry of War had not dared to consent to so bold a measure; and that, in consequence, as his men preferred to fight with their *képis*, they flung their shakos into the ditches to get rid of them, and that they "became the playthings of all the boys in Alsace," who picked them up on the roadsides. In many of the regiments the men had no spare needles for their chassepots; "no one knew how to fire a mitrailleuse, except one officer; a few shots, with powder, were fired from them before starting, so as to see how 'these machines' were to be employed." The cavalry was organised on five different bases between 15th July and 15th August; it often happened that regiments and even divisions of cavalry were annexed to divisions of infantry; the plans and projects varied every day, and sometimes several times each day, as is proved by the orders and counter-orders which were telegraphed to Paris as to the supplies of food to be sent by rail to the army.

Such is, in all truth and fairness, with no exaggeration, and with no selection of exceptionally bad facts, the story told by the witnesses. Such was the state of the French army at the commencement of the campaign—such was the practical effect produced by the "system" of military management which was then in force in France.

This was the condition of things

dowa to the 10th of August. On that day the Olivier Government was turned out and the Palikao Ministry came in. The first stage of the story ends there. On the 10th of August the Germans were streaming across the Saar and through the Vosges and were close to Metz, where the larger part of the army of the Rhine was waiting to be shut up; the rest of it had been defeated and had fallen back on Chalons. A new army was required, with new arms and new stores. Then the second series of preparations commenced. General de Palikao says in his book that he provided "a re-constituted army of 140,000 men, at Chalons; that he got together three other corps d'armée (including thirty-three new regiments), with their armament, their artillery, and their supplies; that he organised 100,000 Mables in the provinces, and brought them up to aid in the defence of Paris; that he placed Paris in a state of defence; that he armed the forts; and that he did all this between the 10th of August and the 4th September." If really he did all this, then the situation on the 10th of August could not have been so bad as it looked; but, in fact, he did nothing of the kind. The truth about his administration is as follows.

The 1st corps (McMahon), the 5th (De Failly), and the 7th (Douay), which had been organised at the beginning of the war, had retreated, after the battle of Woerth, towards Chalons, and all that the Ministry of War had to do for them was to send them the men and supplies which they required. The 12th corps, which was added to them at Chalons, was mainly composed of infantry of marine, completely organised. Furthermore, several regiments belonging to the 6th corps at Metz had not been able to join it, and had been

sent to Chalons. So far General de Palikao had only to direct—he had nothing to create; and even as regards the new 13th corps (Vinoy), he did not do much more, for that corps consisted of the garrison of Civita Vecchia, which had been recalled in all haste, and of new regiments made up out of the dépôts and reservists. All these troops existed; they had but to be grouped together. The 14th corps was nowhere, even on the 4th of September; it did not acquire a form until a later period. The 100,000 Mables called into Paris were neither armed nor equipped; it was during the month of September that their percussion-muskets were exchanged for breech-loaders, and that cloth uniforms were made to replace their cotton trousers and blouses. It is true that the fortifications of Paris were hurried into condition by General de Palikao; but there was so much to be done to them, that when the Prussians reached Paris on the 19th of September, the place might still have been taken by a *coup de main*.

In reality General de Palikao utilised the *débris* of the defeated armies, emptied the depôts, collected the reservists, and got out the last muskets which had been overlooked in the magazines, and the cannon for which no horses had been forthcoming at the beginning. As for providing fresh arms, it is evident from his own book that he did not do so, for he states that he only bought 38,000 rifles while he was Minister. Still, though he did a vast deal less than he claims to have done, he deserves praise for having shown energy and resolution in a desperate position, and for doing probably the best that could be done with the pre-existing materials at his disposal.

One only of the members of the Ministry of the 10th of August

dared to innovate, and to inaugurate the system of contempt for rules and routine which was to be so vigorously carried out by the Government of the 4th of September. M. Clément Duvernois, Minister of Commerce, spent £8,000,000 in a fortnight in buying food for Paris. He did this, of course, with much disorder; but he did it, and by doing so, he rendered an enormous service to his country, for it was solely in consequence of his work that Paris was enabled to stand a siege of 4½ months. And here it may be worth while to mention a curious fact which does not seem to have ever become generally known. All this tremendous effort to fill Paris with food, though carried out with the utmost publicity, was completed without one word of it reaching the ears of the Germans. Here is the proof thereof. The Crown Prince of Prussia arrived at Versailles on the evening of the 20th September. The next morning, while walking in the picture-galleries of the palace, he met Mr. W. H. Russell; with Mr. Russell was an Englishman who had left Paris three days before, and it was from that Englishman that the Crown Prince learnt for the first time, with much astonishment and some incredulity, that Paris had been supplied with food and would stand a siege. The Prince immediately called General von Blumenthal, his chief of the staff, and told him this unexpected and disappointing news. The German army arrived round Paris with the conviction that the city could not resist, and that they would take it at once. The siege was a painful surprise to them. It was through the energy of M. Clément Duvernois, and through his contempt for rules, that they were kept outside till February. Unfortunately for M. Duvernois, he has since shown his contempt for rules in another man-

ner; he is now undergoing two years' imprisonment for frauds committed in the management of a company of which he became a director after the war.

We now reach the third phase of the war preparations. On the 4th of September all real hope had disappeared; France was beaten; she had no army left; half her troops had been taken at Sedan, the other half were blocked up in Metz. Scarcely any old soldiers remained excepting a part of Vinoy's corps, which had been unable to reach Sedan and had come back to Paris; the arsenals were empty; the situation was desperate. But then, when it had become manifestly useless to go on fighting, a series of efforts was made which, though they came too late to win back victory, proved at all events that, even after routine had destroyed all chances of success, something could still be attempted by strong will and vigour.

Here, however, the subject changes its character. Thus far we have been describing the results attained by the Ministry of War, by the official military system under which France had been managed during the preceding twenty years. We now arrive at the moment when professional direction was replaced by civil direction, when the Ministry of War disappeared as a motive power. But at the same date the preparations for defence became divided into two parts, so entirely distinct from each other, that we must cease to regard the work done as a whole, and must look separately at what was effected in Paris and what was effected in the provinces. We will take Paris first.

In Paris there were men enough, in all conscience, to create an immense army; there were, indeed, a vast deal too many of them, for the 100,000 Mobiles, added to the regular troops who had re-entered Paris,

absorbed all the really serviceable arms and accoutrements that could at first be provided, and rendered it impossible, for that reason, to make any immediate use of the inhabitants. And here it may be observed that, if the law enrolling all men under 35 years of age had been

practically enforced in Paris, the Mobiles could have been left in the country, and would have formed another army there. The number of soldiers available in Paris, at the commencement of the siege, appears to have been as follows:

Regular troops,	135,000
Gendarmes,	6,000
Mobiles,	116,000
Sailors,	11,000
Custom-house and Forest Guards,	6,000
Total,	274,000

The regular troops were composed (in addition to Vinoy's corps) of the elements of the uniformed 14th corps, and of a large number of the conscripts of 1870, who had just been called out. There were, in addition to this large force, about 12,000 francs-tireurs, and 266 battalions of National Guards, whose exact number was never known, but who may be roughly estimated at about 300,000 men. It is generally believed that about 120,000 of the latter might really have been made into soldiers, but it was not till the end of November that the slightest attempt was made to utilise them. The total number of men of all kinds under arms in Paris was therefore about 586,000, and that vast mass allowed itself to be shut in, on the 19th September, by a German army which, at that date, did not include more than 120,000 fighting men, and which had to guard a circle of 50 miles!

The details of the armament which had been got into Paris were as follows: The cannon for the forts had been brought up at the beginning of August; 549 tons of powder were ready, but there were no loaded projectiles, and the cannon for the fortifications themselves were still in the country. On the 8th, Paris was declared in

a state of siege; and in four days, by working very hard, 525 guns were got into their places on the ramparts. Ammunition was brought up in large quantities; the marine arsenals supplied 228 rifled cannon of very large size, with ammunition for 200 shots for each of them. On the 25th of August there were 1700 tons of powder in Paris; the tobacco-works were turned into a cartridge-factory, and private contracts were made for projectiles of all sorts. On the 3d September, 703 cannon were in battery in the forts of Paris and St. Denis, and the forts were largely supplied with ammunition. As regards muskets, there are no exact returns; but it is known that 280,000, of different types, had been issued to the National Guard by the end of September; that 153,000 were delivered to the Germans after the siege by the regular troops and Mobiles; and that about 25,000 more were retained by the troops who were not disarmed: but the total thus indicated is certainly much inferior to the reality. Of field-guns there were a large quantity; the army had 93 batteries, the sailors 16, the Garde Mobile 15, and the National Guard 9. On this showing there were 798 field-guns, 602 of which were handed over to the Germans.

A considerable number of these field-guns were made in Paris during the siege, and a large quantity of muzzle-loading muskets were simultaneously converted into breech-loaders. One manufactory of sewing-machines transformed 50,000.

Finally, as regards food, the position was as follows:—

The 'Bulletin de la Municipalité de Paris' of 26th September 1870 stated that the stock of flour which had been got in before the investment amounted to 45,700 tons; so that, as the consumption each day was about 700 tons, it was calculated that the place could hold out for 64 days. But, very luckily, this estimate was far under the reality. It turned out that Paris contained much more flour than was supposed, and that there was in reality enough for 131 days; so that, allowing for diminutions which were afterwards effected in the daily rate of eating by putting the population on reduced rations, it is evident that the real quantity of flour in hand at the origin must have been nearly 90,000 tons; and that quantity does not include either the supply for the troops or the provision laid in by private persons. Meat appears to have been furnished by 24,000 bullocks, 150,000 sheep, 6000 pigs—all got in by M. Duvernois—and 60,000 horses. It should, however, be added, that none of these figures can be regarded as positively exact: they are probably tolerably near the truth; but as no official statistics have ever been published on the subject, they are only put forward here as estimates based on such information as it has been found possible to collect.

But all these preparations, after all, were as nothing compared with the astonishing efforts which were made in the provinces. In Paris the will to struggle usefully, if,

indeed, it really did exist at all, was manifestly paralysed by the incompetence of the military direction which continued to prevail there: but in the provinces the entire power was exclusively in the hands of civilians; and what they did, though useless and in wild disorder, was altogether amazing under the circumstances. Notwithstanding the exhaustion of the country, there still remained some scattered forces to collect. By the 16th September a hundred companies were formed out of the remnants of each of the regimental depots. The best of the Mobiles were collected into regiments and brigades. Three line regiments which had been left in Algeria were brought over. With these troops the 15th corps was created, which became afterwards the nucleus of the army of the Loire. All the Mobiles of the south and centre were called up. A separate group of 13,000 men was got together at Rouen under General Gudin, and another of 4000 men at Evreux under General Delarue. At Chartres and Amiens other groups were formed; and an army of 20,000 men grew up at Le Mans. In the eastern departments Cambriels rallied 5000 or 6000 stragglers; and in addition to all this, the formation of a 16th Corps was commenced at Tours.

But all these agglomerations were of no real military value; most of the men who composed them were raw labourers, who were armed with percussion-muskets pending the arrival of breech-loaders from abroad. Indeed, if we are to judge by the evidence of General Lefort, who was, at the commencement, Secretary-General of the Ministry of War at Tours, no very clear idea seems to have existed at first as to the possibility of using any of these men. He said to the Commission, "I

ought to tell you that, when we began the organisation of the 16th corps, I did not really expect that it would be called upon to take any part in military operations. Under that impression I observed to the Minister of War (Crémieux), that, though this new army was perhaps not destined to really act, I regarded its formation as indispensable, for the sake of the considerable moral effect that it might have not only on the defenders of Paris, but also on the populations of the south and centre, who would feel that there was a French army between them and the Germans."

On the 9th October, however, a different spirit was thrown into the work. On that day M. Gambetta arrived from Paris and put an end to the ridiculous follies of M. Crémieux and M. Glais Bizoin, who were disputing which of them should be Minister of War. The new dictator knew no more about the matter than they did, but, at all events, he was young and fiercely energetic. His first act was to call to his aid a man whose acts have been judged with much diversity of opinion—M. de Freycinet—who became, in reality, Minister of War at Tours. This gentleman was an engineer of the Imperial Corps of Mines, and it was he who, under the title of "délégué à la guerre," managed all the details of military organisation at Tours and Bordeaux. The second act of M. Gambetta was to suspend the laws relative to promotion, and to decree that extraordinary promotion might be granted either for supposed capacity or for services rendered, and that military grades could also be bestowed on persons who were not in the army.

At the same date the formation of an auxiliary army, to be composed of Mobiles, National Guards, and francs-tireurs, was decreed. This new army was assimilated in every

respect to the regular army, so as to be capable of being amalgamated with it at any moment. Furthermore, all the departments within 60 miles of the enemy were declared to be in a state of war; a committee composed of officers and civil engineers was formed in each of them in order to fortify the department.

On the 3d of November, each department was called upon to provide, within two months, as many batteries as it contained 100,000 inhabitants. All francs-tireurs were ordered to become part of the army, in the territory where they might happen to be; every man under 40 years of age was called out; camps were formed for concentration and instruction; an intelligence department was established in the War Ministry; civil engineer and civil commissariat services were organised; horses were collected. During November and December seven new corps d'armée were formed, each of them composed of about 30,000 men. But of course these corps were virtually useless; it could not indeed be otherwise. To give one example of the fashion in which they were set going, it is worth while to quote a letter which was written by M. de Freycinet to Captain Jaurès of the navy, when the latter was named general of the 21st corps. This letter has never been published, but it well merits to be known for the sake of the strange picture which it presents. It said:

"You are appointed General of Brigade in the auxiliary army, and are intrusted with the command of the troops who were formerly under the orders of General Fierrière, with whom you will immediately make arrangements. You will also make arrangements with Colonel Rousseau, who will become your chief of the staff. You will eliminate from the troops of whom I have just spoken all the men belonging to the 16th

and 18th corps, and you will send them to their respective chiefs. With the remainder, and with the Mobiles that you may be able to get together, you will form a corps d'armée of forty or fifty thousand men in three divisions, which will be called the 21st corps, and which you will command.

"You will form your artillery yourself, so as to have 18 batteries, if you can. You will also form your proper quantity of cavalry, unless, indeed, it be impossible to do so, in which case we will try to help you. For the organisation of your corps in *matériel*, we will give you the necessary powers for making requisitions in the departments of the Manche, Calvados, Orne, Sarthe, Mayenne, Eure et Loir, and Eure. Go on, then. Form your *cadres* yourselves; if you want a few officers we will give them to you; but do your utmost to suffice for yourself, and to quickly get a veritable army into line, formed of all the *débris* around you, and of the new elements which you will create yourself."

These impossible orders were positively executed! General Jaurès took up his command on 20th November, got together stragglers in all directions, and formed a corps which, when compared with others of the army of the Loire, was singularly solid; for it was that corps which stopped the Duke of Mecklenburg for three days at Le Mans, and fought the last fight of the war at Sillé le Guillaume.

It is needless to pursue further the story of the efforts made in the west. Those efforts serve to show the difference between the tremendous energy of the amateur civilians and the stolid incapacity of the professional authorities; but that fact, after all, only proves what we knew before—that strong will can attain results which are beyond the

reach of indolence and routine. The old system resisted the German army for one month, the new one held out against it for five months—hopelessly, uselessly, madly, it is true—but it held out.

And now let us revert to the question which was implicitly raised at the commencement, and see if we can form a distinct opinion as to the distribution of responsibilities. It cannot be supposed that, even if the French army had been thoroughly well organised, it could have stood successfully before its tremendous foe, for mere numbers would have inevitably beaten it in the long run. But certainly, weak as it was numerically, we are justified by the nature of the earlier battles of the war, in believing that it could have fought on for months, if only it had commenced the campaign in good order, with supplies and with capable commanders. Whose fault is it that neither order, nor supplies, nor generals were there, and that the entire army was hopelessly vanquished in four weeks, between Woerth and Sedan?

The French press has passionately discussed this question; but, unfortunately, it has almost invariably considered it from political points of view, so as to serve party interests, and not at all with the impartiality which is needed in order to solve so tangled a problem. The Republicans, the Orleanists, and the Legitimists of course declare that the omnipotence of Napoleon III. renders him alone responsible. The Bonapartists reply by counting up the hostile votes and speeches of the Opposition deputies, and try to prove from them that the plans of military action put forward by the Imperial Government after 1866 were paralysed by the Chamber. The eager reformers who have risen up in such abundance since the peace attribute the greater part of the blame to the pre-

judiced routine of the Ministry of War. The English press has added one more explanation by asserting that the temperament and dispositions of the whole French people had a not inconsiderable share in inducing the breakdown.

It would be a very difficult—perhaps even an impossible—task to apportion the blame with critical exactness between these various elements; and here there is no space for the long developments which such an inquiry would necessitate: but, as foreigners, we have, at all events, an advantage over the French in the matter, because, having no personal interests and no political party to serve, we are able to recognise that blame is merited in each one of the four directions mentioned; and that, even if it be impracticable to allot it everywhere in precise degrees, the great fact is clear to us that it is deserved all round.

But, though we will not attempt to weigh out judgments so as to fit them accurately to the relative guiltiness of the accused, we may, in safety, indicate the general proportions of censure to which we are led by the evidence which has been given here. It seems impossible to deny that the great first culprit was the Ministry of War, taken as a collective whole expressing the system and the principles on which the French army was administered. It was in the hands of that institution that all working power was deposited, that all information was collected, that all initiative was concentrated; it was the supreme master of the army. We have seen that it did its work with negligence, incapacity, conceit, and disorder; it is on it that, without any possi-

bility of reasonable doubt, the great condemnation of history will rest.

Next in culpability stands, incontestably, the Emperor himself. No argument, no evidence, can set him free; on the contrary, in the eyes of all impartial persons who study the arguments and the evidence, whatever be their sympathy for the fallen or their respect for the dead, his share in the wretched tale is frightfully heavy. Without alluding to the collateral details of the question, to the councils of generals which, according to M. d'Audiffret Pasquier, he held during the spring of 1870, so as to get all ready; or to the pamphlet, evidently written or inspired by him, which was privately printed in Paris two months before the war, showing that the North German army alone amounted to 895,000 men, and that France was no match for it,* and limiting his responsibility to mere questions of technical preparation and forethought,—it is manifest that a terrible load weighs upon him. He had voluntarily assumed a position of individual power, and consequently of individual responsibility; and his position before France and before history is scarcely less grave than that of his acting agents at the Ministry of War, for he approved, maintained, and applied the system which brought about defeat and ruin.

The Chamber may be put third in the list. It was both incapable and ridiculous; its habitual subservience to the Emperor on the one hand, and its sudden assumption of independence on the subject of military organisation on the other, were as comical as they were lamentable. It understood nothing of the great questions which it pre-

* An original copy of this pamphlet, found in the Palace of the Tuilleries, is in the hands of the writer of this article; it is entitled, '*Une Mauvaise Économie*,' and was printed at the *Imprimerie Impériale* in May 1870.

sumed to touch; but, by the act of touching them, it assumed a share of the onus of failure.

And then comes the nation at large, impulsive but mistrustful, self-confident but credulous, abandoning everything to its rulers, but reserving boundless faith in itself, convinced that French soldiers could not fail to conquer, but grumbling at the cost of keeping them; and, with all this, adoring detail and routine—a repetition on a vast scale of the Ministry of War itself.

It may be said, in general terms, that in the universal race to ruin, the nation encouraged the Chamber, that the Chamber encouraged the Emperor, and that the Emperor encouraged his Minister. It was between them all, by their collective acts, that they arrived at the result. The blame of it must lie upon them all.

With few exceptions, the entire people, whatever may be said now to the contrary, entertained substantially the same views before the war; the immense majority was convinced that France was irresistible. The Opposition deputies went farther than any one in that belief; for they persistently asserted in the Chamber that no regular army was required at all, and that, "with liberty and a National Guard," France would be a match for all possible enemies. The Government profited so eagerly by every possible opportunity to assure the nation of its strength, that it is worth while to give a few examples of the sort of talking it indulged in. *Maréchal Randon*, then Minister of War, said, in April 1867: "What! a nation like France, which, in a few weeks, can assemble 600,000 soldiers round its flags, which has 8000 field-pieces in its arsenals, 1,800,000 muskets, and powder enough to make war for six years,—that nation is

not always ready to sustain by arms its honour and its right? The army is not ready to commence a campaign when it counts in its ranks the veterans of Africa, of Sebastopol, of Solferino?—when it has to lead it these experienced generals and this crowd of young officers, prepared by the expeditions of Algeria and Mexico to exercise higher commands? What army is there in Europe which possesses such elements of experience and energy? Our infantry is not yet entirely armed with the needle-gun; but has the forward march of our *voltigeurs* ever been stopped, in our old wars, by the Tyrolese sharpshooters, armed with their rifled carbines, or by the English riflemen? Oh! then let us recall the military virtues of our fathers: they are worth more than needle-guns!"

And this was proclaimed by a Marshal of France in the year after *Sadowa*!

On the 18th of January 1869, the Emperor said to the Chambers: "Our improved armament; our arsenals and our magazines all full; our reserves well exercised; the *Garde Mobile* now forming; . . . our fortresses in perfect condition,—give our power an indispensable development; . . . the military resources of France are henceforth suited to her destiny in the world."

On the 20th of March 1869, *Maréchal Niel* said, in a speech to the *Corps Législatif*:—

"The soldiers of the *Garde Mobile* are all inscribed in the control lists, and are organised in territorial circumscriptions, by companies and battalions. We are organising the officers. If danger came, and a rapid result were necessary, we are in a position to attain it. We have an excellent army, well instructed, full of ardour, perfectly organised, and provided with everything. . . . I do not know what is generally:

felt in France, but, for my part, I regard with much philosophy the questions of war or peace which are being discussed around us, and, if war were necessary, we are perfectly ready for it."

And on 12th April of the same year he said:—

"Whether it be peace or war is absolutely the same to the Minister of War. He is always ready. I will not repeat what I have said several times already, but the army can be put on a war footing in a week. I have nothing but 'an order to give.'"

On the 16th August 1869, the 'Moniteur' published the following note:—

"An army of 750,000 men disposable for war; nearly 600,000 men of the Garde Mobile; instruction everywhere pushed on to a degree hitherto unknown; 1,200,000 muskets manufactured in 18 months; the fortresses ready; an immense *matériel* prepared for every eventuality, of every kind;—in such a situation France stands confident in her force. All these vast results have been attained in two years!"

Such was the language held by the Emperor, by his War Ministers, and by his Government. The nation believed every word of it, not so much because the Government said it—that, perhaps, was rather a reason for doubting—but because those wordy boastings about military power were exactly what it liked and wanted; because they fitted in exactly with its temperament and its wishes; because, in fact, it would have been indignant if such speeches had not been made. It impera-

tively required declarations of this sort from its Government, and its Government was weak enough to give them.

Since 1870 a great wake-up has taken place; but still France longs for the same official assurances that she is great and powerful. There is no sign yet that the old spirit has been driven out, either amongst the people or at the Ministry of War; on the contrary, there is too much reason to believe that it continues to exist in both directions, in little-weakened strength. The events of 1870 supply a starting-point from which progress can be measured; that progress has commenced; in some respects it is both real and serious, in others it is scarcely perceptible: but though it will be recognised, after the story which has been told here, that there is room for it all round, it will indeed be wonderful if the Ministry of War does really shake off routine. Few people will venture to indulge the dream that such a result can ever be realised; for most of us are convinced that Dr. Chenu was right when he said, in his famous book on the Mortality of the French Army, that if an official of the Ministry of War had been present at the creation, he would have cried out to the Creator, "Stop, stop! this will not do at all; you are disturbing chaos."

And we English, have we nothing to learn from this woeful story? Is it sure that none of its teachings apply to ourselves as well as to the French?

THE DUTCH AND THEIR DEAD CITIES.

THE freshest impressions are most fruitful of pleasant associations, and we shall always be glad that we landed in Holland on our first visit to the Continent. But we can understand how that most interesting country is not half so much appreciated as it deserves to be; nor can we say how we might have found it ourselves, had we visited it after travelling elsewhere. Possibly it might have appeared to us, as to so many other people, dull, flat, and unprofitable. As it is, although we must confess that a little of it goes comparatively far, for its landscapes are undeniably tame, and the plan of its cities somewhat monotonous, yet we always revisit it with ever-renewed satisfaction. The change thither is complete, and everything that meets the eye refreshingly novel and original. You may even experience something of adventure on the passage, and get your first glimpses at the life of our amphibious neighbours in crossing the seas we have so often disputed with them. For ourselves, we were fortunate in that way, though the steamer on which we embarked on our maiden voyage—she hailed from Leith, and was “missing” afterwards, one foul day when she had been sent out overladen—made a singularly tedious passage of it. We brought up in a fog on some fishing banks in mid-ocean, and by the light of an outbreak of watery sunshine, found ourselves in the middle of a fleet of Dutch fishing-boats, who traded haddocks with us against bottles of schiedam. These clumsy wall-sided *pink*s, with the interminable stream-

ers hanging pendent from the gilded vanes at their mastheads, as they lay rocking lazily among wreaths of aqueous vapour, prepared us to appreciate those masterpieces of Van de Velde and Backhuizen we were happily soon to have opportunities of admiring. Their build had scarcely changed by a line in the course of centuries, any more than the serviceable costumes of their shaggy-trousered crews. Our bartering done, we made a fresh departure, groping our way half speed for the mouth of the Maas. It may have been as well for us that we took it easily and kept the lead going, when we fancied that we ought to be nearing our destination; for our compass had got all abroad, in sympathy with a shifting cargo of pig-iron, and our skipper had to confess that he had lost his way, and could tell as little as his compass about our bearings. There we lay, if not all that day, at least a good part of the morning, shifting about with the metal and the groundswell, till a sudden breeze swept aside the fog, and the sun burst out in all his brilliance. Since then we have seen him rise repeatedly in various latitudes just as we had sighted unfamiliar shores, but he has never showed us anything that impressed us more. Yet as we steamed back, retracing the way we had overrun, there was little visible to landward but the low lines of the sand-dunes, heaped the one behind the other. The coast of Holland, for all we could see of it, might have been nothing but a shifting sandbank, the favourite fishing-ground of the sea-birds that

were swooping and clamouring over it, had it not been for a white point or two that occasionally appeared to vanish again over the sky-line. These told of the presence of life and indefatigable industry; for the revolving points were the tips of the windmill sails—the motive power of the pumps that are perpetually going, and keeping the soaking country from being swamped. As you see how low the land lies when you open the broad estuary of the river, you begin to be conscious of a certain uneasiness lest you should chance to go down yourself in the course of your flying visit. The shoaling channel seems as likely to let the sea run in as to let the river run off. The Dutch have evidently been doing their best to speed the parting guest, who might easily make himself boisterously unpleasant on occasion, although quiet enough now. His bed is narrowed and deepened by formidable embankments, but he is become sluggish and dull, and is loath to leave it. The Maas has changed his nature with his name, and you would never recognise him for the impetuous Meuse you have since seen hurrying along at the foot of the rocky fortifications of Dinant. The soil and landslips he brings down in solution have plenty of time to settle here, and the buoys bobbing about on the shallows on all sides of you look like the heads of a flock of monster seals. The manufacture of those indispensable water-marks is become a staple industry in some of the stagnating seaports that are gradually being left high and dry, as land and sea are changing their levels; and, of course, the trade of the pilot is equally flourishing. Were it not that these worthy gentlemen were as safe and sure as they seem to be slow, more ships would discharge their valuable cargoes in the labyrinth of banks and shoals

that embarrasses the commerce of the Netherlands. The first Dutchman you meet off his native shores bo-a-nds you in a wreath of smoke of his own raising. His great porcelain pipe “goes of itself,” and he scarcely troubles himself to take his hands from his voluminous pockets to scramble up the side, or exchange salutations with the captain. He gives his leisurely orders chiefly by pantomime, with his eyes fixed contemplatively on the Maas as if he were seeking inspiration for a sonnet in the sluggish eddies of its muddy tide. But the type of man is highly characteristic not only of his particular calling, but of his country people in general. The blank inexpression of his face conceals a deal of shrewd intelligence as well as professional knowledge; and the square-built form wrapped up in the Flushing pea-jacket is capable of as much exertion as endurance. He is quite the sort of man you could imagine putting out to sea in any weather, fortified by Calvinistic acquiescence in the purposes of providence, as well as by constitutional indifference to danger, and a comfortable expectation of handsome salvage money; or working like a beaver behind the dams, when the wind from the west was blowing up a hurricane, and the surf was beating breaches from the side of the angry ocean; or opening the sluices if the worst came to the worst, and submerging his enemies with his personal property. It was just such a rough patriotic sea-dog, no doubt, who came off to the flotilla of the “beggars of the sea,” when Lumey de la Mark and the Seigneur of Trelong seized on the Spanish fortress of Brille and “robbed the Duke of Alva of his spectacles.” It was that stamp of sturdy fellow who used to sweep the narrow seas under Van Reuter, or sail in cock-boats into Arctic darkness

and ice-fields under such adventurous navigators as Heemskirk.

In the meantime, as we said, our friend is smoking like a chimney, and early as it is, applying himself from time to time to the flask of schiedam he produces from his pocket. Those worthy Netherlanders live by gin and tobacco; the heavy clouds breaking up on the horizon ahead on your star-board bow came from the smoke of the numerous distilleries of the flourishing town of Schiedam. And we can hardly conceive the most fanatical of temperance lecturers having the hardihood to persist in a professional tour of the United Provinces, after experiencing the depressing effects of the rawness of their mornings and evenings. Like Mynheer Van Dunk of the national ballad, the Dutchmen, though great drinkers, are no drunkards, chiefly for the reason that in their peculiar climate their sluggish constitutions take a deal of stimulating. Considerably beyond the point where the average Englishman begins to feel decidedly the worse for liquor, the Dutchman is only imbibing medicinally, and he swallows like the sand-beds of his Haarlem tulip gardens. If he took the pledge, he would have to change his habits and renounce all his favourite enjoyments. For the best part of the year, the whole of his country is enveloped in fogs or dense driving rain. When it does clear up, away from the sand-beds on the coast everything is left soaking; pools are forming in the bottom of the polders, the canals are brimming over, and there is a constant splash of water in course of falling from the pumps. The country people are out in steaming mists, on meadows divided by broad water ditches. When they go to market, they travel on the canal by *trekschuit* or jog along on a causeway

running through a waste of water. The wealthy citizen, as likely as not, has perched his mansion upon piles driven into the liquid sand that underlies his cellarage. In any case his front windows look out on one canal, his back windows on another: around him is a forest of masts and yards with sails of all sizes hung out to dry, while the great Place at the corner of the street is a basin covered with boats and barges. When he takes his pleasure of an evening in his pretty suburban garden, he reposes in a summer house reared upon poles over a canal that is brilliantly carpeted by duck-weed. The air about him is of course impregnated with damp which is often overcharged with unwholesome exhalations. Naturally he must correct that deleterious atmosphere with ardent spirits and strong tobacco; and as if to make the agreeable regimen easy for over-tender consciences, beneficent nature leaves him little choice in the matter. The inhabitants of great part of Holland are in the position of the seaman in the "Ancient Mariner,"—with "water, water everywhere," there is not a drop that is fit to drink. Foreigners fall back on the bottled produce of the German springs; the natives dash their beverage with schiedam, and work the better for it and live the longer.

We grant that, to live in the country with comfort, a man ought to have been born and brought up in it; but it is the very circumstances of the struggle for existence that make a short visit so interesting to strangers. It is the fashion to speak of the Dutch as if they were anything rather than romantic. To our mind, their national history has been a sustained romance of the most sensational character, in which the famous war to the knife that shook them free of the Spanish yoke

was merely an episode, and not the most remarkable. Ever since their savage ancestors, migrating westward, settled down in the swampy woodlands of Friesland and North Holland, they have been committed to a ceaseless struggle with the most formidable forces of nature. Heroically enduring and resolutely aggressive, they have hitherto had the best of it in their battle with the waters, although the storm-lashed ocean that assails them from without has found treacherous allies within their entrenchments. For the great rivers that drain the plains and mountains of Northern Europe come down in flood on the Dutch flats; and in the spring freshets that follow the breaking of the winter ice, they always threaten to burst their embankments. Frequently the water has had its way for the time, and it has kept its hold on some of the land it has conquered. Not so many centuries ago, although the precise date is uncertain, the sea burst through the northern break-water. It has left the old land-line marked out by the chain of islands that stretches to Hanover eastward from the Texel, and has rolled the shallow Zuyder Zee over what was once an inhabited country. Nor was there any reason, according to all appearance, why a recurrence of similar disasters should not have drowned the rest of Holland. Much of the surface lies well below the sea-level, with no better natural protection than the barrier of shifting sand heaps which is sometimes slightest and most vulnerable where the danger is most imminent. The pressure is greatest on the western coast, where, after the prevalence of particular winds, stupendous masses of troubled water are thrown back on Holland from the narrows at Dover. But man has never relaxed in the work of entrenching and embanking; and now indefatigable industry

is supplemented by the resources of science, and organised upon a system that experience has brought almost to perfection. Some of the great sea-dykes, such as those near the Helder and those others that protect the low-lying islands of Friesland, are triumphs of engineering as well as gigantic monuments of labour, while the works that bank in the dangerous flow of the Lower Rhine scarcely yield to them in grandeur of execution. The Dutch, at the cost of an immense expenditure, have done nearly all that is to be done by man, and have fortified themselves pretty effectually at all points. Yet, to say nothing of the heavy insurance they have to pay on their lives and property in the shape of the annual outlay on these waterworks, it is nothing but habit and natural courage that can have enabled them to live with easy minds and go on labouring hopefully for the future. For there is little exaggeration in the saying, that the springing of a leak may sink a province; and although the sea has latterly been kept at arm's-length, yet the inundations of the rivers are periodically disastrous. You ought to have strong nerves to slumber tranquilly in stormy weather behind the great bulwarks of Kappel; but in the provinces of Gelderland and North Brabant many a man night after night must go to his bed in an unpleasant uncertainty as to whether he may not be swept out of it before morning, to find himself adrift in an archipelago of ice-masses.

As the Dutch have made their country what it is, so the country has made the Dutch what they are. No wonder that men who, like their fathers before them, have been trained in such a school of self-reliance, should be good soldiers and good sailors, good traders, good farmers, and, above all, good patriots. They

have learned to value the blessings they have to toil so hard for, and the country they have to hold by hard fighting. But as the climate is as ungenial as the soil is ungrateful unless it is assiduously kept in condition, they have to make the very most of the means at their disposal, and have naturally learned to practise frugality. Agriculture and dairy farming alone could scarcely have covered the indispensable expenses of keeping out the ocean, so the Dutch early betook themselves to commerce, to stave off the poverty that threatened them. Bred to maritime adventure off their own dangerous coasts, they carried discovery into every ocean. It would be unfair to say that their early merchants and navigators were stimulated solely by the hope of gain, otherwise they would never have risked lives and ships on their desperate exploring expeditions in frozen latitudes. But, as a rule, being a highly practical people, profit and adventure went hand in hand. With their national determination, they persevered in establishing trading relations where these were most likely to be most lucrative; they set down their foot on the rich spice islands, whose revenues have since been such a god-send to the State as well as individuals; they laid themselves out for trade monopolies, to the exclusion of their rivals, as when they established their factories at Nagasaki in Japan. It must be owned that, in their trading, they often stooped, or even crawled, to conquer, as when the officials of these Japanese establishments consented to degrade themselves annually, in solemn ceremony, before the Mikado, that they might retain his countenance by their abject submission. But although, like the Americans, they worshipped the almighty dollar, and are said, in their adoration of it, to

have gone so far as to trample on the cross, yet, whatever we may think of their compliances, there can be no question of their courage. And however far-sighted their statesmen and chief burghers may have been, their seamen were by no means of imaginative temperaments, or apt to conjure up remote dangers. They fought their enemies, whoever these were and whenever they met them, without measuring the forces of the power they might provoke; but they fought them all the more fiercely beyond the line, that it was so far a cry to Europe from the spice islands and the Spanish Main. It was but natural that men who had always been disputing their land to the ocean should be hard to conquer, and impossible to enslave. They held to their property—no men more so: drowning it on occasion did not seem to the Dutchmen such a very desperate resource, since they had familiar experience of inundations, when they had had no time to prepare for them. And the prospect of a terrible revenge sweetened the sacrifice, for no people could be more vindictively fierce when their passions were excited: witness their treatment of De Witt and Ouden Barneveld, and the bloody faction fights of the Hooks and the Kabeljaws, of the Calvinists and the Arminians. Overtax them, oppress them, proscribe their religion, impress their seamen and cripple their commerce—they felt they were being robbed of all that was worth the living for; their phlegmatic natures were slowly wrought up to a white heat, and were not to be cooled down again except by the satisfaction of victory and of vengeance fully gratified. Hence, as we have said, their war of independence with Philip and his captains was but a natural episode in the national history; nor, in saying so, do we forget the acts of almost un-

paralleled heroism which have been made so familiar in the pages of Motley, that it is quite superfluous to do more than advert to them.

But if the progress of scientific inventions has assisted the Dutch in some essential respects, in other ways it has handicapped them more heavily than before in the hot race with eager rivals. When the fleets of their Indian Company used to spend years on the Indian voyage, it mattered little whether they sailed from the Thames or the Ij; and if they chanced to be becalmed for weeks off the Texel, it scarcely troubled the worthy burghers who freighted them. When tedious coasting voyages were made under sail to the European ports, it was of comparatively little consequence that time should be wasted off the bar of the Maas or in tacking about among the shallows of the Zuyder Zee. The transferring the cargoes of those deep-laden ships that could not clear the bar of the Pampas had been submitted to as an inevitable necessity, or else the kameeds or lighters filled with water were secured and sunk on either side of them; then the water was pumped out, and as the empty lighters rose, their buoyancy lifted the vessel between them. But the growth of the mercantile marine in other countries, improvements in shipbuilding, and, above all, the introduction of steam power, changed all that. When vessels made swift voyages, sometimes several voyages in the year, time became of the utmost importance to those who were competing in the markets of the world. Could we imagine Amsterdam colonised by Spaniards or Italians, we may be sure it would have lost its trade as Venice did, and pined away in gradual decay, like one of those "dead cities" in Northern Holland which we propose to visit with M. Havard by-and-

by. Of all the great European seaports, no one perhaps is less favourably situated. But the Dutchmen, habituated to get the better of difficulties, were the last people in the world to resign themselves to commercial extinction and straitened circumstances. Frugal as they are by habit and temperament, they have seldom come to shipwreck through penny wisdom. They began by cutting the great ship canal which runs parallel to the two seas, from the Ij to the Helder, through the whole length of the province of North Holland. For a time that canal satisfied the expectations of its projectors, and paid the country handsomely though indirectly. But in time it became clear that it answered its purposes but imperfectly. It began to fill up in spite of dredging, and ships sitting deep in the water had to lighten themselves of part of their cargoes at the northern terminus of Nieuwe Diep. Then the prevalent winds which set from the west blew at right angles to the course of the canal. Before it had been decided on originally, an alternative scheme had been broached and rejected, on account of its greater costliness. Subsequently the rejected scheme was brought forward again, rapidly assumed a definite shape, and has resulted in the construction of the great North Sea Canal.

The estimated expense was as serious a consideration as the engineering difficulties. But it was felt that the commercial existence of Amsterdam was at stake, and that the fate of the city depended on the success of the undertaking. Already the community of merchant princes and cosmopolitan bankers threatened to degenerate into so many speculators and stockjobbers. So the capital of £2,600,000 was found, the State and the city coming

to the assistance of the promoters, and the canal was cut. We had the good fortune to make one of the party when the Board of Directors made the trial trip from sea to sea; and although knowing little of technical engineering, we shall never forget the impression made on us by the ingenuity with which difficulties had been surmounted, and the stupendous character of the works at either end. It was a stormy day in the autumn; a formidable surf was rolling in from the North Sea; the Zuyder Zee was heaving in lines of crested breakers; even the inland waters through which the canal is carried were troubled, and dyed a lugubrious grey with the wash of the sand thrown up from the bottom. There was no difficulty in realising the strain that would be put upon the works in the course of a rough winter. But one had only to look at the triple locks of Schellingwoude on the east, at the locks and harbour of refuge on the North Sea, to be reassured. They were epics of triumphant labour embodied in massive masonry. Each of these stupendous blocks of stone had been hewn in Belgian or Norwegian quarries; each of the ponderous piles, carefully cased in its metal sheathing to protect it from injury from marine insects, had been cut in the forests of Northern Europe. Since then the locks have been severely tried, but they have come successfully through the ordeal. Those at Schellingwoude are made free to all the world. As vessels of all burthens pass through them each day by the hundred, it may be understood what an impulse they must have given to the trade of Amsterdam; while in cutting another opening in their line of coast defences, the Dutch have not only given a fresh challenge to the sea, but have snatched another victory from their enemy. The canal serves

not merely as a great inland water highway, but as a mighty drain; and its expenses have been defrayed to a considerable extent by reclaiming the submerged lands that lie along it. Off Amsterdam ground for quays, warehouses, and graving docks has been gained from the IJ, and the pile-founded city is not only protected by another line of stronger barriers, but has been sanguinely making extensive preparations for the revival of its old commercial prosperity.

There is enough of the romantic, as it seems to us, in all this to gratify the most ardently romantic of travellers, especially if he be somewhat sated with the picturesque in its more popular forms. But even the tame Dutch scenery wins on you insensibly; and, once fond of it, you never lose the attachment. In the sight of the limitless extent of meadowland, cut up rectangularly at intervals by parallel ditches, grazed over by the drowsy herds of sleek black-and-white cows, and stretching away in the grey distance to a horizon vaguely indicated by the shadowy sails of innumerable windmills, there is something so original that you have no time to tire of it in an ordinary journey—say between the Hague and Amsterdam. The groups of cattle standing up to their hocks in the rank herbage, their well-favoured forms reflected in the pools as they lazily flick away the flies with their tails, are so many pieces by Cuyp or Paul Potter. When you do come upon a bit of copse-wood, or on a wind-blown, weather-beaten avenue of decently-grown timber near the Hague perhaps, or in the environs of Haarlem, you appreciate it all the more that wood is so scarce. You make an expedition to the far-resounding sea—as at the favourite watering-place of Scheveningen, or at Katwyck, where the Rhine is lifted into

the ocean by the aid of elaborate machinery, and the scene recalls to you at once the marine pieces by Van de Velde. There you are between the sea and the sand-hills. The breeze is catching up the sand in drifting clouds, and swirling it about you in such flying columns as are the terror of the traveller in the Asian deserts. The leaden-coloured scud drifts across a lowering sky, and everything above and below would be the abomination of bleak desolation but for here and there a blue rift overhead that lets in a stream of sunshine, for the chimneys of the snug fishers' cottages that are smoking to landward, and the flotilla of dingy-sailed fishing-boats that lies rocking on the swell in the offing. When you are staying in a town, you leave your hotel for a stroll; you wander along quays between the stationary and the amphibious population; you go tripping over the cables of ships and barges, unlading opposite their owners' residences, as they lie moored in wooded alleys under the shelter of umbrageous trees. You pass cellars and taverns, and look down the steps through the open doors at pictures such as Ostade and Teniers have familiarised you with. The "sousy" maiden of the burgher class, in handsome but unassuming costume, framed in the lozenged lattice she is looking out of, might be a reproduction of a Terburg or a Gerard Douw. Turning a corner, with the echoing clamours of some noisy wharf still resounding in your ears, you stumble on some choice morsel of mediæval domestic architecture, buttressed and turreted, with its receding angles and projecting windows, reflected in the placid surface of the water that may have stagnated from time immemorial against the weed-grown bricks. And beyond the *enceinte* of the city, but still entangled in its network of

canals, your heart is gladdened by villas and cottages. Often, indeed, they are vulgar to villainy in their style, but the vulgarity is redeemed by the luxuriant brilliancy of the gardens, with their blooming *parterres* and cages of gay-plumaged tropical birds, and shrubs and hedges that thrive marvellously in the damp, although tortured and contorted into every fantastic device.

On the whole, the Dutch have been a wonderfully conservative people, in spite of their long experiences of republican institutions, and their not unfrequent demonstrations against the aristocracy of birth and intellect. Few nations have changed so little in tastes and character, in type of feature, and even in costume; and as it is with themselves, so it is with their country and their buildings. Go into the Trippenhuys at Amsterdam and study Van der Helst's great picture of the jovial arquebusiers celebrating the conclusion of the peace of Westphalia. There are said to be five-and-twenty life-sized portraits in it, and you can easily believe it; for in the streets of the capital at the present day you may meet any number of men with a striking family resemblance to its heroes. You can see that the great artist has treated his subject with equal force and truth. He has permitted himself no idealistic vagaries, but has seized and stereotyped, with an admirable nicety of perception, the manifold shades of the various idiosyncrasies which all preserve a distinctly national character. For that great work of his is the national painting, *par excellence*. There are the representatives of those burgher worthies who thought, and toiled, and fought, playing out with patient courage a changing game, with the existence of their country for the stake, and the kings and great

captains of Europe for partners and opponents. Broad, solid faces, bearing the traces of cares and anxious thought, are expanding into jovial hilarity; and for once, in the satisfaction of a common success, small civic differences are forgotten, and good fellowship is in the ascendant. The hands in the painting, as has often been remarked, are to the full as characteristic as the heads: in spite of the rich ruffles here and there, you could never mistake them for the property of courtiers of Versailles or St. James', or even of patrician merchants of Venice or Genoa. They are Dutch all over—Dutch of the well-to-do burgher class, who have lived well and worked hard. The chamber is simple, as becomes the town-hall of an unpretending nation of citizens and graziers, who were found to regulate their life and conduct by the tenets of an austere religion. Yet their riches would scarcely be worth the having did they not occasionally parade the outward and visible signs of them. Carved wardrobes and richly-chased iron-bound chests, containing handsome jewels and raiment, have always been handed down as heirlooms, even in peasant households; and it is not on so triumphant an occasion as the present that the chief magistrates of the wealthiest of the Dutch cities would be found wanting. Hence all that pomp and personal bravery—the ruffles, the rings, and the golden chains of office—the magnificent doublets, slashed in velvet and brocaded in gold. There are rich drinking-vessels, too; for solid plate as a sign of wealth in reserve is almost indispensable to good credit: besides, it is a mere locking up of capital; for the precious metals will keep their value, although you may have to lie out of your interest on them. But the *menu* of the banquet is more sub-

stantial than refined: there are few of those *entrées* and *entremets* that would be served elsewhere in Court rejoicings to tempt the sated palate. There are huge joints, in keeping with the massive breakers—joints that lay a good foundation for drinking and smoking, and to which active men of healthy appetite, celebrating a high occasion by some pardonable excess, might cut and come again.

If we leave the Amsterdam banquet room—where perhaps we have already lingered too long—we shall find that the pictures in other styles are equally suggestive in the way of preparing us for a tour of Holland. Paul Potter's "Young Bull," with his slightly "raised" look, contrasting the placid rumination of the cow standing near him, may be met with any day now in any retired bit of meadow. Having found a strain of cattle that fatten and milk well in an existence that is necessarily amphibious, the Dutch seem to have made no attempt to change the breed by the importation of foreigners, who might take less kindly to the climate. It is true the milk is rather watery than creamy; but that is to be expected; and then, as the diluted fluid is given in abundance, there is always a market for the surplus stock with those English dairymen who desire to defraud their customers conscientiously. And the man looking over the fence in Potter's picture is as true to existing nature as the fence itself or the cattle. Rembrandt, Hals, and a host of imitators, with their wonderful power of managing colour, multiply figures and faces that you recognise everywhere as familiar acquaintances. Buildings such as you may still see, with their long narrow windows and their high-pitched roofs, are thrown in to form the backgrounds; Ruysdael and his inferiors are fertile in "bits"

where the dense masses of deep green vegetation draw extraordinary vigour from the rains and the fogs; or else they give their talents scope on the broad meadows, scattered over with herds of cattle, and dotted with windmills. Ostade and Teniers, combining episodes as they are wont to do, give you in a single tavern-scene a comprehensive epitome of village existence. You may see much the same sort of thing now as you saunter down any village street of a holiday. The same scrupulous cleanliness is preserved amid all the confusion of the revel—there is the same display of delft on the shelves over the highly-polished tables and clean-scoured dressers—the same vulgar expansiveness and Jordaens-like merriment—the same snatches of song and rough love-making, and of course the same haze of tobacco smoke. As likely as not, the village fiddler still sits perched upon a barrel in the corner, with a jug at his elbow to grease his arm; or, if the weather admits of it, the tables are put out under some spreading tree, while the primitive waggons have pulled up hard by, and the horses, nibbling contentedly in their nosebags, stand patiently waiting the pleasure of “the boors drinking.” As there is no fighting to be done at home nowadays, you no longer come upon those picturesque groups of cavaliers that Cuyper and Wouvermans delighted in—the dismounted riders in plumed hats and scarved corselets—the grey or chestnut chargers richly caparisoned. The uniforms of the modern Dutch service are decidedly more serviceable than attractive. But the grey and chestnut hacks are still much as they used to be—as are the famous draught-horses of Friesland and Gelderland. They lay on flesh very kindly; they tend rather to bone than blood; and

you see few signs of their ever having been crossed with the more fiery strains of Arabia and Barbary.

Thanks to one thing or another,—to their temperament, to their climate, to their having located themselves in an out-of-the-way corner of Europe,—the Dutch have changed but little, unless when change has been indispensable to their well-being. No doubt they have been kept moving by the irresistible forces of civilisation, competition, and invention; and sometimes, being far-sighted men of business, they have even anticipated the pressure. And the consequence is that, proving the truth of the Italian proverb, *chi va piano va sano*, they have seldom knowingly missed a chance, and notwithstanding the heavy disadvantages that have weighted them, have made very steady progress in prosperity. Luck has stood their friend more than once, and especially in their colonial affairs. First, they made themselves masters of the Spice islands. Then they lost them, after having been forced to throw in their lot with Napoleon; and it was only owing to English generosity or indifference that they were re-established in the occupation of these rich possessions. Rich as those possessions were, however, bad management was ruining them, and at one time it threatened to become a serious question for the State whether it might not be prudent to abandon them altogether. At that critical moment the Government found a man who undertook to *exploiter* the resources of Java, so that they should again yield an ample revenue. We do not mean to discuss or defend the morality of the arbitrary policy by which General Van der Bosch created a variety of lucrative monopolies, and practically confiscated the property

and persons of the natives for the benefit of their European masters. It is certain that he not only relieved the home treasury from grave embarrassment, and provided it with the capital necessary for works that were becoming indispensable in Holland, but he revived and developed the profitable trade which has been pouring a stream of riches into the mother-country. Hitherto good luck has been aiding industry, and there can be no question that the fortunes of Holland, being bound up with the colonial empire she may possibly be deprived of, are resting on foundations at least as precarious as the mud-driven piles that support Amsterdam. So far, however, she has only had reason to congratulate herself. Out of all her trials she has emerged victoriously; intervals of dulness, depression, and servitude have only nerved her to new exertions, which have invariably been followed by fresh advances; and so far as the conduct of her citizens is concerned, there is nothing in her past history that need inspire apprehensions for the future. Nor does she readily admit that she entertains any. The citizens of Amsterdam, like the rich man in the parable, have been pulling down their warehouses that they may build greater, and have been busy-ing themselves, as we have said, over new docks and harbours to receive the affluence of shipping which is to crowd into their port.

These rosy-coloured dreams may all come true, and when a cautious man backs his prognostications with heavy investment of his cherished capital, there is strong *prima facie* reason for believing that he is very likely to be in the right. But the romance of Holland has by no means ended happily, so far as it has gone, for each of the districts of

the United Provinces. If the country has done well on the whole, and looks forward to the future with well-founded confidence, certain parts of it have experienced sad vicissitudes, and must resign themselves to living in the past and in the memory of vanished glories. Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the pride of their wealth and reinvigorated energy, may find melancholy warnings in the history of decaying neighbours, as to the uncertainty of human affairs. One evening we were seated in the Palace of Industry, in the former city—a great crystal-roofed building resembling in some respects the Alhambra in Leicester Square—where you may indulge in refreshments while listening to music. Among the adornments of the hall were a display of scutcheons, each of them bearing a municipal coat of arms, and being surmounted by the name of the city that carried it. There were Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, Utrecht, Delft, &c. — populous towns on paying lines of railway, and long familiar for their associations with some remunerative commodity, such as tulips or learning, velvets or pottery. But interspersed through these there were other names — Enkhuizen, Medemblik, Hoorn, Kempen, Monnikendam—which awakened only some faint geographical and historical memories. One was sorely puzzled to remember in some cases what and where one had heard of them; in others, where they were situated. Yet every one of these places had once had a history, though now they have almost dropped out of the recollection of their nearest neighbours, unless on the occasion of a contested election, or when it is a question of making up so many national decorations. These and others are the decaying cities that

lie round the margin of the Zuyder Zee, left for the most part half stranded by its receding waters, or silted up by its advancing sands. In their day they had sent out their fleets of trading ships to the Indies in place of a few miserable fishing-boats; and repeatedly they had changed their merchantmen into war-galleys, fighting out some bitter local feud among themselves, or taking their part in the struggle of the Provinces against invaders from Spain or England. The more reduced they were now, it was plain that they must be the better worth visiting for those who appreciate the picturesqueness of decay. And as none of them had come to a violent end, as their populations have been imperceptibly diminished and impoverished, and as the inhabitants had had ample time to reconcile themselves to oblivion and extinction, there was nothing in the nature of their misfortunes to shock the most sensitive nature, while time might be trusted to have dealt gently with the monuments of their more glorious past. Reading these names, then, and ruminating over the appropriate memories, it struck us that we could scarcely do better than explore the shores of the Zuyder Zee. But it was then late in the year, and we knew something of the difficulties and disagreeables of travelling in bad weather in northern Holland, away from the beaten tracks. So we put off our project to a more convenient season, which, we are sorry to say, has never as yet come to us. In the meantime, however, a French gentleman, an artist, has done what we have delayed to do; and M. Henri Havard has published the account of his experiences in a small illustrated volume entitled, '*La Hollande Pittoresque, Voyage aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderzée.*'

M. Havard sets out by telling us that there is no more interesting voyage to be made in Europe, as there is none that has been more rarely undertaken. For that there is very satisfactory reason. There are no regular communications between the decaying cities either by land or water, and, as it may be imagined, the accommodation they offer is worse than indifferent even for visitors who are by no means fastidious about their quarters. In the absence of public conveyances, M. Havard's obvious alternative was to charter a coasting craft of light draught, as most of the towns in question are more or less accessible by water. Even that, however, was not so easily done. It appears that the Dutch coasting skippers are bound to register themselves, not only as hailing from certain ports, but as plying on certain beats; and if they desire to infringe on the letter of their engagement, they have to find security for new certificates. The consequence is, that each man is only acquainted with his own especial portion of the coast, and the sea is not to be navigated safely unless by those who have a tolerable knowledge of it. Great part of the Zuyder Zee is a labyrinth of submerged banks intersected by crooked navigable channels. Between the island of Marken and the mainland, for instance, we are informed that the depth varies from four feet to two. All difficulties, however, were finally overcome by M. Havard. He and his Dutch companion—a descendant, possibly, of the famous navigator, Von Heemskirk—were fortunate in making the acquaintance of an austere but comparatively adventurous mariner, owner of a *galk* of sixty tons. Captain Bluring knew as much of the Zuyder Zee as most men, and was willing to risk himself to a certain extent in explor-

ing. But he stipulated that he should never have to sail of a Sunday, or when he did not like the look of the weather. That second condition shows the risks that sea-faring men must run in these inland waters, for Sluring did not lack courage; and another of the preliminary arrangements of the party was equally suggestive in a different way. They had to arrange the means of storing a great provision of good drinking water, for in all the districts they intended to visit, the water was so brackish as to be "detestable in taste, and prejudicial to the health of those who are unaccustomed to it;" which goes to confirm our assertion, that the Dutch are excusable if they indulge somewhat freely in gin.

The voyage began with a disembarkation on the isle of Marken. Many ordinary tourists must have sighted it, yet the inhabitants live in almost perpetual isolation. They expect to be swamped every winter, and take their precautions accordingly. Groups of the houses are clustered on the top of artificial mounds, where the people take refuge, with all their portable property, during the annual inundations. At these times communication between the hamlets can only be kept up by boat. Live stock they have none, although the island is all in pasture, except a cow or two to prove the rule, and a few disconsolate sheep. They cut their grass to sell on the mainland, living chiefly by their hay and their fishing. When they die, they are "flitted," as we should say in Scotland, to the top of one of the other mounds, more strongly bastioned than the rest, and bearing the name of the Kerkhof. Of course there is neither wood nor stone in the island, so that their houses are built entirely of imported timber;

and in the event of a fire breaking out, it generally spreads to a conflagration. Considering how often the Markeners are washed out or burned out, it is strange that the little island should boast some very remarkable collections of old specimens of domestic art. In more than one of the cottages, to say nothing of quaint Delft ware and Japanese porcelain, of venerable glass and wonderful metal work, M. Havard found a half-dozen of venerable *armoires* of beautiful workmanship, admirably preserved. It shows that there is no village in Holland so remote that the good housewives do not indulge their pet vanity of acquisition, accumulating treasures in a state-chamber, which they only open at intervals to provoke the envy of their neighbours.

Opposite to Marken lies Monnikendam, characteristically named after its founders, and the first works they undertook. In the thirteenth century or earlier, the monks in the Northern German convents used occasionally to throw off swarms like bees, sending out their surplus population like the Scandinavian vikings, although the adventures they went in quest of were spiritual. It was a wandering band of the kind that set up the first tabernacles in Marken, and made a settlement on the coast opposite. The arm of the sea that lay between the two monasteries naturally took the name of the Monnikenmeer; and the monks in the mainland having begun by damming, their settlement was naturally christened the Monks' dam. Monnikendam is now a place of as much consequence as some of its more northerly neighbours; yet in the days when it had its share of foreign trade, it must have supported a far larger population than at present. Now it would seem,

from M. Havard's description, that the people are nodding over their milk-pails, feeling they have nothing particular to do, between the hours when the cows must be attended to, when once the cheese-presses have done their work for the day. The streets and places were grass-grown and deserted; there were few barges to stir the duckweed on the canals; and the arrival of the little vessel that brought the strangers would have created a sensation, had there been inhabitants enough abroad for a sensation to spread among. As it was, when, in the way of business, they called on a "tinman" some ten minutes after setting foot on shore, they found that the news of their arrival had reached him already by some mysterious means. Yet these drowsy Monnikendamers, phlegmatic as they seem, are not without a sense of poetry. The Monks' sea was a poetic appellation enough for the channel between Marken and the mainland; but in modern times it has been rechristened as the "Sea of Gold," which strikes us as a singularly graceful way of paying a tribute of gratitude to the richness of the bottom over which it rolls. The neighbouring dairy-farmers dredge up the sandy mud and spread it as manure over their water-meadows, which are renowned for magnificent pasturage. The next town to Monnikendam is no other than Edam, which has long been advertising its cheeses over great part of Europe. You may see its produce piled like cannon-shot at the doors of provision-dealers from the Shetlands to Sicily, and from the Irish Channel to the Baltic. "Edam" may not have the delicate creaminess of Stilton or Canrobert, or the full-flavoured richness of the Roquefort, that weds itself so naturally with the bouquet of Burgundy, when served up on

vine-leaves; but it has a charm of its own coming into a Dutch picture, with the warm scarlet orange of its rind, and the bright golden-yellow of its interior; and as it can be indulged in to any extent by robust digestions, it has all honour paid it in its native country, where vigorous appetites are the rule. Mrs. Micawber remarked that the heel of a Dutch cheese was not adapted to the wants of an infant family; but we suspect if Mrs. Micawber had known more of Holland, she would have found "Edam" a common article of consumption amongst the Dutch children of tender years. At all events, adults devour it in season and out of season. One of your earliest impressions of Holland is the singularity of seeing great slices of cheese served up at breakfast as a matter of course. Considering that cheese-making has always been one of the staple industries of this part of the province of North Holland, and that the land, to say the least of it, supports as many animals as ever it did, it seems almost unaccountable that the population of Edam should have dwindled, in the course of a couple of centuries, to a fifth of its former 25,000.

It is easier to explain the decadence of Hoorn. Hoorn, like Edam, still lives by its cheese, and does even a larger business in that article, as M. Havard informs us. There is a market held every Thursday, when loaded waggons roll in under the ancient gateways and over the creaking drawbridges; when the farmers drive up the high street in primitive vehicles, covered with quaint carvings and flaunting in paint; and when each consignment of the dairies is duly carried to the town-scales and weighed by officials in their medieval garb of coats of white and caps in colour. But whereas Edam has

to be approached by canals, Hoorn lies actually on the sea, and had once a large commerce. It is true that nowadays its harbour is like a patent rat-trap, and it is much more easy to get in than to get out. The outer sluices can only be opened when the water is at a certain level, and the sluices may be sealed hermetically in the course of prolonged bad weather. But once its double harbour, such as it was, used to be filled with tiers of shipping; its hardy seamen were brimful of dash and patriotism, and took as kindly to fighting as to peaceful trade. It sent a formidable contingent to the flying squadrons with which De Ruyter used to sweep the Northern Sea in the scandalous days of the degenerate Stuarts. When he moored his fleet in the Medway, and the sound of his cannonade was heard in the city of London, many of his vessels hailed from Hoorn. One of its gates displays a memorial of these glorious days in the shape of an English coat of arms, in staring colours that are carefully renewed. The legend runs that a couple of negroes from Hoorn, on board one of the admiral's ships, carried off the original of the escutcheon from a vessel lying in the Thames. And the Hoorn people have another trophy to show, in remembrance of another honourable exploit. For they played so conspicuous a part on the day of the great sea-fight, when De Bossu's Spanish Armada was shattered in the Zuyder Zee, that they had assigned to them in their share of the spoil the drinking-cup of the captured admiral. Enkhuizen treasures his sword, and Monnikendam his collar of the Golden Fleece. Nor was Hoorn less distinguished in the way of maritime discovery. Tasman sailed from there to discover New Zealand and Tas-

mania; so did Jan Pietersz Koen, who laid the foundation of his country's colonial prosperity in the South Seas; and Schouter, who was the first to double Tierra del Fuego, the southern extremity of the New World, and who gave the name of his native town to the terrible cape of clouds and storms. Though no longer rich or commercially prosperous, M. Havard found Hoorn still tolerably well-to-do, and, considering the circumstances of the climate, preserving a wonderful air of gaiety. To say nothing of its picturesque ancient gateways, which are somewhat melancholy reminders of departed greatness, the old houses get themselves up as freshly as ever. With scarcely an exception, they have all been *maisons de luxe*, with pointed roofs and staircase gables, with salient reliefs of grey granite, throwing out the warm colours of their brick façades, and richly decorated with carvings in stone as well as in wood. Hoorn, in short, although it stands among rain and fogs, is apparently one of the most coquettish little towns in the world. As M. Havard observes, it seems as if the only appropriate costume in it were the plumed hat, the jack-boots, and the rapier that we meet with in the portraits of Rubens and Van der Helst.

Enkhuizen, at one time even more prosperous than Hoorn, has now only half Hoorn's population. Its 60,000 inhabitants have come down to 5000, and in its harbours, which are said to have once sent out 1000 vessels, there are fewer skiffs than are owned by the fishermen of Marken. And there is one peculiarity about its desolation. There are cities in the neighbouring Low Countries that have seen sad changes—Bruges and Ypres for example. But Bruges and Ypres, like Hoorn, still cover very much their old ex-

tent of ground, though blocks and single houses have dropped out here and there, and although apartments go begging in the dwellings that remain. In Enkhuizen it is very different. A part of the old city is left in decay, but as for the rest, it has disappeared altogether as if its foundations had been razed and the ground swept clean. Long-abandoned sites, like Nineveh and Babylon, are still marked by artificial mounds bestrewn with fragments of brick and pottery. More than half of Enkhuizen is now a verdant meadow, although, if you dig deep beneath the surface, you will find traces in abundance of its departed life. Far away in the quiet of the country, strolling through the fields, M. Havard came upon a solitary gate that once gave access to the city on that side. What stifled the enterprise of Enkhuizen was the silting up of its harbour: now it has fallen back on the manufacture of the buoys which are so much in demand on the shoals and banks that have been the ruin of it and other localities. But even in its depression and poverty it still finds money to spare for those benevolent objects to which the Dutch subscribe so generously. No city in Europe is more amply provided with charitable institutions than their capital of Amsterdam, and here at Enkhuizen there is an admirably conducted orphan asylum, dating from the more prosperous years of the city in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

But as each of these dying towns very much resembles another, it is not our purpose to follow M. Havard in his leisurely circumnavigation of the Zuyder Zee. We have borrowed nearly enough from him to indicate the changes that time and circumstances have brought about in the different provinces of a country that is generally prosperous,

and to show that the parts that are the least visited by travellers are very far from being the least interesting. There is Medemblik, once the chief town of West Friesland, with a mint of its own, magnificent basins, spacious quays, and the finest shipbuilding-yards in the whole of Holland. These are all to be seen still, but there is scarcely a sign of life stirring in them. There are only 3000 souls left in the place, and they move about it like spectres gliding round a graveyard. Their sole means of communicating with the outer world are by a single small diligence, which crawls periodically to Hoorn. Harlingen, on the other hand, which lies on the opposite shore of the sea, has rallied again, and is become the great outlet for the cattle, the cheeses, the eggs, and the vegetables which are shipped from Friesland for the English markets. But at Hindelopen, which boasts an antiquity of some thousand years or more, the harbours have filled up, like those of Enkhuizen, till you must pole the boat along among the rank growth of matted weeds that makes the port resemble a polder. Stavoren used to make treaties of its own with foreign nations, and is said at one time to have held the third place in the Hanseatic League. Now Stavoren has dwindled to some hundred houses, half of them falling into ruins; and it has hardly five times as many inhabitants. Kampen was made a city of the Empire when Maximilian met the Diet at Worms. Its citizens had protected themselves and their wealth with walls and towers, and deep fosses that were flooded from the Yssel. It still shows signs of healthy life, though its streets are ill-paved and many of its houses out of repair: but in spite of the vulgarity of reviving prosperity, M. Havard found it as well worth visiting as any of its

neighbours, for its inhabitants have been careful to preserve the monuments of its earlier splendour. They have levelled their walls to let in light and air, but they have laid out the site in gardens and turned their city ditches into stretches of ornamental water. There are plate, paintings, and wood sculptures to be seen in the Stadhuis and elsewhere; there are books in the town library; there are the remains of a number of monastic institutions, for Kampen was Catholic and munificent; above all, some superb gates are left standing, and set off by the trees, shrubs, and flowers that have been planted around them. Then there is Harderwyk, a little town, a sort of Chatham or Cherbourg in miniature, reclaimed like an oasis from the surrounding desert where the sand has gained the upper hand. Strange to say, for Holland, there is little water, except what comes from rain or inundation: the slightest breeze drifts the loose sand over the barren heaths, which are only browsed by some half-starved sheep. But Harderwyk itself and its immediate neighbourhood have been made tolerably habitable by human industry. Its streets and barracks show a military smartness, for it is the great depot whence the recruits are despatched to fill the ranks of the colonial army. It owed its origin to one of those calamities that have destroyed so much property in Holland. The surrounding country was once as fertile as any other part of Gelderland; but in the thirteenth century it was submerged. A handful of shepherds, flying for their lives, took refuge on the highest of the sand-hills, and the collection of huts they established grew into the town of Harderwyk—"the refuge of the shepherds." Though it now smells of pipeclay, and the gown has given

place to the uniform, yet its earlier fortunes are associated with learning, and three or four hundred stranger students are said to have attended the famous schools, which educated among others Boerhaave and Linnæus.

We have said nothing of the Helder and Nieuwe Diep, and the stupendous embankments to be seen in their neighbourhood; nor of cities situated somewhat inland, like Leeuwarden, Zwolle, or Amersfoort. Paying a visit to these is merely a question of taking a railway ticket. But the islands that still act in some measure as a break-water to shelter the Zuyder Zee from the full force of the North Sea rollers are only to be brought within reach of the traveller if he goes cruising on his own account like M. Havard. The Texel, to be sure, can be reached by chartering a skiff at Nieuwe Diep, and it is better worth an expedition than any of the rest of the group. It is at once the most exposed and by far the richest and most populous. The Texel mutton is as celebrated as the "*pré salé*" of the French salt marshes, and for the same reason. The pasturage is seasoned with the brine that comes drifting in on the spray from the ocean. But if they can breed sheep of the finest quality, the inhabitants have to pay for it in embankment works and anxiety. To quote Andrew Marvel, the ocean is always threatening to play at leap-frog over their steeples as it has often played before. At intervals, the island has been washed almost clean: so late as 1825, it was nearly drowned, and for some time it was very doubtful whether it would ever get its head above water again. Blieland and Terschelling are so bleak and barren, that man has very much abandoned them to nature. But if it is likely that the

sea may some day engulf the Texel, Ameland in a very short time will be again united to the mainland. Dykes and breakwater have been judiciously disposed with that idea, and the water is gradually throwing up an isthmus which will soon turn the island into a peninsula. That line of islands survived the great inundation because, low as they are, they stand comparatively high, and although their soil is sand it is relatively firm. But the little isles of Urk and Schokland that lie well into the Zuyder Zee, off the curve of coast between Stavoren and Kampen, appear only to have been kept in existence by something like a series of miracles. The former has a thriving fishing population of about 1200 souls, who, if it were not for the force of habit and the indifference bred by familiarity with danger, must feel very like so many castaways adrift on a frail raft that at any moment may

go to pieces beneath them. But as for Schokland, life there becomes too precarious even for amphibious Dutchmen. The island has taken its name from the shocks it constantly receives from the ocean; the people have been gradually leaving it like the rats in a sinking ship; and we are told that the few families who cling to it from affection are fully aware they are tempting Providence, and have quite made up their minds to the worst.

We have necessarily done but imperfect justice to M. Havard's most interesting book, and may consequently have conveyed an imperfect idea of the attractions of a summer cruise in those Dutch inland waters. But we have heard of nothing so near home that is likely to be so fruitful of fresh enjoyment, for if Holland generally is too much neglected, these decaying cities have been wellnigh forgotten.

THE DILEMMA.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE members of the little garrison of Mustaphabad, after the first transport of excitement at deliverance from their desperate condition, wandered about the grounds in all the enjoyment of safety and freedom from molestation; and then, going further, visited the court-house and deserted rebel camp, and, penetrating the village, examined the position held by the assailants, and the appearance of their own defences from the outside. Every spot had its associations with some episode in the contest. See, here is the place behind this wall where that fellow used to hide who took such good shots, and bothered us so, till Egan got a sight of him two mornings ago, and that stain on the ground must be the result. Then there were endless questions to be asked of Kirke's subaltern, who had been brought in wounded, about the state of affairs in other parts, and all the stirring events throughout India which had been crowded into the space of their incarceration; and they learned, too, from the young man now lying on the cot in the shade with his wounds dressed, the particulars of the relief;—how, while Kirke had drawn up his horsemen out of range of the guns while reconnoitring for the best way of relieving the garrison, Falkland had appeared galloping towards them across the plain; how, soon afterwards, an emissary had joined them from the Nawab, bringing news which determined Falkland to move on the palace first, and having set the Nawab free, to attack the rebels in rear; how, disdaining to dismount, he had fallen while leading the advance through the city,

and the assailants had sustained a temporary check from the loss of their gallant leader. All this the wounded officer had many times to tell to the eager listeners round his bed; while Kirke himself, too busy for conversation, was engaged on the various duties of his command.

As for the building which had sheltered them so long, the first thing to be done was to get away from it and its foul atmosphere. The removal of the sandbag screen should be deferred till morning, when hired coolies could once more be procured; but an opening was soon made in the west side, and the wounded were carried outside, and their cots placed on the gravel walk. And a table was set out on the lawn to the east, where those not engaged in tending the sick dined together—a rough repast as usual, but seasoned by fresh air. Afterwards they strolled through the lines of the cavalry, whose horses were picketed in the park, exchanging friendly greetings with their gallant deliverers. Then, wearied and ready for sleep, they lay down on their cots in the open air to pass their first quiet night in the happy sense of security; for pickets of Kirke's men had been posted round the park—although, as he remarked, if the enemy had not pluck to stop and fight it out, they would certainly not have pluck to come back again. The two doctors alone had occupation in tending the sick, including Kirke's men who had been brought in wounded, some thirty in number, besides his subaltern.

One member of the garrison, however, was absent from his place at dinner. When Kirke went in on

his first arrival to make his report to the brigadier, the poor old man was found dead on the drawing-room couch. The doctor called it heat-apoplexy; at any rate, the revulsion of feeling would appear to have been too much for him. To most of the garrison the event did not cause surprise, the brigadier's feebleness of mind and body having been apparent to all; but the calamity was unexpected by his wife, and for the time she seemed quite stupefied by the shock. Silently she sat for a time holding her dead husband's hand, gazing at the expressive features; and then, when she was led away by Mrs. Hodder, and the body was removed into a side-room preparatory to interment in the morning, she passed the night in wandering visits to it from her own apartment, her thoughts occupied perchance with pleasant memories of the past, mingled with remorse that she had treated the poor old man unkindly during his last days.

Another side-room was occupied by the young widow, Mrs. O'Halloran, who, tended by Mrs. Peart and Dr. Grumbull, gave birth that night to her third child, soon to be the eldest; for before morning the two sick children drew their last troubled breath, and their little forms lay still and silent, covered by a sheet, awaiting morning burial.

And poor young Raugh was not moved with the other wounded. Maxwell said there would be no use in disturbing him, and he was left in the sick-room, Olivia, who refused to be relieved of the duty, watching by him. She had gone to the lad's bedside when the news was told her of her husband's death, and was sitting there when Yorke entered the room in the early part of the night. It was almost empty, save for a cot in the middle on which lay the dying youth, while

Olivia's pallid face was lighted up by the dim light of the flickering wick in a cup of oil placed on a little table beside the pillow. The poor boy was quiet enough now, and lay breathing slowly and apparently insensible. His nurse from time to time moistened his lips with water.

Yorke came and stood behind her, watching the face of the dying lad.

Olivia was the first to speak. "I knew it must be you," she said, turning round and showing a face which looked as if some shock had deprived it of the power of expressing emotion. "Why are you not taking the rest you must want more than any one? There is little to be done here, you see," she added, with a glance towards the slowly breathing figure beside them. "Had you not better leave us?" and her voice seemed to say that she wished to be alone.

But as the young man moved sorrowfully away, she rose, and following, called him by name. Silently they stood facing each other, the one with disbevelled hair and dust-covered face, dressed in a grey flannel blouse and linen trousers which had once been white, a sword and pistols in his belt, a battered pith-helmet in his hand; the other with little to mark the lady by her dress, but with the same graceful carriage as ever, although care and sorrow seemed in this short time to have driven out the first freshness of youth from the sweet face. Olivia was the first to speak. "Mr. Yorke, you must know what I want to ask. No one has told me yet what has become of——" she faltered over the completion of the question.

"I have been engaged in trying to find him all this evening," he replied, "and have now come back only because it was too dark to continue the search. It seems unaccountable how I should have failed

to discover——” The colonel’s body he would have said, but checked himself, and added, “but I will begin again the first thing in the morning; we shall surely be successful then.”

“Thank you,” said Olivia, with fervour; then after a pause she added, “and oh, Mr. Yorke, can you forgive my selfish petulance just now? Captain Buxey has told me of your noble conduct, how you wanted to go yourself instead of him, and it was entirely his overruling. I felt from the first,” she went on, after another pause, “that he would never escape, and every time he left my sight I used to think it must be the last. I knew what their news was, quite well, when they came to tell me; and oh!” she continued, struggling with her tears, “to think that if he had been spared for a few moments longer the danger would have been over! But it is very hard on you men, when you are doing your duty so bravely, to be worried by the selfish complaints of us useless women. But you will go and try and find him early in the morning, won’t you?”

“She selfish!” thought Yorke, as she strode away; “then what must I be? To think that I should be watching her face to see how much of her regard for me is real, while she, poor thing, is breaking her heart for her dead husband lying unburied somewhere in the kennel—yet even in her grief she has time to think of others.”

But although Yorke with several of the others renewed the search at daybreak, Falkland’s body could not be found. Kirke excused himself from going, having pressing business to look after, but he described the place where the search should be made so clearly that it could not be mistaken. Falkland had fallen in leading an advance on horseback down one of the streets

of the city; the party following him had then been repulsed and given way, and the point had not been carried till Kirke advancing down another line took it in rear. Many dead still cumbered the roadway, stripped, and some of them foully mutilated; and Yorke did not dare to tell Olivia when he returned, after the sun was high, from his fruitless errand, that although he believed he had not found the body of her husband, it might possibly have been among those he saw without his being able to recognize it. It added to the grief felt by the members of the garrison at the loss in the moment of victory of the gallant leader who had been the soul of the defence, that they could not give him decent burial with their own hands; but Yorke was not sorry that Olivia should be spared the shock of receiving back, as the body of her husband, one of the mangled corpses amid which his search had been made.

During Yorke’s absence in the morning, the bodies of the brigadier and young Raugh were buried in a shady spot in the corner of the garden, and a little grave beside it contained the two children, who made their exit from the world almost at the moment when their little brother came into it. Another funeral took place at the same time. It has been mentioned that just as the relieving force was issuing from the city, some of the garrison had sallied out, and, lining the park-wall, had taken some parting shots at the flying enemy. The latter were for the most part too panic-stricken to reply; but here and there a sepoy, as he stole away, turned round to fire at random, and one of these stray shots had taken effect. When the party, after the first excitement of Kirke’s arrival, had time to look about them, it was seen that the jemadar, who had made one of the

sally, was lying under the wall with a bullet through his heart—the last man to fall, killed a few minutes after the death of the master he had served so faithfully. As many of the garrison as could be spared followed the body to the Mohammedan burial-ground; for Ameer Khan's gallantry and faithfulness had won universal respect, and the Europeans had come to regard him as a comrade and friend.

"That makes fifteen casualties altogether," said Egan, as the party were returning home; "eleven killed and dead, and four wounded, besides non-combatants. It would not have taken very much longer to use up the whole of us, especially as the rate was increasing."

"The loss was not so great after all," observed Yorke; "there are still some thirty-seven of us untouched. Many a single company at Inkermann must have had as many or more knocked over in a few minutes."

"Yes," said Braddon, who was walking beside the other two; "but it is just the difference between losing your leg at one slice, and having it chopped away bit by bit. Which is likely to try your spirits most? No, depend on it, the relief did not come very much too soon."

And now the survivors set about making their various preparations, some for departure to a place of greater security, others for reorganising British authority on the spot; while a still more fortunate few, among whom Yorke was included, were invited by Kirke to accompany him in his progress onwards. During that day Kirke would halt, for he had made a long forced march the day before, and with his men had been eighteen hours in the saddle; but on the next he must push forward, his orders being urgent to hasten to the seat of war, where cavalry were much

needed. The ladies and sick were to proceed to the hills under escort of a detachment of his troopers. The rebels were known to have moved in the opposite direction; and once over the river, the country for the remainder of the way was in comparative order. The Nawab, now reinstated in authority, lent his camel-carriage to convey some of the party, and light palanquins were procured for the remainder.

With the sick went Major Dumble. That distinguished officer, by the way, had become commandant of the garrison on the brigadier's death; and it fell to him to sign the despatch to Government recounting the siege. How Dumble, whom the promotion caused by casualties in other parts of the country had brought up to the grade of lieutenant-colonel, was thereon made in due course a brevet colonel and C.B., and of the encomiums passed by the press on his literary performances for his very flowery composition, emanating, in fact, from Sparrow's pen,—evidently an Indian Cæsar this Dumble, quoth a London weekly paper famous for accuracy and epigram, and a great authority on India—knows how both to fight and write; these are not times for standing upon routine—why should not Colonel Dumble be made commander-in-chief?—these episodes, and the honours bestowed on other survivors of the famous defence, need not be here detailed. Dumble retired to the hills, there to await his honours, not to reappear on the scene of this history.

The travellers to the hills were to start at sunset, and as the time drew near, numerous and hearty were the farewells exchanged; nor, now that the discomforts and dangers of the siege were ended, were regrets altogether wanting at the termination of the enforced companionship from which only the

day before they had been so eager to be delivered. "It wasn't half a bad time after all," said young Dobson of the late 76th; "and now there will be no nervous duty to give a chap a little excitement."

"Good-bye, old fellow," said Spragge to his friend and quondam chum from the recesses of his palanquin, as the latter came up to bid him farewell before the cavalcade set out; "all luck and glory to you in your campaigning. I shall come down to the plains again as soon as ever these ribs of mine get well, which I hope will be before all the fun is over. It will be hard work leaving Kitty——"

"Kitty?"

"Ah! I ought not to have told you. It's a secret, you know, but she won't mind my telling an old friend like you. Oh yes, it is all settled, and Mrs. Peart agrees, and everything. It seems rather soon, you know, after her poor father's death, and all that; but one lives fast in these times, and the poor little thing has been like a guardian angel to me since I was wounded, taking care of me as if she had been a sister. But we are not to be married till all the fighting is over. What a wonderful thing this siege has been, to be sure, from first to last! I don't suppose I ever spoke to a young lady before, and here I am, the love-making all done, and engaged to be spliced, and all in less than a fortnight."

"Yes, it is unfortunate, no doubt," said Captain Sparrow, whom Yorke found sitting on a chair and superintending the packing of his palanquin by Justine.—"yes, it is unfortunate that I cannot stay to set things right, now that poor Falkland is gone; but the doctor says I must go away for a bit, and get my tone restored. The least, however, Government can do, is to give me the permanent commissionership

now, for of course Passey's appointment is quite a temporary affair."

"Justine appears as attentive as ever," observed Yorke, watching the young woman engaged on her knees in making a bed in the palanquin; "you really owe her a debt of gratitude."

"Ah, yes," said Sparrow, trying to look unconcerned, "Mademoiselle Duport's character has come out very brightly under these trials; she possesses a fund of deep delicacy and refinement, which under ordinary circumstances might not have come to notice. Mrs. Falkland, you know, thinks very highly of her abilities and education, and they have always been quite friends. In fact she is far better educated and mannered than nine out of ten girls that you meet in this country. She is fit company for any lady in the land, I say, whatever foolish prejudices people may have."

"My dear fellow, I want no convincing on that point; if you recollect, it was you who objected to sitting down at the same table with the girl."

"Well," said Sparrow, interrupting, "I hope if you hear fellows talking nonsense you will just put them right about these things. The fact is," continued the captain, trying to look unconcerned, but with obvious confusion, "Mademoiselle Duport is about to become Mrs. Sparrow. This is a secret at present, but I know I may trust you. Mademoiselle Duport, you must know, is very well connected. Her father keeps a hotel at Tours, and a French hotel-keeper is a very different kind of person from what he is in England—often owns a vineyard, and that sort of thing. And I feel that I owe her a debt of gratitude that nothing can efface."

"You will see to the grave, won't you?" said Mrs. Polwhedle to Mr. Hodder the missionary, as she pro-

pared to step into the Nawab's carriage, drawn up before the house; "and to a tombstone being put up and all? I should like everything to be done properly, as it ought to be for a first-class brigadier. You will be sure and let me know what it costs, and I will remit by treasury draft as soon as I get the arrears of pay. The poor dear man!" she continued, in a sort of trembling soliloquy, and wiping away the tears which began to flow as the time came for departure; "to think that I should be leaving him in this way, and that he should not have been spared to get his reward for all that we have gone through. He wasn't like himself, I know; he couldn't bear up and do himself justice for being so bad with the heat and his broken leg; but he was a fine man when I married him, though not, perhaps, so fine a man as poor Jones. Come along, Mrs. Falkland, my dear, they are all waiting for us."

The latter part of her remarks was addressed to Olivia, who had now at last issued from the house ready for departure, and for whose appearance Yorke, while bidding good-bye to the other travellers, had been eagerly watching. He went up to her as she was stepping into the carriage.

"Farewell," she said, holding out both her hands, and smiling kindly through her sorrow; "I shall never, never forget your noble conduct, and what a friend you have been to me—and to him; and remember——"

"Here, Yorke," called out Kirke, coming up at this moment, "I want you, like a good fellow, to ride at once to the palace"—and he took him aside to explain what the errand was. Thus Yorke was absent when the actual departure of the travellers took place, and he hurried off, casting a last look back on the scene—the camel-carriage in the midst, the palanquins waiting. He on the

ground, in which strangely attired women and dirty-looking unshorn men were depositing various parcels and bundles. Around the palanquins squatted the half-naked coolies who were to carry them; beyond was the Sikh escort—wild-looking fellows, sitting their horses like men who knew how to ride, but whose only uniform consisted as yet of a general similarity of turban and in the colour of their clothing; the background to the picture being formed of the Residency, the half-destroyed defences of which added to the effects of the cannonade to give it the appearance of being in ruins.

The start was effected soon after sunset, the escort consisting of fifty of Kirke's men, attended by the Nawab's head agent. Yorke would fain have seen a larger escort, and asked Kirke if he might go in charge; but the latter considered the guard quite strong enough under the circumstances. Was it likely, he asked, that he would allow his cousin to be exposed to any more risks? And indeed he had shown great solicitude for her comfort, himself superintending all the arrangements for the journey, and consulting her many times during the day about them. "The country behind us is quiet enough now," he said. "I gave them something to remember me by as we came along, and I let them know that if a soul dared so much as to wag his finger I would pay them another visit; and I don't think," he continued, significantly, "that they will venture to act on the invitation." And indeed Captain Kirke had left the track of his march behind him very plainly marked by extemporised gibbets and the smouldering ashes of burnt villages; and the country he had passed through, which on the visible signs of government having been swept away had fallen for a time into a state of

anarchy, was now thoroughly cowed by that officer's stern retaliation, and the travellers reached their destination in the mountains without accident or adventure.

Two incidents of the day require to be mentioned. A sale was held during the afternoon of the deceased officers' effects, Egan, in the absence of any more regularly qualified official, acting as auctioneer, standing for that purpose on a chair under a tree in the park. Falkland having left a will which gave all his property to his wife, his furniture and effects were left by her desire at the Residency for the present; but Kirke signified that his cousin had consented to the disposal of the saddlery, guns, and so forth—and Kathleen, which had been caught after her master's fall and brought in from the city, was knocked down to himself; while Braddon purchased a couple of carriage-horses, as suitable to carry his weight, for the late jemadar's brother during the day had brought back safely all the horses which were sent to his custody before the siege. One reservation was made in favour of Olivia's own horse Selim, which she requested Yorke to accept as a present, in a message sent through Mrs. Hodder, and conveyed in such pressing terms that the young man could not deny himself the gratification of coming under the obligation to her. Falkland's property indeed formed the staple of the auction, for the other deceased officers had brought but little with them into the Residency; but such as the things were, they changed owners that day, and poor little Raugh's revolver, Major Peart's pistols, and Braywell's double gun fetched high prices. Such are funeral obsequies in war time. A man is killed one hour and buried the next, and his effects are distributed among friends

and strangers before evening. The estate benefits, for on a campaign horses and camp equipments are always in request; and if we call to mind the smug undertaker with his jolly-looking red-faced myrmidons who grace our funerals at home, and the simulated gravity over the funeral baked meats of conventional life, and the tedious formalities of the lawyers which follow, the comparison is perhaps not altogether unfavourable to the more rapid obsequies.

The other incident was the apprehension and disposal of the Nawab's rebel brother. News being brought that the man was in hiding at a village about five miles off, Kirke sent out Egan with fifty troopers who surrounded the place and captured him, and he was escorted back to the Residency on a horse requisitioned for the occasion. A drum-head court-martial was immediately improvised, composed of Kirke, Braddon, and Egan, who sat on chairs under a tree, without table or other apparatus, the rebel Nawab being seated on the ground in front of them, his hands bound with cord, while two troopers with drawn swords stood a little behind. He was a handsome man of middle age, with well-built figure, aquiline nose, and long wavy beard and moustache dyed red. Kirke treated him with civility, using the forms of respect in address which are employed towards an equal or superior—equivalent to "your honour" instead of plain "you;" nor did he waste time in reproaches; and the man, who answered all the questions put to him without reservation, may have thought with Agag that surely the bitterness of death was past. But after the interrogation had lasted for about ten minutes, Kirke, turning his head to the right and left, said, "I conclude, gentlemen, there is no doubt about the matter!"

"None," said Braddon; "there is no need for further evidence; the man admits everything himself." "Quite so," responded Egan. Kirke hereon rose from his chair, the other two did the same, and the prisoner followed their example and stood up. "Your honour must see," said Kirke, addressing him in a quiet voice, "that there is only one thing to be done. Egan, will you look after this business? and as soon as you come back we will have the auction;" and, so saying, Kirke turned away and walked back towards the house. The man looked pale for a moment, as if the sentence took him by surprise, but recovering himself at once, he shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "Who cares!" and the little cavalcade stepped out towards the court-house—some troopers, then the prisoner walking unconcernedly, then a few more troopers, Lieutenant Egan bringing up the rear—while those off duty looked on indifferently. Presently, however, just as he had got outside the park-wall, Egan halted the party, and came back to Kirke, now busy in giving orders to various officers. The condemned man reported, Egan said, that he had some important information to communicate, if Kirke would give him a hearing. "That means," replied Kirke, "that he wants to buy off his life; what can he have to tell that is worth hearing? Let him carry his secret with him," and turned impatiently aside. Egan rejoined the procession, and told the big rebel what had passed, who smiled defiantly, and five minutes later was swinging from a tree before the court-house, which had already more than once that day done duty for gallows.

Major Passey remained at Mustaphabad, in civil and military command, with Buxey to help him, taking up his quarters in the court-house while the Residency under-

went repair and cleansing, with a few of the Nawab's attendants for guard and the residue of the faithful sepoy, now reduced to thirteen, the nucleus of a levy to be raised at once. These gallant fellows, the real heroes of the defence—for they had shown the virtues of loyalty and moral courage as well as bravery—would now sink into oblivion. No Gazette or public record would avail to hand down their names to the admiration of posterity; and although they had done their duty, it was at the cost of having broken off for ever all ties with their old comrades, whose relatives would hardly accord a welcome greeting to the men, should they now live to return to their native villages, who had been instrumental in their extermination or prescription. The Government, however, were not unmindful of the claims of these faithful soldiers. Each of the thirteen was promoted to be a native officer in the Mustaphabad Levy, the name given to the regiment Passey was now ordered to raise, and received also the Indian Medal of Honour, and a grant of land into the bargain; and as in India there is no exception to the general rule that prosperity brings friends, it may be hoped that these gallant fellows have had in the long-run no reason to regret that they cast in their lot on the side of duty.

Passey offered the second post in his levy to Braddon, who would fain have retained his connection with the gallant remnant of his old regiment; but Kirke, who was now without officers, asked him to join his regiment, and as this offered the chance of immediate service, he naturally accepted the latter invitation in preference. Kirke took Yorke and Egan also with him and a young officer of the 80th, while Maxwell joined him temporarily as surgeon, Grumbull being left in

medical charge of Mustaphabad; and the regiment thus reinforced set off the next morning at daybreak.

Mrs. Hodder did not accompany the other ladies to the hills, but stayed with her husband, who on the same day moved back into his

old quarters in the city, and set about re-establishing his school. The Hodders took Mrs. O'Halloran to live with them for the present; the poor child with her young baby not being fit to travel.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The appointments made provisionally by Kirke to his regiment, of the officers selected from the Residency garrison, were all confirmed in due course at headquarters; and when it joined the force assembled in the field, Yorke found himself gazetted adjutant, Braddon being second in command, while Egan and Cowper were attached to do duty. Thus the opportunity had come to Yorke so often longed for, and in a form which his most sanguine day-dreams had failed to picture. An adjutant of irregular cavalry, in the thick of active service, what better place could a young officer find in the whole army?

The scorching heat and blinding dust of the hot season were now succeeded by the rains, and although still very hot, the weather was bearable enough for men who did their work on horseback, and the change from their previous confinement to the freedom of an open-air life in the saddle, combined with the confidence inspired by success to send up their spirits; and the officers of Kirke's Horse marched into camp at the head of their five hundred gallant troopers all in a state of the highest enthusiasm. Kirke was deservedly complimented by the general in command on the good form into which he had already brought his levy, the timely arrival of which and its soldier-like appearance procured for it a hearty greeting from all ranks of the little army which it had come to reinforce. There was plenty for

it to do; for although the camp was stationary—the little English force standing at bay awaiting reinforcements, itself on the defensive though professing to carry on a siege—the cavalry were in constant movement to protect the flanks and rear of the camp, continually threatened by the enemy. Thus Kirke's Horse from the very first came almost daily into contact with the enemy; and although the spirit and natural quality of the men were excellent, there was need for caution and judgment as well as courage in handling these young soldiers, for the mutineers were both better mounted and better trained. But Kirke was just the man for the occasion. A good swordsman and rider, and perfectly fearless, he was cool and wary also, and by keeping his men well in hand at first, and only engaging when he could do so at advantage, he saved his young troopers from sustaining any serious check at the outset, and every day saw an improved discipline grafted on the natural fine bearing of the men, and increase of mutual confidence between them and their officers. The regiment, however, being very much broken up into detachments, good officers were as necessary as a good commandant to bring it into shape; and Kirke had made a happy selection in the men he chose. Braddon, although still disposed to be cynical, had shaken off his moroseness and the bad habit which had caused his former downfall. The cloud which had

overshadowed him had passed away, his gallant bearing at the Residency having gained him a new reputation, and he came out now in his proper colours as the good officer and genial comrade, cool and clever as Kirke himself; and he soon gained the respect and confidence of the men, like all Indians, readily disposed to hero-worship. Egan, too, now that he had some fitting occupation, had shaken off the betting-ring manners which he had been wont to affect, and there remained plenty to admire in the little fellow's courage, good riding, and endurance. The very model of a light cavalry soldier, and never so much at ease as when in the saddle, he was able to tire down even Kirke himself, who was said to be one of the toughest men in the army. Cowper, like Yorke, was eager to distinguish himself, and Yorke, although nominally adjutant, could not be spared for camp work, but was as much on outpost duty as any one. Thus handled, Kirke's Horse came well out of all the numerous skirmishes in which it was engaged, either collectively or in detachments; and success begat the confidence which is the first element of superiority in war. The officers were seldom together; but occasionally the whole regiment would be united in camp for a brief space, when the officers joined together for their frugal meals in what was called the mess-tent, off such food as was procurable. But if the diet was simple, it was seasoned with high spirits. There was always plenty to tell each other on such occasions, and the little party felt like a band of brothers; for Kirke, although a hard man, was both good-tempered and good-natured, and was perfectly free and unaffected off duty. Mackenzie Maxwell made up the complement of officers. In ordinary course a young assistant surgeon would

have been attached to an irregular cavalry regiment, but these were not days of routine; Maxwell preferred active life in the field to remaining at the Mustaphabad Residency, and asked to be allowed to remain with Kirke's Horse, and all the officers treated the older man with a respect which made his position sufficiently agreeable.

During this time the field force to which the regiment was attached had, as we have mentioned, been compelled to remain stationary, encamped before a great rebellious city, and itself the assailed rather than the assailant; but at last the little army had accomplished the task it had been set to do, after a struggle the brunt of which was borne by the other branches of the service, and the time now came for a move onwards, with diminished numbers indeed, but of men who had achieved a victory against desperate odds, and looked on the work remaining to be done as a light thing after that which had been accomplished. Notwithstanding the harassing duty which had been required of it, Kirke had drilled his regiment on every opportunity, and when the time came for moving on, the men were not only adepts at outpost duty, but tolerably well trained to move together, while the officers had been able to get proper mounts and accoutrements, for sales were of almost daily occurrence in camp. Some wounded men were left behind with Cowper, who was disabled by a fall of his horse, but many recruits had joined; and the regiment marched at the head of the advance, over five hundred sabres, fairly well mounted and equipped, and ready for anything. The damp heat of the rainy season was now giving way before the first approach of the cold weather, the morning air was fresh and cool, the sky was clear, the earth was covered with a mantle of

fresh green crops ; and as Yorke rode over the boundless plains clad all in the charms of the early Indian winter, his heart bounded within him for joy. He had never felt so happy before. Campaigning seemed the perfection of life. This was no mere political quarrel, when men might deplore the necessity for shedding blood, and feel no rancour against the enemies whose lives they were seeking. The business in hand caused no regrets or mistrust whether the end justified the means ; it was to subdue a cruel enemy and revenge bitter wrongs ; while, mingled with other feelings, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the result of the war was no longer doubtful. The tide had been stemmed, and final success was plainly in view. Spirits ran high in camp, and nowhere higher than in Kirke's Horse. The men had been frequently engaged, and with small loss, than which nothing more begets confidence in troops. But in Yorke's heart there was also a feeling of tumultuous joy as it confessed to hopes that the love still so deep and ardent might now be rewarded hereafter. Olivia must know, he thought to himself ever and again, that I worship the very ground she treads on. True, she does not love me yet, although I am sure of her regard ; she would not be the Olivia of my adoration if she could be so soon untrue to the memory of her husband. But so brief a wedded life needs not a prolonged widowhood. Falkland must be to her rather a noble memory to be remembered with veneration than a lover to be passionately cherished. Surely the deepest chords in her heart have never yet been stirred ; I have gained her respect and regard, I may yet gain her love. And the thought that she was no longer beyond his reach filled the young man's heart with wild ecstasy. And yet,

he continued to himself, what meanness in me to be thus rejoicing in that noble's man's death! But no, I don't rejoice in it. While he lived there was not one disloyal thought about either of them in my mind. But it is our fate that she should be free again ; mine be now the task to prove worthy of her : and as these thoughts passed through the young man's mind, he pressed his charger till the gallant Selim bounded under him as if responsive to the rider's feelings, and the orderly who followed him as he galloped along, carrying orders across the plain, had much ado to keep up to his proper distance in rear.

The amount of actual fighting which the cavalry of an army goes through, as compared with the business in that line which falls to the infantry, is usually but trifling, and its losses small in proportion. But the rule did not hold on this occasion. Almost all the cavalry of the Indian army having mutinied, the great advantage possessed by the enemy in this respect over the raw levies raised to replace them, gave them a confidence at first which was wanting in contests between the infantry. The nature of the country, too, a vast plain on a dead level, bare of obstacles, favoured the movement of cavalry ; and frequent encounters and skirmishes took place on the front and flanks of the advancing British column, amounting sometimes to regular stand-up fights. In this war the experience of such work which men could hardly gain in a lifetime of ordinary campaigns, was crowded into a few months, and the troopers who fought their way through it were veterans at the end. Nevertheless Kirke and his officers escaped unhurt for a long time ; yet the fighting was sometimes sharp enough. As for example : One afternoon the advancing column marching along the main road,

with Kirke's Horse in front, came to a village surrounded by a grove of trees, to clear which the cavalry on the flanks had to diverge somewhat to the right and left. Braddon, with a squadron, was on the right front; Egan with another on the left front; Kirke led the way along the road with the advance-guard of the third squadron, Yorke riding beside him. The enemy's cavalry had been showing in the front all day, but always retiring at a respectful distance without opposition, while the squadrons thrown out in advance on the flanks kept the front of the main column clear. Here, however, owing to groves and gardens coming in the way of the flankers, and obliging them to make a long detour, the column on the road got to be somewhat in advance, and, as the leading horsemen turned round a bend in the road through the village, a body of rebel cavalry could be seen drawn up not fifty yards in front, which, instead of retreating, moved down on them at a trot. The leading detachment, of six men only, were cut down, and the enemy came bearing down, somewhat thrown out of order in overcoming this first obstacle, but still a compact body filling up the road and open space up to the line of village huts on each side, with a front of some sixteen files. They had evidently got it in them to strike a blow.

With Kirke and Yorke were the support, of ten men riding two deep, and at some little distance behind came the rest of the squadron.

Kirke had but a moment for decision. To have fallen back on the main body was to cause panic and rout. His resolution was taken in an instant. There was not even time to form the party into single file, so, drawing his sword he waved it on high, and, shouting "Charge!"

dashed forward at a gallop, and the little party of twelve were upon the enemy almost in an instant. The latter slackened speed instinctively, but the opposing sides came together so quickly that the two officers had passed the enemy's leading files before they were pulled up, in the midst of a mass of horsemen jammed close together. A strange position truly, after following your enemy for days at the distance of a mile or so, to find yourself in his midst, knee pressing against knee, and to feel his hot breath against your cheek: seconds at such times seem like hours, and yet the whole scene passes like a sudden dream. Yorke had no time to think of method, or to recall the lessons he had taught himself to practice in his mind for use in such emergencies. Instinct, for the moment, took the place of method. There is no time to speak; the only sounds are the scuffling of men and tramping of horses, as the riders try to get their sword-arms free, and cuts and parries are exchanged with desperate speed. Yet, amid the hurry, Yorke has time to feel with a sense of satisfaction that he is not flurried, and that his head is cool, as, seizing the man on his left by the collar, he pulls him from his saddle with a sudden jerk, and the man falling down amongst the horses, gives a cry of anguish as he is trampled upon below. Kirke, for his part, was too close to the men right and left of him to hit them effectually, but swinging round he cut down the man whom he passed on the right, after which he had enough to do for an instant to parry his two nearest assailants, whose short curved scimitars were more handy at these close quarters than his long sword. But Kirke at last ran one of them through, and Yorke stunned the rider on his right by a blow

delivered close to the hilt of his sword. So close was the crowd, that as these men sank down there was no room for them to fall between the horses to the ground; the head of one rested on Yorke's knee, and, for the instant, the riderless horses interposed between the combatants. But the leading files of the enemy, on the right and left of the road, who had no one opposed to them, were now closing round, and the little party must soon be overwhelmed if help comes not. But help was nigh. The native officer with the third squadron, on seeing what had happened in front, delayed only long enough to extend his front to the width of the ground, and galloped up in support. Then the roadway was filled with a seething mass of horsemen, whereof only those leading on each side could engage, and they were jammed up by those pressing on from behind. A few more seconds pass—slowly, as it seems, so many blows are crowded into them—and then there is a yielding of the rebel cavalry; the whole mass seems moving slowly in one way. For, by this time, the outer squadrons under Braddon and Egan, working round the village, descry the enemy massed on the road between them, and press forward to attack them, separated, however, by the mud wall of a garden which borders the road for some quarter of a mile along either side. But the enemy, thus caught between two lines, are bewildered, and the rearmost men begin to tail off, and ride out of the way along the road; the impulse is communicated to those in advance, and soon there are left only a few facing Kirke's men, who in their efforts to turn and get away are all cut down. But the victorious party are too broken up to pursue them far, and the enemy gets off with a loss

of about thirty killed, and nearly as many horses captured, while of Kirke's Horse eight are killed, including the advance-guard which was surprised, and sixteen wounded, some slightly. "A sharp thing while it lasted," said Kirke to his subaltern, wiping his long sword, "and might have been awkward if Subahdar Tej Singh had not been up to time. All's well that ends well; but this will be a lesson to you for all your life, young man, to take care how you march round a corner."

On another day, Kirke's regiment, in advance of a detached column moving across country, had made out the enemy occupying a line of villages in strength, and apparently intending to await an attack in the position. The officer commanding the force on coming up determined to make a flank movement to turn the position, and accordingly diverted the main column to the right, leaving Kirke's Horse still in front to occupy the enemy's attention and cover the manœuvre. It was a clear bright morning of the cold season, and every object could be distinguished plainly in the still, clear air. In front were the low mud walls of a couple of villages, about half a mile apart from each other, and connected by a grove of well-grown trees. Between Kirke's men and this position, more than a mile distant, was a perfectly open plain, green with young corn, and unbroken by a single obstacle; the view was bounded on the right and left by the still unreaped crops of the previous wet season, as high as a horseman's head.

Kirke, with his orderly and trumpeter behind him, advanced over the plain, reconnoitring, a little distance ahead of his regiment, which moved at a walk in column of squadrons at deploying distance. They had

arrived pretty near to the line of villages, when fire was suddenly opened by a battery which had been concealed in the grove. The practice was bad, but Kirke ordered the regiment to retire; and it fell back, deployed in line so as to offer a smaller obstacle to the artillery-fire. On seeing this, a large body of the rebel cavalry emerged from the grove and formed up in front of it. The effect of this movement was to stop the fire from the guns, as the new-comers were in the way. They too deployed into line, which somewhat overlapped Kirke's force, and they moved forward as if intending to attack.

"Now look out," said Kirke jocosely to his orderly, in Hindustani; "we may get a chance."

Kirke continued to retire the regiment, the enemy's cavalry following. He even gave the word to trot. The rebel cavalry began to trot too, halting, however, when Kirke halted, and advancing whenever he retired.

In this way the two bodies of horse moved across the plain till they had got to be a full mile from the enemy's main position. The rebel cavalry meanwhile were getting nearer to Kirke's men, coming so close that their faces could be distinguished, and it looked as if, were a determined rush made, Kirke and his attendants would be cut down before the regiment could turn to help them. And the rebels, seeing that the retreat continued, began to grow excited. Shouts were raised, and swords waved. Some of them broke their ranks and began curvetting about in front of their line, abusing the Feringhee run-aways.

"It's about time now," said Kirke to himself, drawing his sword. Then he gave the order, and his trumpeter sounded the halt, and then immediately afterwards, as the regiment turned to its front, the canter; and

putting himself at their head, he led the way towards the enemy.

The enemy's line continued to move on at a slow trot, and the interval between the two was rapidly diminishing; but a spectator looking merely at the British line might have thought he was viewing a parade exercise, so cool and leisurely did the advance appear. Kirke, in front of the centre on Kathleen, with drab felt turban-covered helmet and tunic and breeches, and high boots of untanned leather, riding with stirrups somewhat short, and a strong seat, erect, his long straight sword held upright, a sinister smile on his dark resolute face. In front of the right squadron comes Braddon, tall and heavy, under whom even the big steed he bestrid seems undersized, a powerful Australian recaptured during the campaign, which perhaps erst bore some portly civilian in more peaceful times. Before the centre squadron rides Egan, dapper and light, horse and man seeming as one. Yorke leads the left squadron, spare and lithe, and with an easy seat, riding Selim with a light hand, the little horse bounding along with the short springy action of the Arab, like a mad thing, as if panting for the fray.

When barely fifty paces remain, Kirke's trumpeter sounds the charge, and the whole regiment echo the shout which their leader gives, as, waving his sword, he lets Kathleen go. Some of the enemy, pressing forward, respond to the challenge, but some halt, some turn round—their line is broken and their chance gone. It is no fight, but a running pursuit. The bravest, who stop to fight, fall first, overmatched and outnumbered. Those save themselves who fly first, as the two bodies gallop together helter-skelter across the plain. The rebel horsemen parry and cut backwards; but the game goes against those who fight

an enemy behind, and many a one rolls from his saddle under the pursuers' sharp sabres. Not until the battle has rolled on to within less than a furlong from the enemy's position does Kirke sound the halt, and the pursued are able to disengage themselves and take refuge in the grove. Then Kirke re-forms his men and retires, not too soon, for the enemy's artillery after a pause begins to open fire, although the plain is covered with the bodies of their comrades. But the fire is scarcely opened when it stops again, for the enemy's attention is now diverted by the movement of the troops threatening their flanks; a panic seizes them, and they limber up and retire, and Kirke and his men remain in possession of the field, sprinkled with the bodies of fallen men and riderless horses.

Some of these bodies move, and one man, disengaging himself from his horse, is seen walking leisurely towards the grove, in full face of the regiment, now drawn up in order.

Kirke looks at his orderly, giving a little jerk of his hand towards the rebel trooper, and the orderly taking the hint, gallops after him. The man hears the sound of his pursuer's horse, and looking round for an instant, sets off at a run. He is not far from the grove, and will find shelter there; but he cannot run fast in his heavy boots, and the horseman soon overtakes him. Once or twice he tries to evade his fate by doubling, but presently the trooper gets him within reach of his tulwar, and there is a laugh among the onlookers as the man falls under the blow, while his pursuer dismounts to rifle the body, for the soldiers of both sides usually carry their wealth about them, and a score or so of rupees may often reward the victor in single combat.

"Our fellows will expect to get any loot that is to be had," said Kirke, riding up to Eagan. "Leave ten files of your squadron; and see that everything is brought in to be shared equally amongst the whole. And mind," he added, as Eagan turned round to give the order, "we don't want to be bothered with any wounded prisoners." Then the regiment passed on at speed to join the field force, whilst the detachment moved about the field engaged on their office, looking after their fallen comrades among other things, and catching loose horses. Two of the regiment only were found to be killed; fifteen had been dismounted; about twice as many altogether were wounded or bruised by falls. More than eighty bodies of the enemy were counted. Many of these were of men wounded, cut down, or ridden over and trampled down; and some of them lay as dead when the fatigue party came up. But the pretence was of course seen through; a carbine-shot or slice of the tulwar settled the affair; and when the detachment passed on to join the regiment, nothing stirred on the plain to resist the wild dogs and jackals when they should arrive for their banquet in the evening. An hour later the camp-followers would come up, and the dead be stripped of what clothing remained to them. Perhaps hereafter the mothers and wives in some distant villages would wonder why their sons and husbands did not come home, and would be fain to console themselves with the reflection that they must have fallen in a good cause. For, strange as it may seem, it was not the English only who deemed themselves to have the right in this quarrel. To many of these benighted creatures it seemed to be quite a noble thing to stand by their comrades, and strike a blow to avert the pollution which they believed

their crafty Feringhee rulers to be preparing for them.

"This is the neatest job we have done during the war," said Kirke, as, an hour or two later, the little group of officers lay resting under a tree at their ease, waiting for the late breakfast which the servants, who had come up with the mule bearing the mess equipment, were busy preparing, the regiment being now encamped for the day, and pickets duly posted. "It is not often one gets a chance to have three squadrons all going to work together, and over such splendid ground too."

"And yet," said Braddon, "although perhaps one ought not to say so, those men were better fellows than ours, if the truth must be confessed—better mounted, better riders,

better trained. If their leaders were worth anything, they might have shown us a thing or two. But the scamps have no heart for their work. They are ashamed of themselves, to begin with, and all at cross purposes. I suspect that they only keep together now because they don't know what else to do."

"Yes," observes Kirke, "it will take all a year to bring the regiment up to the mark of one of the best of the old irregular corps; but the lads take to the business very kindly, don't they? But here is breakfast ready at last."

"It can't be more ready than I am," responded Braddon; "this 'pursuing practice' is the very dence for giving a fellow an appetite."

CHAPTER XXXV.

About this time the Gazette arrived from England, containing the first Mutiny brevet. Kirke was made a major; while Braddon was made both major and C.B. for his gallant share in the defence of the Residency. Kirke, although he might naturally have felt annoyed at his junior being more distinguished than himself, took the matter on the whole very well. He was a hard man, but jealousy was not part of his character. Yorke being still a subaltern, although now nearly at the top of the list, was not yet eligible for brevet promotion. It was in this brevet [that Dumble, as already mentioned, was made a brevet-colonel and C.B. Braddon was good-humouredly satirical about the value of a reward which embraced Dumble, but the profession of indifference to distinction was not carried very far; with the rise in public estimation his self-respect

had returned, and his moroseness disappeared, and he was now as blithe and gay as any one in the regiment. As for Yorke, he did not want reward or promotion to maintain his spirits; indeed, to belong to Kirke's Horse was in itself a sufficient passport to consideration throughout the camp of the main army, which the regiment had now joined. One regiment of British cavalry was also, like themselves, a corps of veterans, who had been in the thick of the fighting; but to the officers and men of the dragoons lately arrived as reinforcements from Europe, and who had not yet had an opportunity of crossing swords with an enemy, the famous corps which had already been mentioned over and over again in despatches, and whose exploits were in everybody's mouth, was naturally an object of curiosity and respect; nor could Yorke help con-

trasting the sort of reception he now received whenever his duties brought him in contact with the officers of other branches of the service, with the obscurity of his position a few months ago.

Then, too, as the avenging army swept the country clear of wandering rebel hordes, the post was re-established, and English letters began to reach the camp, so long cut off from news of the distant West. Yorke's letters, like those of many of his comrades, were written in the strain which the times made natural, full of rejoicings that those so dear to the writers had been spared thus far, full of anxieties for the dangers still to be undergone. As Yorke's sister, who was his chief English correspondent, expressed it, life in England at this time was one of continued suspense. "Indeed," said the fair writer, "I sometimes feel as if the strain were more than could be borne, as we have to wait from day to day for more tidings from India. But as Mr. Morgan always says [Mr. Morgan was the new incumbent of a chapel-of-ease at Wiltonbury], everything is ordered for the best, and this must be our precious consolation whatever befalls those dear to us. The Mills's cousin, whom of course you know, as he is in the army, has just sent them tidings of his safety. All the officers of his regiment were treacherously murdered, but he was away on leave at the time, and so was preserved. Truly, as Mr. Morgan says, there is a special providence which guards over us in all our dangers. And you, my dearest Arthur, how mercifully have you been saved almost out of the lion's mouth! The papers are quite full of Captain Kirke's heroic deliverance of your garrison just as you were at the point of destruction ;

and everybody has been reading Colonel Dumble's beautiful affecting despatch ; no wonder the garrison fought bravely with such a noble commander as he must be : still our hearts are strained almost to bursting when we think that you are still set in the midst of so many and great dangers ; but should my dearest Arthur be spared to receive these fond lines, I know that we shall have his sympathy in our dreadful anxiety."

In these days of irregular posts, it often happened that more than one mail arrived at the same time, and in fact Yorke received by this same post another letter from his sister—for his mother was not a good correspondent—written a month later than the first, expressed much in the same terms as the other in the beginning, but containing also a piece of news at the end which could not be withheld. Her dearest Arthur's affectionate heart would be made glad on hearing that his fond sister was about to become the wife of the new incumbent of St. Clement's. With so estimable a man for husband, to say nothing of his being so brilliant a preacher, she felt sure that her happiness was secured. Mr. Morgan was a widower, the letter went on to say ; "indeed he has been sorely tried, poor dear fellow, for his first wife died after a long and very painful illness ; but I trust he has now many years of happiness before him." The letter concluded by saying that the marriage was to take place in a few weeks. The writer would have wished to defer it till her dearest Arthur should be at home ; but she supposed he could not be spared from his military duties just at present, and dear William had made such a point of the new vicarage being now ready for occupation, that she was forced to consent to a speedy union.

The tide of war had now completely turned. It was no longer a struggle on terms of equality, where discipline and courage on one side were balanced against numbers on the other. The British army was now in great strength, and moving triumphantly over the country. The rebel cavalry had pretty well given up fighting on its own account, and the opportunities for engaging it had become rare; but the enemy still held out in force here and there, occupying strong positions from which they had to be dislodged; and the British cavalry, moving in advance of the army, more than once suffered losses from artillery and infantry fire, to which they were unable to reply. This happened one day to Kirke's Horse, now brigaded with two other regiments under Colonel Tartar, and in advance of the army moving on a point where the enemy seem disposed to make a stand. Kirke's Horse was drawn up in reserve while one of the other regiments was skirmishing in their front among some high crops, in which the horsemen were almost concealed, and which surrounded a flat-roofed town hardly to be made out above the tall grain, but from the outskirts of which a desultory fire was proceeding. The younger troops, who had never been in action before, were in a state of great excitement, as a squadron told off for skirmishing was engaged in front, soon to be reinforced by another—Kirke's men meanwhile, who were in the rear, conducting themselves with the *nonchalance* of old campaigners, the men dismounted, the officers in a little group on horse-back.

"They seem very lively in front there," said Kirke, as the dragoons might be seen trotting round in circles discharging their carbines in

reply to the enemy's fire; "but I should doubt anything coming out of the business, except that some of the youngsters will get hit. I wonder the brigadier don't send us up instead. Not that we should be able to do much better, but our men would be cheaper."

"It would be an awful nuisance though," said Egan, "to have a lot of our fellows knocked over for nothing, merely because the general wants us cavalry to do infantry work. A regiment of Sikhs would clear out these fields in a jiffy."

"My good fellow," observed Braddon, "if you deduct all the men who are knocked over in war without satisfying any useful purpose, the casualties in this noble pastime would undergo a perceptible reduction."

"May be so, but it must be a horrid bore to be hit about in this way without getting any good by it."

"But you may get a great deal of good by it, my dear fellow; there, for example, goes a man who will get a good deal,"—and as Braddon spoke, a doolce was borne to the rear with an officer, whom they could make out to be the commandant of the regiment engaged, wounded in the leg by a gunshot: "that man arrived from England about three days ago, and has been in action about five minutes, but he is safe for his C.B. now, and will be a great authority on cavalry for the remainder of his life."

"Ah! here are the infantry at last," said Kirke, as a regiment of Sikhs came up in haste at a long swinging stride, and sent a couple of companies in skirmishing order into the high crops.

"Now there goes a really brave man," said Braddon, pointing to the commandant of the regiment, a stout, middle-aged officer, who rode

at the head of it. "That man has a wife and eight children in England to my knowledge. I declare I don't think I could muster up courage to go into action if I had such a frightful load on my shoulders."

"I don't see that at all," said Yorke; "if a man has all the comfort of married life in peace time he must pay for it on active service. You can't have everything without alloy in this world. But I don't observe that married men make a bit worse soldiers than bachelors."

"Then they ought to. As for comfort, I don't fancy old Swaby there has had too much in that line; he has been always dreadfully hard up, but it has been luxury compared to what is in store for his family if he comes to grief. I fancy I can see them, settled in some small country town, a picture of old Swaby in full uniform the only ornament left remaining, and the poor mother telling the children what a splendid soldier their father was (which won't put food into their little bellies, however), and besieging the Court of Directors continually for an appointment for her eldest boy. No, if I were a married man I should be an awful coward."

Yorke laughed as Braddon finished his outburst, knowing that his friend could afford to play with the subject of bravery; but he could not help thinking that although the hope of winning the fair prize now before him was a source of strength and courage at present, what a hard wrench it would be to leave her side to go campaigning again, although he felt sure enough that, once in the field, a wife at home would make no difference in his conduct any more than it would in that of Braddon or any other soldier. But these reflections were interrupted by an order to mount. The infantry were now coming up

in force, and advancing to the attack of the enemy's position, and Kirke's Horse were ordered off to the right to guard the flank.

Passing through a grove of trees, the regiment came on to a piece of barren ground, some half a mile wide, and extending right up to the town, the left end of which was from this point clearly exposed to view, a wall surrounding the flat-roofed houses and huts within; while still further to the left could be made out a considerable body of the enemy, both horse and foot. It was to guard against any counter-attempt from this force that Kirke's Horse had been detached to the right, while the main attack was made in front under cover of the high crops.

For a few minutes the regiment remained unmolested, drawn up on the bare plain; but presently fire was opened on it from a couple of heavy guns posted behind a gap in the town wall. After a round or two the enemy got the range, and a shot crashing through the line killed a couple of men and horses, front and rear rank. Kirke thereon sent Yorke to the brigadier to propose that he should retire into the cover of the grove; but a message came back that it was the general's order to hold the ground in advance of the grove, and keep the enemy from making a counter-attack across the front of the line.

"Counter-attack!" said Kirke bitterly, as he received the message; "much they look like attacking anybody, don't they? However, orders must be obeyed. Thank God, here come some guns to help us;" and as he spoke half a troop of horse artillery came galloping up round the edge of the grove; and, taking up a position on the right of Kirke's men, unlimbered and opened fire on the walls with shell and shrapnel. This diverted the atten-

tion of the enemy, who turned one gun on their assailants, but kept one still going on the cavalry, now serving it with grape. The distance was about eight hundred yards, and the gun badly served; but the ground was perfectly smooth and level; eighteen-pounder grape under such conditions was a formidable thing to face; and it was difficult to avoid wincing as the shot came crashing along with the angry growl peculiar to the missile, tearing up the ground, and making a little cloud of dust. Kirke kept the regiment drawn up in line, to render the mark as thin as possible, but almost every discharge took effect, and the pause between each was spent in moving the disabled men into dooles and sending them to the rear, or in disengaging riders from their dead horses.

Presently the brigadier rode up. Twenty-three men killed and wounded, reported Kirke, and thirty-five horses, in these few minutes, and there would be plenty more if they stopped in that place. "I don't like to lose my fellows in this way to no purpose."

It could not be helped, Tartar said; the orders were positive to hold the ground and keep the flank secure.

"I think I could make the flank pretty secure, sir, if you would let me advance and threaten *their* flank. Those fellows yonder only want a little encouragement to skedaddle, but this long bowls is just the game they like." But Tartar said the general would not allow any forward movement of the cavalry to be made without his orders.

"I wish the general would come here and see things for himself," replied Kirke; "we should be just as useful under cover behind the trees, instead of in front of them."

"It won't last long," said the

other; "the town will be carried presently." Then the brigadier with his brigade-major joined Kirke in riding slowly up and down before the line, their orderlies behind them. They tried to talk unconcernedly, but it was not easy to keep up the conversation when the puff of white smoke arose behind the wall, to be followed immediately by the angry growl of the grape as it rushed towards them along the level ground.

Suddenly the brigadier and his horse rolled over. Kirke and the brigade-major jumped down to his assistance, but he soon got up unhurt; his horse, however, had been killed.

"A bad look-out," said Tartar, looking at the poor beast which lay in its last convulsions; "what shall I do for a mount?"

"No difficulty about that, sir," said Kirke, pointing to his orderly's horse, which stood riderless behind them, the man having fallen dead by a grape-shot from the same discharge; and, indeed, the brigadier was fain to disengage his saddle from his own charger, and put it on the native orderly's trooper.

Thus passed the minutes which seemed like hours; the gunners were busy in replying to the enemy's fire, but the cavalry had no occupation, and plenty of time for reflection. At last there was a sudden cessation of the deadly game, explained almost immediately by the appearance of some European soldiers on the house-tops, firing with musketry on the group of men serving the two guns. The town had been carried; and the occupants of the part of it opposite Kirke's regiment, being thus taken in flank, soon disappeared in flight to the rear. Now would have been the time for the cavalry to make a circuit of the walls and cut in upon the fugitives; but no orders came to move, and

there only remained the melancholy occupation of counting up the casualties, and fitting spare men to spare horses. Seventy-six men, or nearly one-sixth of the strength of the regiment present on the field, had been killed and wounded, the latter for the most part badly, and eighty-seven horses were disabled so that Kirke's Horse figured handsomely in the account of the battle, and readers of the Gazette might have supposed, from the general's reference to its distinguished conduct and severe loss, that the regiment had spent the day in desperate hand-to-hand fighting, instead of having been uselessly sacrificed for a stupid precaution. The officers of the regiment, on comparing notes afterwards, were agreed that it had been the most serious duty any of them had gone through, active fighting under excitement being far less trying than standing up in cold blood to be fired at without power of retaliation. But their usual good luck had attended them. Braddon's big Australian horse had gone down; while Egan had had a grape-shot through his holster, and Yorke another through his turban; but otherwise they had come off unscathed; and they began jokingly to style themselves the invulnerables, half believing that they really were.

But not for long after this affair did the title continue to be appropriate. The main army was now posted for a time in a stationary encampment, while columns detached from it scoured the surrounding country, beating up fugitives; and Kirke's Horse, while thus employed, came up suddenly one early morning with a body of the enemy's cavalry and the remains of a battery of field-artillery. Here was an opportunity long sought for; Kirke's Horse had done almost everything possible in the way of fighting but capture

guns; so while these, surprised in the dusky dawn, opened an uncertain fire, Kirke, bringing his regiment round at a gallop, gained their flank, and charging down before they could limber up, cut down the gunners and captured the four guns, the cavalry making off without awaiting the onset. Just as the advance was made, Braddon (who led the rear squadron) with his horse was seen to fall, but there was no time to stop and inquire what had happened. It was half an hour or more before the regiment returned to its old ground, and there the officers found their comrade lying under a tree. Maxwell had just amputated both legs, shattered by a round-shot which had passed through his horse.

He had hardly recovered from the effect of the chloroform which Maxwell had administered, and at first did not remember what had happened, or where he was. "Ah! now I understand," he said at last, as he saw the commandant and Yorke stooping over him, while Maxwell on his knees was still busied with his work,—“I am minus a couple of legs. Very odd, too, I don't feel anything. That's a comfort, is it not? It helps one to bear the loss with proper resignation. How long am I good for, doctor, do you think?”

“My dear fellow,” replied Maxwell, “you have borne the operation splendidly, and a constitution like yours will carry a man through anything. The pulse is strong, and everything going on well.”

“All the resources of the highest medical skill were brought to bear on the case, but alas! proved unavailing,” interrupted the wounded man —“that will be my epitaph, I take it; it wasn't the doctor's fault, but the man's. Excuse my chaff, doctor,” he continued, “I don't want to hurt your feelings; if ever there was a

surgeon who could pull a fellow through it would be you, I know that; but tell me, doctor, did you ever know a case of a man pulling through who had both his legs taken off by a round-shot? Shock to the system, isn't it, that you call it? And yet I feel quite right up here," said the wounded man, withdrawing one of the hands that made a pillow for his head, and tapping his chest. "Nevertheless, Yorke, my boy, you will be second in command before many hours are over. But how about the guns? you took them, I hope, major?"

"Oh yes," replied Kirke, "we made a capital job of it; took the whole four, and accounted for a lot of the gunners as well."

"Well done!" cried Braddon, cheerily; "there's the C.B. for you, major, certain, and a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy at the least, even if you were not sure of it before."

"And for you, too, I hope," said Kirke, his usual hard tone softened as he looked down distressed at his mangled comrade.

"Very kind of you to say so, major; but there is only one more step for me to make, and not having any legs to make it with, it ought to be a short one. The present company see the joke, I hope," he added, looking up at the anxious faces above him, as he lay with his head resting under his hands. "But I am keeping you here too long; the wounded ought to be sent to the rear, you know. Cavalry should have no incumbrances."

In truth it was time to be moving on, for the regiment had a long march to make before its return to camp; and the wounded man (the only one in the whole regiment wounded in this skirmish) was placed in a doolee and sent off under escort of a native officer and detachment, while the rest of the party

with the captured guns proceeded on their way, Maxwell accompanying them, for a native regiment has only one surgeon attached to it, and more casualties might occur before the expedition was ended.

Kirke's Horse returned to headquarters on the evening of the following day; and while the commanding officer went to the general's tent to report proceedings, Yorke hastened as soon as he could get away to the main camp-hospital, whither his wounded comrade had been conveyed. The hospital was formed of a little street of tents, orderly and quiet, the only moving objects being here and there a camp-follower or two, as they sat squatting outside the tents, smoking their hookahs or cooking their frugal meal. Towards the end of the street some larger tents betokened the quarters of the wounded officers, while it was closed at the end by those of the medical officers in charge, in front of which sat two surgeons smoking their cheroots after the labours of the day. One of these rose at once as Yorke rode up, and conducted him to the tent where Braddon lay. He was doing wonderfully well, said the surgeon before they went in, notwithstanding the shock and the journey; pulse still firm; he must have a wonderful constitution.

Braddon occupied an airy tent with two beds (the second being vacant), the only other person in it being his bearer, sitting patient in a corner to execute his master's behests. The wounded man received his friend with a cheery voice.

"Here I am, you see, wonderfully jolly, all right in this quarter still"—tapping his chest—"and ready for my dinner; but how long is this to last? I am looking out for the coming change, but it doesn't

come. Except that I am a little tired of lying on my back already, I never felt better in my life. Curious, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the surgeon, cheerily; "you are doing famously; Maxwell will be quite proud of your case."

"Famously, indeed. Come, doctor, did you ever know a case of a man losing both his legs in this way and pulling through?"

"Know a case? I should think so. Why, there is a sergeant of a foot regiment in this very camp who has lost both his legs, and is almost well now."

"Ah, but he didn't lose them by a round-shot, I'll be bound. No, Maxwell," he continued, addressing that officer, who had just entered the tent, "you may explain to our good friend here that it is no good trying to bamboozle me, and, what is more, that I don't want to be deceived. I know what is in store for me, as well as either of you do; but it is very odd that I should feel so well."

The next day, when Yorke paid his friend a visit, he found him still well and hearty, although less excited in manner. "Not much change, you see," he said, smiling. "No; no pain whatever, except that there is a big knot in the cordage of this bed which touches me up in the back a little. But it isn't worth while bothering about it just for a day or two. No; there is no pain in the stumps, and no feeling either; that is the bad sign, is it not? You can't have a rally where there is no nervous power, you know. The only wonder is the numbness does not begin creeping up the body, as with Socrates after drinking the hemlock. I feel quite right here still," tapping his chest. "There's no need to pull such a long face, my dear fellow," he con-

tinued. "What does it matter one man more or less being knocked over? We have won the day, and put the mutiny down; and the thing has been done cheap at the price. And what is more, I don't care a bit about it myself. That seems odd to you, doesn't it? Only two days ago I was thinking about brevets, and promotions, and a career, and all the rest of it, just as keenly as any man; and now I lie here, waiting for the end, and if you'll believe me, I don't feel as if I would give a button to have my legs back again. I should have grudged to have been knocked over and useless when in the Residency, I confess, before I had had a rap at the rascals; but now there are plenty more where I came from. Why, now I think of it, you are senior lieutenant in the 78th, and will get the step in the regiment, besides being made second in command of the Horse. I beg your pardon," continued the sick man, seeing that his friend looked pained; "but you know it's my way; I can't help a little chaff. I know you are sorry for me, and all that; but still business is business, and there would be no promotion if there were no casualties. No, my dear fellow, I should have been afraid to sneak out of the world at the time when I was under a cloud; but now that I am set right again with the public, it is different. And is there a man in India who could be better spared? I haven't got a relation in the world who cares twopence about me. My sister and I used to be pretty fond of each other when we were children; but she has been married these ten years to a rich man whom I have never seen, and somehow the letter-writing drooped after a time."

Yorke asked whether he would not wish to see the camp chaplain,

but Braddon declined the proposal. "I don't suppose I have been inside a church for a dozen years," he said, "and what merit would I get from going through the service now, under a fright? If I had bled to death out there on the field when I was hit, Wharton would not have had a chance of using his formulas: I can't suppose God Almighty would allow it to make any difference to a man, whether he dies a few hours sooner or later. I daresay you think I am a regular heathen," he continued, seeing that Yorke looked distressed, "but I am not a bit; I can't call to mind that I ever did anybody any harm, except in the way of business as a soldier, or anything that a man need be ashamed of, barring that brandy-bottle bout which injured nobody but myself. Is faith really to be everything, and works nothing, as our worthy friend is always preaching? I know I am a miserable sinner and all that, but surely it is taking a low view of God to suppose that he finds any satisfaction in hearing His praises sung. A crude sort of theology, ain't it? but it's too late to cast about for new principles now."

"No, my dear boy," he continued, as Yorke after a time rose to go, "I don't want anything, thank you; I don't feel as if I could read; but somehow the time doesn't hang heavy, and old Sudhán there is very attentive; he seems never to go to his dinner, nor to go to sleep, nor to do anything, I believe, but sit there ready to wait on me. Good-by old fellow, remember me to the rest of them, and say how glad I was to hear about the guns being all taken, and so cheaply too. And

Yorke, I say," he added, holding the other's hand, "just give me a kiss before you go."

The warmest friendship and the best intentions can go but little way towards tending the sick on active service. With those on duty, fatigue and the craving for sleep will overcome the strongest sympathies or unselfishness. The officers of Kirke's regiment, too, were for most of their time on outpost duty, and their wounded comrade was perforce left to his thoughts and the ministrations of his faithful bearer, and the occasional visits of the kindly but overworked camp doctor. When next Yorke rode down to the hospital, the change which the patient had been looking for had arrived. "He is sinking rapidly, and won't recognise you," said the surgeon coming out of the tent as Yorke approached it. That evening the gallant soldier died; he was buried at daybreak, Yorke being the only mourner, for the other officers of the regiment were all at outposts; and at evening his property was sold by auction and dispersed among a variety of owners, for the army was to march next day. Braddon had made a will, drawn by the camp surgeon, leaving his remaining charger to Kirke, his sword to his sister, a hundred rupees to his faithful bearer, and the rest of his property—which consisted mainly of arrears of pay—to Yorke, who was appointed executor. The latter was gazetted in due course to be captain in the late 76th Native Infantry, vice Braddon, died of wounds; and succeeded also, as the latter had predicted, to his vacant post of second in command of Kirke's Horse.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

One more incident in the campaign must find a place in our story. The force of the rebellion was now got under; Lucknow had been finally captured, and there was no longer any regular army in the field to oppose the British troops; but various fugitive bands still remained to be put down, and detached columns were moving in pursuit of these all over the country. Kirke's Horse was attached to one of these columns, and a squadron under Yorke's command was halted one hot day in May in support of a couple of horse-artillery guns during the attack on a strong village held in force by the enemy. Yorke and the guns had been detached to the right of the line, where they found themselves in front of a small enclosure surrounded by a low mud wall, and the artillery officer had begun to fire on the place, which appeared to be full of men, by way of having something to do—for the position was not of importance, as it must be abandoned if the main village were taken—when a half-company of European infantry came up, which also had been detached to the right. "I am to skirmish in front of that tidy little fort," said the officer in command of the detachment to Yorke, as he passed by the spot where the squadron was halted; "but as soon as they begin business over there"—pointing to the main column—"I mean to go in and have a try at the place—a grand assault all to myself;" and Yorke was struck by the cheery appearance of the young fellow, who had the bright cheeks of a man fresh from England. This half-company was now skirmishing in open order before the little enclosure, freely replied to by its occupants, and had got so close to it that the guns were obliged

to stop firing, when Yorke saw the officer wave his sword and make a rush forward, while all his men jumped up and followed him. The wall was broken in parts, and the officer vaulted over a gap and disappeared inside followed by about half his party, while the rest came crowding up to the spot. "Well done!" cried Yorke, "he has carried the place,"—and pushed forward with his squadron over the plain up to it. It took less than a minute to cover the ground, but by the time he got to the enclosure the assailants were in trouble; the advance was stopped, the men were huddled up together under shelter of the wall, and firing over the gaps in it, while several of those who had got in were scrambling back again.

"What is the matter?" said Yorke, riding up to them; "and where's your officer?"

"He's too badly hit to bring off," said one of the fugitives, loading his rifle mechanically as he spoke; "it's as much as I could do to get away myself," and indeed the man was bleeding profusely from a wound in his shoulder.

The enemy were now swarming back to defend their post, and keeping up a warm fire from the roof of the houses within it and from every opening, to which the soldiers replied from outside the wall. There was a narrow lane running from front to back of the enclosure, and Yorke looking along this over the gap in the wall which faced the end of it, could see the bodies of some half-dozen Europeans lying in the roadway, and one, the officer, half sitting, half lying against the side wall. At the end of the lane was a little crowd of the enemy, some standing boldly out, others

partly under cover, all firing down along it towards the gap, while the British soldiers at the other end replied from outside.

The soldiers in the lane seemed all dead, but Yorke could see the officer moving; and without stopping to think, he rode his horse a few paces back, and then putting him at the gap, cleared it at a bound into the lane.

The enemy on seeing him jump over showed in still greater numbers, and from all sides the fire seemed converging on him, while he was now in the way of his own people, nearly filling up with his horse the whole of the narrow road. And it seemed as if he must certainly be hit. But all round the enclosure immediately inside the wall was a narrow passage, and he turned aside into this as by instinct, finding for the moment comparative shelter, and then dismounting and leaving his horse there, ran up the lane to the wounded officer, and lifting him up tried to carry him back. But the burden was a heavy one, and he would have failed of his purpose but that two of the soldiers, following his example, had also come over the wall to help him. Working together they made good progress, but it seemed as if the end of the lane would never be reached, although the distance to be traversed was only a few yards. Close and many whizzed the bullets, and, almost filling up the lane as did the little party, it seemed as if they could not escape. At last one of the two soldiers fell on his face, and Yorke and the other stumbled and nearly let drop their burden. "He's killed, sir," said the survivor, after looking for a moment at his comrade—"it's no good waiting for him;" and they pushed on and at last reached the wall, and, handing their burden over, followed themselves, Yorke's horse — not

Selim, but his second charger—having been shot in his absence, and took shelter behind. The surviving soldier, however, had been shot through the thigh, but Yorke with his usual good fortune got off with a bullet through the skirt of his coat.

Outside the place were now drawn up the whole of Kirke's Horse, the commandant himself having ridden up to the gap to see if he could help his comrade; five minutes afterwards the enclosure was abandoned by its occupants, the main village having just been carried, and Yorke mounted on a trooper was soon in pursuit with his regiment, and busy cutting up the fugitives trying to escape across the open plain. He never saw the young officer again, who, he afterwards learnt, died the same evening of his wounds; but he lived long enough to tell the story of his deliverance; and Kirke, who had witnessed the conduct of his second in command, reported it in such terms that Yorke was at once awarded the Victoria Cross. And not long afterwards, the fact of his promotion to regimental captain having been recorded at the Horse Guards, the promotion of Captain Arthur Yorke, V.C., Bengal Native Infantry, to be major in the army, appeared in the 'London Gazette.' This was indeed promotion, from lieutenant to field-officer all in one day. And he had the Gazette all to himself too, for the last instalment of brevets for the campaign had already appeared, including Kirke's promotion to lieutenant-colonel, and appointment to C.B. True, the Crimea had made field rank somewhat cheap; still the rise was a great one, from subaltern in a condemned service to major in a distinguished regiment, and few men even in these days had gained the rank in less than eight years' total service. Surely there

must be a career before him, if he pulled through the war without getting knocked on the head; Falkland had been twenty years in the army before he got his first brevet. Ah! poor Falkland! Already his career and his fate were almost forgotten, covered by the pall of brave men who had fallen during the war; and the days of the Residency defence seemed to have faded away into the shadowy past, so much had happened since.

And yet in one respect those memories were fresh enough. The young man's passion was as strong as ever, and his success was valued mostly because it seemed to give him reason for his hopes. He had been in correspondence with Olivia ever since they parted, although from exigencies of duty and interruptions to posts the letters which passed had not been numerous; but Yorke thought he could trace in hers, as he read them again and again, the course of change from despair to resignation, and then to a revival of interest in life and the future, while through them ran a vein of sympathy and tenderness which the young man recognised with ecstacy, as indicating some approach towards his own state of feeling. And yet, he could see that any reciprocation of his passion was as yet altogether foreign to her thoughts; and although he felt a constant impulse to declare his devotion, an instinctive feeling that she was not yet prepared for such a declaration restrained him from committing himself. It would sound cold on paper, too, he thought, and I should not be there to reply to the objections she might plead of disloyalty to her first husband, and to press all that could be urged in reply of our exceptional circumstances. No: I will wait till I can reveal my love in person, and

have her sweet face before me to inspire me with fitting words.

And now the time seemed coming, for the hot season was nearly over, and the rains were at hand in which marching would be hardly practicable, and the enemy being almost everywhere put down, the army was now to be distributed in cantonments. And Kirke's Horse, after a twelvemonth spent under canvas, which had converted the raw levy into seasoned veterans, was established at an out-station, in a district which had lately been recovered from the rebels, where the officers set about repairing the roofless bungalows of the former occupants, while the old sepoys' lines were restored for the men. It was just on arriving at this place that Yorke got the news of his promotion. The army would be in quarters for three months before taking the field again, and Yorke thought his chances good of getting leave for a part of this time. And a few weeks in a hill station, with the opportunity of seeing Olivia daily, almost hourly, as her trusted friend, would be worth years of ordinary cantonment life. For Olivia was still in the hills. Her intention had been to return to Europe and join her father; but the road had not been safe for travellers, and now her journey was deferred till the next cold season—a journey I hope she will never make, thought the young man with bounding heart.

But a disappointment awaited him. The regiment had hardly encamped in their cantonments when Kirke was attacked with fever, and Maxwell ordered him off to the hills. The commandant and second in command could not both be absent at one time, and Yorke was fain to stay behind in charge of the regiment. And whether it was that, in writing to Olivia he expressed

his disappointment somewhat too pointedly, but in her reply there seemed to be an unusual reserve, and a pang of fear came over him lest he should have built too solid hopes on the anxious wishes for his safety, the almost affectionate solicitude for his welfare, which her letters had expressed while the campaign lasted. Ah! thought he, will the day ever come when I shall be able to pour out my passionate love without fear of repulse, and she in return may declare her desire for my presence without shame, and, putting aside the short episode of her first marriage, be ready to centre her hopes and affections on me?

Spragge, who had been serving during the latter part of the campaign with the Mustaphabad Levy, after recovering from his wound, had now got his leave; and the happy fellow wrote from the hills that he was to be married immediately, and then to leave his bride after a two months' honeymoon, while he returned in the cold season for the next campaign. "It will be terrible work parting from the dear girl," he wrote to his friend; "but what is to be done? I object on principle to long engagements, and it would not do to bring her down to the plains until Pandy is completely disposed of. By the way, the charming widow is looking as beautiful as ever, and her mourning becomes her exceedingly"—does she wear regular weeds I wonder? thought Yorke as he read this—"but how she manages to live with old mother Polwheedle is a wonder. You must look out for your chances, my boy, for her son is up here, and staying in the house—her son by the late Captain Jones, you know—and the old lady is making tremendous play on behalf of young hopeful, who is a rum-

looking fish. By the way, I haven't congratulated you yet on your brevet majority and V.C., which I do now heartily, my dear fellow. What luck you have had, to be sure! Here am I, only three months your junior, and not even a captain yet, and no chance of a brevet as far as I can see."

This reference to Mrs. Polwheedle's son by the late Captain Jones did not cause Yorke any misgivings, for he had already heard of his visit to the hills from Olivia herself, but the concluding part of the letter left an unpleasant impression behind it. What jealousy there must be in human nature, he thought, when even a good fellow like Spragge puts down my honours to luck! I don't think I should have grudged him his brevet promotion, or called him a lucky fellow, if it had been he who had earned it.

"Mrs. Polwheedle's son, Mr. Jones, of the late Banglepoor Rangers, has come up on six weeks' leave," Olivia had told Yorke in one of her letters. "I am afraid that if I were to derive my notions of the army from him, I should hardly 'worship the military profession,' as you once accused me of doing. However, it is very pleasing to witness the mother's pride and undoubting belief in her son. You have sent me another implied scolding for continuing to share a house with her, but she is greatly changed and very kind, besides, I could not set up housekeeping for myself in a place like this"—surely I may take this as encouragement? thought the reader of the letter with a thrill of ecstasy—"even if it were worth while doing so for the short time I have to remain in India." Here the reader was cast down again: did this mean that she saw through his intentions and did not wish to give him hope? "My cousin Rupert Kirke," the letter

continued, "has also come up here, as of course you know, and it was such a happiness to hear from him so good an account of you, after all your hardships and hairbreadth escapes. He tells me that you have undergone the fatigue and heat even better than himself; and he has also told me, what I never could persuade you to tell me yourself, how you earned your Victoria Cross. People say that it is easy to get accustomed to danger in time. I never could. Even in the dreadful times of the Residency, when all the others seemed to become indifferent, I used to tremble at every shot, feeling as if it must take some valued life; and all through this dreadful war I never take up the newspaper without a shudder, although one is bound to put on a calm face." Yes, indeed, thought Yorke, as he put the letter to his lips before folding it up, no one carried a braver presence than this noble woman!

In another letter Mrs. Falkland described Spragge's wedding, on which occasion she had helped to attire the bride; and, in expressing

the general regret that Yorke could not be present to act as his friend's best man, added that her cousin had been very useful in arranging money matters for her, as she was quite ignorant of business. "Through his kind offices I have been able to receive the pension which I only lately learned that I was entitled to; and I have not scrupled, as he is so near a relative, to make use of the money he has kindly placed at my disposal until I can hear from my father, and so repay Mrs. Polwheedle what I am indebted to her." Idiot that I am, cried Yorke, on reading this, never to have thought of placing my purse at her disposal! A pretty friend I am, truly! No wonder she should find her cousin useful, when the obvious fact never presented itself to me, in my stupidity, that she must have been in want of money for present needs. Olivia in want of money, while he had ever so many months' pay lying undrawn at his credit! And for the moment Yorke felt quite jealous of his commanding officer for having shown this kindness to his cousin.

AN UNSPOKEN QUESTION.

I THOUGHT I must be dreaming
The day you whispered low,
And told me the sweet secret
That I alone must know.

I listened quite in silence,
Perhaps you thought me cold;
My heart was overflowing
With tenderness untold.

Just for one fleeting moment,
One only, did you stay.
Were you and I both dreaming
That happy summer's day!

A WANDERER'S LETTER.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—My resolution to address you has been taken somewhat suddenly: I will tell you what brought it about. This morning I was engaged in the homely operation of shaving myself, under very unfavourable circumstances—circumstances, indeed, that would to many of our countrymen have been deemed to justify the expression of the savages ideas. From my mild nature, they drew forth simply the sighing remark, “If ever I live to shave at a glass placed in front of a good light, it won’t be easy to set me roaming again.” Now, those who have suffered as I was then suffering, and as I suffer every day, will have no difficulty in divining what connection there is between roaming and a shaving-glass in front of your window. They know very well the misery of standing among probably a profusion of mirrors all so ingeniously placed that not one will perform the office for which we suppose that mirrors were intended. It is very true that so much glass surface gives brilliancy to an apartment; but in your dressing-room you want utility in at least one looking-glass; for what does it profit a man if he have his whole four walls, and his ceiling too, covered with mirrors, if he cannot in any see to shave himself—“water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink?” Of course, I, raising this wail, am on the continent of Europe; and of course when I spoke of standing at a glass with its back to the light I meant by this periphrasia, if ever I got to England again, where they do arrange glasses in sensible positions. Mind I am only telling my thought; and if my thought

came in this roundabout way, how could I help it? I knew what it meant, and so does every self-shaving man that ever went across the Channel. Besides, there is warrant for delivering one’s self in this way. Does not Rosalind say, “Look you lisp and wear strange suits,” and so on, “or I will scarce think *you have swam in a gondola?*” “That is,” says the commentator, “*been at Venice.*” But Rosalind does not think it necessary to explain, and when I think of her I feel that I am justified: the Channel is the boundary between mirrors that one can shave in and mirrors that one can’t. At any rate, I made to myself the remark I have written down; and then by a natural sequence of ideas it occurred to me that whenever it should be my luck to get home again I might have much to say to you and to others concerning my wanderings; but then I don’t at all know when my return may be, and so my gossip grows cold and is like to be very stale before I have an opportunity of imparting it *visd voce*. Immediately rose up the idea of pen and ink—weapons which, as you know, I have misused before to-day—and the temptation to farther iniquity grew strong, irresistible. Hence this infliction.

It would, I suppose, be considered rather a fallacious thing to say that the French are a more reflecting people than the Germans; and yet it is, in one acceptation, a true saying; for, though mirrors prevail more or less in every part of the Continent that I have visited, they are less excessive as you advance eastward. Yet with all this provision of reflectors you have not

frequent opportunities of beholding your natural face in a glass; for besides the villainous misplacements in respect of light, there is commonly an intense distorting power which might lead to suicide, though not by the same temptation as that of Narcissus. "Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!" Truly the mirrors are a delusion; but there is another perverse thing that I have seen under the sun. Why is it that no piece of furniture can by possibility rest on the ground with all its feet, but every one must keep always one leg disengaged, so that whenever it is pressed on from above it is sure to shift its bearing, and happy are you if the ensuing spilling, dropping, and clattering be the whole of the evil, and you have not to pay for smashes? Rest a candle or (what is worse) a lamp on a small table, chest of drawers, cabinet, or *escritoire*, or put a jug of water on the same, and then take heed that you destroy not the existing balance; for should any weight incline toward the unsupported foot "but in the estimation of a hair," the overflow of grease, oil, water, and haply of fire, may be calamitous. I, at this moment of writing, rejoice in the use of a hanging press, wherein, by certain ingenious contrivances not known, as I flatter myself, to the vulgar, I succeed in stowing certain articles of apparel. But had this affliction been continued in the state in which I received it, no garment could possibly have been suspended therein. It is fitted with innumerable pegs for hanging, but not one of them has the little button or *retroussement* necessary to the retention of the thing suspended; and this being the case, of course, to aggravate the grievance, the short legs are in front, so that while the base of the press touches the skirting, the top has a very distant acquaintance, a bowing acquaintance, I may say, with the

wall. Thus everything may slide off as fast as it was hooked on. It is infinitely soothing to the feelings when you arrive late at night, and tired, to find yourself accommodated with a receptacle of this kind in which, while you are hanging No. 3, Nos. 1 and 2 slide off their pins, and when you replace 1 and 2 down goes 3. After a quarter of an hour of this exhilaration, I brought all my garments together on a chair within hand's reach, then steadied the convenient piece of furniture with one hand, while with the most delicate handling I got my clothing into the dependent state, which done, I closed and fastened the door upon it, having solved the problem for this time. In the morning I found but a miscellaneous heap in the bottom of the press. There had been a disturbance of equilibrium in the night, a general slide, and now this chaotic commingling. Well, I was not absolutely obliged to use this press, because there is a tiny chest of drawers; but when I explain that not one of the drawers has, or ever had, a handle or knob, and that the sole means of extracting any one is the key common to all, the locks—also, that it is absolutely impossible to make the two ends come out or go in evenly, but they jam (sometimes very fast) at every inch and a half or so of their career—you will understand that this alternative did not present a very obvious prospect of relief from difficulty. I have never heard a reason given for the intolerably bad joiner's work that one finds—I only know the fact. As regards Germany, I believe that large numbers of German joiners and cabinetmakers find constant employment in England; also, that many English workmen come to Germany. The inferior work produced in Germany would therefore appear to be rather the choice than the necessity of the people.

Among the requisites which tourists are recommended to provide, I have never seen a little bag of wedges mentioned; but this would be a marvellous convenience. Armed with it one might, on taking possession of an apartment, at once commence tightening up, and so keep everything firm and steady during one's sojourn. It might be charitable, perhaps, to leave the wedges for the benefit of the incoming tenant; but they will certainly be wanted at the next halting-place, and, moreover, one's successor, if a native, may probably, as has been hinted, prefer the lively rattle of unwedged household stuff. You know when Peter Pindar's toper had helped himself to a fly in his ladle of punch, he carefully returned the insect to the bowl, saying in answer to some censor of the action,

"Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I didn't know but others might."

You are by no means obliged to credit your neighbour with your own cultivated tastes. No, take on the wedges by all means.

All this grumbling has found its way into ink without malice pre-pense, and indeed rather against my will. I felt bound at the beginning of the letter to state its *raison d'être*, and in so doing was taken at advantage by the besetting infirmity of our nation, which I had not the skill or the resolution at once to drive behind me. But I will be done now with fault-finding for a while, and inform you that I am some way to the east of the Rhine, that I have not met a cockney for three months; that I have been living in one or two places where not three persons in the whole population can speak a word of English; and that the further I get from the beaten track, the better I like the country through which I

travel. Just now I am revelling in the profusion of fruit, grapes, plums, melons, walnuts, procurable of most exquisite quality at very small price. Impossible that this abundance can be consumed in the autumn, and the *compôtes* of various kinds are used in such small quantities that they don't account for the surplus. Of preserves, jams, and marmalades, such as we delight in, this people seems to have no conception. Therefore, I say, what becomes of all the fruit?

Dear Editor, I have been taken down a peg in my John Bull-ism, and so would you if you were here, by the marvellous moderation of the national self-esteem. If we had whacked France as the Germans lately did—and we used once to do that kind of thing—no stranger would be able to visit any part of our islands without hearing of our exploits; some strangers might perhaps hear of them in a style which they might not consider pleasant or in good taste. But I must say I have never been offended by—indeed I have seldom seen a manifestation of—vaulting self-esteem among the Germans. I am aware that other travellers' experiences have been different in this respect, but I must speak of things as I have found them. The military of all ranks have seemed to me most mild and courteous in their demeanour, in the streets, in the coffee-houses, at shows, at entertainments. I do not remember a bit of swagger, hardly a *tall* word. And this, surely, is the proper way of bearing the burden of a great fame. As admiration is not challenged, no occasion is offered of disputing the title to it. Yet more admiration seems to be rendered than the most exacting could lay claim to; and not admiration only, but that ascription of marvellous qualities and powers by which ignorance and

terror magnify what is naturally great into the supernatural. According to much writing and gossip current in England, there is not one of these unassuming German officers but can tell the number of cabbages in any Englishman's garden, not one but can find his way blindfold to London from any part of the coast, not one but has his name written in the Domesday-book which is to come into force after the next conquest.

I have nowhere remarked such an absence of self-assertion and silly pride as in the region where I now sojourn; and, strange to say, it is in the softer sex that these qualities are least to be seen. In the streets or on the roads may be remarked every day and all day young women, who, from their dress and general appearance, are above the labouring or serving class, trudging along with deep panniers strapped to their shoulders and hanging down their backs. They evidently do not think it any shame or any disgrace to transport in this fashion their own or their employers' wares. I must say that, as long as their burdens are in proportion to their strength, the sight rather gratifies than offends me, and appears to be in very healthy contrast with the servant-gal-ism and young-person-ism with which I am more familiar. I should add that these girls do not suffer even in appearance from their occupations. They are fresh, neat, healthy, clean, with modestly-braided hair in quantity no greater than might grow on their own heads, and far more prepossessing than the would-be-dainty tawdry beings whom we see trailing their garments in the dirt at home, and aping the costume of people of fashion, and whose dignity would rise to bursting-point at the suggestion of their bearing a parcel in their august hands from street to street. But it is not these girls alone who conde-

scend to do a little useful work. You must get very high indeed in the social scale before you come upon ladies who are simply born to consume the fruits of the earth. Most are said to be very notable in their kitchens and housekeepers' rooms, and any of them is ready to take her basket and go to market. My landlady is the mistress of a large house containing very many suites of apartments—quite on a par, I should say, with the very best of those who let out apartments in London. She is some way short of middle age, well made, and good-looking. Two days ago, I, being in the fruit-market admiring the glorious sight on a splendid autumn day, saw mine hostess making her way with a large basket full of provisions on her arm, and in the other hand a net full of carrots and onions. Of course she exhibited not the least consciousness that she was doing anything unbecoming; and when I pulled my hat off she gave me a bend as gracious and self-possessed as if she had been engaged in the most delicate of what we delight to call truly feminine occupations. If it be objected that these household cares and services are a bar to cultivation, the objection will go for nothing with those who know anything of the facts. There is hardly one of these practisers of housewifery who does not pursue some useful art or elegant accomplishment—painting, music, languages, literature. No, it is certain that cultivation is not excluded; but waste of time is—sauntering, lounging, inordinate amusement, time-killing,—idling, in short: is this a loss?

Here there is a great desire to advance in everything intellectual; but music, I should be inclined to say, is the favourite study as well as the favourite recreation. It is very hard for one on a low level to criti-

cise those on a higher : but I can't help making my observations, and, to my humble apprehension, the Germans have got on to almost too high a level. Music with them is a thing rather to be criticised than enjoyed ; indeed the enjoyment of it consists in criticising as much as in feeling it. I am reminded, when I hear them speak about it, of Sterne's observations, beginning with, "And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?" the answer to which question is, "Oh, three minutes too long by a stop-watch," and so on. Of course they must feel and love music or they would not follow after it as they do ; but feeling seems at last subordinated to judgment ; they will not allow themselves to be affected until they are satisfied that the composition to which they listen will bear picking to pieces. Not very long since I conversed with a German of high musical reputation—a man fully entitled to speak with authority on the subject, my knowledge of it being that of the average vagabond Englishman. He spoke so disparagingly of several operas which I had been accustomed to admire as masterpieces, that I at length asked him what he thought of Italian music generally.

"Oh, it is nothing."

"You don't see anything to admire in Bellini?"

"No, nothing ; he is so feeble."

"Verdi ? Donizetti ?"

"There are some pretty things, —but oh, it is poor!"

"Well, what do you say to Rossini?"

"Some merit in 'Il Barbiere,'—the rest nothing."

"Surely 'Semiramide' is fine?"

"Oh, for a fair ; but as music—no."

"Pray, name some composers whom you think admirable."

"Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Glück, Mendelssohn."

I should think it anything but a gain to be educated up to this height : the science or refinement I should so obtain would never repay me for the loss of pleasure I now experience in hearing the music of 'Tancredi,' the 'Lucia,' the 'Trovatore,' and a score of other old delights. As I write this confession, comes across me Burke's supposition of a person thoroughly unacquainted with sculpture admiring a barber's block. But even if it be my ignorance which attaches me to my old friends, there is much bliss in the ignorance.

I was better satisfied with what the same gentleman said on another subject, modern opinion on which had often exercised me much. I asked if he had ever heard Paganini. He had not, but he knew all about him. "What," said I, "is the meaning of the depreciation with which Paganini is now so often mentioned ? Everybody was enough astonished by him while he lived."

"Oh, he was a wonderful player, but in a peculiar line."

"Peculiar certainly. But what do people mean by contrasting his performances with what they are pleased to call *legitimate* playing ? What is legitimate and what is illegitimate in playing the violin ? If a man succeeds in producing the sweetest tones, and executing the most difficult passages, thereby giving a high degree of pleasure to his hearers, is his fame to be taken from him by the application of a meaningless adjective ?"

"His fame isn't taken from him," was the answer. "What real fame he got, he keeps. But he played too much for the multitude ; he was too fond of stage tricks. That performance on one string was simply to make people stare ; music gained nothing by it. Then his harmonics, once thought so wonderful, were to some extent the result

of material arrangement. To extract them he used strings so fine that an ordinary violinist would reject such as containing no tone. From the novelty of his style, he took greatly for a time; but no one ever thought it worth while to follow in his footsteps. He founded no school."

Hereupon I shut up, rather mortified at having to surrender my belief in Paganini, but only too well convinced that he is not so much misused as I had fancied.

I have heard divers opinions about their military bands, many maintaining that they are harsh, and their selections unmelodious. There is certainly rather an absence "of flutes and soft recorders;" but one is bound to think a little of the purpose of the band, as well as the effect it may have in a park on a summer's afternoon. English military bands are sometimes (and perhaps wisely) arranged as much for the gratification of the civil population as for martial purposes. But there is no need of that in Germany. The bands are strong in numbers and strong in the brass. The time to judge of them is when they are playing in front of their regiments, and there, in my opinion, their effect is fine. You don't want dulcet airs or moving harmonies when troops are on the march, but nervous, brisk, inspiring music, and that, I think, is to be heard here in perfection. It is no great pleasure to be awaked from a sound sleep, but I used to think it the least disagreeable of awakenings when, during the past summer, the roll of the drums and the clanging of the trumpets announced an early march of a regiment. To look out in the grey of the morning and see the men moving at their brisk quick-step to the sound of most animating music, through the otherwise deserted streets, was glorious: and what with

summer manœuvres, changes of stations, &c., there was plenty of movement during summer. The smart quick-step which I have noted, although acceptable to the eye and ear, is, I should say, too rapid to be long maintained without unnecessary fatigue. The regiments on parade or on the march present certainly an appearance with which it would be difficult to find fault, even if one desired to do so; but on more tedious duties—on guard, for instance—there is certainly what we should call a want of smartness. A sentry slouches about in all imaginable positions, not in the least confining himself to a recognised military attitude, and I think I have seen him with a lighted pipe in his mouth. The guard itself is often a slovenly-looking body, and its "turns out" and its reliefs very loose performances. The men wear, in summer, trousers of what looks like sackcloth, of the colour of brown holland—most unsightly integuments; and I have seen sometimes men on fatigue as dirty fellows as one could possibly encounter. I used to fancy, and perhaps with reason, that all that the British army once suffered in the way of stiff stocks, collars six inches deep, tight sleeves, and unmerciful strapping, was copied from the Prussians; but if that were so, the successors of the great Frederick's troops have now cast away rigidity and precision to an extent which I can hardly reconcile with good order.

Without in the least being insensible to the brilliancy of the achievements of the German troops in the late war—on the contrary, giving them all honour and credit—I take the liberty of thinking that if one could fairly fathom and ascertain the military point which England most admires in Prussia, it would be found to be her ability to raise men. She can bring them up

in armies, in nations, in inexhaustible hordes, as the French were pleased to express it during the war. What she does so easily and effectually is just the pinching shoe to us. We too are anxious to get men at call, and we know that there are two ways of getting them; one is by compelling service as Germany does, the other is by offering sufficient attraction in the way of pay. We do neither the one thing nor the other, but we go on wishing for a copious flow of recruits, and admiring Prussia who does take effectual steps for getting what she wants. I am aware that there are sound military objections to paying soldiers highly, and if these be regarded, there would seem to be no course left except compulsion. But where is the statesman with courage or influence to give us what we so much desire by the only advisable means? I think I may pause (some time) for a reply; and I think we shall wait some time before our ranks are overcrowded. When England's danger shall be such that the multitude may apprehend it, then I doubt not she will, as she has before done, make any sacrifice to avert disaster. But it seems to be an accepted axiom now, that time will not be allowed after the danger is apparent for preparing to meet it. That must be done beforehand, and it is lamentable to think how little we have approached to the knowledge of how to be prepared. Not only are we unable in practice to indulge in the security of efficient defence; there is a strong party among us who on principle contend against our being possessed of the means of defence. "Not only," say they, "are a powerful army and navy very expensive, and therefore a constant canker in the country's resources; they furnish inducement to the very thing, war, which we wish to avoid. If you have no

force you cannot fight, you must be courteous and conciliatory, and attain your ends by fair means, or postpone the gratification of your desires for a season." It never seems to occur to those who argue thus that there are other nations who also have desires, of which desires many are not favourable to our comfort or independence; and that these nations would not scruple, if opportunity offered, to obtain their objects by force of arms. The Continent swarms with armed men. Germany has found out how to have at command an enormous efficient army at small cost; and other nations, after their own fashion, have magnified their armaments under the conviction that by showing force against force they adopt the only way of restraining aggressive projects in the nation which first strengthened itself. And here they are probably right. When any one state has a stronger armament than any of its neighbours, it may be strongly tempted to try its power on somebody; but when it knows that it can be met by a force equal to its own, it will probably pause before rushing into unnecessary war—though this rule is not always to be relied on, as we saw five years ago. It is worth while to look back to the older days of Prussia and to learn from past events how dangerous it is to allow any one power to be a triton among minnows. When the great Frederick came to his throne, he found that through his father's care he was possessed of incomparably the finest army in Europe. He burned to use it: there was none to say him nay; and so he entered on his first war, which led to all the rest. He fought for his rights, he said, and so his admirers and apologists say. Without desiring to controvert their argument, I answer that he would never have been distressed about

his rights if he had not felt himself strong. It was not anxiety for his rights that caused him to have his army; it was his army which made him curious as to his rights. If other nations had been as well prepared as he was, his rights might possibly have slumbered for ever. The temptation was not in simple force, but in *superiority* of force.

You will guess how the great Frederick occurred to me. Of course, in traversing these regions I have been burnishing up what little I have ever known of their history. I have been turning over Mr. Carlyle's pages, *not* with the pleasure which I should have liked to feel in a reperusal. Do you know, I think the remarks which my German acquaintance made regarding Paganini might apply with very little alteration to Mr. Carlyle. By the peculiarity of his style he astonishes readers for a time, but his style is such as none would care to imitate, and such as never would become a model for a school of disciples. In this last glance back at Frederick I have been infinitely annoyed by the quaintness of the writing, which has lost its novelty and stands in the way of the meaning. A little while ago I read in some newspaper or periodical a writer's attempt to propound in plain English Mr. Carlyle's moral system, and was unsatisfied with the attempt. Since then I have tried for myself to learn my duty as a man according to Mr. Carlyle's code; but I have got no light at all. I know that I must not be a Windbag, nor tolerate Wiggery, nor dwell among the Unveracities in this universe; but how to apply these precepts I cannot tell, and the further I read the more confused I grow. I read, too, at least once in each chapter, that this is God's world and not the Devil's; but methinks I heard this long ago, and had got the lesson by

heart before I ever had the benefit of Mr. Carlyle's instructions. As far as I can at present judge, Mr. Carlyle quite arbitrarily singles out his men whom he designs for a great exemplar and sets his mark upon him. After that, the man, do what he may, cannot do wrong: he has got Mr. Carlyle's seal on his forehead, and who shall dare to lay anything to his charge? The great Frederick, it seems to me, was, saving your editorial presence, as great a rascal as any of "the Great," which is saying a good deal. But then he is one of Mr. Carlyle's elect. I tried to find out some well-known character with whom Mr. Carlyle has not dealt, but who was possessed of as many as possible of the qualities which Mr. Carlyle admires, and thought I would see how such a character would stand criticism. Now of all that I am acquainted with I do not perceive any who seems so entirely to Mr. Carlyle's mind as Joab the son of Zeruiah, David's captain of the host. Observe how he sets about his work. "And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, . . . and struck him not again." This, by the way, was not the first "great fact" that Joab had executed in similar style. But look at the grandeur of the whole thing. Joab knew exactly what he wanted and resolved to have it. He did not allow the shot-rubbish of any Dryasdust to stand between him and his great purpose. Dog of an Amasa, no. Thy life might have been spared (unveracious, worthless life) if thou hadst known and respected the immutable laws; but in thy stupid unwisdom thou invitedst the shedding of thy bowels, per-

verse clod! There was no Palaver, no Unreality, no Flunkeyism, no Having the honour to be, none of these Phantasms, but only that quiet grasp of the beard and the cold steel under the fifth rib. After that the eternal Silences, Oh, my friends!

Well, I don't, upon reflection, quite believe that Mr. Carlyle *would* altogether admire Joab; but then how comes it that he admires people who, in many points, so much resemble this son of Zeruiah? I should like, too, to know why it is that Mr. Carlyle speaks respectfully and gravely of only the two or three persons in an epic of whom he is pleased to approve. All the rest have nicknames, or names of contempt, by which they are invariably called: their acts are mentioned with the bitterest scorn: their designs are touched upon with the same feeling with which one would touch a toad or a leprous garment. And I really cannot see why. I observe that, in the Life of Frederick, George II. of England is always mentioned as "Little George," with one foot advanced, and prominent eyes; that the Duke of Cumberland is "the Martial Boy," the queen of Spain "the Termagant of Spain,"—and so on; also, that the English people, though credited with good intentions, and some sound sense when it can be reached, is regarded only as a lumpish, goadable animal, more likely to commit folly than to stumble on the eternal veracities. On the other hand, no language is too fine for glorifying Frederick: all that he does (and he does some rather queer things) is heroic and grand; and as for *his* people—well, I don't think Mr. Carlyle, from beginning to end, ever remembers that there was a Prussian people. "*L'état c'est moi*" certainly expresses the idea of his Frederick, although, I am afraid, there was a people who

had to pay, and to smart, for Frederick's amusements. Now surely this is hardly fair, impartial writing. Why should not the reader have some chance of discovering for himself who is contemptible and who is admirable? I think it likely that, if the sneers and the eulogies could be made to change places, it would be quite easy to show the hero as ridiculous, and some of the scorned as heroes. For the interrogatories, broken sentences, and exclamations, really narrate nothing in a proper sense. They are simply devices for forcing the reader's mind into the groove which the author has made for it.

To come back to things military, which, I take it, are more or less occupying the minds of Europe at present, you and I, dear Editor, were never victims of Cobden delusions; we have not, therefore, much to unlearn when we find that free-trade does not cause wars to cease in all the world. But what free-trade could not do, I hope that another cause is tending to effect. The enormous cost is too much for any country to encounter for a trifling object; and the *quasi* equality of armaments, which must make the event appear doubtful, is a farther inducement to caution, as I have already said. The conquerors here—the recipients of that enormous indemnity—are not material gainers—far from it; and that they do not scruple to tell you. Prices have risen enormously throughout Germany in the last five years, and the war is unhesitatingly set down as the cause of the rise. I feel certain that the nation, elated as it probably feels, is in no hurry to engage in another conflict like the last; and I think that the bill has been taken into the serious consideration of all nations who are in the habit of paying their debts. It may answer for the banditti in the Turkish provinces, who

have nothing to lose and only a helpless Government to encounter, to make disturbances; but a nation that has realised wealth must think twice and thrice, like the ex-Premier, before they stake it upon the cast of war. By the way, is it not marvellous to find Englishmen willing to abet the doings of these insurgents? One ought not to be astonished at any rash act of Earl Russell; but how reasonable people can be found willing to foment this most barbarous of wars is hard to understand. They don't like Mohammedanism: neither do I; neither, I am sure, do you. Possibly Europe might be all the better if the Turks were out of it. But they are not out. There they are occupying a large territory—a patent fact; and are we, because we don't approve their religion, justified in fanning the flame of civil war in their territories? What should we think of a nation who might do so to us? I know but little of the grounds of the quarrel; but what I have heard of the war assures me that neither side deserves the sympathy of sober, God-fearing men. The so-called Christians, if there be any difference between the parties, are more savage and horribly cruel than the Turks. But they are struggling against oppression, they would have us believe. Surely we, of all peoples, ought to know the value of a howl about oppression, unsupported by any proof. We ought to know that a naturally turbulent race will never want pretence of being oppressed to excuse their turbulence—that no concession, no benefit, will make them desist from rebellion. The sympathisers who have gone to help the insurgents as volunteers have, I read, been robbed and maltreated by the patriots. On the same sheet, again, I read that a band of Irish sympathisers is going out to help the rising, and I am curious

to hear what booty the insurgents will extract from Paddy. I also think there may be some difficulty in cutting off his nose. It would not be a bad thing if the Irish contingent were to imitate their Slave friends by taking a few priests with them. Some of those reverend persons who figured in the Galway election of 1871 are so admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, that I could reconcile myself to their absence for a season in consideration of their devoting themselves to congenial and useful employment.

The Turks as a Power are destined, as we must all see, to disappear from Europe; and one almost ventures to hope that they may melt quietly away. The attempt of a great Power to seize any portion of their territory would, in all probability, be the signal for a great war; and where all are armed and prepared, none will be over-active about annexation. The European principalities and provinces of the Sultan will perhaps by degrees approach more and more nearly to independence; and it is possible that at last the seat of government may be transferred to Asia. Who then will have the command of the Hellespont and Bosphorus? who will sit in the seat of "the sick man"? Constantinople ought, then, to be made the capital of a kingdom Christian and strong—of a new kingdom. This will be better for all concerned than a partition—don't you think so? Very well, then; let Maga decree that so it is to be.

Whoever may try to play any selfish game in the Black Sea will, I trust, make acquaintance with that 81-ton gun which we are now certain to perfect and to make a caution to sinners. We have surely been wise in designing this tremendous instrument; the race between the attack and the defence was inevitable; we could not keep out of

the competition; and the end of it is that we are strongest in both. The ram, too, seems to be a most formidable power (I wish we could keep it out of our own ironsides); and I fancy that we are quietly but steadily instituting a system of torpedo warfare which will be heard of whenever we again may have to burn powder. I only wish we could improve our military arm as we do our naval one. But when I turn to that side, all is gloomy and discouraging. Viscount Cardwell's follies, which Maga indefatigably exposed and denounced while they were being committed, are now generally recognised as follies—very mischievous and expensive follies! Prominent among them are the enormous blunders—the abolition of purchase and the depot-centres: we shall mourn yet sincerely over both.

You would scarcely have thought, had you been in Weimar the last week of August, that the greatest prince in Christendom would be there in a few days to pay a short visit. There was very little to be seen, till the very last, in the way of preparation, and I never heard of a dozen beds being engaged. Yet it was undoubtedly true that the Emperor of Germany was expected, and equally true that Weimar, after its fashion, was about to break out into glorification. The object of the visit was, as the newspapers informed you some weeks since, to unveil the statue of Charles Augustus, the Grand Duke who was Goethe's contemporary and friend; which statue was, a day or two before its epiphany, drawn through the town *incognito*, and, by an application of the mechanical powers not quite so smart as we should have made in England, dismounted from its truck and housed in the wooden edifice which had been erected over the pedestal. There it was rapidly got into position by a process which

anybody might see who chose to look through the chinks in the boards. If you went to see how the statue got on, you were sure to see something else—namely, that the Furstin Platz, the square where it now stands, was being decorated for the occasion. The decoration was done with banners, trees, and flowers; banners to stream in all directions at the show, trees to mask dead walls or unsightly buildings, flowers to beautify every space where they could conveniently be displayed. A pavilion, which gradually grew to be very gay, was put up for the imperial party facing the veiled statue. And round three sides of the square were erected galleries or tribunes for spectators, tastily covered and ornamented. The square may be capable of holding three thousand people packed very close—hardly more; so you see no very great crowd was expected to be treading on the kibes of royalty. If an imperial or a royal visitor were expected to appear in any small English town, who can tell what number of spectators would have to be provided for? who could take the measure of the scrambling for rooms, for windows, for standing-ground, or the prices that would be paid! At Weimar one might be accommodated in a window or on the tribune for one thaler, that is three shillings. A little before the *fête* day all the inhabitants began to ornament their houses, and the decoration consisted for the most part of wreaths and festoons formed of the small branches of the fir-tree. These were fastened about, along string-courses, cornices, and plinths, over and around windows and doors, up and down spouts and coigns. At the very last came some flowers to relieve the very sombre continuity of green. And nearly every house displayed banners from the attic windows. In one street they took up

the pavement, and planted young firs—decidedly the favourite embellishment—on both sides. On the day of the Emperor's arrival, busts of him and of the Grand Duke, flanked by those of the irrepressible Goethe and Schiller, began to be visible in some of the windows, with jets of gas near them. At the palace a few simple designs for gas illumination were got ready, and thus the preparations were, I think, complete. They seem trifling when detailed on paper, but I assure you the effects were remarkably good. Everybody did his little towards giving honour to the Kaiser, and the whole was in better taste, and far more to the credit of the little place, than if it had launched into great expense, which would probably have been a failure after all. I was there a little too soon, you know, and saw the preparations going on; if I had arrived on the day of the show and judged by the effect alone, I should have thought it a magnificent affair. The old hero was to arrive at ten o'clock at night or thereabout, and everybody along his route determined to illuminate his house, flat, wing, or solitary window. This was done in the simplest manner possible—one row of candles in each window; but the long lines of light looked remarkably well. All was prepared in unexceptionable weather, and we looked forward to a continued sunshine; but just on the morning before the arrival the sky was suddenly overcast, and burst in rain and wind—a deplorable day, the bitter spite of the elements. But this was only Weimar weather, the Emperor brought his own fair sky with him; the clouds cleared away towards evening, giving good promise for to-morrow, the only trouble being concerning the decorations, which the storm would have seriously damaged in all probability. A torch-light procession of students and

trades' fraternities, very strong in bands of music, and embellished with many fancy dresses and banners, walked to the railway station about a mile from the town, and from thence lined and lighted the way down. Amid the most brilliant sparklings of light, amid wavings and cheerings, the state carriages rolled along the streets, the inmates profuse of bows and fluttering handkerchiefs; but it was too dark to distinguish personages in the close carriages. When the great people were safe in the Schloss, and I hope enjoying refreshment—for the Kaiser had had a hard day of it, Sedan festivities at Berlin in the morning and then the journey and entry; it would have tried a young man—the torches all streamed back again in procession, and the long line of lights, after traversing the principal streets, wound itself with many wheels and counter-marchings into a dense mass in front of the Stadt-haus. I never saw so many torches burning together, and was greatly impressed by the effect: those brawny candlesticks mentioned in the 'Legend of Montrose' rose up in memory. Presently the music of many bands ceased, and the voices of the multitude of torch-bearers went up in patriotic hymns. These were hearty and vigorous, if not in the highest style of art. One of them magnified *Deutschland über alles*. Do you remember, dear Editor, when we used to hear something similar about a *patria* (rather a *faineante* party now) who was chartered to rule the waves? We know what that has come to; so I could not feel quite certain that the songs of the Fatherland would continue always to be pitched in the same key. But I hope the singers believed in the continued glory and magnanimity of their country, as religiously as I once did in the eternal supremacy

of—of—another place, as they say in Parliament. What a plague it is to grow old and unbelieving!

By half-past ten or a little later the excitement was all over, and Weimar was settling to its first sleep. They prefer to utilise the daylight here, and seldom hear the chimes at midnight, because they are up with the lark, though not up *to* a lark, as was remarked to me by a person whose acquaintance I do not continue. Before I got to sleep I thankfully remembered that I had narrowly escaped adding an unintentional brilliancy to the illumination. It happened that I possessed—I possessed, I say, nine or ten windows looking to the street, and for each of these windows I had procured the requisite row of candles to do honour to the Kaiser. The windows belonged to different rooms, and neither I nor my belongings thought it necessary to have a watch in every room, because the candles, once lighted, seemed likely to burn out peaceably enough; but again this confounded foreign joiner's work! A blind, coiled out of sight on its roller, and thought to be as fixed as fate, descended of its own accord in an empty room right upon the lights, and ignited instantly. Close behind it were inflammable curtains; touching the curtains was further drapery. No chamber ever stood a better chance of blazing away. But at this moment one of my household, who had gone out on some errand and had already proceeded some yards from the house, thought of just stepping back to see how our display looked, saw the sheet of flame, and in a twinkling alarmed us who stood at another window. In another twinkling the blind was down and wrapped in an unfortunate person's coat, some fingers were badly burned, a lady's dress spoiled, and all of us inexpressibly relieved. God be thanked:

it might have been a worse business!

A glorious day for the *fête*. Off I set, unable to shake off my English ideas about a crush, an hour and a half before the time appointed for the ceremony. I need have felt no misgiving about my place, but I was glad to be early on the ground, for the arrivals of those who were to witness or take part in the pageant were worth observing. Before noticing arrivals, however, I gazed about to see how far the storm of yesterday had interfered with the decorations. A few staves a little out of the perpendicular, and a few striped banners with the hues rather washed into one another—that was the worst of it. Generally all was as fresh as on the day of erection, and everything promised liberally for the success of the pageant—fine weather, gay scenery, good humour, good order, and the imperial presence. When I took my stand there was not a large gathering in the square. The tribunes were sprinkled with parties of ladies, and there were a few people promiscuously assembled on the pavement, but these were kept well back towards the tribunes on two sides, and not permitted to collect on the third side at all, the reasons for which restrictions were soon apparent. Clubs or guilds began to arrive in procession, each headed by a band, and to form in very close order on one side. There was nothing very remarkable about these, and one began to grow weary of the untutored musicians, when strains of a very different order were heard from another direction, and it was clear that troops were on the march. The *crescendo* of the band ended in due course with the appearance of the guard of honour, which formed up close in front of the tribune where I was stationed. Their arms and helmets glanced brightly in the

sun, and their plumes and standards added to the lustre of the sight. Officers of rank began to congregate in the centre. All this time the tribunes were rapidly filling, gentlemen with stars, collars, and ribbons abounding as I never before saw such decorations abound. Certainly on that day they were not distinctions. Now, methinks, that the military have come up, the commencement of the ceremony is not far off. Wrong; the soldiers ordered arms and stood at ease for some time while things appeared to stand still. By-and-by came in a strong representation of the University of Jena, a seat of learning to which Charles Augustus had been a great benefactor; students in bounets and feathers, very medieval, and the officers of the university, the doctors, and professors in their robes. These, I think, completed the expectant assembly; and when I had done looking at the academical costumes, and could turn again to the pavilion, I perceived that the back part of it was already occupied by gentlemen and ladies of the Court, and more courtiers were then arriving, the way from the palace to the pavilion being now thronged with people and carriages making their way up in close procession. As these discharged their burdens, uniforms of many different nations began to mingle with the German uniforms in the square,—these belonged, some to military, some to diplomatic functionaries, and formed wonderful examples of the art of bedizening broadcloth with embroidery and buttons. Still the string of carriages advanced; the back part of the pavilion grew fuller and fuller; and now there are shouts. The troops are called to attention; the company in the pavilion arrange themselves round the walls and leave the centre line clear from rear to front. A state-carriage rolls up

and discharges, not the Emperor, but the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, his Grand Duchess, and the hereditary prince their eldest son, who advance toward the front but keep to the sides. The Imperial party is, however, not far off, for the shouting is redoubled, and all the way down towards the palace we can see hats waving. Here they are at last. The carriage discharges its load, and we see the Empress, with the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia. But where is the Kaiser? I don't see him. I am looking for the Kaiser. He is not there, I am sure, for I should know him in a moment. Is the carriage gone back to bring him up alone in solemn state, or is——? "Why, look, there he is," said some charitable person, interrupting my twaddle. Not ten yards from me stood the old Kaiser and soldier. He had walked up the square to look at the troops before he entered the pavilion, and was now standing opposite me, making some remarks to one of his generals. A veritable Emperor there he was, looking healthy and happy, and carrying his seventy-eight years marvellously well. You don't see such a man many times in your life—one whose place in history is already secured, and whose glory is not sullied by discreditable or doubtful conduct. Gallant old man! nobody can grudge him a tittle of the honour so lavishly given. He earned and deserves it all. Presently he is back in the pavilion and takes his seat in the centre of the front row, along which may be seen to right and left the grand-ducal pair and the royal guests, while immediately behind sit the hereditary prince, his wife and sisters—and the proceedings begin in earnest. A long prayer by an ecclesiastic was followed by two.

long speeches from learned university lights. The clergyman and orators took post in a rostrum formed of boughs and leaves which stood a little to the right (looking from the pavilion) of a line joining the Kaiser's place to the centre of the statue. I could not understand what they said, but I admired especially the power of their lungs and throats. At last the speaking was over and the unveiling took place amid vociferous applause. Then the Emperor and all the guests were taken by the Grand-Duke round the statue to inspect it, and after that a few presentations were made. All the presentees were very heartily received, especially the sculptor, whose hand I thought his Imperial Majesty would have shaken off. And that, I think, ended the rite, for it was getting near one o'clock, at which hour Germans expect to get their dinners. So the company great and small moved off and dispersed, and the new statue in its glory was left almost alone in the midst of the square. It may be a faithful likeness, and perhaps meritorious as a work of art; but a pleasing image it is not. A short stout man, much draped, and mounted upon a tremendous horse, makes one think of Richard Crookback on white Surrey. The aspect of the figure is towards the palace, park, and river: the site could hardly have been better chosen.

That afternoon Goethe's town-house, or rather his private apartments in the town-house, and his garden-house, were open to the inspection of all who had taken the trouble to procure tickets of admission. One could only be surprised at the misery and meanness in which he chose to live. In a spacious house with chambers looking several ways, his study was miserably dark and gloomy, facing the north; his bedroom, kept still as nearly as possible

in the same condition as at his death, was a mere closet without a fireplace; the arm-chair in which he died stands still by the bedside, a wretched piece of furniture. I, like most of your readers as I suppose, had formed an idea of the "last scene of all" from Mr. Lewes's description; but I had not got it right, and was sorry to correct my fancy by actual observation. Is it not strange that such a man should select for his study an apartment wherein, on a fine summer afternoon, it was almost impossible to read or write except close to the window? As for the garden-house, which is a mean, ugly two-storeyed cottage with two or three most scantily furnished closets in it, built on the edge of the park, one wonders what its attractions were. Mr. Lewes, I think, says that it is a place where a half-pay officer would hardly think himself properly domiciled. I should be inclined to cap this with the remark that I think a staff sergeant would in these days kick very hard against having such a quarter allotted to him; and that even if he were to go quietly in, the doctor and sanitary inspector would be apt to have him out again in quick time. Schiller's apartments are always to be viewed for a very trifling "consideration." They are more comfortable than Goethe's, though in an attic story, and though Schiller was the poorer man. The worship which these two geniuses and Wieland receive in Weimar, would hardly be credited by any who have not witnessed it. It would be invidious to say that it is excessive; and yet, in a place which has so little variety of "lions," one gets tired, like that discriminating Athenian, of hearing them perpetually called "the divine," and of meeting their busts at every turn. It must be admitted that the Germans are forward enough to do honour to intellect. The Weimar living celebrity at present is *Liszt*,

the musical composer, who gets quite as much worship as the Grand Duke. One day in Leipzig I saw a crowd such as in England one would have seen only at the heels of the Tipton Slasher or the Dorking Pet, and on investigating the cause, found that Liszt had come over for a few hours, and was being what Mr. Weller called "twigged" by the admiring crowd.

At night the Kaiser went in state to the opera, where a piece composed for the occasion, and in adoration of Weimar's two divinities, was produced. There was a very pretty dream in it, displaying, in tableaux, the creations of the two great geniuses, the scene being laid in the grounds at Tiefurt, where Schiller used to recite his plays, and also to see them acted in the open air, this being one of the rural enjoyments of Charles Augustus and his Grand Duchess. It was of course a most brilliant soiree; everything went off well, and the reception of the Emperor was as enthusiastic as could be. I observed that when he first appeared, and had had some seconds of acclaim and deafening plaudits, he seemed to think the lion might have too great a share, and turning fairly round took hold of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and almost pushed him to the front, when he also got a strong offering of that incense of which Mr. Lowe thought that he and his middle-aged friends were so cruelly defrauded in the autumn of 1873. The Kaiser seemed a little tired, and no wonder; but the theatre there does not encroach upon one's night-rest. It was all over soon after nine; and the great people took their way to the palace through crowds of people, and again along illuminated streets.

Twice again I saw the highly popular Emperor,—once while he was on his way for a country drive in a hackney carriage, with a forage-cap on his head this time instead of his helmet—and once while he was

on his way to the railway in state. I suppose Weimar never before had so grand a gala. The visit seemed to make everybody happy; and probably the Empress, who is a Weimar princess, had her full share of the pleasure. One is never quite contented. I should have been glad if Bismarck and Von Moltke had been of the party, and I could have borne another sight of the Crown Prince. When I last saw him he had the Empress Eugenie on his arm, as you know.

The day after the Emperor's departure I left Weimar, of which little place I desire to speak in the kindest terms. Its park is charming, and its environs delightful for summer visitors. I do hope, however, that before I pay it another visit, German science may have found out the method and the expediency of trapping drains; for villainous smells, entirely preventible, do abound in that celebrated little town to a degree which you would think no civilised people could tolerate.

These presents are to be despatched to you from Leipzig, a city whose first appearance has impressed me very pleasantly, but of which I as yet know very little. The great battle-field close to the city I have made out, and the awful bridge over the Elster. These regions, where the great Napoleon reached the beginning of his end, are, of course, full of interest, and will be worth examination. I think, too, I may spend a few sunshiny hours on the charming boulevards—fortifications no longer—of this very prepossessing city. How can I do justice—but justice suggests mercy, and I will have done. Another time, perhaps, you may know what it is that I cannot do justice to. Meanwhile, dear Editor, rest assured of the distinguished consideration and hearty good wishes of

A WANDERING ENGLISHMAN.

LEGENDS AND FOLK-LORE OF NORTH WALES.

REVERIES beside the Yule-log by owl-light, and dreams of future outings when we are stay-at-homes or snow-bound, are apt to take past autumns in retrospect; and it is not an uninteresting occupation at such seasons to take stock of our reminiscences of a tour in North Wales last autumn, and of a similar excursion twenty years earlier. The result is startling in its evidence of the encroachments of steam, iron, matter-of-fact, and trade's unfeeling train on the one hand, and, on the other, of the obsolescence of old traditions, which, before the march of intellect and worldly wisdom, embodied certain wholesome and valuable principles, and kept communities and individuals under almost as much moral control, and in almost as much awe of retributive justice, as our superfine safeguards of modern accountability. Materially, no doubt, the change is immense since the days when a toilsome march round the sharp corner of Penmaenmaur was real "collar-work," and when the vast sandbank of Traeth-mawr, between Pont Aberglaslyn and Tremadoc, was unreclaimed by the enterprise of Mr. Maddocks, and tourists had to foot it at what pace they could to Festiniog, or the "place of hastening." A breathless express, perhaps the "Wild Irishman," now whisks the traveller in mad haste round the one; a "Fairlie-double-bogie" engine transports passengers over the other route, *via* Myndfford Junction, Duffws, and Festiniog, in cars whose gauge is not larger than one foot eleven inches and three quarters. But it may be a fair question whether such locomotion-made-easy does not rob the traveller of whole-

some lessons and sensations, rendering him over-fastidious as to comforts; sluggish in observation, and even sulky, if civilisation does not run neck-and-neck with him; as, for example, if he has to put up—in a memorable bit of line between Bangor and Carnarvon—with a nature-planted reach of red campions and wild hyacinths, instead of the costlier rhododendrons of Tanybwlech. We are disposed to think that since the multiplication of facilities for travelling has made North Wales a lounge rather than an undertaking, the tendency has been to ignore, after the Yankee fashion, all that is not written in the guide-books; and, in proof of this, it may be noted that, while the more modern handbooks fail not to record the hostelries, industries, staple commodities, and populations of every Cambrian town, they mostly pass over *sub silentio* the legends and traditions, which, to those who desiderate poetry as well as prose in an excursion, constitute in North Wales an attractive as well as instructive feature. The old pioneers, such as Pennant and Roscoe, had an eye to this in their day; but that their example is no longer appreciated seems to be manifest, from the fact that Miss Costello's 'Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales,' a volume brimful of lively and pertinent folk-lore—a volume, too, of very portable dimensions, published by Longman & Co. in 1845, is utterly out of print, though it may now and then be picked up in a second-hand bookshop. As demand normally provokes supply, our inference is, that a matter-of-fact generation has ceased to care for the vestiges of a

simple and superstitious prior age, and perhaps is well content they should all go the way of the defunct perambulating *man-bell* at Holywell—*i.e.*, become obsolete and cobwebbed—while more practical expedients supersede their memory. How long will it be credited that, within living recollection, a ringer went round that Flintshire town on Sundays to give notice of the hours of prayer—*vice* the church bells, which could not be used on account of the low situation of the church—with a bell slung athwart his shoulders, and acting against his knee, which was fortified with a cushion by way of buffer? In this case no one can object to the people of Holywell utilising their new cemetery bells, and parting with their second claim to the curiosity of travellers. They have still their well of St. Winifred, whereby hangs a famous bit of legend-lore, and where “alone in Britain,” as Murray hath it, “*ex voto* offerings—the crutch that bore the cripple to the healing water, or the barrow on which he was wheeled—are to be seen suspended on the wall, as is not unfrequently the case on the Continent.” In these days of severe utilitarianism one forgives the superstition for the sake of the earnestness of such a proceeding, and cannot help respecting the votaries who tramp many a stiff mile out of sheer faith alongside of pilgrims whose end and object is sight-seeing. And therefore at first sight it might be cheering news that the Roman Catholics have revived St. Winifred’s fame for miracles by buying up her well; but here too, the commercial leaven of the age alloys the charm of this pilgrimage and bath for the faithful, for within the same precincts and enclosure with the groined arches which rise from the polygonal sides of the saint’s well,

is a large and convenient swimming-bath, under the same ecclesiastical management, but open, we understand, to public use, at a fixed payment for the whey-coloured water which it must be supposed leaves its miraculous properties in the ornamental basin hard by. It may be asked by some very Saxon stranger, What is the legend of St. Winifred, and whence her well and its healing virtues? We must try to epitomise the tale, and then examine its connection with the spring by the light of legend and common-sense. According to Robert of Shrewsbury, who compiled her life in the twelfth century, Winifred was a beautiful virgin, the daughter of a nobleman called Thewith, and niece of St. Bruno, who in the seventh century is supposed to have founded the church of Clynnog in Carnarvonshire, as well as one on his brother’s lands. A prince of the country saw and loved with unholy passion the maiden as she fulfilled her daily course in the service of the church under her saintly uncle. But Winifred gave no encouragement to Caradoc, though he was son to Alen the king of the country; and her coldness provoked him to decapitate the maiden, whose head rolled down into the sacred precincts, and stopped at the foot of the altar where Brunc and his congregation were kneeling. But lo! a miracle; instead of the pool of blood which should have encircled the weltering head, a crystal stream had sprung up, ere the uncle could stoop and raise it. The saint united the head to the body, discovered on the adjacent hill, and Winifred arose to renewed life, with simply a white circle to mark the line of cohesion. As for Caradoc, he melted away before Bruno’s righteous curse, or, according to another authority, sank into

the earth which yawned to swallow his impious body. A chronicler* adds that his sons and descendants were doomed to bark like dogs till such time as they should win the saint's pardon either here or at Shrewsbury, whither Winifred's bones were conveyed in the reign of King Stephen, from the monastery of Gwytherin, of which in her second tenure of life she became the abbess. But what about the well? It marks, as all know, the spot where the head ceased rolling, and where, ever after, a miraculous spring refreshed and watered a hitherto thirsty valley. Nor only so; the scented moss commemorates the sweet savour of the virgin's life; the stones at the bottom keep the ruddy tint of her blood. It would be a long story to tell how and why the monks of Shrewsbury possessed themselves of St. Winifred's bones, which might have been allowed to rest at her self-chosen abbey: thither they were brought, and there arose the fame of her miracles. As might be expected, vexatious botanists have found out a natural solution of the fragrance of the moss, and the crimson stains of the well-floor. The moss, *Jungermannia asplenoides*, if rubbed, will yield a sweet smell; the stains are from a vegetable called *Byssus iolithus*, which gives stones to which it adheres an appearance of being smeared with blood. But still the spring has to be accounted for. The able author of a 'History of the Diocese of St. Asaph' reduces the

myth to a likely natural element by seeing in Winifred or Gwenffrwd (*i.e.*, "the foaming stream"), daughter of Gwento ("rain"), and persecuted by the son of Alyn, a neighbouring river, "a crystallising of the early belief that the spring was but the outlet of an underground current from the river Alyn, which partially disappears for a portion of its course at Hesp Alyn near Mold, and that it reappeared here, converting the dry dingle (Sychnant) into a well-watered valley."† Of the good uncle who figures in this legend, those who desire to heighten an already favourable impression, may tarry at the village of Clynnog, some ten miles from Carnarvon on the road to Pwllheli. The old chest with triple lock in which the saint kept the offerings made to him has passed into a proverb; and to say nothing of the private mark by which he contrived to secure in perpetuity for his convent a good share of the calves and lambs of the district, he is reported to have matched his miracle at Holywell by simultaneous rising-from-the-dead at Clynnog and Nevin and Bardsey Island, in order to satisfy all three competitors for the honour of his burial, and to show partiality to none. The church and village of Clynnog will repay a visit, independently of Bruno and Winifred; but it is a connecting link with the legend, that a little past the church is a well of St. Bruno, said to be a cursing well like St. Elian's, and a wishing and healing well also, like

* Higden's Polychronicon, Lib. I. ad fin.

† The Rev. D. R. Thomas: History of the Diocese of St. Asaph: James Parker. London—1874. Of this able diocesan history, it is not too much to say that it combines sound historical views and insight with national enthusiasm and a keen love of the Welsh language and legend-lore. It is a model for similar histories.

‡ Mr. Thomas notes the combination in the life of Winifred by Robert of Salop of two distinct elements—the history of the saint, and the myth of the well. In Winifred's connection with a church at Holywell and a church at Gwytherin, he recognises the connection of Holywell with Whilford as a daughter church.—P. 2, note, and p. 487.

that at Holywell. An interesting article might be made out of the legendary wells of North and South Wales; and this without exhausting the subject. And yet we fear that, as in Bruno's special parish the well is growing more and more dilapidated and uncared for, the tendency of our times is to let the tradition, which is interesting, perish with the superstition, which is to be deprecated. It is indeed a marvel to the observant traveller in the region of Holywell that there is still a local habitation and name for Bruno's sainted niece. Lead and iron, collieries, manufactories, and tramroads, have filled this part of Flintshire with a dense population utterly dead to the glories of its earlier day. When, an autumn or two ago, we endeavoured at a turnpike gate between Flint and Bagilt to ascertain the site of the battle-field of Coleshill or Consyllt, where Owen Gwynedd's prowess had wellnigh made an end of Henry II. and his army, the degenerate Welshwoman whom we cross-questioned said, first of all, that she had once heard talk of a prize-fight on the common between two local bruisers; and when she found that that answer did not satisfy our curiosity, caught at a likelier shadow and rejoined, "Sure, you do mean the volunteers' review." "What's Hecuba to me or I to Hecuba?"

This indeed is an illustration of the difficulty which even History has in holding its own, unless there be a premium offered or a solid interest kept alive. It is not, therefore, so much to be wondered if legends, even though they personify a virtue like fidelity, have a tendency to lapse and die out, when those who cherish them are met by such death-blows to their localisation as Mr. Baring-Gould's demolition of the dog Gelert in his 'Curious Myths.' Of

what avail are the name of Beddgelert, the visible grave and the *genius loci*, to say nothing of the connection with a flesh-and-blood prince and hero like Llewelyn, and the pretty ballad of the Hon. William Spencer, when the story can be pointed to by the curious in comparative zoological mythology as the common property of the Russians, Persians, Indians, in fact of the far-away Aryans, as well as of the Irish, French and Germans? It is a choice between wisdoms new and old; and while we commend the thoughtful and inquisitive to the many Gelerts of other lands which they will find in the pages of Gould or Angelo de Gubernatis, perhaps it is justifiable to cling to Beddgelert as a shrine of poetic fancy, and to ask where would the *prestige* of many a district, a church, a castle, an abbey be without its traditional legend, having some half-perished basis in fact, and worthy of preservation even if such basis has perished altogether. It is remarkable in how many Welsh churches and parishes a kindred tradition of a stag is preserved, and it will not be out of place to glance at one or two of these. To begin with, before ever the tourist crosses the border, he is met at the fine old church of St. John, Chester, by a legend of its erection by King Ethelred "on a spot where he should find a white hind." The foundation of the church dates back to the seventh century, but the church itself is early Norman. On one of its massive pillars an indistinct fresco connects the church with the legend, for it shows traces of a herd of deer in the background, and a white hind to the fore. When the Cambrian archæologists visited Chester in the autumn of 1874, this fresco was in danger of being summarily passed over as the representation of

the "Agnus Dei;" until a lover of legend-lore claimed for it a more minute inspection, which resulted in unanimous agreement that the *lambs had antlers*. But on the road from Llangollen to Corwen is a church and parish bearing the name of Llangar, or, as it is sometimes written, "Llangarw-gwyn" (the church of the white stag), and the legend attached to it "tells of a white stag started in the thicket where the church of Llangar now is, and that wherever he ran that became the boundary of the parish." At Selattyn, too, near Oswestry, the legend of the translation of the ancient church from its first site on a spot still called Bryn-hên-Eglws (the hill of the old church), is to the effect that "a noble Briton being engaged in the chase, found in a thicket on the present site a white hind, which determined him (after the example of Ethelred) to dedicate it to sacred uses."* At Llandderfel, some six or seven miles from Corwen, on the same route, there remained till 1730, in the holy place, and in no small reverence until a rural dean had the profanity to do by it as Caradoc did by St. Winifred, a relic in the shape of St. Derfel's horse (Ceffyl Derfel),—at least so it was accounted by the vulgar. In reality it was the dismembered trunk of a *red stag*, connected doubtless with the legend of the church's foundation, and with a hill called *the stag's mountain* (Carw Fynydd) on the borders of the parish. Mr. D. R. Thomas notices a tradition of a huge wooden image, which must have been the model and prototype of the subject of the rural dean's iconoclasm, that "it would set a forest on fire," a prophecy for the

fulfilment of which we may quote Burnett's History of the Reformation. "There was brought out of Wales a huge image of wood, called Darvel Gatheren (Derfel Gadarn), of which one Ellis Price, visitor of the Diocese of St. Asaph, gave this account on the 6th of April 1537, 'that the people of the country had a great superstition for it, and many pilgrimages were made to it; so that the day before he wrote, there were reckoned to be above five or six hundred pilgrims there; some brought oxen and cattle: some brought money, and it was generally believed that if any offered to that image, he had power to deliver his soul from hell.' So it was ordered to be brought to London, where it served for fuel to burn Friar Forest."† The date of this "forest burning" was May 1538, and the scene of it Smithfield. As to the history of the saint whose horse or stag we have been describing, we find him to have been a mighty warrior of the sixth century, who late in life exchanged the sword for the pastoral staff. It has been acutely suggested that he must have been one of those pastoral chieftains of early days, who in the minds of the simple folk were remembered and held in reverence as patrons of the chase. Upon the anniversaries of such heroes, one of whom was Sior, the Welsh counterpart of St. George, and the tutelary saint of horses, came afterwards to be engrafted the festival of the Christian saint, after an ecclesiastical fashion of which numberless examples may be seen in the Mythic and Ritual chapter of the Folk-songs of the Russian people, by Mr. Ralston.

It might have the effect of de-

* Pennant's Tour in Wales, vol. i. p. 266.

† Burnett's History of the Reformation, vol. i. iii. p. 391; see also Thomas's St. Asaph, p. 698. It is not impossible that the image which added fuel to the forest's flames was the rider of the stag, and the saint himself.

preciating the value of these legends were we to multiply instances of sites indicated by mythical and snow-white beasts of the chase. St. Asaph's Cathedral, for example, owes its place between the two rivers Elwy and Clwyd, to a white boar of infinite taste, and a capital eye for landscape, which came out of the woods to St. Kentigern, and, with a stamp on the ground and a grunt from his snout, indicated to him where to set down his primitive wattled monastery and church. Of course it will be said that "aper," the old form of "aber," means "confluence of two rivers," as well as "a wild boar," and that the legend arises out of a confusion of the Welsh vernacular with the monkish Latin. Be it so: we fall back upon our stags and hinds, which, doubtless in less peremptory fashion, instructed the saint as to a choice of situation. There still remains a kindred legend anent a saint and virgin and a more timid beast of the chase, the graceful legend of St. Monacella and her hare. At some three miles distance from Llangynnog, a small Montgomeryshire village on the route from Tanybwch to Oswestry, is the long-reaching, primitive church of Pennant Melangell, the chancel and nave of which were divided by a carved screen, a waif and stray of which, now affixed to the front of the west gallery, quaintly represents the legend of the tutelar saint. Monacella, or Melangell, was a daughter of an Irish monarch, who had taken a vow of celibacy; and retreating to this solitude to avoid the assiduities of an eligible Irish nobleman, had eschewed the face of man for the space of fifteen years. But in the year of grace 604, it chanced that Brochwel Yselythrog, Prince of

Powys, went out to hunt, and that his hounds, running a hare into a thicket, found it nestling in the garment folds of a beauteous virgin, engaged in devotion and meditation, but seemingly prepared to establish her power and privilege of sanctuary. At any rate, the hare had faith in it; and Brochwel, too, keen sportsman as he was, became a convert to the fair devotee, when he found that the dogs could not be hounded to further pursuit, and that the huntsman's horn clave to his lips. The end of it was, that he gave the adjacent lands to the service of God, and as an asylum for the virgin, who straightway took rank as the patron saint of hares, and moved to and fro in her assigned domain, attended by hares and leverets, which, in her shadow, forgot their wildness and timidity, an augury of sanctuary to all persons who had occasion to flee thither. All this is set forth on the carved wood-work of the screen, albeit the colours are waxed faint with years. It is a very interesting pendant to this charming myth, that "the protection afforded by the saint to the hare on this occasion gained for them subsequently the name of *Wyn Melangell*, or *St. Monacella's lambs*; and so strong a superstition used to prevail, that no person would kill a hare in the parish; and it was even firmly believed, that if any one cried 'God and Monacella be with thee,' after a hunted hare, it would be sure to escape."* Were it our rôle to explain away such curious and wholesome myths, one might have recourse to the identity of the mythical hare with the kindly and beneficent moon in the Russian popular tales; but it is far better that these harmless and often edifying traditions should abide as they are, to teach the lesson

* D. R. Thomas's *St. Asaph*, p. 784-786.

of tenderness and compassion, and to mitigate the cruelty, which, however unrealised, is of-the-essence of all field-sports.

All these legends connect themselves with the early ecclesiastical history of North Wales, and it is easier, therefore, to understand the tenacity with which they have held fast to the minds of the Cymry. But there are countless others to which there is no such explanation; for example, those about Merlin and his fort of Dinas Emrys, where his voice may still be heard amidst the hollow rocks, and where his prophecies and wisdom won the confidence of Vortigern, who ceded to him the fort he alone could teach him to build. Hard by was the scene of his fall beneath the snare of the witching Vivien—a fall which, however he might foresee, he could not forefend—a fall touching which he might have learned a lesson from his royal master. But no one will say that the birth, life, or final exit from the upper world of wizard Merlin had about them much of the odour of sanctity. Nor indeed is there much of this element in the fame of Math ab Mathonwy's magic, in which he would seem to have excelled all the enchanters of Welsh fiction, except perhaps Merlin Ambrosius, and his own pupil Gwydion the son of Don, both of whom were great at soothsaying and incantation, and are commemorated by a greater and holier Cymric professor of divination, the far-famed Taliesin. Of him we shall have more to say anon, and to discuss, not without the aid of a late English humorist, the claims of Druidism and of Christianity to his nurture and education. At present it needs but to point out his gift

of prophecy, and to show how in a memorable instance it was exerted and signally fulfilled. One of the worst and most profligate of Welsh princes, what time King Arthur held his court at Caerleon, was Maelgwyn of Diganwy; and this both in his own manner of life and the licence he allowed to Rhûn, his son and heir, whose acts remind one of the crowning sin of the false Sextus Tarquinius. Of Maelgwyn Taliesin had predicted that—

“A most strange creature will come
From the sea-marsh of Rhianedd
As a punishment of iniquity
On Maelgwyn Gwynedd:
His hair and his teeth
And his eyes being as gold;
And this will bring destruction,
On Maelgwyn Gwynedd.”

Now all this came duly to pass when the Vad Velen, or yellow pestilence, invaded the whole district; and, as such multitudes of his subjects were stricken and slain by it that the corpses lay unburied and spread the contagion, the wicked Maelgwyn fled for sanctuary to the church of Llanrhos. He was not to escape his destiny. Curiosity impelled him to look out through the keyhole; the effluvia had reached even to the precincts of the door, and so Maelgwyn caught the infection, and slept what, in Welsh adage-lore, is called “the long sleep of Maelgwyn in the court of Rhos.”* Matter-of-fact moderns will no doubt meet this signal fulfilment of predicted doom by the suggestion of a natural cause, and, in a spirit worthy of an urban or local sanitary authority, tell us that Taliesin's notions of draining and sewerage were so much in advance of his contemporaries that he might with ease have foreseen a plague for a district which may

* “Hir hun Maelgwyn en llis Ros.” See Notes to the *Mabinogion* by Lady Charlotte Guest, vol. iii. p. 399.

have had as ill a savour as its reckless master. That he should have put his nose (or eye) into it is doubtless so consistent with his demented curiosity that it needed neither ghost nor prophet to predict that. But, though we should "bar" so thoroughly modern a solution, it must be admitted that sometimes a mystery does connive at its own disenchantment, and a claim to supernatural powers collapse at a pinch, where the humour of the story is so predominant as to defy suppression. Such a case is that of David Lloyd of Mathavarn, near Machynlieth, a seer whose foresight, however acknowledged, was nothing to compare to that of his better-half in that tide of his affairs which, if taken at the flood, was to lead on to fortune. Harry Richmond slept at David's house on his way to England and the field of Bosworth. Consulted by his superstitious liege as to the issue of the impending struggle, Lloyd had recourse to the stars and to the black art for a mirroring of the future, but in vain. The spirits from the vasty deep or elsewhere declined to come or make a sign. But his wife, who fathomed his disquietude, was no less skilful in allaying it. Her counsel, "Tell him he will succeed: if he does, you gain honour; if he does not, he won't come back to reproach you," gave rise to a Welsh proverb, "A wife's advice without asking," which is familiar to many who know not the circumstances in which it originated. As a modern Welsh bard narrates the issue—

"He said, and it happened! grim crook'd
Richard fell,
David leaped with delight at his funeral
knell:

And Gwenny like lightning ran o'er vale
and hill
To trumpet her David's fatidical skill,
Declaring *in secret* how much was her own,
And that she and her mate gave the
young earl the throne.
Oh bright shines the day when the Briton
succeeds,
And gracious to David are King Harry's
needs:
A lordship and castle, and brave wide
domaîn,
Where David ap Lloyd ap Llewelyn's fair
gall;
A sword by his side and a star on his
breast,
While *'the wisdom of woman'* runs under
his crest." *

And, whencesoever David Lloyd's inspiration was derived, the story runs, with obvious probability, that his mysterious and pythonic prophecy that a chieftain of Wales should liberate the nation from Saxon bondage, so wrought upon the minds of his enthusiastic countrymen, that many thousands of them enlisted under the banner of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who received the Earl of Richmond at Milford. It is only the lady's characteristic inability to keep the secret of her tact to herself which damages the constitutional faith in mystery and marvel, and assists the gainsayers and incredulous to place the supernatural at a discount.

Yet, despite of a few such shocks and counterblasts, the oracles of folklore have not been dumb for the most part, nor until these last days other than lively among the Cymry. Neither is it well they should become so, for there is scarcely the due amount of compensation in the material improvements proffered in their stead; and it would be a very much duller world withal, were all the fuel and food for imagination taken out of it. It may indeed be

* Welsh Minstrelsy, by T. Jeffery Llewelyn Pritchard. London: John and H. L. Hunt, 1824. We have taken slight liberty with the verses cited, to accommodate them to Saxon ears and idiom.

said that the mineral wealth of Wales is now so established a fact, and its development so enormous, that superstition's reign, which helped of old to bring it to light, may well give place to a republic of science and common-sense. Still a debt is owing to the sometimes erratic indications of the *knockers*—knackers they are yeleft in Cornwall—subterraneous spirits whose province is the mineral kingdom, and whose busy working or knocking in the most remote parts of the mines was wont to draw the attention of the workmen to the richest veins of ore. Fitful and capricious these knockers were said to be, like most other "little folk," but not to the trustful, believing, and honest-hearted seekers. The covetous, and overreaching or otherwise selfish workman, they might rather enjoy leading astray; but living folk will tell you that some of the finest mines in North and South Wales have been discovered by the diligence with which these busy sprites "bore and blast and beat down the loose" with their hammers; and that it needs to humour their dignity and tenacity by accepting their hint and following their indication without interruption of work or idle remarks, or they will stop off-hand and take offence. Just a hundred years ago a worthy antiquary, whose descendant has won himself a rank among our coming-on poets by his three series of 'Songs of Two Worlds,' and who possessed himself, let us admit, that imaginative faculty without which life is sad dull work, writes thus to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' about the Knockers in Cardiganshire. "People who know very little of arts, sciences, or the power of nature, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of a good-natured im-

palpable class of beings, the knockers, not to be seen but heard, who seem to work with us in the mines: they are types or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of accidents which happen to us. Before the discovery of the Esgairwy Myn mine, these little people worked hard through day and night, and there are abundance of sober honest people who have heard them. After the discovery of the great mine they were heard no more." He goes on to cite other instances where they guided the operations of miners while driving levels, frightening away young hands by the weirdness of the thing, yet lending just the needful service, and holding their hand when that service was done. "Let who will laugh," concludes the trustful old gentleman of Wales, "we have the greatest reason to rejoice and thank the knockers, or rather God, who sends these notices." It is of course competent to sceptics to refer the "knockings" to the vagrant nymph Echo; but we are told that the sprites select a place and a description of work so wide of those of the workmen as to forbid this. Also, it is averred that it is but the rushing or dropping of water which causes the sounds supposed to issue from the "knockers'" hammers. For an account of their Cornish cousins it will repay the reader to have recourse to the works of Mr. Hawker, Mr. Hunt, or Mr. Bottrell; and he may also hear of other kindred spirits of the mine in Staffordshire and in Germany. Upon the whole, we doubt whether the Cambrian knockers are not the best-disposed specimens, to say nothing of the minor morals which they teach; for it is a rule with them to favour a mine with a stream running through it, because they are clean and neat in their persons and dwellings, and dearly love a thorough

good wash by the water's side. The folk-lore and legend-lore of Wales is full of other mysterious sounds, not always so benevolently designed, as when the water-sprite beneath a bridge over a torrent puts on a voice of distress, and with the cry "O Dduw! pa beth a wnaf?" (O God! what shall I do?) lures the traveller, on a dull foggy day, to a watery grave, as a reward for his misplaced chivalry or charity. Perhaps, however, the days are past when there was a risk of folk coming to grief, in any considerable number, for engaging in a work quite the opposite to that "self-help" which our modern reading-lessons inculcate; though we are far from saying that, in quest of what is selfish and sordid, the world is not ready to chase the Will-of-the-wisp or *ignis fatuus* as foolhardily as ever. Somehow the old legend-lore had its good moral underlying it. If in the old days not only the belated peasant, but his superstitious betters, fully believed that in the wailing sound of the falls of the Wend, near Bettws-y-coed, they heard the groans and howls of a spirit in pain—to wit, that of Sir John Wynne of Gwydir—doing penance below for having oppressed and harried his vassals in his lifetime, our less credulous civilisation deprives us of the wholesome lesson of moderation, and that principle of "live and let live," which underlay this superstition, and which might speak with force to the indifferent, absentee, grasping, or rabbit-multiplying landlord, where he still ignores the interest of those by whom he lives. To the simpler folk the fury of the oppressor is expiated by the vain and ceaseless howling of his spirit beneath the Rhaidr y Wenol; and it is perhaps better so than that, *sans* superstition, *sans* faith, however imper-

fect, in a retributive justice, they should nurse discontent, speak evil of dignities, and train themselves for Chartism, Fenianism, or any other form of rebellion—to which, in their better and more natural mind, it is not a true bill that the Welsh have a predisposition. The Sir John Wynne in question died in 1626, and there is a brass to his memory in Gwydir Chapel, Llanrwst. It would be injustice in another direction to lead any to suppose that in these days the name of Wynne in North Wales is associated with other than the kindest and most considerate landlordship. Near Llandrillo in Rhos, not far from Colwyn station, on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, was once the seat of one of Llewelyn's captains, Eduyfed Fychan, Bryneuryn: touching the towering chimney, which is almost its sole remnant, a legend obtains that the health and fortunes of the heir of the house depend upon its remaining "*in statu* and *in situ*:"—a lesson for pride and a lesson for good stewardship! But of the Vaughans and Pughs of that ilk, Miss Costello preserves one or two stories of domestic ill-blood, and of greed of filthy lucre, which might, one would think, long ere this have effaced the towering chimney altogether. Two sisters and a brother lived together at Penrhyn Creiddyn until incompatibility of temper drove the latter abroad. Such, however, were his doubts as to his sisters' affection, that he determined to leave some proof of his knowledge of the premises behind him, should he ever have to enact, Tichborne-wise, the lost heir. He placed a needle between one of the ceiling-joists in the kitchen, and drove the tooth of a harrow into a pear-tree in the orchard. The uncaunty sisters easily reconciled themselves to his absence; far more easily, indeed, than they

relished the idea of yielding the mansion, or a share in it, to the wretched ragged man who, after long years, came back to claim his own. He had no difficulty in appealing to his well-devised and convincing tests; but possession being nine points of the law, and the sisters obdurate, he had to take shelter, pending efforts at arrangement, in a neighbouring cottage. One day he mysteriously disappeared, and the suspicion of foul play, which ensued, gained force and strength from the subsequent ill luck of the two sisters. The blood of their brother cried from the ground which refused to yield its crops: the lightning descended and destroyed their stacks, the fruit-trees withered, and the flowers perished. They were hated and avoided, and no one witnessed their death. The family died out and the estates were sold. The farmer who became possessor, having many years after occasion to build a lime-kiln, discovered in a fissure of the rock just behind the house, which had been carefully filled with earth, a perfect skeleton, which was no doubt that of the unfortunate brother of the two murderesses.* So writes Miss Costello, and she tells another ugly story of the Pughs, who were after owners of Penrhyn Place, not, however, equally worth preserving to point a moral which in the mouth of an old nurse or privileged gossip may enforce the blessedness of dwelling together in unity.

But there are other Welsh legends, the great reason for cherishing the remembrance of which is, that they have a wider-reaching and more strictly public moral and application. One of these has always

seemed to us fit to be written in letters of gold for the warning of "let - well - alone" administrators. We allude to the legend attaching to the Sarn Badrig or St. Patrick Causeway, a narrow ridge of rock and pebble betwixt Harlech and Barmouth, as also to the region stretching towards Portmadoc, a ridge which extends to a distance of a score miles from the shore, and is about twenty-one feet in breadth, being dry for nine miles at ebb-tide, and traceable much further by the foam which marks its course. Its association with St. Patrick, who used it as a dry footpath to 'Ould Ireland,' is a minor matter; our concern is with the old local belief attaching to the *sarn* or road, as well as to two others, Sarn-y-Bwch, near Towyn, and Sarn Cynvelyn near Aberystwith, all connected with Cardigan Bay, and all witnesses to an ancient sea-wall built to protect the lowland meadows from the inundations of the sea. In the text and notes of Lady Charlotte Guest's costly 'Mabinogion' it may be collected that in the region of Gwyddno Garanhir over the Cantref y Gwaelod, such a sea-wall protected his fertile realm from the increasing of the spring-tides. But the king was a bard, and a man, unfortunately, more given to letters than to action: his son Elphin was too young to put in authority, but not too young to see, without the power to remedy, the tactics of a certain Seithenyn, son of Seithyn, the drunken custodian of the Dykes. The consequence was that, on a sudden, when the High Commission was in its cups, the sea breached the wall and embankment, submerged the fruitful district, and destroyed the sixteen fine cities of

* Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales, by Louisa S. Costello: Longmans, 1845.

Gwaelod, along with all the fertile plains of the Cantref, whilst it ruined thousands and left Gwyddno Garanhir to his Bardic "awens," and his son to the produce of a fishing-weir for subsistence. The inundation gave rise to a still extant local proverb, "The sigh of Gwyddno Garanhir, when the waves rolled over his land." The narrative of all this catastrophe in the 'Mabinogion' is brief, and that handsome volume (the more's the pity!) is not "*cuivis homini*." Miss Costello's volume, to which we have alluded above, is also, as has been said, out of print, an oversight to which we should like to draw the attention of its publishers. But just now, in the welcome collected edition of the pleasant writings of Thomas Love Peacock, his early and doubly-rare novelette, 'The Misfortunes of Elphin,' will be found to treat the whole legend in Peacock's own inimitable joco-serious style. The moral of the disaster and the infatuation which precipitated it, is conveyed there in a manner of which extracts could afford no adequate sample; and yet it is so subtly and drolly put, expounded with such pleasant home-thrusts, that we could wish every Lord of the Admiralty, every railway director, every sanitary commissioner, could be furnished with a pocket-copy, by way of a beacon-light against his own particular form of shipwreck. When one reads, of all that befell through the delegation of the charge of the royal embankment to the drunken Lord High Commissioner, "who executed his task as a personage of such functions and antecedents and titles might be expected to do—he drank the profits, and left the embankment to his deputies, who left it to their assistants, who left it to itself;" what is it except an early phase of that practical irre-

sponsibility of boards and bodies corporate, which results in damaged reputations, and, what is of more public concernment, in sunken ships, and frightful railway accidents, arising out of "everybody's business being nobody's," and coming to a climax when, as a railway inquiry sometime back elicited, a train is intrusted to the sole charge of the engine-driver because, in vulgar parlance, "Dick was tight," or, as those three monosyllables mean when translated, "the guard was so drunk that he had to be left behind"? Just so with the remonstrances of the press or the critics of departmental mismanagement, whose occupation, we trust, has been reduced since the beginning of last year. But we see, as in a mirror, in the arguments of Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the Lord High Commissioner of Embankment, the how-not-to-do-it pleas of soberer but not less blameworthy officials, in regard to putting off the task of timely repairs, within the shortest space of time before a Megæra founders or a railway engine comes to utter smash. "Decay," said Seithenyn, "is one thing, and danger is another. Everything that is old must decay. That the embankment is old, I am free to confess; that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny: that it is any the worse for that I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well: it works well: it keeps the water out from the land, and it lets in the wine on the High Commission of Embankment. Cup-bearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we: they built it in their wisdom; and if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it." Again, on Elphin mildly hinting that it was scarcely enough that *some* parts of the sea-wall should be sound, the sophisms of Seithenyn took a form

which, if it does not visibly survive to these days of improvement and reform, still lurks beneath the Reports of many a Special Commission.

"And after all," said Scithenyn, whilst labouring to show that "the parts which were rotten gave elasticity to the sound,"—"after all, the worst that could happen would be the overflow of a spring-tide, for that was the worst that happened before the embankment was thought of; and if the high-water should come in as it did before, the low-water would go out as it did before. We should be no deeper in it than our ancestors were, and we could mend as easily as they could make." It is wholesome to hunt up such legends, if only to point the Horatian moral to ourselves—"mutato nomine de te fabula narratur;" and as North and South Wales are full of them, a tour with the object of excavating buried legendary lore will repay time and cost considerably better than one undertaken for statistical, or, even worse, for the "say-so" purposes.

Whilst on the subject of a submerged realm, it is irresistible to notice a legend of South Wales as old as Giraldus Cambrensis, which has not, that we can discover, its parallel in North Wales, though it is quite an ordinary phenomenon among the Cornish cousins of the Cymry. We refer to the submerged city to be seen, by the eye of faith, beneath the waters of Llangorse Lake or Llyn Savaddan between Brecon and Talgarth, of which the tradition is constant, and of which Higden in his *Polychronicon*, cited already for St. Winifred's well, says in monkish rhyme—

"Structuras ædificiil
Sæpe videbis inibi
Sub lacu; cum sit gelidus,
Mirus auditur sonitus."

A theory has been hazarded that such city may be the ancient Roman city of *Loventium*; but that would involve an explanation such as George III. required for the presence of the apple in the dumpling; and, besides, it is pretty certain that *Loventium* stood on ground now occupied by the farmhouse of Llanio between Lampeter and Tregaron, in Cardiganshire. As we have said, the submerged city under Llangorse Lake finds several parallels in Cornwall, particularly in the *Lyonesse*, a tract of water between the Scilly Islands and the western coast, where a waste of waters is supposed to cover no less than one hundred and forty churches, and a city of which certain rocks called the "seven stones" are the only extant marks. Its inhabitants, so runs the tradition, were *Silures*; and the traditionary stories of all Celtic races have some similar legend. To return to that which underlies the Brecknockshire lake, it is a curious figment that an old prophecy assures the acclaim and allegiance of the birds of the lake-side to the rightful prince of the land, if he pays Llyn Savaddan a visit—

"Si terræ princeps venerit,
, Aves cantare jusserit"—

a prophecy tested, Giraldus Cambrensis tell us, in the case of Gryffyd ap Rhys, Prince of South Wales, who had faith and spirit enough to put the prediction to the proof in the presence of Milo, Earl of Hereford and Lord of Brecheinoc, and of Pain Fitz-John, Lord of Ewyas, two of Henry I.'s privy councillors. The devout Welshman prayed before he risked his *prestige* and the birds did as every true Cymro would be sure they would do.* To all this legendary matter about the subaqueous city it is to

* Giraldus, *Itin. Cambriæ*, lib. i. c. 2. Cf. *Transactions of the Woolhope Naturalists' Club*, 1870.

be added that in 1869 a "cran-noge" was found in the lake, and an island brought to light by the discovery, at a time of drought, of the piles of a stockade, in the neighbourhood of which were bones, implements, and other relics of human occupation. Here, then, the legend is lucky enough to have found a shadow of corroboration after the lapse of centuries. To return to North Wales, or rather to its border, there is a legend of a submerged chapel at Crowsmere, near Ellesmere,* the bells of which can be heard ringing beneath the surface if the waters are ruffled by the wind; and this legend has its rival in that of the bells of Forrabury Church, and "the silent tower of Bottreaux" (as the recently deceased Cornish poet, Mr. Hawker, sings), in Cornwall. There, however, the bells, and not the church, are submerged, though every one knows that there is a sand-buried church at Peran Zabuloe. In the case of several churches in the diocese of St. Asaph there is a tradition of the mysterious removal of their foundations from the first chosen site through the interposition of a spirit, not so often malign as friendly disposed. Its voice, in the case of Llanfyllin Church, in Montgomeryshire, where it interfered peremptorily with the addition of a porch to the ugly brick edifice, and said each night, as the day's work was being mysteriously undone, "the Red Church in Powys shall never be completed," bespoke a more æsthetic spirit than that which actuated the eighteenth-century builders, when it stopped an ugly finish to a very uninteresting building. It is almost unnecessary to say that, in the case of some English churches, and one or two in the principality,

the devil has the credit of having overruled the promoters in regard to the site question; and it would seem there is nothing he more enjoys having a hand in than bridge-building, though in such works it is his cleverness that is more conspicuous than his mischief. Whereas he removed the stones of Churchdown, near Gloucester, to the top of the hill, night after night, to carry out his normal end of hindering spiritual progress; on the other hand, where he tops, as 'at the "Bridge on the Mynach" in Cardiganshire, or that on the Pass of St. Gothard in the Alps, a rude lower bridge with another of more daring span and bold construction,—no doubt it is a tribute of the gaping peasant to his undoubted and unapproachable talent, which is paid in assigning the work to the "Satanic Pontifex Maximus."

We must barely glance at one or two curious associations of a particular locality with a myth or legend, and then wind up with a hasty survey of a few extant Welsh superstitions. The former it is bad taste to wish obliterated: the latter cannot die away too soon. The tourist in North Wales will here and there find the name and fame of Arthur Pendragon still shedding a halo around circles and cromlechs, though the world knows that his body was buried "in Insulâ Avalloniâ," and that his traces might be looked for more fitly in Glamorganshire and South Wales, where indeed they also crop up. Between Harlech and Barmouth, a route rich in old Druidic memorials, are several cromlechs and maenhirs associated with the name of Arthur. One by the old mansion of Corsygedol, Coetan Arthur, or Arthur's Quoit, has the credit of having been thrown by the

* Byegones relating to Wales and the Border, 1871-3, p. 221. Cf. Hunt's *Romances and Drolles of the West of England*, second series, p. 427.

hero from the top of Moelfre, an eminence of Penmaenmawr—a feat reminding us of some of Robin Hood's legendary arrow-flights. The largest camp in Anglesea, near the village of Llanvihangel, surrounded by a deep fosse between two walls of edgewise-placed stones, goes by the name of Bwrdd Arthur, or "Arthur's round table," though it seems to suit better another claimant, a British amphitheatre, near Dyffryn Aled in Denbighshire, where, according to Leland, "there be twenty-four holes or places in a roundel for men to sit in, but some less and some bigger, cut out of the mayn rock by manne's hand." This is also called "Bwrdd Arthur," and in the Clwyddian range of hills there is a strong double-ditched British post, which goes by the name of Moel Arthur. Verily, king Arthur is not dead—at any rate, in the remembrance of the Cambro Britons. It is observable that one mode of testifying such remembrance is by attaching it to a rock or crag of suggestive formation, and dignifying such "seats" by the name of hero or bard. Thus, there is just above Corwen a fine rocky outlook called Owain Glyndwr's Seat; and a poised rock in the pass of Aberglaslyn goes by the name of the Chair of Rhys Goch of Eryri, or Red Rhys of Snowdon,—a celebrated bard and partisan of Owain Glyndwr, who lived to an immense age, and made use of this seat as his "Parnassus." As interesting as these "chairs," perhaps, are the "Beddau" or graves, although these seem to be more evanescent, and the name oftener tells their tale than either stone or mound. Several such occur in the district of the Llynfni near Clynog; and in the valley of the Cain an inscribed stone, commemorating one Porus or Porius, —supposed from a half erased adjective to have been an early Christian—goes by the name of *Bedd*

Porus. A touching legend, connected with an eminence about five miles on the road from Festiniog to Bala, on the left, explains the local name, "Beddau gwyr Ardudwy" (the graves of the men of Ardudwy). These, it would seem, made an incursion into the distant Vale of Clwyd, with the same object as the Sabines of old upon the infant Roman territory, not however with as happy an issue. They bore away their fair prizes, and withal won their hearts, but, ere they could conduct them to their new homes, were overtaken at this spot by the fathers and brothers of the stolen damsels. An unpoetical justice wrought in favour of the pursuers, and the men of Ardudwy were all slain. But the Llyn Morwynion, or Maiden's Lake, within a mile's distance, is the complement of the story. Rather than go home to single blessedness, and condone the slaughter of their new friends, they throw themselves into a lake at the foot of the hill from which they had watched the encounter. Truth obliges us to add that the upright stones indicative of the Beddau in Camden's day had dwindled in 1870 to two, and that, when we visited the locality in 1873, even those two were no longer to be distinguished. The fact that a Roman road undoubtedly led through this graveyard suggests the natural solution of the graves and stones—that of a place of interment for Roman soldiers. One later legend anent a grave:—In Montgomery churchyard is a bare patch, in the form of a cross, amidst surrounding turf and grassy mounds. It is called "the Robber's Grave,"—we suppose by a Cambrian use of the figure "meiosis," or "making the worst of things." A man unjustly condemned for murder and highway robbery, prayed Heaven at his conviction that his innocence might be affirmed by no grass grow-

ing on his grave. A local poetess,* whose little volume, published last year, is well worth perusal, thus prettily tells the story of what followed:—

“Twice forty years have passed since
then, the grave may yet be seen,
All sterile, bare, and desolate, amid sur-
rounding green.
Though she of whom he spoke had
brought full many a root and stem—
In vain! the earth which covered him
refused to succour them;
And though she watched them morn and
eve, they withered every one,
And ne'er a flower expanded there its
beauties to the sun.
She knew that he was innocent, whate'er
the world might say,
And, for his sake, alone she trod life's dull
unequal way;
And men with saddened eyes pass by
that barren spot of ground.
Still stands the grey old church, and still
on all the graves around
The roses blush, and fuchsias trail, and
grasses richly wave;
But never leaf or blade hath grown above
the 'robber's grave.'”

How tenaciously the Cambrian mind clings to a tradition of this kind may be understood by those who have noticed its proclivity to superstitions of every description. We have noticed above the “knockers” and “water-sprites,” and we might add to them folk-tales about “fairy bread” in connection with a legend about a young farmer partaking of something between lotus-food and the flour of the heart of a water-lily, and anon obtaining a fairy-bride, such as we read of in the large class of swan-maiden-myths. Or stories might be multiplied of the Tylwyth Teg or “fairy family,”—friendly and well-conditioned fairies who still haunt the banks of the Dee, about Llangollen, and whom we should be sorry to see exorcised, so long as they reward tidy and notable house-

wives, and only deal with those butchers (for they are no vegetarians) who are conspicuous for their cleanliness. But we must touch rather, at present, on another and more prevalent phase of belief in the supernatural—the superstitions that linger around the death-bed, the passing, and the grave-yard, with one or two more in the nature of omen or ordeal; and leave to others the great history of the “little people” or “fairy folk” which remains to be written.

We have heard it asserted that the premonitory token of a death, known as “corpse-candles,” is known only to the diocese of St. David's. But in the interesting publication ‘Byegones’ already alluded to, we find a remarkable account of their incidence at Crigion,† in the county of Montgomery and diocese of Hereford, and we have little doubt that the superstition has small regard for distinctions of North and South Wales. The statement of an old inhabitant will explain its nature and peculiarities. “During a heavy snow, when he was a boy, his mother, as she went up-stairs to bed, pointed out to him a light proceeding slowly from a neighbouring farm-house towards the church. A servant coming up-stairs at the time was also witness to it. The light traversed a line where there was no road or gate into the churchyard, and in a moment or two all the windows of the Church were lighted up, and then gradually the light went back by the course it had come, and vanished at the farm-house. Its tenant, they knew, was unwell, but, as the snow was so deep, it was not till the second day that they heard he

* Original Poems, by Olive. London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1874. Pp. 31-33. Our own eyes have seen the “barren cross” where turf refuses to grow.

† Bygones, 1871-3, p. 36. The account has been somewhat shortened and altered *qua* language, to suit the limits of our article.

had died at the very time they saw the light. The snow continued, and the roads became more and more blocked up, so that, on the day of the funeral, it was found impossible to take the procession by the usual route, and a portion of the church-wall had to be taken down, to admit the entrance of the bier. That portion of the wall was the exact spot which the deponent saw the light cross on the evening of the death." * Of all the many death-tokens we are acquainted with—such as the "hooting of owls," "the solitary crow at the tree," "the howling of dogs," "the crowing hen," the sudden stopping of the family clock—none is so weird and impressive as this of the corpse-candles, none less soluble by natural causes, or even by the freaks of human credulity. Among death-bed customs prevalent in the Principality, it is not easy to explain that which removes from under the dying head a pillow that has pigeon's feathers in it; nor is it by any means a sufficient reason for the custom, widely prevalent, of placing a deep pewter plate filled with salt upon the chest of the corpse immediately after "laying out," that it is done to prevent the body swelling. Salt is rather, as is explained by the learned and curious Brand, the emblem of eternity and immortality, and as such a sort of "satan fuge," for "the devil loveth no salt in his meat," and the righteous are "the salt of the earth." As Herricks writes—

"The body's salt the soul's, which, when
gone,
The flesh soone sucks in putrefaction."

It is a darker and narrower superstition, still surviving in North and South Wales, and the Border,

which at a funeral hands over to a hireling, who lives by such services, a loaf of bread, a maple bowl full of beer or milk, and a sixpence, in consideration of which he takes upon him all the sins of the defunct, and frees him or her from *walking* after death. It is hard to say which is most degraded, the employers or the employed, in such a transaction. The scapegoat in this case is currently called a "Sineater." Of such it would be no stretch of imagination to believe that, like Sion-y-Cint, the Welsh Faust, they had sold themselves to the devil. Amidst old graveyard etiquette, we may notice that in some parishes of Montgomeryshire it is all-important to rest the corpse under the shade of the mountain-ash, whose magical virtue lies in the belief that it was the wood of the Saviour's Cross. More common is the usage of mourners and others who attend a Welsh funeral, carrying a sprig of rosemary and dropping it into the grave with the last words of the service. These floral rites are very pretty, and we hope not soon likely to die out. Who that has any acquaintance with Monmouthshire can easily forget Flowering Sunday? Or who would wish to see discontinued the lingering Shropshire custom of hanging garlands in the churches at the death of a maiden? Our notice of superstitions in the nature of ordeals must be confined to two, which are commemorated in the folk-lore of Llansantffraed-yn-Meebain, in Montgomeryshire—the ordeal of the key, and the ordeal of the sieve. The *methodus* of the former was on this wise: If an Achan was to be detected, the family gathered in a semicircle round its head, with the

* According to Borrow, *Wild Wales*, vol. iii. p. 223, these corpse-candles are dangerous to those who casually meet them. Men die from contact with them, when the candle is abroad on another errand.

Bible in his hand. He opened it, and rested the wards of an ordinary door-key on a certain verse. "Then having closed the Bible, he binds the whole tightly with the loop of the key carefully left out, through which the finger is passed, so that the Bible may turn easily as on a pivot—the family remaining in a semicircle in front of the operator. But sooner than undergo the ordeal—a most serious affair, had recourse to for extreme cases—the guilty party would generally make a clean breast of it, and be punished accordingly."* A sieve was sometimes used instead of a Bible, arousing in our minds a curiosity to know whether 'such divination was any-wise akin to that which Theocritus alludes to under a similar name.

But we must not, because upon the congenial theme of Cambria, expect, like "the Brook," to be allowed to "run on for ever." Nor does it disturb our equanimity that much remains unwritten of what

is worth knowing anent its myths' legends, and folk-lore. What matter, if the tourist will take heart of grace, from what has been written, to search out the associations with flood, forest, rock, and castle which tradition has established for his own edification and amusement? The rivers of Cambria have as much to teach as the Rhine or the Danube. And certain we are that whilst, as we remarked at starting, civilisation and locomotion are brushing away unceremoniously the traditions of which the converse to Martial's account of his epigrams—

*Sunt mala, sunt quædam mediocria,
sunt bona plura—*

is true, it is the part of all who cherish the imaginative faculty, and do not wish to see Great Britain a mere community of shopkeepers and money-getters, to guard and conserve the lessons of the past, still extant in stones, sites, and localities of old and time-worn memorial.

* Montgomeryshire Collections, vol. iv. pp. 123, 124—an ably edited record of county archaeology, worthy of imitation by other Welsh and English counties.

A SONG FOR GALATEA.

A DOUBTFUL stir, a sound yet not a sound,
 Again the stillness, now a whisper breathed
 And lost in breathing—now a growing light
 And laughter, laughter from the rosy east
 With quickening air and music : on they drive,
 Riot of nymph and triton—strange sea-beast—
 Foam-flashed and shaken jewels : throned o'er all,
 Queen of the pomp yet gentlier than a queen,
 Fenced from rough sport yet tuned for merry play,
 Rides Galatea, fairest maid that charms
 The wild-eyed sea-birds, 'tween the sea and sky.

Galatea, here to thee,
 Queen of mirth and jollity,
 Raise we loud our jocund song,
 Shouting with thy triton throng,—
 Shouting, as their horns out ring
 At the pleasant song we sing,—
 Shouting, merry maid, to thee,
 Queen of mirth and jollity.

Ay, perchance on yonder shore
 Acis leads his flock once more,
 Stares entranced across the wave,
 Hopeful of thy pageant brave.
 Ay, perchance—or Polypheme,
 Where the mountain torrents stream,
 Slow to think and slow to move,
 Slowly feels the force of love
 Rising through his monstrous frame,
 Till his great lips shape thy name,
 Galatea, hailing thee
 Queen of mirth and jollity.

When young Raphael did stand
 Lone on Adriatic strand,
 Peering far across the brine,
 What saw he save charms of thine ?
 Turned he from the virgin's face,
 From her sweet religious grace,
 From the chamber tapestried,
 Turned as bridegroom to his bride,
 Turned afire with sea-king's mood,
 Laughed in glory where he stood
 Shouting loud across the sea—
 Galatea, fresh and free,
 Maiden queen, I paint for thee !

I mescems am Acis now
For one moment's joy, as thou,
Tossing all thy tresses free
To the wild wind's revelry,
Look'st with wide and wayward eyes
Into mine. Before me rise
Pomps and pageants pure and bright,
Metè for Raphael's delight,
When he passed from cloister dim,
Saw thee all in sunshine swim,
Gave his loyal heart to thee,
Queen of light and liberty.

Queen, let me thy presence greet,
Let me plunge to kiss thy feet,
Roll amid thy jocund throng,
Winding shell or shouting song,
Where all day the clear green waves
High above thy shadowed caves
Toss their flying crests in glee,
And the brave breeze fitfully
Bears the goodly smell of brine;
Galatea, make me thine,
Singer of sweet songs to thee,
Queen of light and liberty.

J. R. S.

THE ELF-KING'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Down the merry streamlet dancing,
Through the flickering shadows glancing,
Foam about her white feet creaming,
All her wayward hair out-streaming
Laughing on the laughing water,
Dances down the Elf-king's daughter—
 Youngest daughter fair.

All the trees bend low toward her,
All the rocks are strong to guard her,
All the little grasses whisper,
And the low-toned breezes lisp her
 Praises everywhere.

All around the warm air lingers
Lovingly, the while her fingers,
With a dainty upward gesture,
Seem to draw a shade for vesture
 Of her loveliness.

Yet meseems she moves so purely,
Gliding on her path demurely,
Looking with clear eye serenely,
She were clad not half so queenly
 In a royal dress.

Now she's lightly onward sweeping,—
Now she stays, half-glad, half-fearing,
O'er the ledge of granite peering,
Eyes the headlong torrent leaping—
Eyes far down the sullen boulders,
While the long locks round her shoulders
 Gather tenderly.

Now with little laugh a-tremble,
Glad her shrinking to dissemble,
Flashing through the diamond shower
With her white feet launched below her,
And her hair drawn out above her,
Swift as lady to her lover
 Down the fall goes she.

Now when quiet night has clouded
All the river broad and stately,
Down the stream she rides sedately,
By her soft hair warmly shrouded,
 Lulled by melody.

Down amid the dim trees greeting,
And the drowsy wheat's repeating,
Dreaming on the dreaming water
Floats the Elf-king's youngest daughter
 To the dreaming sea.

J. R. S.

SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

WEATHER.

As it is just possible that the word weather may not convey to everybody the same idea, and that different persons may attach somewhat different meanings to it, it will perhaps be useful to begin by indicating the sense in which we are going to use it here. That sense, however, can scarcely be determined by direct definition, for, if Webster is correct in saying that a definition is "a description of a thing by its properties," it follows that it can only be applied to things which possess properties. Weather therefore can never become the subject of a definition, for its essential character is to be always changing, and, consequently, to have no fixed properties at all. When, then, we learn from another grave authority, that weather is "the state or condition of the atmosphere with respect to heat, cold, dryness, moisture, wind, rain, snow, and fogs," we may, if we are satisfied with the phrase, admit it as a general and approximate statement on the subject, but we cannot, certainly, accept it as possessing the qualities of a definition. And even as a mere statement it is incomplete, for it makes no mention of shade, sunlight, hail, dew, and rainbows, all of which are incontestably elements of weather.

But if we cannot establish a definition, we can arrive at the same end by following out a distinction. By determining the differences between weather and climate, by sorting out to each of them its own share of their seemingly somewhat intermingled rights, we shall finally attain a complete view of weather by itself.

Climate is, in the general acceptation of the word, a settled condition; while weather is the most uncertain, the most fluctuating of our surroundings. Climate rests on certain recognised bases; weather shifts about with accidents. Climate depends on distance from the equator, on height, on the formation and exposition of the soil, on the degree of purity of the atmosphere, on proximity to or distance from the sea, on the action of man through cultivation; but weather is, to a great extent at least, independent of all these influences. Weather is, essentially, the disturber of climate; it improves it or it spoils it, from day to day; it is consequently a part of it, but a part of it as health and disease are parts of our bodies. Climate is geographically fixed, while weather is atmospherically variable; climate is a calculated quantity, while weather is an unknown one. All sorts of rules are applicable to climate, but none are applicable to weather. Climate is monarchy, weather is anarchy. Climate is a constitutional government, whose organisation we see and understand; latitude and altitude are its king and queen; dryness and dampness are its two houses of parliament; animal and vegetable products are its subjects; and the isothermal lines are its newspapers; but weather is a red-hot radical republic, all excitements and uncertainties, a despiser of old rules, a hater of proprieties and order. Climate is a great stately sovereign, whose will determines the whole character of the lives and habits of his retainers, but whose rule is regular, and is therefore so little felt

that it seems like liberty; but weather is a capricious, cruel tyrant, who changes his decrees each day, and who forces us, by his ever varying whims, to remember that we are slaves. Climate is local; weather is universal. We are indifferent to climate because we are accustomed to it, but we are dependent on weather because we never know what form it will take to-morrow. Climate is the rule; weather is the exception. Climate is dignity; weather is impudence.

If these comparisons are admitted as exact, it ceases to be impossible to bestow a name on weather; there is a certain modern locution which seems to have been made expressly to designate it; weather is "a girl of the period." Like that conventional young person, it is impertinent, imperious, and unguidable; like her it is often brilliant, but easily bad-tempered; like her it is sulky and gay by turns, with no avowable reason for being either; like her it dresses noisily; like her it holds its tongue lazily, or talks loud impetuously; like her it is, on the whole, a mistake. Whichever way we look at it, we find it open to objections. Socially, it is what the novels of the last generation used to call "a heartless coquette," who tempts, stimulates, and lures, and who sets the worst possible example to her neighbours. Morally, it is both a deceiver and a spendthrift, whose conduct would humiliate and pain its ancestors, if it had any. Intellectually, it may be described as an idiot, for its actions are the consequence of no recognisable motives whatever. And yet, with all these unmistakable defects, it exercises an all-pervading power over every fruit of nature, from man to mushrooms. Indeed, poor nature (which, by the way, as Voltaire observed, is most wrongly named, for she is in reality

all art, and not nature at all)—poor nature must sometimes feel that, in creating weather, she has afflicted herself with an intolerable master, who wilfully ill-treats both her and her offspring, and spoils irascibly a good deal of her prettiest and brightest handiwork. It would, however, be altogether useless to ask her why she has been so singularly foolish as to permit weather to exist at all, for she never answers inquisitive questions of that kind; and perhaps, even does not know what the answers are. Her ignorance, indeed, is possibly as great as that of weather itself; and, in fact, she proclaimed that it really is so when she made that remarkable confession to the curious philosopher, saying to him, "I am water, earth, fire, air, metal, mineral, stone, vegetable, animal. I feel that I have an intelligence within me; you have one too, but you cannot see it. I cannot see mine either; I feel it, but I cannot measure it. Why then do you, who are but a small part of myself, desire to know what I do not know?" Weather is in the same situation.

And now, as we have, in this way, obtained a general idea of what we mean by weather, and as we are not likely to learn much more about the hidden reason of things by pausing for a reply, we may as well go on to the technicalities of the question.

Weather includes every modification of the atmosphere by which our organs are sensibly affected. Each one of its agents is a power by itself, exerting a special action of its own upon us, but resembling all its fellows in their common characteristic of capriciousness and instability. Its influence, in some shape or other, is unceasing, for it works upon us through the air, which of all the details of creation is the one with which we

are in the most intimate relation. And yet, though almost every other form of matter has become, in some manner or degree, subjected to our will, and can be directed, modified, or used by us, more or less, as we like, how we like, and when we like, the air remains mercilessly our master; it imposes itself on us, according to its own fancies only, everywhere and always, sleeping or waking. We cannot do without it, but we can in no way control it; life, heat, and sound come to us through it alone; without it we could neither hear, nor be warm, nor breathe; without it we could neither smell the flowers nor listen to the birds. Our food depends upon it, for abundance or starvation are its children. And, finally, we ourselves are materially composed of it, for we, and all the animals and vegetables around us, are in reality, as Thales wisely said, made up of condensed woven air. But yet, notwithstanding all these relationships, the atmosphere keeps us off at arm's-length and will not permit us to use it in any ways but its own. This is vexing, but nothing whatever is to be gained by losing our temper about it; it would be altogether futile to imitate Voltaire, and to scornfully call the air "a blue and white heap of exhalations;" that would in no way help us. It is just as well to be polite, in spite of the annoyance we may feel at the attitude of contemptuous mastery which the atmosphere assumes towards us.

It was observed just now that weather has no visible motives for its actions, and that it therefore merits to be called an idiot. But, though it has no motives, it has causes; like a bucket which goes up and down in a well, it has no will of its own, but it obeys impulses which it cannot resist. The causes are somewhat various, and

are even, occasionally, conflicting; but yet they all have one common origin, they all result mainly from the fact that the atmosphere rests on a mixed floor. If all the air reposed exclusively on water or on earth alone, there would be no weather; of course there would be climates, but they probably would be very nearly free from accidents or changes, for the reason that no sufficient agent would be at work to upset their regularity as weather does. It is the division of the earth into sea and land, it is the joint though separate action on the atmosphere of those two bases, which create weather; it is the counter working of those two pavements on the air above them which provokes its good or bad behaviour; it is the contrast and the clashing between evaporation and precipitation, between the uplifting and the downpouring of the waters, according to the variety of topographic influences, which bring about the wild uncertainties of weather and destroy the peaceful unities of climate. It is, however, not solely because the surface of the earth is a mixture of wet and dry that these incongruities arise; the varied nature and the diversified disposition of the materials of which the land part of that surface is composed, must also be taken into account; for as through their agency the distribution of heat on land is rendered most uneven, the atmosphere in contact with that land is irregularly heated also, its faculty of absorbing vapour increases or diminishes with its temperature, and, in this way, a second motive cause of weather is produced. It is, however, altogether insufficient and discourteous to make our first allusion to vapour in this casual, incidental sort of way. Vapour is the primitive form of all the visible elements of weather;

it is the fountain which supplies all downfalls on to earth, whatever be the shape they take; without it there would be no clouds, no rain, no snow, no dew, no moisture of any kind at all. It is the common mother of all the race of wet, it is the embryo of all the forms which liquid can assume. It is everywhere around us; all life depends upon it; without it neither birth nor growth are possible; without it all England would be ruined to-night, for there would be no more steam. After this special homage to its merits and its value, we can now proceed with the consciousness of duty discharged.

The next thing to be observed is, that as the evaporation which supplies vapour is a process brought about by the action of the sun, which action is exercised in a very tangled and untidy fashion, we find in its uncertainties the third great spring of weather. The power and vigour of that action depend, firstly, on the proportion of the substances of which the atmosphere is composed,—for, though the composition of air, properly so called, never varies at all, the quantity of water vapour which may, from time to time, mix up with it in order to form the atmosphere, does vary very largely. Secondly, the nature of the action of the sun keeps on changing in each place all day along; as the earth turns round the different parts of the atmosphere receive different quantities of heat at constantly shifting angles. So that, with a perpetually varying mass of vapour to act upon, and with a perpetually varying power of action upon it, it is not strange that the working of the sun upon the atmosphere should present an amount of confusion and of family disputation, for which even the Chamber at Versailles cannot offer a parallel.

So far we can comprehend, in

part at least; but we get next to a question which really is a puzzler. We have been talking about evaporation, and about vapour, and about the sun, and, taking them separately, they have not offered us much difficulty; but now we must go a step further,—we must put them all three together, and we must add to them a fourth idea, called condensation. The effect of this addition, which looks so simple in words, is to complicate the position gravely, and to lead us to a riddle which the cunningest of scientific people have hitherto been unable to solve. Under the influence of condensation the sun-made vapour which, so far, was invisible, becomes converted into a visible object called a cloud: that is to say, according to the dictionary, “into a visible mass of particles of water suspended in the atmosphere;” this object, which is cold-made, constitutes the first external manifestation of weather—it is the first obvious sign we see of it; it is the first product of that struggle between heat and cold which is the ancestor of everything else that we shall discover in weather. So far no objection can be made, for if weather is to exist at all, it is essential that it should have causes. But now comes in the insoluble enigma. Clouds, as has just been said, are made of water, and water is 816 times heavier than air; how then do clouds manage to get lifted up into the air, and to stop there comfortably, apparently without an effort, and to travel thousands of miles there, at all sorts of paces, just as if it were quite natural and proper that they should be there? Nobody can tell us. Now really it is humiliating that at the very outset of our attempt to make the acquaintance of weather, we should encounter an obstacle of this sort, which bars the door to all possibility of real intimacy. Of course wise people have

tried to scramble over it; of course there have been plenty of suggestions of the peculiar reasons which enable clouds to defy what are supposed to be the laws of nature, to despise attraction, and to mock at gravitation: but not one of the explanations which have been invented is considered to be sufficient; the clouds go on swimming incomprehensibly above us, in utter disdain of a number of excellent reasons why they should do nothing of the kind. If they behaved like everything else in nature, they would never go up at all; but then, in that case, they would not be clouds. Some learned gentlemen have asserted that clouds are supported by rising currents of hot air, which push them up from below, apparently just as children blow up soap bubbles and keep them floating as long as their breath lasts; others have considered that electricity, in some unknown fashion, contrives to hold them in their places; others, again, have urged that the water globules of which they are formed contain "obscure internal heat," which by expansion makes them lighter than the surrounding air, converts each of them in that way into a Montgolfier balloon, and so enables them to remain suspended. We ignorant people are of course quite ready to believe any one of these interpretations, or any other, provided only the sages will tell us which one to adopt; but so long as they hold silence on the point, all we can do is to stare inquisitively at the clouds, and say within ourselves, "How on earth, now, do you manage it?"

The duties of a cloud are to supply us with water in all its summer and winter forms—that is to say, with rain, sleet, snow, hail, and fog; and to preserve us from excesses of both heat and cold by shielding us from the sun's rays when the air is too hot, or by pre-

venting the radiation of terrestrial heat when it is too chilly. Children would, no doubt, insist on adding that an additional duty of clouds is to show us which way the wind blows. In order to accomplish these different functions, clouds adopt a variety of densities and shapes, and place themselves at a variety of heights; but whatever be the altitude at which they range, or the specific gravity or the form which they may momentarily assume, they are always at work at their vocation, and, as long as they are required, are unceasingly engaged in making weather. But all of them do not disappear in "the caverns of rain;" some of them fulfil other objects than shower-making, and do not vanish in drizzle; what becomes of these others when they are done with? What is the fate, for instance, of those fleecy, dreamy, high-bred looking clouds which come and go in the still hotness of July, which softly appear and as softly disappear in the silent summer sunlight? To this, at all events, we can give an answer; those graceful "nurslings of the sky" are dissolved back again into vapour by heat: they remain water, but they once more become water invisible. Like everything else around them, it is not in their power to cease to be; invisibility is not mortality. Their story of unending life is told in Shelley's "Song of the Cloud;" their law is, "I change, but I cannot die."

Of these imperishable clouds rain is the first-born child; it may be added that it is, too, the favourite grandson of vapour. But notwithstanding its eminent position in the family, it cannot be said to be altogether a credit to its relations. Rain is incontestably possessed of some most remarkable capacities; its talents are brilliant; its influence is enormous; but the value

and the merit of its qualities are lamentably diminished by the capriciousness, the wilfulness, and the disorder with which it employs them. Of course it has the excuse of having been abominably brought up, like all its kindred, and of never having had the advantage of good examples at home, for neither weather, nor vapour, nor clouds, set their younger relatives a pattern of steadiness, of dignity, or of regularity of conduct. But whoever may be to blame, the fact persists that the merits and defects of rain are so intermingled, that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish them from each other. Open-handed generosity and niggardly avarice; the gentlest and tenderest caresses and the fiercest blasts of temper; the most dashing and impetuous public speaking and the driest and most painful silence, are all mixed up together in this richly endowed but wildly wayward nature.

And yet, with all its faults, rain does render us more service than the clouds it comes from, although its benefits often lose half their value by coming at the wrong time. Its distribution is as unequal as that of wealth; like money it bestows itself in excess in one direction, and does not give itself at all in another. It never rains one drop on the coast of Peru, in Northern Mexico, in the African Sahara, in central Arabia, or in the Desert of Gobi; but in Patagonia it scarcely ever leaves off raining. And in quantity it is as irregular as in locality: one inch a-day is a heavy fall in England; but in the Highlands of Scotland three inches are not unfrequent; and at Gibraltar 33 inches have fallen in 26 hours. If rain-gauges could be established out at sea, in the region of the Equatorial Atlantic calms, it is probable that the heaviest fall would be proved to occur there; but as pluviometry is, thus far, a process which is only ap-

plicable on land, we are temporarily obliged to accept the Khasia Hills, opposite the head of the Gulf of Bengal, as the seat of the most abundant downpour that we know of, for there the rain of each twelve months attains the prodigious depth of 44 feet. The enormity of this dampness may be appreciated by the fact that even in the west of Ireland, where the whole swing of Atlantic wet comes down eagerly on the first land it reaches, the yearly fall, in the very moistest periods, never exceeds 10 feet, while in France the average is 30 inches, and in Russia only 14.

As rain means vegetation, and no rain means deserts, the results of these diversities glare out conspicuously; the existence of plants, and consequently of animals, depends as much on water as on temperature, so that the absence of rain necessarily entails the absence of life. And here we leap, incidentally, into the very midst of an enormous question—the relationship between history and weather. Power, commerce, wealth grew up, some thousand years ago, in certain places, and not in others, as natural results of atmospheric influences. If the shores of the eastern Mediterranean were the first seat of the world's progress, it was not because they furnished easy water-carriage, but because they were illumined by a sunny sky. The glories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome were, in reality, an affair of weather; they would have been utterly impossible in Lapland. Karnak, the Acropolis, the Coliseum could never have been built amidst snow and ice. The disposition to work out progress beneath rough skies is essentially a modern tendency; until a few centuries ago civilisation was exclusively a child of warmth.

Of course it may be said that all this is a matter of climate rather

than of weather, and there is some truth in the objection; but, all the same, weather alone, weather irrespective of climate, has had a good deal to do with history. It was, most certainly, weather which produced the Deluge; it was a storm which drove inhabitants to America, and another one which protected England from the Armada; it was snow which overwhelmed Napoleon in 1812; it was fog which helped Mary Stuart to escape the cruisers of Elizabeth, and to cross from France to Scotland; it was fog which enabled the Russians to get unseen up the hill-side at Inkerman. All this was weather. It is weather, not governments, which keeps the world as it is; the atmosphere is infinitely more essential to us than constitutions; if weather changed its actual forms of action, we should all of us have to change too. If rain happened to disappear in Europe, Europeans would disappear with it; the green fields of England, like the vineyards of France and the great corn-grounds of the lower Danube, would dry up into shrivelled wastes; while, perhaps, the dreary plateaux of Thibet would grow into the garden of the earth. What would become of the Western march of civilisation in such a case as that? It really is humiliating to see that politics and power are, after all, matters of mere mud.

The behaviour of rain is a question of almost as much interest to us as its distribution. To be of real use it must come down in a certain way, neither too fast nor too slow; its drops must be neither too large nor too little; it must fit its shape to the period of the year and the needs of the soil; the driving mists of autumn, the short but heavy downfalls of July, "the sweet, fleet, silvery, April showers,"—as Lord Lytton the younger so deliciously calls them in that loveliest

of poetic fables, the "Thistle"—must all arrive in their time and place. Luckily for us, the personal manners of rain are not, like its general conduct, exclusively a product of its own capricious temper; they are influenced, to our great advantage, by something else than winds and sunbeams. The air itself guides and graduates the falling drops; it diminishes their eager speed by its resistance; it forbids them to attain accumulated rapidity; it shelters us by its universal buckler against a ferocity of pelting which, if left unchecked and uncontrolled, would flatten us at each shower. Even the size of the drops is not quite left to hazard; amidst so much waywardness and disorder it follows, exceptionally, a sort of rule; it depends a good deal, it is true, on the quantity of water in the cloud from which the drops emerge; but still, the rain which filters from the edges of a cloud is almost always fine and small; that which tumbles from the middle of it is usually big, because its globules have an opportunity of mixing up with those below them; while, as the dripping finishes, the drops grow smaller, because, as there are fewer of them, they find no others to incorporate with as they descend.

The services which rain renders are not limited to the earth and its products; its action is not solely exercised on plants. Part of its good work is done up above us, before it gets down to leaves and roots. It largely influences the air through which it falls; it cools and purifies it; and it seems even to be admitted as quite probable that, in certain cases, it washes away the germs of endemic and sporadic diseases. If ever we could manage to find out a means for directing the weather, it is not impossible that one of the results of the inven-

tion would be to enable us to suppress atmospherically-propagated infections, and that, by a skilful use of the pail and mop on the air we breathe, we could wipe out of it the taints of a good many sorts of plague and pestilence. That pretty dream does not seem likely to be realised in our time; but it is not, perhaps, so fantastic as it appears at first sight, for, as we have found out how to master lightning, and how to lead it where we please,—how, in fact, to “inoculate thunder.”—it is not altogether ridiculous to hope that, some day, we may do the same for rain.

Fog is the second of the children of clouds; so, at least, we may fairly suppose; for, though the successive dates of birth of the offspring of the skies have not been regularly inscribed in the family Bible of nature, it really does look extremely probable that fog came upon the earth immediately after rain. Indeed there are wise men who calculate that it even preceded rain, and that it is, consequently, entitled to the position and privileges of the firstborn. But, whether that be true or not, it is natural to us people of the nineteenth century to place fog second; for, whatever may have been its exact rank formerly, it is certainly, in our time, a vastly less important personage than rain. The aspects of the two brothers are so different that the hypothesis of their possibly being twins is altogether inadmissible; scarcely any family likeness can be discerned between them: rain is a cloud dissolved into falling water; fog is the cloud itself come down upon the ground; it is, like rain, composed of water globules, but those globules have not burst. And the characters of the two kinsmen are as unlike as their external appearance. Rain is a spendthrift who casts about his substance in every direction; fog is a miser who

holds together all he has. Rain is invariably in motion; fog is always indolent and lazy. Rain is active, violent, and noisy; fog is stagnant, sulky, and silent. Fog is manifestly jealous of his brother—gets into his way as much as possible, and seems to try fallaciously to prove that, as their common mother, cloud, can descend to earth entire in the shape of her second son, it is altogether needless for her to tumble down there in pieces under the name of the elder one. Unfortunately, however, for the pretensions of fog, it is of no kind of use to us, while its liquid relative is indispensable. It seems, indeed, to know this, for it likes particularly to stop in inaccessible places, on mountain tops or out at sea, where scarcely any one can look at it, as if it were ashamed of its condition. It is true that it does visit us occasionally on dry land, but in a nasty hesitating sort of way, and it rarely presumes to show itself amongst us in broad daylight. Most of the other members of the family of weather—with all their faults—have some redeeming qualities; but fog is hopelessly objectionable: it is ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty.

The third child is a daughter. She floats in the winter air in the white frock that was given to her at her birth, and though she is now as old as the north wind, she has never changed her robe. Cold, still, spotless, and majestic, she seems altogether out of place amidst her coarse relations; they are a disorderly populace; she is a stately queen. Silent, frigid, and so white that her very name means purity, she stands alone—the Pallas Athene of weather. Her movements are soundless; she hushes all around her; she effaces everything she touches; all signs of life are hidden beneath the noiseless veil she spreads. Immaculate, irresistible, and eternal,

she possesses an awfulness and a grandeur which are special to herself; nature has produced no counterpart of her; and it is perhaps as well that she has no sister, for if the clouds had two unmarried daughters of her type, mankind would have hard work to get through the winters. The immensity of her power can, however, be judged only in her own chosen homes, and it is indeed well worth our while to visit them, for of all material royalties, there is not one like hers.

And yet this splendid vestal is not invariably the mighty, ruthless, immutable sovereign that we behold on the mountains and at the poles. Like all other rulers, she has her weak moments. It is saddening to have to own that so superb a princess can ever change her glorious form, but the truth is evident—she thaws! Her attributes of whiteness and eternity are, after all, mere questions of thermometer and position; they dazzle our bewildered eyes as we humbly gaze upon them on the summits of the Alps; they turn into dirty water in Pall Mall. We easily forget, when snow is sitting nobly on her throne, that the plebeian blood of rain and fog is running in her veins; but she herself, despite her majesty, is forced to own the lamentable fact as soon as she gets warm. How she must hate heat! To be glorious, brilliant, stainless snow, all grand and undetiled and beautiful, and then, because the sun shines out a little, to be obliged to vanish into puddle! What mockery of the greatneses of this earth!

But, after all, it serves no purpose to be sentimental. If negroes have black skins, if cows have horns, while sheep have not, if tigers prefer flesh to oats, it is because those peculiarities are special to their race, and are inherited by each mem-

ber of it. For the self-same reason snow is condemned to thaw; water she is, to water she returns; only it really is a pity it is not always clean.

As for the uses of snow, it would be absurd to talk about them. She is too beautiful and too royal to be used. Let us leave her where we found her, in the air and on the crests, up there amongst the eagles; let us forget that she can melt, and that she has functions to discharge.

But what can possibly be the functions of her next brother—hail? Cutting crops to pieces and breaking panes of glass cannot seriously be called a function, and yet, what else does hail do? Indeed the presence of this creature amongst the connections of weather is decidedly an enigma. It is a child of the clouds; that is certain; but it is a child whose birth is shrouded in mystery, for nobody has found out exactly how hail is made; and as we are equally ignorant of its uses when it is made, it really may be urged that, perhaps, it would be just as well if it were never made at all. It is manifestly the bully of the family; it never rendered a service to anybody; on the contrary, it is always doing damage in the wilfullest and most senseless fashion. And, furthermore, it is an undutiful and disrespectful son, for, as it comes down frozen into ice, it reveals to us, with the most shocking indiscretion, that it must sometimes be most horribly cold in its mother's lap, which is a distressing fact that no really affectionate, deferential son would ever consent to divulge. It has been observed twice already, that the clouds have brought up their progeniture abominably, but this one is really worse than all the rest.

There ends the list of the offspring of cloud. Dew is her little brother, not her child; for, like her, he issues

direct from their common mother—the invisible vapour suspended in the atmosphere. He is, consequently, small as he is, the uncle of rain, fog, snow, and hail. He has the merit of being the one single member of the entire family whose manners are always perfect; he is a charming, laughing, bright-eyed little fellow—a blithe and sparkling morning visitor, who opens the day for us with smiles. He, like his superb niece, snow, has a name which we have adopted as an emblem; as she is purity, so he is freshness; and well indeed does he symbolise that word—for what else is fresh like dew? This baby boy of vapour is the great jeweller of nature; it is he who sprinkles her with flashing gems; it is his bright handiwork which makes the leaves and grass-blades glisten in the early sun: his workmanship is indeed so brilliant that we almost doubt his origin, and have some difficulty in believing that he is really of the same rough race as weather and its brood. But the proof thereof is close at hand: he can freeze; he can become hoarfrost; and then, alas! when his drops have turned into crystals, he thaws, and disappears in dirty water, as is the habit of his lineage. Poor, little, charming dew! he does deserve a better genealogy.

Shadow and shade, too, are not the children of cloud: they are simply her pupils; she does not create them of her substance—she only forms them by her teaching and example—she passes by, and says to them, "Follow me;" and they do it. But still they are important elements of weather; for it is they who take the place of sunbeams when the sky is grey; it is they who soften down the noon-tide glare—who mark the days of rain, of dulness, and of winter. It is they, again, who flicker fitfully on the hill-sides and the plains—who pass in

spots of undulating darkness across "the whisperous wheat" (Lord Lytton again)—who overcast the sparkling waves with deep-blue moving patches—who add to nature's sweet variety, by playing with the light amidst her work. They constitute the one real charm of weather: it is they who give to it its colour, its wandering diversity of tone, its ever-shifting glow. The sombre, slaty gloominess of the storm time—the whitey-grey of the morning mist—the sharp, clear, marching images which mark the passage over us of the hurrying autumn clouds—the distant dimness of the coming rain—the July contrasts between hot lustre and cool calm,—all these are the doings of shadow and shade. Without them weather would be all darkness or all brilliancy, according to its passing humour: with them it becomes as variable in aspect as it is in temper, and nature gains a beauty the more.

Thunder and lightning form a strange couple by themselves; they are neither relatives nor friends of the family of cloud; they seem indeed to be barely on visiting terms with its members; for they come to see them very rarely—sometimes even not for months together: they live apart, and show themselves only on great occasions. Their precise situation in the set is rather difficult to define; but it may be said, with approximate exactness, that they are to weather what swearing is to language, what cholera is to disease, what a lion is to beasts. It is possible that they may have a use; but if so, it has not been yet discovered; for as their tremendous grandeur is out of all proportion with their ordinary effect of turning milk sour, it really cannot be reasonably supposed that they were created solely for that minutely destructive purpose. Neither can it be seriously pretended that their object is to furnish proof that mankind

can easily be terrified by sudden flame and sound. So far as we can thus far perceive, they appear to be a pure expletive, superb and violent, but, like many others of the manifestations of weather, totally incomprehensible.

And now we can begin to approach the self-constituted guardian of the entire group—the domineering master who drives its members all about before him with a temper even more capricious than their own, but whose guidance is so absolutely indispensable to them all, that without his aid neither clouds, nor rain, nor snow, nor shadow could move one inch. What would they all be without wind? In order to completely govern them, wind assumes as many forms as colour does; and even in these days of observatories and weather-charts it is scarcely possible to establish a complete catalogue of them all. There are hot winds and cold winds, wet winds and dry winds, sea winds and land winds, permanent winds like the trades, periodical winds like the monsoons, and variable winds like those we have around us here; there are mountain winds, valley winds, and plain winds; “brave west winds,” hard north-easters and “fainting air;” and there are all the varieties of local winds special to particular districts, like the *sirocco* in Italy, the *simoom* in Arabia, the *kamsin* in Egypt, the *harmattan* in Guinea, the *mistral* in France, the “hot winds” in Australia, the *föhn* in Switzerland, the *nortes* in the Gulf of Mexico. But all these diversities are, in reality, alike in their origin and nature; from the lazy breath which does not lift a leaf to the hurricane which voyages twice as fast as the quickest railway train, they are all substantially identical, for all are currents in the atmosphere.

If there were no wind, weather

would be immovable; it would rise up and disappear on the same spot, according to local causes; there would be no sort of relationship or sympathy between the weathers of different districts. If there were no wind the modern science of meteorology would have no existence; for if nothing carried storms and rain in a recognised direction, and with a recognised speed, we could not be told by telegraph what will probably be the nature of the weather round our coasts to-morrow. Steam has rendered us tolerably independent of wind for navigation, but thus far the other uses of wind have not been replaced by machinery; it alone continues, amongst other of its occupations, to be the sole known means of transporting clouds about the sky.

And, in addition to its general duty as a carrier, wind has a special function to discharge in the composition of weather, for it is it, and it alone, which makes storms; it is it alone which puts weather into a real rage. Without it weather would often be sulky, gloomy, disagreeable, but it would never be ferocious. Hurricane, cyclones, tornadoes, and typhoons are virtually mere wind, and yet they uncontestedly present the most outrageous forms which weather can assume. Without wind all the other elements of weather would be passive; in themselves alone they constitute mere local agencies; it is only when their inherent power is multiplied by the speed which wind bestows upon them that they acquire destructive force. It is the wind which enables the snow to drift and deepen, the rain to travel over whole countries and to inundate them all, the hail to beat down the crops of entire districts, the fog to march along from sea to land; if “life is movement,” it is evidently

wind which bestows life on weather.

Wind, however, in the midst of its inconsistent caprices, is controlled, like all the other elements of weather, by the degree of heat. As heat makes vapour, so also does heat make wind, and we have proof thereof in the fact that the average number of storms each year rises gradually from 2 in Siberia to 9 in London, 14 in Paris, 43 in Rome, and 60 in Calcutta. Whenever a tempest occurs we may be absolutely certain that temperature is at the bottom of it, for wind of all speeds, from 1 to 100 miles an hour, is a mere rushing of air to take somewhere else the place of other air which has been carried off by hot ascending currents. But, in tearing about in what seems to be so fantastic a fashion, wind is unceasingly rendering us a vast service; it is conveying vapour from damp places to dry ones. If ever it were to leave off doing so, evaporation in the dry places would become greater than precipitation, the level of the inland waters would fall, vegetation would disappear, there would be no more food, and the population would be driven away. And all this because the wind would have stopped blowing in the direction where it is wanted! There is no doubt at all that such would really be the case, for it has happened already round the Caspian and the Sea of Aral.

The relationship of wind towards weather is somewhat like that of a painter's brush towards his colours; without the brush the colours would remain daubed upon the palette, but with its help they form a picture. It is true that in the case of weather the picture is inharmonious, irregularly drawn and indiscriminately shaded; but still it presents a vigour and a life which indicates that it is the work of

no common hand. We gaze each day, and each hour of each day, at the great fresco which is painted for us by the winds, and yet, habituated to it as we are, it never tires us: it perpetually strikes us by its grandeur, its vitality, its ever varying lines. It may indeed be said that the view of it constitutes one of the few permanent pleasures that we possess, and it has the advantage over most other pleasures of being obtainable without an effort. And yet though we have this strong reason, and many others too, for feeling gratitude towards wind, though it serves us as a water-carrier, as a seed and pollen spreader, as a scavenger, as a drying machine, and as a grand artist, it is probable that the greater part of us never entertain towards it any lively sentiment of thankfulness, and that we habitually limit our acknowledgments of obligation to it to the direct and personal benefits which it occasionally renders us, as when, on the evening of a sultry day, a breeze springs up and brings us coolness, or when it at last conveys our ship into port after a weary voyage. For the daily, constant work of wind we have no gratitude: if, indeed, we think of it at all, it is rather to cry out against its violences than to thank it for its services; they pass unperceived before our negligent eyes. Here, however, we are forced to recognise and proclaim them, for without wind, all the other elements of weather that we have been talking about would be as motionless and as torpid as a mushroom in a hollow tree.

There is one more constituent of weather—temperature; it is usually and most rightly classed with climate rather than with weather, but yet its relationship to the latter is real enough to oblige us to include it in our list. It is dependent mainly on latitude and altitude, so much so, indeed,

that it may be said—as a rough formula which is subject to many exceptions—that heat diminishes at the rate of about 1° Fahrenheit for each degree of distance from the equator, and for each hundred yards of height above the sea; but still it is a little influenced by mere weather too, only in the latter case we have no sort of law to guide our calculations of probable results. We all know that, as rules of climate, there are no very violent oscillations of temperature in the neighbourhood of the sea, and that heat diminishes as we advance into the interior of continents, and leave the sea behind us. For instance, Amsterdam and Warsaw, and Copenhagen and Kasan, are, respectively, on about the same parallels of latitude, and yet their mean annual temperatures are 53° and 46° in the first case, and 45° and 37° in the second. This we can understand, because it is climate—that is to say, a fixed condition. But we altogether fail to comprehend why July in England should have been a hot and dry month in 1874, and a wet and cold one in 1875. That striking contrast was distinctly and undeniably brought about by weather, and nothing else; and it is, for that very reason, altogether unintelligible to ordinary people like us. Of course it is easy enough to explain it scientifically, but what good does that do to us? Of course it can be announced that what happened this year was a necessary result of excessive condensation of vapour over the British Isles, provoked by the arrival of unusual frigid currents in the atmosphere, which currents were sent our way by perturbations in the movements of the strata of the air somewhere else, above Japan, for instance, or towards Cape Horn. But that learned interpretation, supposing it to be infallibly exact, affords very small satisfaction to us, for

even if we comprehend it theoretically, we fail altogether to realise it as a fact. Notions of atmospheric equilibrium, of compensations, of its being accidentally cold in London because it is accidentally warm in the Gallapagos, are outside the grasp of the mass of us; our conceptions of the causes of sudden changes of temperature are, habitually, more simple. If it becomes very hot, we expect to be informed that a new comet is in sight; if it turns very cold, we cannot help suspecting that some icebergs must have floated down to the latitude of Aberdeen. As for referring a broiling afternoon at Brighton to a storm at Calcutta, or a chilly week in August to a magnetic disturbance around New Zealand, not one of us is capable of it. And yet these versions would be the true ones, while the icebergs and the comets would be all nonsense. We do not adopt them, however, because, as popular ignorance fits in handily with our prejudices, while scientific reasonings appeal only to our understanding, we find, in this case as in so many others, that it is vastly easier to let ourselves be guided by imagination than by knowledge.

And yet, indifferent as we may be about explanations, we are invariably ready to blame weather for all excesses that occur in temperature; our very language proves it; we say "hot weather" and "cold weather," as if heat and cold were properties of weather. Nothing can be more unfair than this; temperature is often somewhat exaggerated, either way, by weather; that is quite true; but the fundamental fact that it is cold in winter and hot in summer has nothing on earth to do with weather. Weather is an extraneous influence which temporarily increases or diminishes the action of certain permanent natural

laws, but it no more makes those laws than tailors weave the cloth out of which they cut our coats. The presence or the absence of clouds, of rain, of snow, of wind, does manifestly affect temperature; but it affects it only because it existed already. Weather is nothing but a tool in the matter; it shapes and fashions temperature some little, but we could no more produce temperature by the help of weather alone than we could manufacture a piece of calico with a pair of scissors and a thimble.

But though weather exercises only a very restricted action over temperature, its authority is extensive over everything else that it touches. Allusion has been already made to several of its material functions, and all that need be added on that chapter of the question is the general observation that, as regards the culture of the ground, weather is even more important than the nature of the soil itself. The French express this truth by a proverb which is in all their peasants' mouths—"Mieux vaut un bon temps qu'un bon champ." Crops are almost entirely dependent upon weather. The supply of corn, wine, and oil, and of all the other necessities which we have successively learnt to cultivate, is mainly a question of more or less heat and cold, of more or less wet and dry. All that is evident, and needs no telling. But the ways in which weather dominates over the persons of men and women are perhaps less generally noticed, and may therefore be worth a passing allusion.

Our virtues and our vices, our temperaments and our passions, are all so bound up with our physical organisation that they cannot help varying with the outside influences to which the latter is exposed. We see proofs enough of this in the radical differences of national character between the inhabitants of

countries whose climates are unlike; and though the variations of temper and disposition which are provoked amongst dwellers in the same country by changes of weather alone, are insignificant when compared to the far greater consequences produced by climate, yet they are distinct enough to supply evidence of the reality of the cause which begets them. That heat engenders indolence and irritation, and develops the nervous system; that cold engenders activity and energy, and develops the muscular system,—are facts with which every one is acquainted, for they are general rules in constant application before our eyes. But these rules and their effects are modified each day by the action of weather, and there it is that we detect the special consequences of that action. And it is particularly easy to do so in a climate like our own, where the usual absence of extremes of temperature permits equilibrium between the muscular and the nervous system, and renders both of them, for that very reason, more accessible to atmospheric variations than is the case amongst inhabitants of excessive climates.

That is, no doubt, the reason why thunderstorms give some of us bad headaches, why long rains augment our national solemnity, why persistent fogginess and chill depress us, why brighter skies than those we habitually see excite in us a momentary gaiety and elasticity, which, in our astonishment and want of practice, we rarely know how to utilise. And, in differing degrees and shapes, these same conditions apply in other countries than our own; a large part of Europe takes the exact shade of its character for each day from the weather which it finds when it opens its eyes in the morning. It is true that, in the majority of cases,

we are almost unconscious of the subtle influence which is thus at work upon us, not only because its effects are usually too minute to attract our attention, but also because we are so accustomed to them that, unless they happen to be exceptionally marked, it does not occur to us to investigate their cause. This indifference applies, however, to a good many other things besides weather, and the fact of its existence no more indicates that the action of weather on us is not real, than our forgetfulness that we are always breathing implies that we could do without air.

And, furthermore, this indifference is limited to the present; it does not extend to the future; it in no way prevents us from trying to discover means for prognosticating coming weather; in that direction, at all events, our minds have always been inquiring and our attention has always been active. The curiosity that the whole world feels upon this question is legitimate and natural; for though no amount of previous information would render weather less capricious, yet its capriciousness would be less damaging and annoying if we knew well beforehand what changes to prepare for. It is therefore disagreeable to be obliged to recognise that there is no present probability whatever that we shall ever attain any distinct knowledge on the subject. It is true that we have invented the barometer, and that in these latter days we have had recourse to scientific observation on the largest international scale; but still, with all this help, we do not manage to see beyond to-morrow. And even that small glimpse into futurity would be impossible if we did not know by telegraph what was happening elsewhere yesterday. Failure, however, does not discourage us; we go on calculating and seeking; we are pushed on in our

researches by a universal curiosity—by a curiosity which seems to have always existed, and which has grown particularly strong during the last two hundred years. To satisfy it the world has had recourse to prophets, who have really discharged their functions with such a remarkably correct appreciation of what was wanted from them, that the work of Maury and Fitzroy becomes lamentably mean and little compared with that of Zadkiel and Moore, of Mathieu Laensberg and Mathieu de la Drôme. Those soothsayers were not restrained by the miserable considerations which influence the learned gentlemen who are trying to replace them; in their hands prediction was comprehensive, unhesitating, and ferocious; it scorned the absurd bonds of time and truth; it satisfied all wondering; it contented all sorts of fancies, for, not restricting itself to the mere prophesying of weather twelve months beforehand, it threw in revolutions, wars, and plagues as well. Much time will probably be required, and much spread of education too, before weather charts will be accepted by the masses as a satisfactory substitute for thrilling penny almanacs. Dry facts can scarcely be expected to easily replace superstition, and as the superstition is, in this case, the common property of all Europe, its eradication will be proportionably more difficult.

If ever the happy time arrives when official weather-books will be published annually at Greenwich; when rainy days will be calculated prospectively with as much certainty as eclipses; when the date, nature, and duration of every storm will be rigorously determined two years in advance,—then, evidently, the astrologers will have to abandon their profession. Meanwhile, however, they will probably continue to exercise it without much hindrance:

the only serious competitor they have as yet is, not meteorology, but nature herself, for she is generous enough to place at our disposal a variety of little signals, which render us some service as it is, and would render us much more if only we knew how to read them aright. In her hands coming events do really cast their shadows a few yards before; and, if we were clever at discovering the meanings of the shadows, they would perhaps tell us more about the movements of weather than we have hitherto been able to learn from the united observatories of the world. We know, for instance, in a general way, that we may reckon on a duration of fine weather if the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright; that dews and white morning fogs are symptoms of clear days; that if the sun is dark and vapoury, or if the moon is sickly, with blunt horns, and a circle round her, or if the stars are pallid, big, and do not scintillate, we may look for rain; that if the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy, with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind. We have noticed, also, that certain plants have ways of warning us of coming wet; that several of them shut up their flowers when rain is approaching; the chickweed, indeed, has this habit to such an extent that it is called in France "the poor man's barometer." And there are enthusiasts who pretend that even animals are good enough to speak out, after their fashion, on the same occasion; they assert that, when rain is in the air, horses *hinny*, oxen low, sheep bleat, asses bray, and crows, frogs, and ducks become particularly noisy.

But the birds are the best judges of all, for they live in the air and feel its pulses and its throbbings;

they are specially organised for the purpose. Toussenet, indeed, goes so far as to say that every bird possesses within itself the various properties of the thermometer, barometer, hygroscope, and electroscope. The cranes were perfectly aware what sort of a winter was approaching in 1812; they proved their knowledge of its nature by migrating weeks sooner than their usual date in order to get out of its way. Unluckily for Napoleon he did not recognise the facts as the cranes did. Neither do we of this generation pay much attention to the instructive auguries which are offered to us by the swallows when they fly low, or by the sea-birds when they hover close to shore instead of travelling out over the waves, as is their habit when the weather is going to be fine. It is perhaps not altogether absurd to suggest that a system of predictions might yet be organised by careful observations of the proceedings of the birds; but as such a device would not be scientific, there is no actual prospect of its adoption.

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways—by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected

by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest—we see its working in the tides; but though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a-day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognisable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition, which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the Government of Switzerland.

Regarded as a whole, the question of weather has the double merit of being both important and interesting; it has, from all times, dragged towards itself the attention of the ignorant and the wise alike; philosophers and peasants have studied it with equal attention, but with equal non-success. It has always persistently hidden its secrets from us, or, at best, has opened them to us in the most limited degree. Our attempts to fathom them have only led us into superstitious; and of all the

branches of knowledge which men have pursued, it may be said, with truth, that there is not one in which they have made so little progress as in weather-lore. Maury's discovery of the law of storms is the one single contribution that has yet been made to the creation of a weather science; and even that law has extremely limited applications, and is open to innumerable exceptions. In no other direction whatever have we been able to detect any appearance of a rule; we have traced out causes, but not codes; we have got on a little with the former, but the latter remain as invisible to us as they were to Aristotle. Indeed, if such a thought were not in flagrant contradiction to the whole of our experience in all other directions, we should be almost tempted to imagine that, in this one matter, nature has not acted with her usual precision, and that she has drawn up no code at all. That explanation of the caprices and inconsistencies of weather is, however, inadmissible; there must, of necessity, be perpetual laws for its guidance, as for everything else; it is only as a justification of our own ignorance that we incline to fancy that there are none.

That being so—and assuredly it is so—our admiration for nature's capacity of lawgiving ought to increase immensely; for the statutes which she has invented for the government of weather must be far more wonderful than those which she enforces elsewhere. They imply the existence of the strictest order amidst indescribable disorder, of a recognised predominant will where all wills appear to be contending for the mastery; of an accepted absolute commander, where all looks like flagrant disobedience; of ever-present reason amidst what seems to be the wildest incoherence; of all-controlling despotism, co-existing with the outward signs of ab-

solutely uncontrolled liberty. It must be owned that the task of comprehending this is excessively embarrassing, and that we really have some small excuse for trying to evade it. In other cases the laws which nature applies are in more or less harmonious agreement with the agents which they employ, and with the effects which they induce; but here the agents and the effects present themselves before us in such tumultuous confusion, in such wayward independence, with so vivid and so resolute a character of immunity from supervision, that it is most desperately difficult for

us to imagine that there can be any harmony at all between them and the unknown laws which we suppose to be directing them, but which they seem to so thoroughly despise.

It is humiliating to turn away from an unsolved riddle; but, as nobody has ever been able to explain this one, it is not likely that we should be successful, even if we tried. Let us leave it to posterity. And, with it, let us bequeath the wise advice which Mathieu Laensberg offered to his readers, —“Il faut prendre le temps comme il vient, les gens pour ce qu'ils sont, et l'argent pour ce qu'il vaut.”

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXXII.

DECEMBER 1875.

Vol. CXVIII.

THE DILEMMA.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXXVII.

KIRKE'S Horse was allowed only a brief respite from the labours of campaign. It had scarcely settled down in its summer quarters when orders were received to be ready to march on active service with the first break of cold weather; and a few days before the appointed time, its commandant returned from the hills quite set up again by his visit, as active as ever, plunging eagerly into all the business of regimental equipment. In reply to Yorke's inquiries after Mrs. Falkland, he said that she too was in excellent health and spirits. Yorke of course expressed his pleasure at this, hardly knowing whether he was really gratified to hear it—he had pictured her as pensive, though resigned, and yearning for sympathy—and observed, for want of something better to say, that the events at the Residence, and especially the death of her husband so soon after their marriage, must have been a great shock; to which Kirke replied that she had pretty well got over that.

"Marriage, you see," he went on to say, "must be a different sort of thing from an ordinary love-affair, when a woman marries a man so much older than herself. It was hardly to be expected that my cousin should be very long getting over the loss of Falkland, poor fellow. By the way, she is never tired of talking about you, and can't say too much in your praise." Notwithstanding the pleasure this remark gave him, something in Kirke's hard way of talking jarred on Yorke's feelings; and yet, he asked himself, what could he wish more than that she should have forgotten her first love? Was not that exactly what he was hoping for? There was little more said between them about Olivia. Kirke was a reserved man on private affairs; and Yorke, not being sure if Olivia had told her cousin that she was in correspondence with him, did not mention it himself.

The regiment now marched southwards, six hundred strong, the vacan-

cies having been more than filled up with picked recruits, equipped now as lancers, with three additional subaltern officers, all promising young fellows eager to distinguish themselves, and the whole body, men and horses, in splendid order. But this campaign, although laborious and fatiguing, was not productive of much in the way of hard fighting. The enemy's spirit was now broken, and the principal duty of the cavalry was to wear them down, to follow up the roving bands which still kept the field from place to place, giving no rest until they should be all cut up or dispersed. This work, which fell mainly to the cavalry, was calculated to try men's power of endurance, as well as the officers' intelligence; but only one incident of the campaign shall be here mentioned, as it nearly occasioned at the time a quarrel between Yorke and his commanding officer, and led afterwards to serious consequences.

It was on the evening of a day marked by the surprise of a large body of the enemy, horse and foot, who had been followed up during a forced march persevered in for many days with only brief halts; the enemy had broken up after a slight struggle, and a destructive pursuit had been maintained all the afternoon, the pursuers indulging to the full the passion for taking life inherent in most human hearts, till the general in command, a man who seemed never to know what fatigue was himself, was fain to order a halt, the infantry being far behind, and the horses of the cavalry dead beat. Kirke's Horse were encamped for the night in front of the scattered column on a bare spot of ground interspersed with scanty bushes; and Kirke and Yorke, with one native officer and an orderly, were riding slowly along the front inspecting the pickets, when Kirke's quick

eye detected some object behind a bush a little way in advance, and he rode towards it followed by the others. It proved to be a deserted palanquin, apparently, from the elaborate external gilding, belonging to a person of rank. After looking at it for a few moments, they were about to turn their horses' heads backwards, when the orderly with the point of his lance suddenly pushed open one of the sliding doors, exposing a veiled figure sitting upright within.

"Holloa!" said Kirke, "some member of the zenana left behind. Here's a chance for you, Yorke—you might manage to console the lady, I daresay."

"She looks rather a stout party," replied Yorke; "probably an ancient of days. What on earth are we to do with this poor old beebee? We can't leave her here to die in the jungle."

"It isn't a beebee at all, sahib," said the native officer, a swaggering young Patán, in his own language, who, catching the word beebee, had guessed the nature of the remark; and stooping down he pulled aside the shawl in which the face of the figure was enveloped, and displayed the features of a stout elderly man. "The shawl will suit me," he continued, whisking it off and placing it in front of his saddle. "And here's another for me," said the orderly, fishing up on the point of his lance the end of another shawl which was round the man's body, and then pulling it off. As he did so, a small box fell out and rolled on the ground, the lid opening at the same time. The contents seemed to be something white.

The orderly dismounted and picked the box up. He lifted the white substance off: it was cotton-wool, below which lay some ornaments set with stones, which glittered even in the twilight.

"Jewels!" said the man, with a grin, holding the box up to his colonel.

Kirke took it from him, and held it out so that Yorke could see the contents. There were several layers of cotton, and jewels between each which seemed to be of value.

"Perhaps there are some more things worth having — just see," said Kirke to the man, who thereupon began to pull off the other garments of the occupant of the palanquin. He found a dagger with a jewelled hilt, some money rolled up in muslin round his waist, and a couple of gold drinking-vessels. Kirke told him to keep the money for himself, and to hand the dagger and vessels to the ressalidar; and, so saying, put the case of jewels in his pocket.

The captive meanwhile sat in the palanquin, holding up his joined hands in prayerful supplication, and constantly repeating the formula that Kirke was a protector of the poor and his father and mother.

"What is to be done with the rascal, sir?" said the ressalidar to Kirke, in his own language.

"Oh, we don't want any prisoners, of course," said the colonel, as he turned away and rode off; whereupon the ressalidar made a sign to the trooper, who, poisoning his lance for an instant as if to take aim, ran the man through the body as he still sat in the palanquin with supplicating hands. The poor wretch fell back groaning and raising his arms as he writhed under the wound; but the trooper, drawing out his lance from the body, with a grim smile drove it again through his chest, and, after a convulsive struggle, the body settled down into the stillness of death.

"That man must have been some one of mark," said Yorke to the colonel, as they rode away: "would it not have been worth while bringing him in as a prisoner?"

"The general would certainly have hung him in the morning; besides, our fellows are too tired to be bothered with guarding prisoners all night."

"Well, I can run a pandy through with as much gusto as any man, in fair fight, but I am getting sick of this executioner's business in cool blood after the battle; it is beastly work."

"It must be done, though," said Kirke; "the rogues have given enough trouble already, without being allowed to get off free, and begin playing the mischief again."

"I suppose it is necessary, but it isn't pleasant, and the looting part of it is not much nicer. I declare I felt little better than a Pindaree robber when we were stripping that poor wretch. Happily one has the consolation of feeling that it is plundering for the benefit of the army generally, and only indirectly for one's self. That haul we have just made may turn out to be a good one for the prize-fund."

Kirke did not reply at once. After a pause he said, "I don't think it is expected that those who do all the work should hand in every trifle they pick up for the benefit of a lot of fellows who are pottering about, taking things easily, in the rear."

"I don't call jewellery a trifle."

"Jewellery is a big word; I suppose there is about enough to make a couple of trinkets for our respective lady-loves;" and, as Kirke said this, he looked towards his companion, smiling, as if in jest, but looking also somewhat eager to see how he would receive the suggestion. "However," he added, in a low tone—for they had reached the spot where the other officers were assembled—"you may leave me to make the report of the matter."

The mule which carried the light mess equipment of the regiment had

now come up, and a tin of English soup was already warming on the fire, while the troopers around were preparing their frugal meal of corn-flour, or contentedly munching the parched grain they had brought with them. The meal despatched, all who were not on duty lay down on the ground without blanket or cloaks—for the baggage had not come up—almost too tired to smoke their cheroots before falling asleep.

Next day Yorke spoke to his commanding officer, as they were riding along together, about the things taken the evening before, and said he supposed they would be given up to the prize-agents.

"You don't expect Futtch Khan and my orderly to disgorge the things I let them take?" said Kirke. "Their ideas on such points are not quite so nice as yours." And there was something of a sneer in the tone of his voice.

"No," replied Yorke; "the things they took will be kept by them, of course. I was thinking of the jewels."

"My dear fellow, they are not worth making a fuss about. I suppose if you were to pick up an old pistol, or a grass-cutter's pony to replace the one you lost, you wouldn't feel that you had done the rest of the army out of their rights."

"But that is different. These jewels may be very valuable."

"Not much in that way, I fancy; but they are pretty little things, I admit. Look here," continued Kirke, taking the box out of his breast-pocket and holding it out towards Yorke—"look here, Yorke; you would like to take your choice, wouldn't you? Which will you have?" And Kirke's manner was such that it could not be said he was not speaking in jest, although it seemed as if he would certainly like to be taken at his word.

But Yorke, looking straight be-

fore him over his horse's head, merely waved away the offer, and said, "You are joking, colonel, of course; I take it for granted that you intend to hand the jewels over to the prize-agent."

"Oh, of course," replied the other, "I was only joking;" but he could not conceal from his manner that he felt as if he had sustained a rebuff; and the silence which followed as they rode along was a little awkward on both sides.

Both officers, however, had plenty of work to occupy their attention, and Yorke had ceased to think about the matter, when, a few weeks later, it was brought to his recollection.

He was detached from headquarters with one squadron of the regiment, at a station which had lately been reoccupied by the civil officers of Government. The last embers of the great conflagration were now extinguished, and the detachment was peacefully encamped on an open space before the town, expecting orders to go into summer quarters. One evening Yorke was sauntering through the camp inspecting the horses picketed in two lines before the troopers' tents, while the *ressaldar* Futtch Khan attended him. The latter was dressed in his loose native garments, both of them being off duty and the inspection purely non-official, when Yorke noticed in his girdle the jewelled dagger which had been taken from the rebel in the palanquin.

"That is a handsome dagger," said Yorke in Hindustani, "and if those jewels are real it must be worth something."

"Ah, sahib, these little stones are mere trifles," replied the *ressaldar*; "it was the colonel *sahib* who carried off the loot. They say that man whom we found in the *palkee* was the Raja's *dewân*, and that the jewels were worth a lakh of rupees."

"So much the better," replied Yorke; "we shall all get the larger share when the prize-money comes to be distributed."

"So the colonel sahib had actually made them over to the prize-agent?" asked the man, respectfully enough, yet as if surprised to hear it; and the conversation arousing an uneasy feeling in Yorke's mind, he took the opportunity of a messenger going to regimental headquarters next day to ask Kirke about it. "I take it for granted," he said at the end of a letter written about other matters—"that you have made over the jewels to the prize-agent as you said you intended to do; but the men in the regiment appear to be talking about the thing, and to suppose that they were worth far more than their real value; while I infer from Futteh Khan's manner that he thinks he ought to have had a share. The capture having been a joint one, it is perhaps now a little unfortunate that the things were not publicly given up, so that the men might have been without any ground for suspicion that we had taken any benefit by it. It would be a great satisfaction to hear from you that the transfer has been actually made. Pray excuse my troubling you about the matter." To which Kirke replied by the following postscript in his letter sent back by the messenger: "Make your mind easy about the jewels, which were duly handed over to the proper party. They turned out to be trumpery things."

The great war having come to an end at last, and it being now the height of the hot season, the field force to which Kirke's Horse was attached was broken up, and the different regiments composing it, calling in their detachments, marched off to their respective summer quarters. Mustaphabad was the

station allotted to Kirke's Horse, several hundred miles off, and not to be reached till long after the fierce Indian summer should have passed its greatest heat; but the men—veterans in campaigning, although young in years—set out on the long march in high spirits, for Mustaphabad was not far from the district in which the regiment was raised, and they might now expect to get furloughs to visit their homes. What strange chance is it, thought Yorke, which brings us back to the old eventful scenes? Can it be that the dream of my youth is really to be fulfilled, and that Olivia will be won to share my lot in that very place? a lot just as I used to picture it, a humble home, if not quite the shabby cottage of my subaltern days. But she, too, has since then known discomfort and simple ways of life, and whatever place she lives in will be sufficiently adorned. Surely it must be a good omen which takes me there again! Plenty of time had the young man to build his castles in the air, searching over and over again in her letters for something substantial on which to erect a foundation for his hopes. At times it seemed as if her letters breathed a tenderness which, as if she was won already, at any rate invited him to declare his passion; and then, again, reading them under the influence of the reaction which would follow any excess of hopefulness, he thought he could detect only a spirit of resignation and sorrowful clinging to the memory of the past, which would render his tale of love an insult. These letters were of old date, for during the late campaign he had received no news from her. The regiment had, however, been wandering amid wild parts, difficult to communicate with; mails had been lost, and Olivia's letters might have miscarried—her notions about Indian geography

and the movements of the different armies he knew to be somewhat vague, while he, for his part, had been too constantly on the move to write often; but now that they were marching along the main line of road, he would surely receive some news. Thus he thought and hoped, as the regiment slowly covered the long track, marching by night, and getting through the stifling day in their tents as best they could, for the heat seemed much harder to bear now that the excitement of active service was ended, and each camping-ground looking the exact counterpart of the last—a brown, barren, burnt-up plain.

Now and then they would come to a European station, where the officers of the famous regiment were sure of a hospitable reception from the residents, and would pass the day in the comparative coolness of a house, setting out again at midnight on the dusty road.

It was at one of these stations that Yorke heard for the first time of the death of Mr. Cunningham in England, which it appeared had been known in India for some weeks. This accounts for her silence, thought he; no wonder she had not spirits to write when bowed down with this fresh calamity. And how heartless my last letter to her must have seemed, for she could not have supposed that I was ignorant of what everybody in India seemed to know! And being full of the news, he naturally spoke to Kirke about it the first time they met. They were spending the day as guests at different houses, but were to dine together at a regimental mess, and he met his commandant when riding into the mess garden at dusk. They had never once referred to Olivia in conversation since the first day after Kirke's return from the hills in the

previous autumn. Yorke was not sure if the other had guessed the state of his own feelings, but Kirke was a man who was wont to speak somewhat contemptuously of women in general, and had often expressed the opinion that soldiers were spoilt by marriage; and Yorke thought he would not look favourably on the idea of having a married second in command, still less one married to his cousin. Indeed Yorke fancied he could detect a tone of pique in Kirke's manner when congratulating him on the high regard entertained for him by Olivia, which induced him to abstain from talking about her, still more from any expression of wonder at not getting letters from her; and a reserve of this sort once set up became every day more difficult to break through. Now, however, Yorke made the attempt.

"Have you heard the news, Colonel?" he said, as the two met at the garden entrance, and rode slowly up the drive together to the mess-house. "Have you heard the news of poor Cunningham's death?"

"Oh yes, of course," replied Kirke; "I heard of that some weeks ago: I thought everybody knew it. A case of liver, I believe; he was very bad, as it turned out, when he went home."

"I only heard of it this afternoon. This will alter Mrs. Falkland's plans, I suppose, and even delay her journey home? I have understood that she has no near relations to whom she could go. It is a sad situation for her; I have been able to think of nothing else all day." When he said this, the young fellow felt himself like a selfish hypocrite, being sensible in reality of a sensation of rapture, as if the loss of her father brought her one step nearer to himself.

"Very good of you, I am sure," replied Kirke, drily, and speaking

slightly through his nose, as was his manner when intending to be sarcastic. "Yes indeed, it is difficult to say what she is to do under the circumstances, isn't it? A handsome young woman like her wants a protector of some sort, doesn't she?"

Here they had arrived at the mess-house, and the conversation perforce ended. Nor did Yorke feel disposed to renew it, for Kirke's tone jarred on him. And the subject was not referred to again during the rest of the march.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mustaphabad was reached at last, some time after the rainy season had set in. It was still very hot, but the country had now put on its green mantle again, and was no longer a wilderness; and it seemed to Yorke another good omen that on the very day of their marching in, the English mail arrived with another batch of honours; Kirke was promoted to a full colonel, and Yorke made a C.B.

The regiment was met on arrival by the general—for Mustaphabad was now the headquarters of a division—no less a person than our old friend Tartar, now Sir Montague Tartar, K.C.B., who came out to meet it at the head of his staff as a compliment to this distinguished corps; and after a brief inspection, and some praise bestowed for the excellent appearance of both men and horses after the long march, the regiment proceeded to occupy the quarters allotted them, the native cavalry lines on the right flank of the station, the officers taking possession of such of the vacant bungalows as they had engaged beforehand,—comfortable houses enough, especially by contrast with tents, which had been lately rethatched and repaired, and, with their neat gardens, looked none the worse for the Mutiny damages. Kirke alone of the officers had not been able to make up his mind about hiring a house beforehand, and took possession of a couple of rooms in the mess-house until he could choose one for himself.

During the first few days after their arrival, regimental business kept all the officers employed. Horses had to be cast, and men's furlough papers made out, and arms overhauled and replaced; but when this was all set in train, and Yorke thought he could be spared, he asked Kirke to forward his application for the usual sixty days' leave.

"I can't let you go just now, my dear fellow," said Kirke, "for I am just going to take privilege leave myself, and we can't both be absent together. But you shall have your leave as soon as ever I come back."

Yorke thought this a little selfish, as Kirke had had long leave the previous season, and he not a day; however, the latter was commanding officer and could please himself, so there was no more to be said about it. And Yorke set himself to getting as best he could through the sixty days which had to be passed till his turn should come. It was pleasant to find that the station had quite recovered its ordinary aspect, for the ravages of the mutineers and plunderers who followed in their train, although awful to witness, had but a limited scope to work upon. The Anglo-Indian bungalow consists of substantial walls supporting a thatched roof, which, if it could be easily burnt, could also be easily replaced; this done and the walls whitewashed, the house looks as good as new, while the rapid growth of Indian vegetation soon obliterates any damage done to

Indian gardens by trampling over the shrubs. The little bungalow at the other end of the station in the lines formerly occupied by the 76th Native Infantry, which Spragge and he used to live in, looked just the same as ever; it was occupied again, and there, standing by the stable-door in the corner of the garden, as Yorke rode by on the evening of his arrival, was the new tenant smoking a cigar and superintending the littering-up of his horse, just as he used to do in the days of the gallant Devotion—evidently a subaltern as he had been, but who probably surveyed life like a veteran from the vantage-ground of one or two campaigns. The Residency, too, which of course he rode out to see on his first spare evening, had been completely restored, and with a fresh coat of plaster on the walls was looking quite smart; while half a score of scarlet-clad messengers lounged about the portico, just as in the old pre-Mutiny days. The new commissioner, a civilian from another part of the country, being out for his evening drive, Yorke took the liberty of dismounting and walking over the grounds, recalling the different points rendered memorable in his mind by incidents of the siege. There, for example, was the bush behind which the fellow was crouching whom Egan shot, the first man he saw hit. Hard by, a stone with an inscription recorded that the body of Major Peart had been disinterred from underneath that spot, and removed to the cantonment cemetery. The bodies of the rebels, too, he learnt, had been exhumed from the well into which they were cast, and the interior filled up. He walked into the west veranda. The family of the new commissioner was in England, and the rooms on this side were unoccupied. Here was *her* room. How neat and trim she always looked when she stepped forth, even

in these times! And here was the spot where was the old beer-chest on which he used to sit when on guard, and when she would come and sit down too sometimes of an evening, and Falkland would look in and join in a few minutes' chat. How sweet her gentle laugh was that evening when Spragge was hunting the scorpion! Only two years ago, and it seemed like twenty. But ah! if the end of my pilgrimage should now be near at hand!

For the present, however, there was nothing for it but patience, and it happened that there was plenty of employment to occupy his time, in the task which now devolved on him of unravelling the regimental accounts. The financial economy of a native cavalry regiment, in which the men find their own horses, an *quasi*-feudal system used to obtain, some of the wealthier sort bringing their own retainers at contract rates, is always more or less complicated, involving the need for the employment of a native banker, who forms a regular part of its establishment. The fact that the regiment had been raised in a hurry and been almost constantly on active service did not tend to make matters simpler, the men having scarcely ever had a regular issue of pay, but having been maintained from allowances made from time to time on account, which had still to be adjusted. Kirke, who had kept these affairs entirely in his own hands, was moreover not a good man of business, and Yorke found the regimental accounts in such confusion that he would fain have abstained from taking them up during his temporary command; but the discharges had to be made out of some disabled men, and to square their accounts involved going into those of the whole regiment. So he was obliged to apply himself to the troublesome task.

But business and day-dreams were

both interrupted by the news he received one day. It was in a letter from Spragge, who, like himself, had been campaigning during the past season, leaving his young wife in the hills for her confinement, and had now rejoined her on leave soon after the birth of his child. "I found my dear little wife," said the writer, "making a good recovery, and baby nearly a month old. Both Kitty and I want you to be godfather to the youngster, who is to be called Arthur Yorke Christopher—her poor father was called Christopher, you know. I am sure you won't refuse us. It does seem so funny to be a papa, and to think that only two years ago I was merely a poor beggar of an ensign, without a rupee to bless myself with, and about as much idea of being able to marry as of being made Governor-General. I tell Kitty she wouldn't have looked at me in those days. What a wonderful event this Mutiny has been, to be sure! It has been the making of us all, hasn't it? They were jolly days too, though, when we were chumming together with the old 76th; weren't they? though I was so awfully hard up then. But the married state is the happy one, after all; I never could have supposed that any girl would have got to care for a rum-looking fellow like me—and Kitty is a wife beyond what words can express. You ought to follow my example, my dear fellow; why don't you come up and pay us a visit! There are no end of nice girls up here, and a swell like you might have his choice. By the way, your old flame is about to console herself immediately, as of course you have heard. The wedding is to take place to-morrow, I believe, but it has been kept very quiet, and no one is invited—I suppose because the lady lost her father such a short time ago. Kitty says she was sure your C. O. was very sweet

on her—I don't mean Kitty, but the other—when he was up here last rains; but I always thought he was such a tremendous soldier, and woman-hater into the bargain, that matrimony was quite out of his line. However, my little wife is more knowing in these things than me."

As Yorke, stopping in his reading of the letter at this point, looked round the room, he felt that while nothing in it had changed, he had entered in these few moments on another world. There on the table lay the shabby books of regimental accounts, the floor was littered with Hindustani vouchers and figured statements, squatting by which sat the patient moonshee, figured abstract in hand, waiting the sahib's pleasure to proceed with the addition; the punkah flapped to and fro lazily overhead; outside the door a couple of orderlies were chatting in undertones, discussing probably, as usual, the price of wheat in the bazaar. Everything about him denoted the same monotonous workaday world as it had been a few moments before, but a world from which all hope and pleasure had fled—a world now inexpressibly flat and dreary for the future. Summoning up courage, however, he called to the moonshee to proceed with the reading of his vernacular abstract, while he checked off the corresponding English account before him, keeping his attention to it and yet wondering at his own calmness. "Is it that I have really no heart," he asked himself the while, "that I am about to do these things?" But no; the crushed feeling and the utter desolation that possessed him gave up a plain answer on this point. For an hour he continued the plodding occupation in hand before dismissing the moonshee, and then, pacing up and down the room, could think over the announcement in the bitterness of his heart. Once

he stopped and took up the letter from the table to see if any doubt could be gleaned from it; but the facts were too plain to admit of consolation on this score. This was not mere station gossip; besides, it was only too plainly corroborated by what had gone before. Olivia's silence, Kirke's sarcastic triumphant manner, were now plainly accounted for. "People call me the lucky major," he said bitterly; "and I am the object of envy to half the youngsters in the country—what a satire is this on the falseness of appearances! no whipped cuckold could feel meaner than I do now." Then the thought came up whether he was not paying the penalty for his modesty. Could it be that Olivia had accepted her cousin out of pique because he had not declared himself? This foolish idea, however, was soon dismissed; though the young man said to himself, with a sort of savage joy, that after all the real Olivia was something less noble than the image he had carried so long in his heart. "I kept back my tale of love because I thought it would offend her gentle breast to hear it while mourning for her husband; and lo! all the while she was already consoling herself with another. Nor is it my Olivia who would be satisfied with the love of such a man as Kirke—so hard, narrow, and selfish." Here his better judgment told him that he was talking nonsense; it was no wonder a woman and a cousin should fall in love with so splendid a soldier. By heaven, if he is unkind to her, I will kill him! But no; Yorke's conscience told him that this would not happen. He was hard and cruel, but not to his own kind.

"Well," he said at last, "what does it matter? My idol is shattered; but I was a fool to carry about so unsubstantial a thing. I have my profession, and I suppose, like

everybody else, I shall get over the disappointment. At any rate, there is no need to pose in the character of the jilted lover. No one knows what a fool I have been; even Spragge thinks my 'old flame,' as he calls it, was burnt out long ago; and no one shall now discover my secret."

Nevertheless he felt that he could not have faced the regimental mess dinner that evening, where the approaching marriage of the commanding officer would certainly be the engrossing topic, and was glad that he had an engagement to dine out with his old friend General Tartar, at whose house he found himself taking an unconcerned share in the conversation, and a steady hand at whist afterwards.

Only one allusion was made to the approaching event, when his host, next to whom Yorke sat, said to him, "So our pretty widow is about to console herself. Well, I shouldn't have thought Kirke was a marrying man; but if he was to commit himself in this way at all, he couldn't have done better." Tartar was a confirmed old bachelor himself, who married a few years afterwards a widow with a large family.

Yorke replied, in an unconcerned voice, that he supposed Mrs. Falkland would be well off, as she had her first husband's property as well as her father's.

"Falkland didn't leave a penny—he was notoriously liberal to prodigality—but her father must have saved something; although you mustn't suppose," continued Sir Montague, who had the reputation of being very fond of money, and to be serving in India because it was such a favourable field for profitable investments, "that a man living by himself in India can't spend his income easily enough. Well, Kirke will find the money useful; he won't

have a rupee more than he has need for."

This was an allusion to the fact that Kirke was supposed to be

heavily in debt; but Yorke did not care to discuss the private affairs of his commanding officer with a third party, and the conversation dropped.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Next day Yorke received a letter from Kirke himself. It was chiefly on regimental business, but contained at the end the following paragraph:—

"You will, of course, have heard of my approaching marriage. My wife—for so I may call her, since the marriage is to take place this afternoon—will write to you herself in a few days, to explain why the matter has been kept so quiet, even from our mutual friends; but I must take this opportunity to thank you on her behalf for your many kindnesses. She will always retain a grateful recollection of them, and continue to regard you as a warm friend."

I don't believe she will write the promised letter notwithstanding, said Yorke to himself [and, indeed, the letter never came]; and he sat wondering idly how far the message was really sent by Olivia herself, and whether Kirke guessed his feelings, and wished to express pity for his disappointment.

A day or two afterwards the newspapers contained the announcement of the marriage of Colonel Rupert Kirke, C.B., Commandant Kirke's Horse, to Olivia, daughter of the late Archibald Cunningham, Esquire, Bengal Civil Service.

No allusion to her being Falkland's widow, thought the young man bitterly, as he read the notice; it is as well, forsooth, that noble fellow should be forgotten. And yet, he added, apostrophising himself, why be a hypocrite? You would have been pleased enough, you know in your heart, that she

should forget Falkland for your benefit. Besides, it is not she, but the bridegroom, who has sent the notice to the papers.

Yorke's first impulse was to take leave and go away to avoid being present when Kirke should return with his wife; but he was restrained by a fear lest the cause of his absence should be suspected, and like the man who lingers in a company because he feels that his character will be discussed as soon as his back is turned, so Yorke held on at his post, determined to face the return of Kirke and his bride, at whatever cost to himself.

This took place about a month after the wedding, just as the rainy season was coming to an end, and when a fresh coolness in the early mornings betokened the approach of the charms of an Indian winter.

Kirke's delay in taking a house had of course been explained by his intended marriage. He wanted to select a house himself instead of choosing one beforehand. And there not being one sufficiently good in the cavalry lines, he had now written to engage a large house in another part of the station. Thither the newly-married pair came, a day sooner than was expected, arriving at daybreak; and Yorke, returning that morning from a visit to the general, was riding at foot-pace down the road bordered by the garden of Kirke's house, when he came upon Kirke and Olivia, standing in the garden-drive a few steps within the entrance. Kirke called out to him as he passed by, and advanced towards him, and he had

no resource but to turn into the drive to meet him, and dismounting to shake hands and to move on where Olivia stood a few paces behind.

Kirke was neatly dressed as usual, in a light morning suit, with a wideawake hat covered with a drab silk turban, his face clean shaven save for the heavy black moustache. Olivia was dressed in a black and white muslin robe, with a large straw hat trimmed with black ribbon, her face shaded from the sun by a parasol, and Yorke could not help admitting to himself what a handsome couple they looked, and how well suited to each other; while Olivia's appearance and figure as she stood before him brought back forcibly the recollection of the day when he paid his first visit to the Residency, and she walked across the park with her father to greet him. How like, and yet how changed! The first freshness of youth had passed away, although in his eyes she appeared as beautiful as ever, and he thought she looked nervous and distraught as he advanced towards her. She held out her hand, which he took gravely. "Does she confess that she has jilted me?" thought he; "and does that anxious look mean an appeal for mercy and forgiveness? But who am I that I should interpret looks—a blockhead that is always fancying a light-hearted woman to be in love for him, when really she is handing her heart about all round the country? Probably she is wondering whether I am going to stay for breakfast, and whether there is enough to eat in the house." And yet, as he thought over it afterwards, surely, if she was not conscious of wrongdoing, this was a strange meeting for two old friends and constant correspondents.

The conversation began with commonplace. What sort of a journey

had they had down? and was not this first feeling of cold delightful? "Cold!" said Olivia, "it seems so dreadfully hot after the hills." Then noticing his horse, she said: "Ah! there is Selim; how well he looks," going up to it and patting its neck, "after all he has gone through, dear thing! What good care you have taken of him!"

Yorke remained silent, for he could not trust himself to speak, being tempted to bid her take back her gift, and an awkward pause ensued, ended by Kirke plunging into business, and beginning to ask various questions about the regiment, while Olivia stood by listening. Presently several of the native officers of the regiment came up in a body to pay their respects, the news of the commandant's arrival having now reached the lines, and Yorke took his departure, Kirke asking him as he mounted to ride off to come and dine that evening. They would be quite alone, he said, for they had not settled down, but were still all at sixes and sevens in the house. And Yorke accepted the invitation. The sooner I get accustomed to the thing the better, he said to himself, as he rode off, not knowing rightly whether he had gotten himself free from his chains, or was in closer bondage than ever.

Fortunately for him, he was not as it turned out the Kirkes' only guest at dinner that evening, Maxwell the regimental surgeon being also of the party. Olivia was dressed in black, being still in mourning for her father; but except that she seemed a little paler than before, Yorke did not now perceive any change in her; already he was forgetting the old face and remembering the only new.

The house, notwithstanding Kirke's apologies, seemed already to be in good order; it was indeed unusually well furnished for one in

an up-country station; the servants were in livery, with handsome waist-belts and turbans ornamented with silver crests, and all the table appointments were new and costly. The arrangements all showed careful pre-arrangement, for a large establishment is not to be set up without notice a thousand miles from Calcutta. How far had Olivia been cognisant of all this, and the engagement one of long standing? or had Kirke done it all in anticipation of her accepting him?

The conversation—interrupted at times by Kirke scolding the servants loudly because something or other had been forgotten—turned principally on the campaign, and the later parts of it, for Olivia had not met Maxwell since the Residency siege, and there was an awkwardness in going back to those times. Kirke, however, showed no delicacy on that score; for on Maxwell observing that the garden outside looked very neat and well kept, considering that the place had been so long unoccupied, Kirke said that the whole station seemed in capital order: “and I am told,” he added, “that the Residency is looking quite spick and span again. We must drive over there to-morrow, Olivia, if we have time, and have a look round the old place.”

Olivia looked distressed, but her husband did not notice it, and went on: “I hear that they have moved Peart’s body out of the garden, and the other fellows who were buried there. So they have got decent interment at last, which is more than can be said for a good many of our old friends.”

Then Olivia rose from the table and went into the drawing-room, and Yorke could see that her face was pale, and that she looked hurt and ashamed. The man is perfectly brutal in his want of perception, he said to himself. Decent interment

indeed! I wonder what dunghheap covers poor Falkland’s bones?

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Olivia was outside in the veranda, but she joined them soon afterwards and made tea. Yorke noticed that the tea service and appointments were all handsome and expensive.

Presently Kirke proposed that Olivia should sing; and she went to the piano—a large one, evidently new like everything else. Kirke, who did not know one note of music from another, sat in an easy chair with his hands behind his head and went to sleep. Yorke felt that politeness demanded he should go up and stand by the performer, but he could not bring himself to do what would seem like an act of forgiveness and blotting out old memories; so he too kept his chair. Maxwell did the same: and, after Olivia had sung and played for a few minutes, she stopped and joined them again. The cessation of the music awoke her husband, who held out his left hand as she passed his chair, and gave hers a caress. Yorke remembered the occasion when her first husband had done just the same thing, on the day when he first saw them together on the outbreak of the Mutiny. Truly an old performer in the part, he thought, bitterly; and somehow the act made her sink lower in his estimation, although he could not help admitting to himself that, if he had been the second husband, he should not have thought the worse of her for permitting these little endearments.

Maxwell and Yorke walked home together, instead of riding, the evening air being now cool and pleasant. They were both silent for a little while, each apparently averse to discuss the matter which occupied his thoughts. At last Maxwell said, with some bitter-

ness of tone, "The commandant does not grow wiser in money matters as he grows older. What a foolish beginning, to be sure! It would need twice his pay to live in that style. And he must be heavily in debt, to start with—at least he was before the Mutiny."

"But I suppose Mrs. Kirke succeeds to all her father's property? He ought to have saved a good deal with his large salary."

"I doubt if he had saved a farthing. There is nothing easier than to muddle away your income, however large it may be. He told me just before he started for England that he should have nothing but his pension to live on, barely enough for a bachelor who never gave money a thought; and he was saying what a comfort it was to him that his daughter was so well provided for. No, I can fancy a heedless youngster starting off in extravagance like this on his marriage—it was just the sort of thing a foolish young civilian might have done in old days; but a man like Kirke ought to have more sense than to begin by buying a lot of things he can't pay for. If he does not pull up soon there will be a smash, take my word for it. Well, I am glad I shall not be here to see it. No," he continued, seeing that the other looked surprised, "the war is over, and my work is done; I am entitled to my full pension, and may as well take it at once."

"I know we could not have expected you to stay much longer with us; it must be close on your time for promotion: but surely it is a bad time to retire, just as you are coming into the good things of the service."

"Good things of the service,—what are they? To become a superintending surgeon, and spend your day in an office making out returns and reports, and never seeing a real

case from one year's end to the other! No, I am too fond of my profession for that, and I have enough for my wants. Besides, I daresay I may practise a little at home, if needs be. And to tell you the truth, Yorke," continued the doctor, stopping short—for they had now got to the point in the road where their ways parted—"I don't care to stay here any longer. Falkland was a dear friend of mine, and so was her father,"—pointing with his hand in the direction of the house they had just left,— "and I can't bear to see her toying with another man in that way, and so soon, too, after that noble fellow's death. I am not a marrying man myself, and may be peculiar in my ideas, but there seems a sort of degradation in the thing."

Yorke, too, as he walked away, felt that there had been degradation, and yet he knew in his heart that the offence would have vanished from his eyes if Olivia had reserved her fondling for himself. "And what would my old friend Maxwell think of me, I wonder, if he knew that the feeling uppermost in my heart is envy, and not contempt?"

A big dinner given by the officers of Kirke's Horse at their mess to the commandant and his bride, at which Yorke as second in command occupied the centre of the table, with Olivia on his right hand, was the first of a series of entertainments held in honour of the newly-married couple; and society at Mustaphabad was as lively during that cold season as it had ever been in pre-Mutiny days, the Kirkes soon beginning to return freely the hospitalities they received. A handsome new carriage for Olivia had arrived from Calcutta, with a pair of fast-trotting Australian horses; Kirke's own chargers were the best that could be got in India; and the officers of the regiment, who during the war had been dressed

in plain drab little better than that worn by the men, were now requested to procure an elaborate uniform covered with embroidery, of a pattern designed by the colonel, and with horse appointments to match. It was plain to everybody that this style of living would not be met by the salary of a commandant of irregular cavalry; but, although there were rumours in the station, where gossip as usual was rife, of servants' wages and bazaar bills unpaid, the general presumption was that Mrs. Kirke had been left a fortune by her father. A man who had drawn a large salary for many years, and kept only a bachelor establishment, would naturally have saved a good deal, which must have come to his only daughter. So society was satisfied, although pronouncing the Kirkes to be foolish in the matter of expenditure, and criticising freely the costly style of entertainment in which they indulged. Rather, they might have said, in which Kirke indulged, for he was the sole manager of their domestic concerns. His wife had had no experience of housekeeping, and Kirke found it easier to do things himself than to show her how to do them. Thus he began by ordering the dinner during their honeymoon, and kept up the practice, Olivia being quite satisfied to leave the matter in his hands, as well as the management of the servants and dealings with tradesmen. Her own toilet once furnished, she had no need for money, for there were no ladies' shops in Mustaphabad, and if there had been, cash payments would not have been employed. Thus, beyond ordering the carriage when she wanted it, or sending for her ayah when that domestic failed to appear at the proper time, Olivia took no more part in the management of the household than if she had been a guest in it, even her notes

of invitation being carried out by one of the colonel's orderlies; and of the state of his ways and means she was wholly ignorant, as she was equally of the gossip about his debts. She had always been surrounded by easy circumstances, and the sort of life they led seemed quite in the natural way. After all, her establishment was not on a larger scale than that of Mrs. Plunger, whose husband commanded the dragoon regiment now at Mustaphabad; but then Olivia did not know that Colonel Plunger was a man of fortune, whose presence in India was an accident due to the Mutiny, and who was anxiously casting about for the means of exchanging out of it again.

Any misgivings Yorke might have allowed himself to entertain lest Kirke should ill-treat his wife proved to be unfounded. Kirke, though a hard man and cruel in his dealings with enemies and rebels, was gentle with her; although not manifesting much of the little endearments which might naturally have been given to a newly-married wife, he was thoroughly kind, and Yorke could never detect anything in his treatment of her to which in his heart he could take exception. Kirke was disposed to be harsh to his men and somewhat overbearing towards his officers, now that the war had come to an end; and was often violent with his servants, abusing them at meals if anything went wrong, and striking them for trifling offences; and this used at first to distress Olivia, who had never seen anything of the kind before, for her father was a man slow to anger, and Falkland used to treat everybody about him, native and European, with gentle courtesy; but after a time she appeared to get accustomed to these ebullitions, and Yorke could not help admitting that she was both fond and

proud of her husband, and that any qualms she might have felt at discarding himself—and he was not sure that she had ever entertained such a feeling—had become lulled to rest by the familiarity of the new footing on which they now stood to each other.

Thus the time passed on under these new and strange conditions. Among other liberal tastes Kirke indulged in, was that of keeping open house for the officers of the regiment. Although fond of his wife's society, and frequenting the mess but little, for he neither smoked nor played billiards, he was not a man of much mental resource, and preferred always seeing his wife at the head of the table

with more or less of company sitting at it, to dining alone with her; Yorke especially was very frequently there, and even when her health no longer permitted her to dine out or receive general company, he still received frequent invitations as an old friend to join their dinner, and was thus constantly at the house, as constantly making resolutions to break off the intimacy and to get transferred to another regiment, or at least to go on leave, but nevertheless still hanging on, accepting the invitations received almost daily, watching the condition of his hostess with feelings strangely compounded of interest, anger, and self-contempt.

CHAPTER XL.

But the intimacy was rudely interrupted. One day Kirke received a letter from army headquarters, through the general commanding the station, enclosing an anonymous vernacular petition which had been addressed to the commander-in-chief, in which various irregularities were alleged to have been committed by him in regard to the regimental accounts; and, although it was not intended to take any action on an anonymous petition, it was suggested to be desirable that he should furnish any explanations he thought proper upon the allegations made. Kirke kept the matter from the knowledge of the other officers, although it leaked out through the station staff office that such a letter had been received; but his suspicions pointed to the *ressaldar* *Futteh Khan* as the writer of the petition, some of the more specific allegations in it referring to transactions—principally relating to advances of pay—with which this officer was concerned; while the man, he recollected, had

been reprimanded, not to say abused, publicly before the whole regiment one day, just about the time this petition was dated. Sending for the man therefore to his house, he taxed him with the authorship. The *ressaldar*, although denying it, did so in such a way as to confirm Kirke's suspicions, and to draw down upon him a volley of abuse from his infuriated commanding officer, which the man, instead of receiving quietly as would have been usual, losing his temper in turn, replied to insolently; whereon Kirke put him in arrest, and applied to the major-general for a court-martial to try him for insubordination. The man now sent in another petition, this time in his own name, containing numerous specific accusations against his commandant of irregular transactions in regard to the regimental accounts, improper dealings with the native banker of the regiment, and above all, that he had drawn pay for troopers in excess of the number enlisted, for many months after the

regiment was first raised. On this petition being received at headquarters, an order was issued from the adjutant-general's office to Sir Montague Tartar to convene a court of inquiry, composed of the senior officers at the station, who had Colonel Kirke and the regimental records under examination for many days, and called numerous native officers and troopers of the regiment as witnesses. Kirke at first made light of the matter; it was a mere conspiracy of a scoundrel, who of course, after the manner of his race, was ready to swear to anything—a scoundrel whom he should have got rid of long before, and would get rid of now. For although no witnesses were present in the room where the Rissaldar had been received by his commandant, the orderlies in the veranda heard the voices in altercation, and on their evidence the court-martial held upon the native officer found him guilty of insubordination, and he was dismissed the service, those not being times, just after the Mutiny had been suppressed, for passing over breaches of discipline in the native army. Meanwhile the protracted sitting of the court of inquiry created great excitement among the European community, extending far beyond the station of Mustaphabad. The proceedings of the court were kept secret officially, but tolerably authentic rumours as to their nature leaked out; and while the general sentiment was one of dismay and regret that so distinguished a soldier should be subject to the indignity of inquiry into his conduct, there were not wanting others to remind the public that Colonel Kirke had already once before been in trouble for irregularities of the same sort; and while some people argued that the fact of his having suffered already in this way would naturally make him particularly careful not to com-

mit himself again by a similar error, other critics explained the coincidence of events by the assumed natural propensities of the man. As for Yorke, although he shrank from suspecting his commanding officer of anything like dishonesty, he could not divest himself of an uneasy feeling regarding the regimental accounts, calling to mind the evident disinclination of the former to let them go out of his own hands, and also certain points in them which had come under observation during his examination of the regimental books, and which, although he did not perfectly understand them at the time, seemed now, seen by the light thrown upon them by these accusations, to suggest at least a mystification of facts. But the allegations made were of a kind which it would be almost impossible to prove. The regimental accounts had no doubt been irregularly kept, and there was a want of agreement between the sums charged for troopers' pay at the time of first embodiment, and the corresponding vouchers in the way of muster-rolls; but as Kirke fairly urged, how was it to be expected that they should have been properly kept, by a man who was spending day and night in the saddle, and had so many other things to attend to—among others to help in saving the empire—besides keeping muster-rolls and cash-accounts? and was it fair to turn round on an officer whose services had been such as his, and call him to account for these matters, and this at the instance of a worthless native who had been dismissed the service? The court evidently thought so too; and although not altogether satisfied with his mode of explaining the transactions under inquiry, which had not tended to make a complicated business clearer, they were disposed on the whole to regard

Kirke as an ill-used man, who had been at worst careless under great excuse; and they would have reported to this effect, when another communication was received from army headquarters—a letter from the ex-ressaldar, accusing his late commanding officer of having appropriated jewels captured during the war, instead of making them over to the prize-agents,—which accusation also the court was directed to inquire into.

The members of the court did not attach much importance to this complaint, it being generally supposed that such appropriations and stray plunder had been not infrequent during the war, few persons believing at the time that there would be any formal distribution of prize-money; and the prosecutor's statements on this head would have met with but little serious attention, but for a turn unexpectedly given to the inquiry. Yorke was under examination one day on a matter connected with the regimental accounts, when the president of the court asked him to state what he knew about certain 'jewels, supposed to have been seized by Colonel Kirke, as it was understood that he also was present at the capture.

Yorke, who did not know precisely with what object the question was put—for the fact of the charge having been made was still kept secret—did not immediately understand what was referred to; but on the matter coming to his recollection, he stated what he knew about it: how the colonel had let the ressalidar take the jewelled dagger found on the prisoner in the palkee, and the trooper the bag of money; while he himself took possession of the little case of jewels. Then, in reply to a question put by a member of the court, Yorke added that, so far as he could judge, the jewels were of some value;

but, he continued, "all this, I submit, has nothing to do with the matter; because, whether they were valuable or not, the colonel gave them up to the prize-agent." And then, being pressed by further questions, Yorke gave an account of what had passed between them on the subject; how he had written to Kirke to express his uneasiness at the retention of the jewels, and that the latter had replied to the effect that he had already made them over to the prize-agent.

Kirke bowed his acknowledgments across the table to Yorke for having thus cleared him from the accusation; but the latter could not help noticing that his commanding officer did not appear quite at his ease. And one of the members observed that what Colonel Kirke had said to Major Yorke was not evidence. The explanation seemed, however, to be generally accepted as satisfactory by the court; but as Yorke was leaving the room, the president asked him if he had the letter still in his possession.

"I really cannot say for certain," replied Yorke, "without examining my papers, whether I have or not; but I apprehend my word may be accepted as sufficient testimony of what took place."

There the matter might have rested, for the members of the court appeared by no means desirous of raking up bygone transactions relating to the war; but whether it was that the prosecutor—for so the ex-ressaldar may be styled—got word of what had happened, or that he was already pressing the same line of accusation, he now put in an affidavit from a native banker who had been employed by the prize-agents as custodian of the jewellery made over to them, to the effect that he had not received any jewels answering to the description of those in question; while the prize-agents,

who were now residing in distant parts of India, in reply to the question now addressed to them by letter from army headquarters, stated specifically that no such articles had been delivered up to them by Colonel Kirke. This correspondence occupied some days; and meanwhile the prosecutor had submitted another petition to the court, to the effect that he could produce the banker as a witness, with whom some of the jewels had been deposited by the colonel sahib, as security for a loan of money.

On the evening of the day on which Yorke had made his statement before the court of inquiry, Kirke came over to his house, ostensibly to talk over some regimental business, but obviously with some other purpose, it being unusual to discuss such business anywhere but in the orderly-room at the mess-house, or at his own house. Moreover, the relations of Kirke with his officers were now always somewhat constrained; for the absorbing topic of the inquiry could not be referred to, and those of them who knew most of regimental affairs could not help feeling an uneasy suspicion that their commandant had not done his best to make his explanation clear of the transactions connected with the accounts under investigation.

At last Kirke, abruptly changing the subject of conversation, said, "By the by, what made you go out of the way to say anything to the court about there being any written correspondence between us regarding that jewellery business?"

This question, and the way it was put, opened Yorke's eyes to Kirke's character more than anything which had gone before. He did not know, except from rumour, how far the ex-ressaldar's accusations had tended to criminate his commanding officer,

for the proceedings had been confidential, and each witness only knew so much as could be gleaned from his own examination; but he now saw clearly enough that Kirke would like to repudiate the correspondence altogether. It seemed useless, therefore, to reply, that his only motive was to clear the other from suspicion of having retained the jewels; and he felt, indeed, that had he known so much at the time as he knew then, he would have tried to avoid saying anything about the letter. He replied, therefore—

"I could not do less than give a straightforward answer to a plain question."

"Of course not," said the other, with a sort of sneer implied in his tone. Then, after an awkward pause, he added, "Perhaps you can show me the letter if you have got it—my memory on the subject is not so good as yours appears to be."

"Certainly," replied Yorke; "I will look for it, and if I find it, I will send it you—that is, a copy of it." He added these words from a conviction, suddenly forced on him by Kirke's eager manner, that the original letter would not be safe in his possession.

"Very good," said Kirke, rising from his chair with some heat; "then perhaps you would be good enough to search at once, and then to send me this *copy*," and laying some stress on the last word, he strode out of the house, and, mounting the horse which was waiting for him, rode rapidly away.

Yorke at once proceeded to examine the contents of his despatch-box, containing all the papers and letters which he had thought worth preserving since he entered the service. The contents were not heavy, his correspondence not being voluminous, and were soon examined; but although the impression on his mind was clear that

he had not destroyed the note, it was not to be found; and accordingly, he wrote a few lines to Kirke to say that he had not been able to find the note among his papers, and concluded that it must have been lost or destroyed.

Two days afterwards he was again summoned to attend the court of inquiry which was still sitting at the mess-house of the regiment, when the president put the following question to him:—

“You stated, Major Yorke, when last under examination, that you had received a note from your commanding officer, Colonel Kirke, dated on or about the 30th April 1859, to the effect that he had made over the jewels taken from the body of a rebel to the prize-agents. Can you produce the letter for the information of the court?”

Yorke replied that he had searched for the letter, but had been unable to find it.

“Then do you wish to make any statement to the court with reference to the accompanying document?” and so saying, the president placed a letter in Yorke’s hands.

It was from Kirke, written the previous day, addressed to the president of the court, and to the effect that with reference to a statement made to the court on a previous occasion by Major Yorke, regarding the receipt of a letter from him, Colonel Kirke, relative to the disposal of the jewels, he had to state that Major Yorke must be labouring under some extraordinary hallucination, to put the most generous construction on his conduct which it could be made to bear, for that no such letter had ever been written by him.

On reading this letter Yorke understood for the first time how matters stood with his unfortunate commandant; everything that had before seemed doubtful or confused

now became clear. This letter was evidently the last resource of a desperate man.

Yorke remained silent for a space, the letter in his hand, and then returning it to the president said that he had nothing further to state at present. Kirke’s case now was bad indeed, but he would at least do nothing to make it worse.

It was soon after this, and while the court were still deliberating, that the bankers’ affidavits and the prize-agents’ letters already referred to were received. Kirke’s object in denying that he had written the letter was now apparent, and the report of the court was much more unfavourable than it would have been if the inquiry had been closed at an earlier stage. There was extreme disinclination at headquarters to take proceedings against so distinguished an officer as Colonel Kirke; but it was felt that even if the other matters could have been condoned in consideration of his eminent services, the suspicion of falsehood now attaching to him could not be passed over. General Tartar received orders to place him under arrest, and the judge-advocate-general of the division was directed to frame charges against him on all the different allegations.

Hitherto the proceedings had been nominally secret, although the nature of them had naturally leaked out; but there was now no longer any concealment about them, and the coming—“Kirke court-martial” occupied public attention fully as much as the advance on Peking, and was discussed in every station from one end of India to the other; and while there was a general sentiment of regret that so dashing a soldier should have fallen into such trouble, there were not wanting prophets after the event to say that it was no more than what they had

expected from the man's antecedents; while most people felt that, even if acquitted, the very fact that it should have been necessary to bring him to trial must leave an indelible stain on his character. The list of charges was indeed a formidable one: drawing pay for men not on the muster-roll; withholding prize property; and lastly, conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in having stated in a letter, and so forth, he knowing the same statement to be false.

Happily for poor Olivia, the state of her health during the course of these proceedings prevented her from going into society, and, so she escaped the allusions and questionings, and possibly the slights, which her husband's present position might have occasioned. She had indeed but a very imperfect knowledge of what was going on, for latterly she had seen no one but her husband, who professed to make light of the inquiry; and although it was plain to her, notwithstanding his efforts at concealment, that he was labouring under great anxiety, she ascribed it to the cause he assigned—the worry arising out of the misconduct of one of his native officers. The birth of her baby occurred before he was placed under arrest, and, confined to her room during a slow recovery, she did not know what otherwise could not have escaped her notice, that there were no longer any orderly troopers in attendance about the house, while it seemed only natural that during her illness her husband should be very much at home.

No one felt more keen regrets for Kirke than his second in command, although no one knew better how strong was the evidence against him. They had had no private communication since Kirke's visit to him, the overtures of assistance which Yorke made having now been

curtly repulsed, the former professing to consider himself an injured man. Yorke did not know any more than others what was the precise nature of the evidence to be brought forward on the other charges, and he cherished a hope that perhaps he might be allowed to refuse to give evidence before the court, in which case the charge of falsehood would break down; but he had not ventured to consult any third person on the subject, fearing to criminate Kirke still more by divulging the facts. Thus the time wore on; the officers of the regiment by tacit consent avoiding when together all reference to the matter which almost exclusively occupied their thoughts, and all the news he got of the Kirkes being by inquiries through the servants of Olivia's progress, when a paragraph appeared in one of the local newspapers reflecting upon himself, and which was of course shown to him at once by a good-natured friend. It was in the form of a newspaper letter from the local correspondent at Mustaphabad—a species of inane contributions common to Anglo-Indian newspapers—full as usual of the absorbing topic of conversation, and ending with the following paragraph: "The last and most serious charge against the gallant colonel is that of making a false statement to his second in command, to the effect that he had handed over the jewels to the prize-agents. But it is understood that the only evidence on this charge is the verbal statement of the latter; and as the gallant major in question, who is now acting commandant of the regiment, will probably succeed to the permanent appointment if the charge be sustained, ill-natured persons might say that he has a strong interest in maintaining his point. However, as the matter is *sub judice*, I, of course, Mr. Editor, abstain from

all comment upon it; but it is clearly what the knowing ones call a very pretty *imbroglio*, for apparently one of the two distinguished officers in question must have stated 'the thing that is not.' But on this delicate point I will of course express no opinion myself."

On reading this slanderous letter, Yorke perceived for the first time the bearing of the case as it affected himself. The court of inquiry, indeed, knew the manner in which his evidence had been offered, that it had been given in ignorance of the case against Kirke, and that the statement about the letter was made in perfect good faith, in view of clearing his commanding officer from the scrape he had fallen into; but the public, with their imperfect knowledge of the facts, might take a different view of his conduct, and be disposed to adopt that which the unhappy man himself in his desperation had ventured to insinuate was the real one. No doubt there would be plenty of people to put the same malicious construction on his conduct as had this scoundrel of a news-writer. If Kirke were acquitted of the charge, then would not he be virtually accused of having made a false statement? And would not Kirke himself endeavour to give that colour to the case? And to the grief which Yorke had felt throughout these proceedings, both on Kirke's account and his wife's, there was now added a feeling of shame and indignation on his own account. Is it possible, he thought, as his cheeks tingled, that I am labouring under some horrible hallucination, and that it is I, and not Kirke, who has told the lie? But no—it was no dream; and what is more, I have a distinct recollection of keeping the letter by me for a time, and none of destroying it. So saying to himself, he opened his despatch-box and again turned over the contents. But again

without result; pay-certificates, commissions, receipted bills, extracts from newspapers referring to the actions in which the regiment had been engaged, and last but not least, the little packet of Olivia's letters, written during the campaign. There, in its well-worn cover, was the last she had ever sent him, the last element with which he had built up the unstable, foundationless structure of his foolish hopes. He had put these letters aside on hearing of her engagement to Kirke, with the resolution of never opening them again to read anew the tale of his infatuation and self-deception; but as he looked at the packet now, he took up this last letter and drew the enclosure from the envelope, contrasting in bitterness of heart his present mood with the different feeling that formerly possessed him when he was wont to perform that frequent operation. As he did so, another small note fell from under his fingers on to the table. It was Kirke's missing letter—short, and concluding with the damning statement on which so much depended.

The whole circumstances of the case now came back to his recollection. He had always carried Olivia's latest letter about with him, to read over and over again at leisure moments; and he remembered now that the envelope of Kirke's letter, having been overgummed, had been much torn in opening, and he had thrown it away and placed his note inside the envelope of Olivia's letter. There it had lain ever since.

Too late now to repair his mistake; but he must at least acquaint Kirke with his discovery. There had been no communication between them since the day of Kirke's being placed under arrest, and Yorke felt all the embarrassment of their relations as he wrote, "My dear colonel, I have just found your note to me

about which this unhappy trouble has arisen. It was inside one received from Mrs. Kirke, where I put it at the time of receipt. I opened the letter accidentally just now, and

it fell out. Can nothing be done to withdraw from the unfortunate mistake you have made? Ever yours truly."

CHAPTER XLI.

Two hours after his note was despatched, and as the sun was getting low, Yorke, returning from a saunter through his stable, as he came to the front of his bungalow, met a lady advancing up the little avenue. She wore a thick veil, but no disguise would have concealed her from his eyes. It was Olivia. She walked slowly, as if weak; and as Yorke hurried to meet her over the few paces that separated them, he could see that she looked pale and ill. She held out her hand, which for a moment he grasped tenderly; then, looking at her wan anxious face, he dropped it, and led the way slowly up the veranda steps and into the little sitting-room. There placing a chair for her, he stood opposite, waiting for her to speak.

Olivia raised her veil, and Yorke, gazing on the face so constantly in his thoughts, saw with pain the change which anxiety and sickness had wrought in the familiar features. Each of the two great troubles she had gone through had left its traces, and yet, thought he, she is as beautiful as ever.

At last she spoke. "Major Yorke, you must have guessed why I have come to you. It is because of your note to my husband. He thought—that is, I thought—that it might be of more use if I came and spoke to you myself. We are such old friends, you know," she added, with a smile meant to be cheerful, but which to the other appeared inexpressibly sad.

Yorke bowed. "Pray go on,"

he said; "you must know my desire to serve you in everything."

"It is about this letter which you have found. It seems that he had overlooked having written it you, and incautiously said so. And now he thinks the production of it might prejudice his case seriously; and he is sure you would not wish to do that."

"I am glad he gives me credit for so much good-feeling," replied Yorke, gravely. "I feared he had come to regard me as an enemy. God knows, I would do anything that one man may do for another to help him out of his trouble."

"Ah yes," she said. "I knew we might depend on you as a true friend. And Rupert bade me tender you his humble apologies if he has said anything in your disfavour; and he is sure you would make allowances for him, knowing how sorely he had been tried. These were his very words. And oh! Major Yorke, you know how much that means from him. You know what a proud man he is——"

"Pray don't say a word on that score," said he, interrupting her. "I am glad, of course, to hear of his kindly feeling, but I wanted no apology. And it is about him and not me you want to speak. Pray go on, and let me know what it is I can do."

"That is what I am coming to," she said. Then, speaking with hesitation, and scanning his features anxiously, she continued—"It is about this unfortunate letter. Rupert thinks he can clear himself of

everything else, and that, as nobody knows of its existence but yourself, it would not be too late to prevent the thing going further. So he thought—I thought—that if I came myself and asked you, you would not mind—you would not mind—giving it back—to me.” Making this appeal in faltering accents, she yet laid a stress on the last word, and looked at him with a pleading face.

But Yorke stood silently before her, looking down, and shook his head sadly.

“Rupert said there would be no risks,” she continued; “I was to destroy the letter before you.”

“Risks?” said he, interrupting her; “do you think I care about risks? It is not the risks I was thinking about; this is a matter of honour. No,” he continued; “I would do anything that a man may do to serve you—or your husband either, but this is impossible.”

“It is easy to make fine professions of friendship,” said Olivia in a tone of pique, and turning her head aside; “but they do not come to much when put to the test.”

“Olivia—Mrs. Kirke, why do you say such cruel things? You must know that they are not true. Don’t you understand that the thing has gone beyond my power to stop it? I have already stated before the court of inquiry that I did receive the letter. I did it for the best, knowing nothing of the trap that was laid for him, and heaven knows I would give everything I possess to have left it unsaid. But the thing is done, and it cannot be undone.”

“You mean that the suspicion might attach to you, if the letter is not produced? Yes,” she added eagerly, “Rupert spoke about that. He particularly told me to say that you need not be uneasy on that

score; no one would think of doubting *your* word. Yes, that was what he said himself—it would all be put down to some mistake; and he would give you a paper, in any form you liked, to clear you now and for ever.”

“How much has your husband told you about the case?” Yorke asked, sadly. “If you knew the whole case you would understand that this would not be enough to get him out of the difficulty. You would understand——”

“I understand so much, that if Rupert is brought before the court-martial, and the letter is produced, he will be ruined. He told me so himself just now. Oh, Major Yorke, if not for him, for my sake, and in memory of old days, be merciful!” and as she made this appeal in urgent tones, Olivia, stepping forward, knelt down before him, and taking his hand, looked up beseechingly in his face.

“Olivia, Olivia!” he said, mournfully, “why do you tempt me? You know how passionately I have loved you, for although you are no coquette, you must have seen how I have been ready to worship the ground you tread on any time for these three years past. I don’t say you have played with my feelings, for I was a fool all along, and deserved my fate; but you must have seen through them partly, although I daresay you did not guess the depth of my love. No, you need not be afraid,” he continued, quitting his grasp of her hand, as Olivia, whom by this time he had caused to rise and be seated again, looked up at him with a flushed and frightened face, as he stood over her; “there can be no harm in my telling you this now, once and for all, and getting rid of the burden on my soul, for all that is past and gone. Dearly as I used to love you, and love you still, I

would not marry you now, if you were free to-morrow and would have me. It is brutal of me, is it not, to say so? and I daresay you don't understand me, but the Olivia of my fancy has passed away, and can never live for me again. But look here, Mrs. Kirke," he went on eagerly, and as he spoke it seemed to him that their relations had suddenly altered—she was no longer the goddess to be set on a pedestal and worshipped from below; his Olivia would never have asked him to do a dishonourable action for any reason—this was merely a weak woman following her husband's crooked ways,—“look here,” he said; “I want you to understand that it is not a matter in which I can really save your husband. If the letter had not been found, people might have said that I had lied about it—and thought so too, and they might have been welcome to think so, if it could have saved you from pain and trouble. But what is the good,” he added mournfully, “of talking about what might have been? The letter *has* been found. And if the court ask me if I have found it, am I to perjure myself? And if I admit having found it, and refuse to produce it, don't you see that this makes things look even worse? No, Mrs. Kirke, you will say I am offering an empty pledge when I declare that I would gladly give my life to save yours; but the thing you want me to do is impossible.”

“Then I suppose,” said Olivia, after a pause, rising slowly, and lowering her veil, as if to depart, and again turning away her face, “there is nothing more to be said. Offers of service are easily made, but they will not save my husband from ruin. Well, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you will succeed to the command of the regiment.”

“You may reproach me as you

like,” said Yorke sadly; “but though I daresay you think very hardly of me, you must at least know that I am incapable of the meanness of profiting by your husband's misfortunes. Yes, Olivia,” he continued, as she looked inquiringly into his face, “you misjudged me once before, and you were sorry for it afterwards. So I hope it may be again, and yet—but no; I was going to say that if it would be any consolation to you to think ill of me I should be willing to have it so, but I cannot bring myself to say that. But why trouble you with my thoughts and feelings? I see you in this terrible difficulty and distress, and am unable to help you. That is sufficient bitterness.”

Olivia stepped towards him and laid her hand upon his arm. “Forgive me again,” she said in a low beseeching tone which thrilled through his heart; “you have always been a true friend, and I am an ungrateful undeserving woman; but if you knew how wretched and broken down my husband is, I am sure you would excuse my injustice. And I daresay you are right—I am so bewildered, I know not what is right or what is wrong—but it seems very hard.” And she turned to go away, while the large tears started in her dark eyes, and rolled down her pale cheeks. But Yorke saw that she staggered in her walk, and was far too weak to make the journey back on foot, and insisted on her resting while his buggy was got ready for her, and he hurried out to the stable to hasten the operation, hardly daring to trust himself any longer in her presence.

This was the second time, he thought, as he helped in nervous haste to put the harness on the horse, that she has been under my roof. The first time how it set my heart dancing for joy, and how I dreamt of a second visit as being almost too

great happiness! and now it has come, and in what a way! She is sitting there, and I am actually keeping out of her way. For at sight of her tears his resolution had almost failed him, and he had been asking himself whether it would indeed be so great a breach of honour to take out the fatal letter and tear it up in her presence.

He drove the carriage up to the veranda steps, and alighting, handed Olivia in and drove off, the groom hanging on behind after the fashion of his class. It was now dusk, the time affected by Anglo-Indians for taking the air, and a passer-by might have set them down for a domestic couple on their accustomed evening drive; but the road to Kirke's house lay at the back of the station, and they met no one. No words were exchanged between them; and short though was the distance, Yorke had time to ponder on the strangeness of the situation, and to reflect how once it had been the dream of his life that Olivia should be driving through Mustaphabad, a wife, and sitting by his side. Now that dream was realised, and in what a way! She was sitting in his carriage by his side, but another man's wife and the mother of another man's child!

Soon the entrance-gate of Kirke's house was reached, and Yorke, pulling up the horse, broke the silence by saying, "I will leave you here; my man will lead the horse up to the door,"—and got down. He stood, hat in hand, beside the carriage while the groom stepped to the horse's head, and looked up at Olivia. She held out her hand, and smiling sadly, but with something of the old look of former years, wished him good-bye. Yorke took the proffered hand in his for an instant, and then turning away walked back, unwilling to weaken the recollection of her kindly parting by another word.

A few days later, just as all the officers who were nominated to form the court had arrived at the station—for there was not a sufficiency of officers of the needful rank in garrison at Mustaphabad, and several were summoned from a distance—and while all the residents were in a state of expectancy, and the officers of the regiment, feeling keenly the disgrace which had fallen on it, hardly showed their faces in public, an order was received from army headquarters to suspend the opening of proceedings; and the curiosity which this order evoked remained unsatisfied for two or three days, till an announcement appeared in the Gazette to the effect that Brevet-Colonel Rupert Kirke, C.B., had been permitted to retire from the service. Kirke himself, it appeared, had applied to be allowed to do so, and the application had been forwarded to Government from headquarters, with a strong recommendation that it should be acceded to on the score of his distinguished service; and also that, as he had not served long enough for a pension, he should be granted the half-pay of his regimental rank of captain—half-pay as an institution being unknown to the Indian army, and each recipient requiring a special decision in his favour.

Public opinion endorsed the decision; for notwithstanding the natural disappointment felt at being balked of the expected excitement of a long court-martial on a distinguished officer, the general sentiment was one of satisfaction that so gallant a soldier should escape the ignominy of a public prosecution and sentence.

But food for local gossip in abundance was immediately afterwards afforded by the sudden disappearance of the Kirkes, who left Mustaphabad on the night following the publication of the Gazette, taking their child with them,

but unattended by even a female servant. No doubt it would have been easy to trace them, had it been any one's business to do so, but public action in the matter did not go further than to amplify the story with an abundance of circumstantial details, although the popular version to the effect that they had driven out to a place about twenty miles off on the main road to Calcutta, and hence started by "dawk" across country in palanquins, was not far from the truth.

The reason for the flight soon became apparent in the complaints, thereon loudly upraised, of baffled creditors, whose claims had in fact begun to pour in when first the court-martial was ordered to assemble. But small part of the expensive household property, it now appeared, had been paid for; there were promissory-notes of large amount overdue to various European and Arab horse-dealers for horses; the servants' wages were six months in arrear. The heaviest claim was that preferred by a native banker, but it was generally understood that his debt was more than covered by the jewels which he held in pawn—the first cause of the unfortunate officer's disgrace and ruin.

The pay of a captain commanding a native cavalry regiment is sufficient for his position with care and moderation; but as Kirke, far from having any capital in hand to start with, was already loaded with a burden of old debts, he had at no time the means of maintaining the expensive style of living adopted on his marriage, still less of paying for his extravagant outfit. Whether he had entered on this desperate course in the expectation of getting a fortune with his wife, or under some vague idea that the jewels would turn out to be of great value, could not be told; but it was plain that, apart from other difficulties, a crash must have come sooner or later.

The fugitive officer having left the army, the military small debts court could not take cognisance of the claims; but the station magistrate put the police in charge of the deserted premises; and never before had the good people of Mustaphabad obtained such bargains as at the auction-sale of Kirke's effects, which took place soon afterwards.

Yorke guessed correctly the course of the fugitives. He felt sure Kirke would make his way across India to Bombay, by which route he would be secure from pursuit, and he would probably pass through a station on the borders of the great northern province where Sparrow was now residing as a deputy commissioner. They would surely be in straits for money, the poor wife, meanwhile, probably only dimly conscious of the cause of their flight, and the extent of their ruin. To Sparrow, accordingly, he remitted all his available cash, the savings of two years' campaigning. It was to be given to Kirke, if he should pass that way, as a loan from an old friend still under great obligations, to be repaid at his convenience; but Sparrow was on no account to give any clue whence it came. His expectation was justified by the event. Sparrow, acknowledging the remittance, wrote that the Kirkes had arrived that very day, and were staying with him. "He wants his coming here kept quiet, of course, and is in a tremendous hurry to be off again, and his haste is fully accounted for, if what one hears be true of the rage of his creditors at his escape. His wife looks dreadfully knocked up, poor thing—and no wonder, having to nurse her baby on such a journey; but we hope to get a decent ayah for it before they start again. I have given him the money you sent and a trifle of my own; and indeed he is likely to want it all, for a dawk-journey to Bombay from here will

be awfully expensive, to say nothing of the fatigue. It makes one quite sad to think that she, poor thing, should have to go through it, she looks so frail and ill. I suppose many people would not have received them under the circumstances, and it is somewhat awkward for me in my official position, beyond a doubt; but as you know, Mrs. Sparrow and Mrs. Kirke were always such great friends, and we could not think of giving them the cold shoulder in their trouble."

Trouble, indeed, thought Yorke, as he read the letter; has it then come to this, that Olivia is a suppliant for shelter to her own waiting-maid?

Kirke had managed his escape well. Had he remained at Mstaphabad, or ventured to travel home by Calcutta, he would certainly have been arrested; but between the north and west of India there stretches a wide expanse of country, which in those days divided them more completely than would an intervening ocean; and Kirke once on this line, got to Bombay and disappeared from the country before any of his angry creditors had time to set about intercepting him.

On the day after Kirke's flight Yorke sent in his resignation of his appointment as second in command and officiating commandant of the regiment. This, however, was not at first accepted: he was offered the opportunity of reconsidering his resolution, and the great people at headquarters even went so far as to let him know that they thought such a step foolish and quixotic. No slur of any kind attached to him in the affair, it was said, and it was intimated to be the intention of the commander-in-chief to make him permanent in the command of a regiment with which he had been associated from its first formation, and with which—so the great man was pleased to say—he

had performed distinguished service. But Yorke stood by his resolve. "I owe everything professionally to Kirke," he wrote to a friend on the headquarter staff. "He took me up when I was an obscure subaltern, selected me out of others, and gave me my first start in life. It is to his generous praise that I owe my promotion and my honours; I should despise myself for ever if I allowed myself to step into the poor fellow's shoes." "The regiment must have a commandant of some sort," retorted his friend; "it is not your fault that there happens to be a vacancy. Surely it may as well be you, who know the regiment thoroughly, as another." "The other," replied Yorke, "will not be a personal friend of the late commandant." Then came news that the Government was about to reduce several regiments; whether Kirke's Horse would be among those to be maintained, would depend probably on who might be in command. He had to consider the interest of his brother officers, therefore, and not only his own feelings. This argument came home; but he was firm in abiding by his resolve, and after a few miserable days spent in command against his will, he obtained Sir Montague Tartar's sanction to be struck off the strength of the garrison pending confirmation of his resignation, and quitted Mstaphabad. Major Egan therefore succeeded to the command of Kirke's Horse pending arrival of the new commandant—an officer promoted from another regiment, whose term of office, however, was a brief one, for the famous regiment was disbanded a few weeks later, in the general reduction which followed the restoration of peace in India.

Although his well-wishers in high places were somewhat annoyed at what they termed his obstinacy in the matter, Yorke was too good an officer to remain long unem-

ployed ; and in a few months he was appointed to the divisional staff of the army and posted to a station on the frontier. The change of employment was a welcome one at first, and in the occupation of learning the duties of this new branch of his profession he sought eagerly for distraction from the depression of spirit left by Kirke's ruin, and all the miserable circumstances attending it — his own unwitting share in the catastrophe, and the unhappy fate of the woman whose memory was still so dear.

Time passed on, and no news came of the fugitives, all trace of whom had disappeared ; and the event which had created such absorbing interest at the time soon began to grow dim in general recollection, but with Yorke himself there still remained an enduring scar. Until he left it, he was not aware how deeply the interest of his life had been wrapped up in the regiment with which the most important part of it had been passed, and what a blank the severance from it had made ; still more how deeply he missed the presence of the one woman ; who, though she never could be his, was yet more to him than all the world besides. Active and assiduous in the new business of his profession, he yet found himself now more lonely and friendless than at any time since he first landed in the country ; and, perversely shunning the society at his command, he yet yearned in his solitary home for the friendship and sympathy which he would not summon up the effort to seek among new faces. There came up now for the first time the home-sickness which is wont to beset the solitary exile, and at times the inclination was strong to throw up his appointment and return for a while to England. The joys of married life

could not be his, but there at least a home awaited him, and the renewal of family affection. Why should not that suffice for him as for so many others ? In this frame of mind, growing daily more disposed to be solitary and cynical ; hardly perceiving himself how different the man was becoming from the shy but ardent lad of ten years before, who landed in the country full of hope and enthusiasm, yet grimly conscious of the folly of allowing himself to cherish a feeling of dissatisfaction with a career more successful than his wildest day-dreams used to picture ; Yorke was summoned to join the Umbeyla expedition, and by no man in the army was the distraction of active service more eagerly welcomed. To a man suffering from distaste for his own life, there is no medicine so effectual as helping to take the lives of other people. In that short but very sharp campaign Yorke received his first wound, not, however, before he had done enough good service both to gain and to earn another step of brevet rank. A still greater distinction—shortly afterwards, while on sick-leave on the hills, he was offered the vacant command of a smart regiment of native cavalry ; and exchanging his staff-duties with delight for his old congenial employment, he hurried down to assume his new command. But although his wound was healed at the time, he had returned to duty too soon. A sharp attack of illness followed ; the wound broke out afresh ; and although he would now have wished to remain a little longer in the country, to identify himself with his new regiment, he was fain to act on the doctor's advice, and set off to Calcutta as soon as he was well enough, there to appear before the medical board and start on sick-furlough for England.

SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

STATISTICS.

A good many notable subjects are, by their nature, dry. For that single reason they are so unattractive to what is impolitely called "the general public," that it is altogether supererogatory to add anything to their indigenous repulsiveness: it is quite big enough as it is to prevent the crowd from approaching them. This proposition is so self-evident that it really ought to strike all minds, however powerful; it is so very clear that, according to probabilities, nobody could reasonably be expected to voluntarily take the needless trouble of increasing the intrinsic difficulty which such subjects present to the population at large. And yet, indubitable as this seems to be, it turns out, all the same, that, as regards one important category of these subjects, a wilful attempt has positively been made to augment their inherent disagreeableness by annexing to it a new and peculiar worry. Neither mathematics, ethics, statics, optics, metaphysics, nor dynamics, are usually supposed to exercise a winning influence over ordinary readers; on the contrary, there is a current impression that none but rather learned persons deliberately direct their attention towards them. There might then have been some utility in endeavouring to lift up these highly meritorious but hitherto uncaptivating branches of instruction into a more inviting position in the eyes of the idle world; there might have been, in what are called the interests of science, an object to attain in trying to bestow upon them an artificial aspect of blandishment and allurements. The attempt would have been difficult, it is true; but

the wise man who could partially succeed in it would render a real service to lazy people. It is scarcely likely that, however ingenious he might be, he would quite manage to win standing-room for scientific erudition on the shelves of seaside circulating libraries; but he might not improbably contrive, by cunning handling, to counteract the innate solemnities of the subjects named, and thereby stimulate here and there a dormant sympathy or fortify a latent curiosity. Instead, however, of helping us in that way—instead of striving to make these questions a little less like mere useful information than they are at present—stern gentlemen are trying resolutely to pile up another barrier between them and popularity. There really are grammarians, lexicologists, and professors, who, not content with the repellent effect which words that end in "ics" already exercise upon the mass of us, have positively declared of late years that all such words are *singular*! What outrageous cruelty! Metaphysics—to take one example—were, in all conscience, hard enough to deal with while they still were plural; but to have to call them "it" would add so much to their afflictiveness that they would thereby become totally intolerable; yet that is what these new masters of the English language are seeking to impose upon us. Our entire population has been taught, when young, that, except in such words as "news," at the end of substantives makes them plural. It has grown to manhood and old age in undoubting faith upon the point; and yet these revolutionary orthographers dare to tell

us that "ies" have become an exception! What is the use of having been at school, if we are to be treated in after-life in this way? It is true that it is absurd to describe a science as "they;" but we call trousers "they,"—and with no better reason in the latter case than in the former, for the two legs of a pantaloons no more confer upon it the quality of plural than two sleeves take away the singular from a coat. It is really abominable that all words in "ie" were not left quietly in their first form; for, in their origin, they were, as logic and arithmetic are still, good honest singulars—and they looked it: there was then no doubt or difficulty about them. But, sometime last century, an *s* was added to nearly all of them, whereon they naturally became "they." And now it is being attempted to introduce a third shape into their history—to hermaphrodise them—to render them once more singular in person, though plural in form—a puzzle and bewilderment to all beholders. Most happily, however, the authorities who are seeking in this wanton fashion to upset our most respectable and earliest convictions, represent only a section of the governing body of British grammar: they have peremptory opponents who assert that "ies" continue to be plural, as is their bounden duty, whatever the others may affirm to the contrary. We venture, therefore, under the protection of these latter teachers, to go on for the moment as we did before, and to trustingly apply "they" not only to all the words in "ies" that we have named, but to one word more besides—Statistics. If Statistics—which we are going to talk about—were called "it," the incongruity of the sound, superadded to the supposed gloominess of the matter, would probably deter the bravest readers from fol-

lowing through this article to its end.

The "gloominess" of statistics! Now, why should statistics be called gloomy? That view of them may, not impossibly, be a mere ungrounded prejudice, erroneous and delusive; for if it be true, as is pretended, that "you can prove anything by figures," the figures which compose statistics ought, on the contrary, to constitute a charming study and a prodigiously agreeable occupation in life. What pleasure, indeed, could be more perpetual and more vast, than that of arranging tabular statements which are to convince everybody who looks at them, yourself included, of anything whatever? In these dim days of doubt and disbelief it would be a rare solace to be able to take refuge in a science which, according to the foregoing theory, cannot fail to furnish arguments applicable, with equal infallibility, to all the varying phases of every question they touch. Unfortunately, there seems to be some uncertainty as to whether we really can attain all these delightful results by simple columns of addition; for though there are enthusiasts who energetically assert that figures can do anything whatever, there are others, quite as ardent, who declare that they can do nothing at all, on the ground that "there is only one thing false than facts, that is figures." Yet, after all, the contradiction between these two seemingly divergent views is, perhaps, more apparent than real; for if we went to the bottom of both of them it would, not improbably, be recognised, that the assertion that we can prove anything whatever by one single form of evidence is identical with the other assertion that that evidence is false. If so, we should have stumbled accidentally on to a curious inversion of an old rule of grammar, and have

discovered that two affirmatives can make a negative.

There are, however, other notions on the question besides these two; or, more exactly, there are developments of these two notions which assume such striking proportions that they look like additional ideas. Statistics are becoming so widespread and so all-absorbing in their pretensions, they refuse so fiercely to limit themselves to any object in particular, or to any predetermined use whatever, that it would be difficult to indicate a subject to which they confess themselves unable to apply. Their worshippers are now claiming such unlimited power for their idols, that the only probable way to satisfy them would be to acknowledge that they really do possess the faculty to "prove anything." That function is so large that they would doubtless condescend to content themselves with it, not because it is in their nature to be contented, but because, in that case, as everything would be granted to them, there would be nothing left for them to ask for. The laborious gentlemen who occupy themselves with statistics are manifestly convinced that their omnipotent sums are like Parr's life pills, or Holloway's ointment, and that they provide resistless remedies for all the maladies of governments or societies. If they were not of that way of thinking, they would scarcely venture, all the world over, to describe their work in the tremendous phrases which they habitually employ. One of the greatest of them—a Frenchman—calls statistics "the science of natural, social, and political facts, expressed in numerical terms." Another one—a German—says that "history is statistics in movement; statistics are history at rest." A third—a Scotchman—describes them as "the means of determining and augmenting the sum of happiness

which a nation enjoys." A fourth—of unknown origin—asserts that they are "the science which shows us how to deduce the succession of social facts from analogous numerical terms." Pretty tall talking this! But as it comes to us in all languages and from all countries, and as the cry is everywhere the same, we are obliged to regard it as the unanimous expression of opinion of statisticians as to the transcendent merit of the station in life in which it has pleased God to place them. It is, however, honest to add, that they have received some encouragement to declaim after this gorgeous fashion, and that their enthusiasms are rendered rather less extravagant by the fact, that bigger people than themselves appear to have entertained somewhat similar impressions upon the subject. Napoleon, for instance, bestowed upon statistics the superb denomination of "the budget of things," and proclaimed that they are "the art of making the inventory of a country;" while Goethe said of them that "if figures do not govern the world, at all events they show us how it is governed."

But whatever be the instigations to which statisticians have been thus occasionally exposed, their descriptions of their own work are none the less stupendous; and though the responsibility of their definitions is a little diminished by the confirmatory testimony of two or three great men, the fact remains that those definitions, if admitted, would show that statistics are far away the biggest of known sciences. All other studies have a limit, because they refer to a single subject, which, however huge it may be in itself, has necessarily frontiers somewhere; but this one pretends to include all subjects whatever—for, in addition to its other audacities, it actually lays claim, in the mouth of certain of its pro-

fessors, to the power of reducing moral and intellectual questions to a sum, of calculating intelligence and passions by ciphering, of counting up "the movements of the soul." It is, then, certainly worth while to look a little at the machinery which claims to be capable of doing all this.

The first feature which we notice in it is, that it is absolutely unable to deal with any facts at all, excepting those which are expressible in figures; and that its action is therefore, of necessity, exclusively recapitulative, and in no degree descriptive. It is forced to attain its immense results—that is, if it attains them at all—by sheer arithmetic, without the slightest adventitious aid: there is no painting about it, no sculpture, no gilding, no artistic prettiness; it is all dry figuring,—as Guerry says, "Statistics exclude description, for they consist essentially in the methodical enumeration of variable elements, and in their reduction to an average." Now this first view makes us a little suspicious; for it indicates so vast a disproportion between the evident means and the pretended end, that it is rather difficult to imagine how the one can possibly grow out of the other. And the more we look, the more our doubts increase, and the less able do we become to recognise that statistics can "penetrate the life of nations," and "unfold the mysterious elements of the economy of societies." Yet these marvellous capacities are claimed by statisticians in the very words here quoted. They go, indeed, further still, and assert that they can "ameliorate the condition of humanity by pointing out its sufferings in numbers." Sufferings in numbers! The association of those two words does certainly remind us of the days when we got a caning for doing a sum wrong at school, and in that sense we all can

comprehend that they may be used together; but that is not, probably, the thought with which statisticians couple them. Their object must rather be to lead us to the faith that the whole experience of our boyhood was deceptive, that numbers can do away with suffering instead of causing it; or, at the worst, that they constitute a homœopathic medicine, "curing the like by the like." And they profess to do this by numbers themselves, alone and unaided; but not by numbers in their nobler applications, not by mathematics in any of their varied developments, not even by the higher calculations of arithmetic: no, all this is done by the very lowest and most elementary of processes, by nothing but addition—all this is done, exclusively, by one and one make two. It is not until the collected figures are placed under each other in columns that the statistical result can be arrived at; and even then, so long as they are not added up, they represent mere elements—the character of statistics is bestowed upon them only by addition.

Here, then, is a process whose sole function is to draw up catalogues,—which cannot even expand those catalogues into dictionaries without abandoning its character and changing its name; which becomes "Political Economy" the moment it attempts explanations, pursues deductions, or investigates consequences; which is condemned—if it wishes to retain a separate existence—never to be anything but a mere enumerator; but which, notwithstanding this rigorous limitation of its action, has the vanity to describe itself as an exact science, and to assume the task of "announcing the secret relationships which hold together all the elements of modern societies." If statistics go on much longer in this way, they

will doubtless inform us soon that they can manufacture a summer night by counting up the stars.

But though the true mission of statistics is different indeed from that which most statisticians so fervidly depict—though it is in reality, in comparison with things around it, most modest and most circumscribed—it is, after all, a mission of importance and utility. Statistics coolly claim to be a minister, forgetting that they are only a clerk in his office; but they are a clerk whose aid has become indispensable to the minister, and whose resignation or sudden death would leave a grievous gap in his establishment. They are a conceited clerk, a vainglorious clerk, a pushing and presuming clerk, who imagines, like other clerks that we know of in Government employ, that he could direct the country a vast deal better than his chief, and who lives in perpetual agitation because his striking merits are not rewarded by continual promotion. But they are a necessary clerk, a laborious clerk, who holds a good many small strings in his hands, who knows all the keys of the cupboards, who can tell, without hesitating, where the blotting-paper and sealing-wax are kept, who writes beautifully, who sets an example of severe regularity to the juniors, who arrives precisely as the clock strikes ten, and who sheds a valuable air of chilly discipline around him. Within these confines this clerk is altogether useful; and though we cannot in any way admire him, or find in him one single attractive quality, we can at all events regard him as an unavoidable and useful instrument—just in the same way as we fully recognise the necessity of undertakers, chimney-sweeps, and hangmen.

We might even, in the moments when we are not too violently pro-

voked by the exceeding impertinence of statistics, go further still, and frankly recognise that though they are quite as ugly as any of the professional gentlemen to whom we have just compared them, they do render us higher services than the wiping away of soot or the tying up of murderers. We might acknowledge that they really do manage to measure needs and progress; that they do indicate a quantity of things which it is indispensable that Governments should know; and that even ordinary men and women, who never go to Social Science Congresses, may occasionally discover in them odd facts that are worth noticing. We might—and do—confess that they alone define the composition, the distribution, and the movement of populations, the nature of their occupations, the extent and value of territories, possessions, productions, trade and agriculture, the influence of diseases, the spread of education, the character and extent of crime; that they alone have rendered it possible to organise insurances, in all their forms; to calculate the results of the unseen laws which reduce variations to averages, to prove by evidence that these laws and averages apply not only to material facts and natural events, but to voluntary acts as well; and finally, that, as a consequence of this latter truth, there is scarcely any individuality in men, for statistics humiliatingly demonstrate that men all do the same things in the same way, and at the same time, and with the same results. Surely such a field of action ought to be big enough to satisfy the ambition of a clerk.

And even this is but a part of the work done by statisticians; this is the product of that work, but not, in reality, the work itself: before that product can be attained

an immensity of labour must be performed; there are the searching out and the collection of the data, which must, of necessity, be assembled in large masses, in order to correct, by quantity, the influence of local or accidental disturbing causes; there are the organisation of the reports, returns, and records, which supply those data—the classification of the categories of materials—the sorting, sifting, shaping, and setting up in columns; and finally, the greatest act of all—the addition—the act which must be dearer than all others to the statistician's heart, for it implies to him that his work is done and his outcrop won. There is therefore a quantity of real labour to perform in the process of statisticising; and though that labour is not of a high class, though it is accomplished by the fingers rather than by the brains, it is none the less labour, and its product none the less serviceable.

If statisticians would only consent to look at their calling in this diminished light, and to practise it with the bashfulness which becomes it—if they would only remember that it is exclusively preparatory and preliminary, that of itself it engenders nothing, and that its sole utility is to collect and tabulate information for the use and service of abler artisans—then we should be quite disposed to look upon them as meritorious though unattractive underlings, and to range them with coral insects, working-bees, and dressmakers' apprentices, in the vast class of humble assistants who contribute to the satisfaction of higher organisations than their own. Instead of that, however, they persist in asserting that they are something in themselves; they entreat indifferent passers-by to be good enough to stop and admire them: they smirk at themselves in the glass; they contemplate approv-

ingly their own proportions, and, like Zerline in 'Fra Diavolo,' they murmur, without thinking of the people who are laughing at them behind the curtain, "Oui, voilà, pour une servante, une taille qui n'est pas mal."

It is especially abroad that they assume these infatuated airs; in England they seem to have the good sense to recognise that their work is intrinsically ugly, and they wisely keep it out of sight in the crowd. But on the Continent they set it forth with pomp and splendour, invite the universe to come and gaze upon it, and claim for it as many talents as were possessed by the Abbé Midy's parrot, who took snuff, weeded the garden, sang vespers, whipped the school children, and heard confessions when his master was ill. We cannot judge them on this side of the channel; we must go to France to hear one of them exclaim, with fervent artlessness, "Statistics, Monsieur! do you know what statistics are? Statistics, Monsieur, are the compass which guides the vessel of the State on its stormy voyage; statistics, Monsieur, are the polar star towards which all future forces will converge; statistics, Monsieur, are the final end of human things—the hope, Monsieur, the truth, the light!" And the man who said this was in earnest! Instead of feeling that he was a clerk, with a pen behind his ear and a ruler in his hand, he firmly believed that he was the prophet of a new faith, and that, if he gets his due, he will stand before posterity on a line with Luther, Swedenborg, and Mahomet.

We need not, however, pursue this section of the subject any further; it is curious for a few minutes, because it brings before us a new form of madness, but it rapidly becomes wearisome. So let us go on to something else.

The means employed for getting up statistics are organised in different fashions in different countries; but it is recognised everywhere that the State alone can prepare them completely, and that the private individuals and societies who so eagerly attempt to push their fingers into them are of no more practical service in the matter than bandsmen in a battle or bishops in a ball-room. Of course, however, neither private individuals nor societies admit that they are useless. On the contrary, amateur statisticians usually entertain the profoundest conviction that the true theory of their science is grasped by themselves alone, and that it never will be prolifically developed until Governments are wise enough to intrust them with its application. But, unfortunately for them, the nature of the work to be done excludes the possibility of outside aid; that work must, of necessity, be performed by authorised official agents, for it would have no value at all if it did not possess the character of supposed certainty which governmental direction can alone bestow upon it. It does not by any means follow that certainty is in reality attained; but the mere fact that it is the State which collects and publishes statistics is usually sufficient (especially abroad) to surround them with a halo of infallibility, and to confer upon them a reverence-inspiring aspect of indisputableness which makes it a sacrilege to question them. Nothing is so much like an article of faith as a statistical return: it constitutes a dogmatic proposition, an authoritative and categorical affirmation; it is a creed in itself. It may, of course, be rejected by believers in other religions, but adorers of statistics have no choice about it—they must accept it or deny their deity. Yet, incredible as it may appear, there are quantities of false

worshippers who adopt this terrible alternative, who turn round upon their gods and break them, who positively dare to dispute the truth of many of the sacred figures which their high priests proclaim, and to publicly cast scorn upon them. This atheistical behaviour is naturally discouraging to that "general public" which was alluded to just now; for though that public feels no call to earnest piety in the matter, though it lies entirely outside the fold of the elect, it is, all the same, submissively disposed, in its ignorance and indifference, to receive official figures with the silent trustful awe which is so admirable a quality of tax-payers. But how can it reconcile its own innate unreasoning desire to be respectful towards what it does not understand, and to be more and more respectful the less it understands, with the noisy free-thinking of the very sectarians who profess to have received the gift of faith, and to thereby understand everything? How can it explain the apostasy of apostles? How can it be expected to preserve its reverence for statistics if statisticians persist in declaring that half the statistics which are published are all wrong?

The disputes of statisticians in no way interrupt their work, however; the greater part of them go on combating and calculating, all over Europe, as if the two acts were inseparable: they take refuge from a fight in figures, rush back again from arithmetic to arms, and spend their lives between reckoning and reprisals. And perhaps, after all, it is as well that it should be so; for if they allowed themselves to be disheartened there would be no more statistics, while if they ceased to quarrel there would be no more control: so, as we really do need statistics, and as statistics do need control, it is probable that the actual state of things is the best that

could be devised for insuring an adequate supply of both. Of course its existence indicates distinctly that statistics are not all true, but it in no way shakes the probability that they are sufficiently near the average truth to serve the purposes for which we want them.

These wranglings are not limited to results: they do not wait for the end before they show themselves; they begin at the very beginning of the subject. There are strong bickerings about classifications, methods, and systems; but still, as a whole, they refer rather to forms and procedure than to principles—the main objects are substantially the same everywhere. But it would not be at all diverting to explain in detail how they are attained, or by what means figures are collected all about each country, and centralised and grouped. Nor would it be in any way a joy to try to give a list of the matters to which statistics apply; indeed, as has been already said, they are extending to such a vast variety of subjects, and are adding on so many new ones every day, that no thoroughly complete table of them could possibly be drawn up. It is, however, impossible not to observe that they really are endeavouring to include questions which, whatever be the elasticity of grasp and faculty of absorption of statisticians, do really seem to lie beyond their power of appropriation or digestion. It is not unnatural that, in addition to their more obvious functions, they should seek to demonstrate, in figures, the exact influence of climate on plants, of cannon-balls on armies, or of education on health; so far, it is tolerably easy to keep up with them. But they become rather difficult to follow when they measure the onward march of civilisation by the rate of progress in the consumption of sugar—when they work out a

connection between the proportionate mortalities of horses, negroes, yew-trees, limited companies, and Jews—and when they indicate the existence of relationship between the returns of suicide, pawnbroking, crossing-sweeping, and lunatics. And they leave us all totally and hopelessly behind them when they attempt—as one enthusiast at least is said to have done—to show, in numbers, the precise influence of cholera on pear-trees, of solar eclipses on the manufacture of steel-pens, and of universal suffrage on shipwrecks.

These examples of the all-including tendencies of statistics are certainly rather striking, but yet they seem likely to be soon surpassed. The ambition of statisticians is manifestly limitless; and, before the century is out, we may perhaps find them proceeding to prove in figures, amongst other novelties, that a marked influence is exercised in the outbreaks of yellow fever at Rio Janeiro by the variations in the state of the paving-stones in the streets of Europe. It may, indeed, be worth while to indicate the process by which this calculation could be worked out, for we shall obtain in that way an illustration of the operations employed by statisticians in the higher branches of their art. We will suppose that the case takes place in the Kingdom of Thule.

First of all it occurs to some upper clerk in the General Statistical Department that paving-stones are not yet included amongst the offspring of the office. This grave omission is made the object of a minute, which is submitted to the Board at its first sitting, and immediate orders are given that thenceforth annual returns shall be compiled upon the hitherto neglected subject. Printed forms are then sent to all the quarries in the kingdom, with an earnest request to the

proprietors that, for the national good, they will be so very kind as to fill them up each month, and to send them back to the office. In these forms the different numbers, natures, colours, shapes, dimensions, hardnesses, and uses of the various sorts of paving-stones are indicated in columns; and by this means, after classification and counting, a first general view of the subject as a whole is obtained. Instructions are simultaneously forwarded to all the ports, and to the Government inspectors on all the roads of the country, to supply weekly returns of the numbers, natures, colours, shapes, dimensions, hardnesses, and uses of all the paving-stones either exported, imported, or employed upon the roads. If any one of these divisions of the subject were to be omitted, a fatal want of harmony would ensue between the original quarry reports and the custom-house and road returns; they must all be made to agree together, or, statistically, the result would be valueless. The third stage is to obtain, from local boards of works, figures expressing the duration and the wearing-out of paving-stones—classified, as before, in seven columns, so as to check consumption against production. For these varied labours nineteen new clerks are required. But what are trouble and expense with such an object in view? What are fatigue and outlay when compared with a clear knowledge of the life of paving-stones? At last, at the close of the year, a complete statement in seven folio volumes is compiled. It is signed by the Director-General of the Department; and the first copy, bound in yellow morocco, is offered to the sovereign; while the second, bound in yellow paper, is laid before the legislature. A report on this new great conquest of statistics is published in the *'National Gaz-*

ette,' and the originator of the idea is made Knight of the Order of Merit of Thule. (A rank which we should describe in England by the letters C.M.T.)

Thereat, however, the man in the next room, who has not obtained a decoration, and who has, consequently, become violently jealous of his lucky colleague, reflects vindictively that paving-stones alone are, after all, without a moral—that his overrated colleague has shown no mind whatever in merely counting bits of sandstone—that the true great object of statistics is to mount, through external figures, to the inner numerical essence of things—and that it would be an act of the profoundest skill to climb, over his colleague's back, and by the aid of his colleague's boasted work, to an explanation, in numbers, of the moral, social, hygienic, and intellectual action of paving-stones. So the man in the next room asks for six weeks' leave, visits silently, at his own expense, the quarries, the roads, and the custom-house, and learns at last that workers in paving-stones are particularly subject to diseases of the lungs, in consequence of always breathing stone-dust. He bounds with joy at this discovery; he sets himself to calculate ferociously; and at the expiration of his leave he returns to his office, and lays before the Board, with the graceful modesty of a conqueror, "A Preliminary Notice on the true application of the Statistics of Paving-stones, exhibiting, from a hygienic point of view, the grave national effect of a trade which annually destroys the health of eleven three-millionths of his Majesty's subjects; to be followed shortly by a complete investigation into the arithmetical relationship between sandstone-quarries and pulmonary inflammations." A copy of this remarkable document, bound

in blue morocco, is offered to the sovereign; another copy, bound in blue paper, is laid before the legislature; and the author is named Commander of the Order of Merit of Thule (K.C.M.T.)

The man in the next room but one, who has been watching all this with keen disgust, recognises, however, that the idea is still only half developed: he rushes at the opportunity; he twists it into every form, but cannot for a long while find a shape that fits it. At last he suddenly reflects that yellow fever is becoming frequent in Brazil; studies anxiously, with a dictionary, the statistics of that fever, a copy of which, in Portuguese, is of course in the office; finds out, with wild delight, that the number of deaths caused by it in each period of five years happens to correspond exactly with the cube root of the average number of paving-stones worn out in twenty-nine days and a half in the streets of the capital of Thule, and then triumphantly sits down and writes "A Preliminary Notice on the developments of the statistical relationship between Paving-stones and transmissible diseases in general, as evidenced, in particular, by the arithmetical proportion which is now for the first time shown to exist between the wearing out of the roadway in the capital of Thule and the spread of yellow fever in the capital of Brazil." Copies of this Notice, bound in pink, are delivered, as before, to the sovereign and the legislature; and the third man, to the utter destruction of the other two, is raised to the dignity of G.C.M.T., and is elected corresponding member of all the scientific societies in Europe.

As this is only an anticipatory history, it may possibly be that the event will not come off identically in the form here described; but still this history indicates, without much

more exaggeration than is authorised by the hypothetical chances of the future, the sort of action which statisticians may not unreasonably be expected to adopt hereafter if they go on as they are doing now.

For the present, however, the most important of their diversified functions consists in the very practical and unimaginative labour of keeping an exact account of the movements of population; it is less seductive than the study of paving-stones, but, at all events, it is, rational and useful. It is, indeed, a work which has become altogether indispensable to the management of modern societies, and without which, now that we know its uses, we could not get on at all. And yet the means of conducting it efficiently exist, in a thoroughly complete form, in very few countries, and even in them have been created only recently. France got the start of all other nations in the matter, in consequence of her being the first to adopt, eighty years ago, the system of obligatory registration of births, marriages, and deaths, which is the essential basis of the operation. A census, big as it sounds, and big as it is to execute, is nothing more than a counting up of totals at a given date. It supplies no sort of information as to the proportions between the coming and the departing, or as to the fluctuating rates of wedlock; it consequently affords no insight into the ebb and flow of a nation, and leaves entirely in the dark all the curious revelations which are furnished to us by registration. It is by the latter alone that we are enabled to follow, almost from day to day, the exact conditions, both moral and material, under which a people multiplies; to put our finger on to disappearing habits or new commencing tendencies; to note the conditions under which the disposition to marry rises

and falls ; to test the results of marriage ; to detect the rapidly varying action of diseases ; to compare mortality with increase. With the single exception of emigration, registration takes account of all the movements of a nation, and indicates them so instantly that, if any of them should present danger, precautionary measures can be at once adopted. Without registration, the foremost duty of statistics would remain undischarged ; it is the first and most essential of the tools which they employ.

Unfortunately, however, the stories which it tells are by no means to the credit of mankind ; it shows us up, all over Europe, with a looking-glass fidelity of indiscretion which is certainly not pleasant. The picture which it offers of our ways and doings is so abominably ugly, that if we listened to our wounded vanity we should have shut up registration offices yesterday. And, worse than all, we have not grown one atom better since registration was established, since all our iniquities and miseries were dragged remorselessly into print on the evidence of this uneludible detective. On the contrary, the tale he tells is getting worse rather than better, and confirms once more, by its gradually darkening testimony, the truth of the ancient theory, that virtue shrinks as civilisation expands.

The calculation of the nature and the divisions of the soil, and of its products, is, in order of importance, the second of the great functions of statistics ; but as that calculation is not yet entirely completed in any other country than France, the attention which it has attracted, thus far, has not been so universal as that which is accorded to the question of population. It is, however, quite as curious as its predecessor ; and though its operations are confined to mere material de-

tails, and do not, as in the other case, attain the height of moral and sanitary revelations, there is in reality but little difference between the relative utilities of the two studies. Their ends and objects are totally distinct, but they contribute almost equally to our knowledge of the secrets of our situation.

Indeed, the indications which are supplied by this second branch of study as to the working and effect of the different sorts of land laws which prevail in Europe, may not impossibly become some day even more interesting than returns of population. The new principles on which the soil ought to be owned form very big elements indeed in radical programmes throughout Europe ; and the questions which they raise will have to be examined, in some degree at least, by reference to statistical returns. For instance, the results of the subdivision of holdings by equal inheritance, as practised in France, are likely to attract more and more enforced attention as time goes on. There is already, all about the world, plentiful discussion with respect to them ; but that discussion must be expected to grow vastly fiercer in the future, not only because the subject is one of the gravest with which coming lawgivers will have to deal, but still more because it furnishes an exceptional example of a really great question which is dependent mainly on figures, and as to which you can, consequently, "prove everything." For years past it has been handled in that fashion. The self-same figures have been used in it by both sides as conclusive arguments against each other ; but the figures do not seem to wear out at all, notwithstanding the desperately rough treatment which they are getting. It is, indeed, a wondrous proof of their enduring vitality, that they should be able to support being hung about at

people's heads without the slightest sign of damage to themselves, and that they should even bear, with all the appearances of absolute indifference, to be employed alternately by each camp—just like that famous cannon-ball at the siege of Malta which was fired backwards and forwards thirteen times between Christian and Moslem, and would have probably gone on indefinitely if, to the regret of both sides, it had not dropped into the sea at the fourteenth round. Statisticians are really justified in feeling proud that they can cast such abiding bullets.

Those bullets have, however, the unsatisfactory peculiarity of never killing anybody; and it will be recognised that, in a weapon intended for destruction, durability is an insufficient compensation for innocuousness. In this particular case of equality of inheritance, they have been shot off by millions and hundreds of millions; but they never have been seen to knock down one single enemy: they seem, indeed, to have a horror of the purpose for which they are used, and to seek resolutely to prove their own utter harmlessness. Nobody has ever been persuaded out of his previous opinion by them; and the world continues to be divided into the two parties which originally existed on the subject—those who are convinced that subdivision is fatal to the progress of agriculture, and those who are equally positive that it does no harm at all to production, and does very positive good to the highest interests of social organisation. It is asserted by the advocates of the latter view, that when the soil of France was held in large seigneurial properties it barely sufficed to feed a population of twenty-four millions, and that a famine happened every three years; while now that it is cut up between six millions of proprietors who hold

an average of about twenty acres each, it feeds thirty-six millions, fails only once in ten years to supply an adequate crop, and supplies an annual revenue three times larger than under the previous system. On the other hand, it is argued that the dismemberment of properties in France is continually and rapidly increasing, and that it is contrary to all the theories of modern farming to admit that perpetually diminishing holdings can be worked so as to produce the great and increasing masses of animal as well as vegetable food which European populations are beginning to require. And both these views are supported by the self-same figures!

But notwithstanding this division against themselves, notwithstanding the interecine warfare for which these much-to-be-commiserated figures are cruelly employed by the disputants who make use of them, they do not, thus far, seem to care one bit about it; for they go on serving both sides with untiring lustiness, and do not show a single symptom of exhaustion, or even the smallest desire to be permitted to prove only one thing at a time. This really is a remarkable merit. The faculty of incessantly fighting with the same weapons and the same results, and of going on at it unendingly, has hitherto been supposed to be an exclusive privilege of the resuscitating warriors who fight and drink in the Walhalla: but here we find the self-same quality on earth; and if we are to judge of the future by the past, that quality seems likely to go on developing by use, until the immortality of Wodin's heroes will look contemptible beside that of figures. To make it so, statisticians, politicians, economists, and radicals have but to keep on quarrelling about land laws and rights of inheritance; and as they appear to be no more

capable of growing weary of combating than figures themselves are, we may legitimately indulge the supposition that statistical returns will some day become the accepted emblem of indestructibility.

Of the hundred other subjects which statistics treat, in addition to population and land, it is altogether needless to say anything; they are all enumerated at full length in the books of the profession, with the usual accompaniment of columns and additions, and it is far more delightful to leave them there than to talk about them. Some of them are, all the same, instructive, and some are odd; but, as a whole, they wonderfully resemble physic in its peculiar double quality of usefulness and unpleasantness. It is, however, worth while to make an exception in favour of one amongst them, for the reason that, by its nature, it is unknown in England. In countries where the conscription is enforced, there is a special source of statistical information from which a good many strange facts, which would otherwise have remained unknown, have been extracted. It is through it alone that a correct catalogue of the physical infirmities of the French has been compiled, and that the amazing discovery has been effected that nearly two millions of them are deaf, dumb, wholly or partially blind, hump-backed, epileptic, mad, scrofulous, or otherwise radically defective in some analogous way. Of course this total has not been counted one by one, for no means exist of arriving at it in that fashion; but though it only represents the result attained by applying to the entire population the averages indicated by the annual examinations of recruits, there is no reason for mistrusting its approximate exactness. If this, then, be the proportion of such infirmities in France, which is a healthy country

with an admirable climate, where there is scarcely any misery, what must it amount to elsewhere, under less favourable conditions? And yet, grave as the question is, we should not have suspected its existence if the Directory had not invented the conscription, and if statisticians had not laid hold of that institution as a handy tool ready sharpened to their hand.

Of the general facts revealed by statistics, some of the most important have now been indicated; but a few more may yet be mentioned before we pass on to another section of the subject. It is by statistics that we have become aware that women live longer than men; that German theologians are longer-lived than any other sorts of Germans; that single people die younger than married ones; that life is shorter under the bright sky of Italy and longer in the damp chill of Scotland than in any other parts of the Old World; that the average rate of mortality is diminishing throughout Europe; and that suicides, carriage-accidents, and bankruptcies occur so regularly, and with such similarity of annual numbers and conditions, that they almost appear to be governed by unvarying laws.

And now we may as well look a little at the history of statistics; for they have a history, and a very old one.

There are some modern enthusiasts who pretend that because the word "statistics" was invented in 1748 by Professor Achenwall of Göttingen, the science to which that word applies was necessarily invented at the same time, and by the same person. Unfortunately, however, for the supporters of this theory, there happens to be, in the Pentateuch, a Book called Numbers, which could not possibly have been written by Achenwall, but which constitutes such a monument of

statistics that no recent publication can compete with it. And we find, too, if this one proof be considered insufficient to demolish the claims of Achenwall, that nearly all the ancient nations possessed returns, registers, and reports of their situation. They were not particularly exact, perhaps, and, so far as we know, they did not go into much detail; but, at all events, they sufficed to constitute statistics. Augustus, however, was as laborious a statistician as even this present generation can exhibit; for, according to Tacitus, he positively wrote out with his own hand a description of the riches of the Roman empire, showing the number of citizens and allies, giving details of the fleet, the tributes, the revenue, and the expenses; and as, at that time, the population of the empire is supposed to have exceeded eighty millions, this document must have needed a formidable quantity of labour, and have formed a sort of Statesman's Year-Book or Almanach de Gotha of the period. At about the same date, statistical accounts were drawn up in China by order of the Emperor Yu. The Arabs made a complete catalogue of Spain in 721, showing the population of each town, the nature of the manufactures, the number of workmen, of libraries, and of books. And—what is perhaps still more to the point—the Mexicans and Peruvians, when first discovered, were excellently informed on everything that concerned their national situation: the knotted skeins of coloured strings—the “Quipos”—of Peru were, in fact, statistical registers which indicated the movements of the people, the births and deaths, the supplies, and all the details of the budget. And, to conclude with an example of our own, how is Doomsday-Book to be described if it is not statistics?

The claims of Mr. Achenwall do not come out strong and unimpaired from this comparison with those of his predecessors. He certainly did not invent statistics, and it is rather difficult to say who did; but if we are to decide the question by written evidence alone, it would appear that the Book of Numbers is the oldest statement on the subject. It is true that statistics existed for some thousand years before they received a name, but so did a number of other sciences which have now become great and famous. And yet, in Christian Europe, it was only under Louis XIV. that, for the first time, a real attempt was made to pursue statistical operations. In his time, however, the process of measuring up a country was called “Political Arithmetic”—a title which had, at all events, the merit of indicating the exceeding vagueness of the processes to which it referred. They consisted in the estimation of the whole from one or two of its parts, in the supputation of results from a few only of their causes, in the working out of tangled reckonings by simple considerations of probability. It was by “political arithmetic” that Vauban, starting from some merely local figures, calculated the total agricultural production of France; that Lavoisier performed the same task by taking for his basis the number of ploughs employed; that Lagrange computed the consumption of food by the entire people from that of the army alone, supposing that two children and a woman eat as much as a man; that Necker summed up the population from the number of births, at the rate of one birth to twenty-six inhabitants. And, wonderful though it is to say so, Vauban and Lavoisier came out almost exactly right, as has since been proved. It is pretended that Arthur Young went farther than any one else in

this sort of valuation—that he cut up the map of France into districts, put the pieces successively into the scales, and deduced proportionate results from their relative weights.

It was towards the close of the last century that statistics began to assume their actual form. Since then they have been organised almost everywhere; but it is, perhaps, in France that we find the most remarkable examples of what they can become. It is there, more than anywhere, that statistics seize hold of a man at his birth, count him as a figure, follow him in that capacity through his life, add him up in all the operations of his existence—at his marriage, in his illnesses, his occupations, his food, his wealth, his poverty, his degree of knowledge, his political action, and, finally, in his disappearance from it all. So long as he lasts, statistics keep on enumerating him, as jailers count their captives: his prison is a column in a register; he is an element of totals, an ingredient of returns, a property of a calculator; he ceases to be a man; he is an item, a detail, a component of a sum; he is one in a mass; he is no longer himself—he is simply a brick in a house, a stone in a heap, a straw in a stack: his proceedings lose all value as independent acts—they are no longer discussed, appreciated, or judged, they are simply counted: everything that concerns him is resolved into a unit.

Yet, though they treat him in this humiliating fashion for the whole term of his existence, statisticians pretend that it is solely for his benefit that they reduce him to a figure, and that in reality he gains immensely by the process. In proof of this, they urge that he assumes an entirely different position when the operation is completed from that in which they are constrained to place him while it is being perform-

ed,—that the two great objectives of statistics are, “Man, or the rules which govern life;” and “Men, or the rules which govern societies,”—and that, as a natural result of this superb final cause, both Man and Men emerge from column in the quotient, and come out gloriously on a throne of light. Unfortunately, however, for this agreeable view of the position, it is totally disproved by a most remarkable axiom of statistics which says that “human life is composed of two Epochs and a Period; the Epochs being Birth and Death, the Period being the duration of existence.” Now, without stopping to extol this highly novel definition of our functions here below—though, frankly, it does deserve a page of homage and admiration all to itself—it may be said, at once, that if life is really nothing more than “two Epochs and a Period,” man may well be content to be simply a unit in it. It was solely because we have hitherto supposed that, even in the eyes of statisticians, life was an essentially active state, that we have ventured to timidly imply objections to the use of man as a thing to be counted. But if that impression is inexact—so far, that is, as the relations of mankind to statistics are concerned—if life is simply a beginning and an end with something undetermined in the middle, then, obviously, not one of us is worthy of any better usage than statistics give us. The difficulty is to choose between the “Man and Men” theory and the “Epochs and Period” theory. They flatly contradict each other; no harmony seems possible between them: but it may be, perhaps, that therein lies precisely their greatest merit in the eyes of statisticians; for, as we have already observed, they are singularly fond of seeking out occasions for quarrelling with

each other, and must be delighted to have this one ready made to their hand. They have it, too, to themselves alone; for they may rest assured that no outsider will ever attempt to discuss the relative merits of the two propositions; they stretch beyond the faculties of us units: we know our place and stop in it.

Political economists, who are the real users of the labours of statisticians—as lions, according to the legend, consume the prey sought out for them by jackals—assert that there are things which have a value without being useful, things which are useful without possessing a value, and things which are both useful and valuable. Now, in which of these three categories should statistics be included? Are they, like the Koh-i-noor, valuable, but of no use? are they, like light and water, useful, but without value? or are they, like a large account at a banker's, both valuable and useful? The question is not simple; there are complications in it: but perhaps the fairest answer to make to it is, that statistics pass, successively, through each of these characters, according to the handling they receive. So long as they remain passively in column, which seems to be most frequently their fate, they may be said to possess the degree of theoretical value which necessarily attaches to everything produced by labour; but they have, in that form, no utility whatever: they rise to usefulness—without, however, acquiring either moral or

material value—as soon as they receive a practical application; and they attain value as well as usefulness when they pass entirely out of the hands of their authors into those of higher workers, when they are employed by thinkers instead of book-keepers. It is only at that moment of transition that the services which statistics are capable of rendering become thoroughly apparent; it is only from that instant that they begin to merit the commendations which have been accorded to them here. Then, however, they do merit them—and largely too; for, in addition to their general functions as compilations of information, statistics have had the extreme good fortune to contribute rather largely to the development of the great modern science of political economy. The former are not, as is sometimes pretended, the essential basis of the latter—for economists work with ideas quite as much as with facts or figures; but it is undeniable that statistics have supplied them with instruments and arguments of much utility, and have, in that way, facilitated the progress which they have achieved.

As everybody cannot be master, and somebody must be servant, statistics ought to think themselves lucky that, being servants, it falls to their lot to perform so efficient and so honourable a service. At all events, they ought to be grateful for the proof which is supplied here that it is possible to write several pages about them without quoting any figures at all.

IN A STUDIO.—CONVERSATION NO. IV.

Mallett. Come in.

Belton. *Eccomi quà!*—Here I am again! as the clown says when he leaps into the arena.

Mallett. And all smile and cry bravo, and are delighted to see him, being sure that something pleasant is coming.

Belton. Servo umilissimo di vostra signoria! Mi fa troppo onore.

Mallett. Yes; it is a satisfaction to have some one to talk with who can sympathise with what one is interested in. For the most part talk is so bald and shallow that it seems like a feeble stream running over pebbles, making a constant noise and babble, as it were, out of fear of silence. With ordinary persons one runs into two dangers—first, of not being understood, and second, of being misunderstood; and the latter is the worst predicament.

Belton. For the most part people do not think at all. They have little phrases and formulas which stand in their minds for thoughts and opinions, and they repeat them parrot-like. Most of their notions and ideas and prejudices are mere extraneous accretions, barnacled on to them by men and books in their passage through life, as shells are on a vessel, but not growing out of them, or really belonging to them.

Mallett. Or, if you will allow me another simile, they are facts and opinions which they have swallowed but not digested. All real knowledge and thought must be transmuted and assimilated into our nature, absorbed into our being, as our food is changed into our blood, and then only is it ours, or rather is it us. Nothing is more striking among men than their utter absence of thinking outside the groove of

their practical occupations and interests; and this is specially manifest in matters of Faith, Religion, and Art. Many of those who think they are thinking, are merely repeating dead formulas and phrases which they have accepted without investigation of their real meaning. Indeed I am persuaded that phrases and formulas rule the world more than ideas. They are easy to say, they have a gloss of truth, and they save the trouble of thinking. By dint of constant repetition they get to be accepted for a time as axioms, and in religion words become a fetish independent of their significance. And, apropos of this, I remember a story of Chief-Justice Marshall and Mr. Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun was a man of a vague metaphysical tendency of mind, who was always philosophising about the principles of government and politics, and endeavouring to reduce them to formulas. One day while calling upon Chief-Justice Marshall, he began to broach some of his theories, to which the Chief-Justice listened in silence. At last Mr. Calhoun said, "I have been deeply reflecting of late upon the principles of government, and I have come to the conclusion that they are founded solely on organisation and distribution." "Undoubtedly," said the Chief-Justice; "but what organisation, what distribution, Mr. Calhoun?" "Ah," said Mr. Calhoun, "that I have not yet determined." Is it not amazing that a man with such ability should allow himself to be fooled by the mere phrase "organisation and distribution"?

Belton. I am not surprised. The formula or phrase enunciated in a speech at Newcastle by Earl Russell

on the great civil war in America, that "the two parties are contending on the one side for empire, the other for power," is of the same kind—and it went from mouth to mouth over all England, and was repeated everywhere as an admirable summary of the whole question. But does it mean anything? Which party was contending for empire and which for power? What is empire as distinguished from power? The formula is concise—but does it mean anything?

Mallett. I never could see that it did, but it had a great success in England. It was a formula that saved the trouble of thinking; a sort of Liebig's extract put up in a portable can and capable of dilution into infinite twaddle.

Belton. In the same way intelligent persons will quote with pleasure images and phrases in the form of verse, which made in simple prose would only provoke their laughter. Ordinarily there seems to be little or no common-sense exercised in regard to poetry. There is, I suppose, something in the rhythmical measure of verse which carries the mind away from considering its exact meaning. Certainly the popularity of a quotation has little relation to either its sense or its poetic merit. Indeed it has always been a mystery to me why certain quotations are popular. As far as simplicity in writing is concerned, we are better in all respects than we were in the early part of the century. We seek at least to be more natural in our expressions, and have rejected in great measure that strained and artificial diction which charmed our grandfathers. We no longer "pour the lay" or "strike the lyre" when we write a poem. Faults enough we have, but at least we strive to write intelligibly.

Mallett. I am not so sure of that. We have not the same kind of un-

natural jargon, but we have not entirely rid ourselves of all jargon; and a new reaction is now beginning against the previous reaction of simplicity. I cannot but feel that among some of the latest writers of the present day there is a tendency to over-refinement and over-elaboration both of phraseology and of thought. Words are strained into new senses, and ideas rarefied into metaphysical and sentimental vagueness.

Belton. One is certainly disposed sometimes to ask with Antonio, "Is that anything now?"

Mallett. Ay, and to answer with Bassanio, "Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing." "His reasons are as two grains of wheat tied in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you shall find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search."

Belton. We do not exercise the same kind of judgment in poetry as in prose. The commonest and tritest moral axiom acquires with most persons a special value if it be put into a rhythmical form.

Mallett. I was very much struck with this in reading one of Carlyle's essays the other day. After quoting the following lines of Goethe—

"Die Tugend ist das höchste Gut,
Das Laster Weh dem Menschen thut"—

he adds, "In which emphatic couplet does there not, as the critics say in other cases, lie the essence of whole volumes such as we have read?" Now I ask you, is there anything in this bald couplet,—which, literally translated, is "Virtue is the highest good—Vice does injury to man,"—that entitles it to such praise from such a man?

Belton. It seems to me utterly flat.

Mallett. Is it any better than Honesty is the best policy—Hope is the anchor of the soul—All is not gold that glitters, "in which

lies the essence of whole volumes"? But put some of these proverbs into verse and see what a different effect they have. For example—

Virtue is the highest blessing;
All that glitters is not gold;
Evermore be onward pressing;
Oh be bold—but not too bold.

Not unto the swift the race is,
Nor the battle to the strong;
Dear to man are commonplaces;
Life is short and art is long.

Up then when the morning's pearly,
Water every feeble germ;
'Tis the bird that rises early
That alone secures the worm.

Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

Belton. Go on—go on.

Mallett. No, that is quite enough—one might "go on for ever" as Tennyson's "Brook" says, only—

Spake full well in ages olden
One of the Teutonic race,
Speech is silver—silence golden;
Everything should have its place.

Least said is the soonest mended;
We must give as we would take;
And the bow too rudely bended,
In the end is sure to break.

Belton. Such noble sentiments in such noble verse ought to be popular.

Mallett. I anticipate immortality from them. Are they not moral, are they not wise—are they not intelligible to the meanest intellect—are they not apples of gold in plates of silver?

Ever place life's golden apples
Upon Fortune's silver plate;
Victory crowns the soul that grapples
Sternly in the toils of Fate.

Belton. I don't see how the last two lines are a *sequitur* to the first two.

Mallett. Oh! if you demand meaning, I give it up. The poet is not to be judged by such low rules. He is above meaning. I will rhyme no more for you. So long as you praised me it was all very well, but no true poet is ready to accept

blame or criticism. You ask for meaning; I do not see the absolute necessity of having any meaning. For instance, are you not always affected by the illusion to little birds going to their nests at night? Does not many a poet, and prose-writer too, for the matter of that, speak with perfect seriousness of this, as if it were a fact. Whenever night comes on and twilight draws her "gradual dusky veil" over the world, are you not pretty sure that the little birds will be going to their nests, in half the poems descriptive of twilight? Every one who thinks for a moment, knows, of course, that birds do not live in nests, save female birds while they are hatching their young, and then that they do not go there solely at night, but remain there all day. Yet by poetic licence they always have a nest for their home at night. The truth is that people do not think—"Thinking is nothing but a waste of thought," as one of the Smiths writes in 'Rejected Addresses.'

Belton. And "Nought is everything, and everything is nought." Do not leave out the following line which so grandly completes the couplet. Do you remember those famous lines in Dryden's "Indian Emperor" that all the world used to admire and quote as exquisite? What you were saying about the birds reminded me of them. Listen, and say if anything could be more senseless and incorrect. Cortez appears "alone in a night-gown" and thus describes night:—

"All things are hushed as nature's self lay
dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy
head,
The little birds in dreams their songs
repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-
dew sweat,
Even lust and envy sleep; yet love
denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes."

Can anything be more false and unnatural than this?

Mallett. It is not much worse than Pope's translation of the night-scene in the Trojan camp, in which he has turned the simple Homeric description into absurdity, distorting every image, and setting it to an artificial see-saw of verse. Yet these lines are even now quoted with approbation as a description of nature.

Belton. No one can deny that these were remarkable men. How was it that they could so stultify their minds and their senses?

Mallett. Because they aimed not at Truth or Nature, but at a sort of vague Will-o'-wisp called Poetry, which demanded to be clothed in fantastic and far-fetched imagery; and they thought to obtain this by adopting an artificial diction removed from common usage. They could speak with great directness and vigour when they chose, and their satire bites with sharp enough teeth. Look at Pope's attack on Addison, when he was thoroughly and bitterly in earnest. There is no lack of savage directness there, in language or images. Or read, for instance, Dryden's noble essay on Dramatic Poetry, and especially those passages in which he speaks of Shakespeare. There is no more vigorous piece of English in our language. Yet Dryden, bombastic and unnatural as he himself could be at times, can vituperate soundly the bombast and swelling hyperbole of others. In the dedicatory epistle to the "Spanish Friar," he thus condemns the "Bussy d'Ambois" of Chapman:—

"I have sometimes wondered in the reading what was become of these glaring colours which amazed me in 'Bussy d'Ambois' upon the theatre, but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a

jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish."

Belton. And this was in the dedicatory epistle to the "Spanish Friar," which is one of the most bombastic plays Dryden ever wrote. Had he been describing some of his own work, he could not have done it better. But this shows how blind we are to our own faults, and how lynx-eyed to the faults of others.

Mallett. When Dryden wrote prose he was strong, nervous, and pointed. So, too, when he wrote satire in verse he spoke directly and to the purpose. But when he tried the higher phases of poetry, and attempted the ideal or the dramatic, he constantly fell into bombast and nonsense; not always, indeed, for there are scenes in his dramas which are striking—as, for instance, that between Aufidius and Antony, in which he strove to imitate Shakespeare's scene between Brutus and Cassius; and the play in which this occurs Dryden tells us, in his essay on Poetry and Painting, is the only one he ever wrote for himself.

Belton. It is certainly a striking scene—but how inferior to Shakespeare's!

Mallett. Yet nobody has spoken in a more noble manner of Shakespeare: "If Shakespeare were stripped of all the bombasts in his passions" (he says in the Preface to "Troilus and Cressida"), "and dressed in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his

thoughts remain. If his embroideries were burnt down there would be still silver at the bottom of the melting-pot; but I fear (at least let me fear it for myself) that they who ape his sounding words have nothing of his thoughts, but are all outside. There is not so much as a dwarf within one giant's clothes."

Belton. Yet, if I remember right, he has in his adaptation of "Troilus and Cressida" cut out all that magnificent dialogue between Ulysses and Achilles, and has besides so hacked and spoiled the play that it is scarcely recognisable; as for his substitutions and insertions, nothing could be worse. But in his adaption of the "Tempest" he has shown even less judgment and poetic sensibility. It requires all one's patience to read it.

Mallett. You must not lay all that to Dryden's door. The adaptation of the "Tempest" was chiefly Davenant's work.

Belton. Ay, but Dryden abetted him; and I am not sure if all the embroideries of both were burnt down there would be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot.

Mallett. You must judge Dryden by the taste of his age, as you judge every second-rate man. It is only first-rate men that lead their age. But listen to what he says of Shakespeare: "He was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature: he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike: were he so, I should

do him injustice to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flatly insipid: his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him. No man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

'Quantum lenta solent inter viburnacupressi.'"

That is what I call good strong English.

Belton. It is indeed.

Mallett. Listen again to what he says of Ben Jonson: "He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them. There is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him." But he could rail as well as he could praise. Witness his attack on Little's play, "The Empress of Morocco," which is as bitter and biting as satire can be. He takes the poor author up as a mastiff would a cur, and shakes the very life out of him. "This upstart literary scribbler," he says, "who lies more open to censure than any writer of the age, comes among the poets like one of the earth-born brethren, and his first business in the world is to attack and murder all his fellows. This, I confess, raised a little indignation in me, as much as I was capable of, for so contemptible a wretch, and made me think it somewhat necessary that he should be made an example to the discouragement of all such petulant ill writers, and that he should be

dragged out of the obscurity to which his own poetry would have for ever condemned him. I knew, indeed, that to write against him was to do him too great an honour; but I considered Ben Jonson had done it before to Dekker," &c.; and with this prologue to battle he begins, and tears his adversary to pieces.

Belton. I like this less than the praise. Little would have perished without all this savagery; and, vigorous as it is, it would have been better unsaid.

Mallett. At all events, it is not weak, bombastic, or artificial, as much in his dramas is. But poetry in his day was already in the decline, while prose was still in the strength of its manhood. Afterwards poetry made an alliance with nonsense, exiling sense from its domains, and welcoming in its stead gilded furious feebleness and swelling distortion. England has many great examples of bombast and artificiality of diction, but I doubt if she can show a single author who in these qualities is superior to the American poet, (God save the mark!) Robert Trent Paine, who wrote at the beginning of this century. His bombast and artificiality surpass everything in literature. And yet he was famous in his day, and his contemporaries placed him in the front rank as a poet. Listen to this passage in his poem on the "Invention of Letters," where he is celebrating the virtues of Washington:—

"Could Faustus live, by gloomy grave
resign'd,
With power extensive as sublime his mind,
Thy glorious life a volume should compose
As Alps immortal, spotless as its snows;
The stars should be its types, its press the
age,
The earth its binding, and the sky its
page."

Belton. Magnificent! Absurdity, or, to use Dryden's words, "the

rumbling of robustious nonsense," can truly go no further.

Mallett. Listen, too, to what his biographer calls "the following nervous lines" in his famous poem of "The Ruling Passion:"—

"Yet such there are, whose smooth per-
fidious smile
Might cheat the tempting crocodile in
gulle.
May screaming night-fiends, hot in re-
creant gore,
Rive their strained fibres to their heart's
rank core,
Till startled conscience heap in wild dis-
may
Convulsive curses on the source of day."

Is not that a pretty periphrasis?

Belton. Amazing! nervous indeed!

Mallett. I must give you one other touch of this stupendous poet. He was the author of the most famous political song of his time, entitled "Adams and Liberty," which was sung everywhere in America with the utmost enthusiasm to the air now known as the "Star-Spangled Banner," and thought to be a wonderful production of genius. Wonderful indeed it is, though not exactly in the same sense. But let me read you the account of one of the verses of this song as given by his biographer. "There was," he says, "never a political song more sung in America than this; and one of more poetical merit was, perhaps, never written. An anecdote deserves notice respecting one of the best stanzas in it. Mr. Paine had written all he intended, and, being in the house of Major Russell, the editor of the 'Sentinel,' showed him the verses. It was highly approved, but pronounced imperfect, as Washington was omitted. The sideboard was replenished, and Paine was about to help himself, when Major Russell familiarly interfered, and insisted in his humorous manner that he should not slake his thirst till he had written an additional stanza

in which Washington should be introduced. Paine marched back and forth for a few minutes, and *suddenly starting*, called for a pen. He immediately wrote the following sublime stanza, afterwards making one or two trivial verbal amendments:—

“Should the tempest of war overshadow
our land,
Its bolts ne’er could rend Freedom’s temple
asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington
stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults
of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of his scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash
to the deep.
For ne’er shall the sons,” &c.

Belton. Bravo, Paine! what an image! what a picture! He must have been a wonderful man! How is it that he is not known throughout the world?

Mallett. “The world knows nothing of its greatest men,” and ungratefully has suffered him and his works to pass away into oblivion.

Belton. It is certainly clear, when such verses are written and admired, that neither poet nor public can think it worth while to exercise their common-sense, and that there is some charm quite beyond any intelligible meaning that they must have. But it comes back to what we were saying. For the most part people do not think at all. They like what they are taught to like; they believe what they are taught to believe. They learn certain phrases and formulas, and these stand in their minds for thoughts and opinion. But after all it serves the same purpose.

Mallett. No, it does not; on some questions, as those of religion, for instance, it is not permissible for men not to think, and deeply consider what they profess to believe.

Belton. Too much thinking might

lead to unbelief, since we cannot satisfactorily solve anything if we begin to inquire too curiously into it. It is better, therefore, to accept a ready-made creed, established and recognised by fifty generations of men—for which heroes have died and martyrs have gone to the stake—than to vamp up a new one out of our own individual ideas. At all events, it is easier to drop anchor in the Church’s port than to war with the winds and waves of controversy, and expose ourselves to the dangers of heresy or atheism. Why should I set up my opinion against the mass of authority? I like the Roman Church because it takes all the trouble of thinking off my mind. It thinks for me, and tells me what to believe: I accept it, and am perfectly happy.

Mallett. So you think it is best to go on repeating a creed or formula of words, the meaning of which you do not take the trouble to investigate. You say this merely out of paradox.

Belton. Let us leave out the question of religion—which we shall not probably agree upon. My notion is that it is best to allow others to have their own way and their own belief. I do not know that I am absolutely infallible, and I find it quite enough to do my own duty. Live and let live is my motto. Think and let think!

Mallett. With such principles we should never have had a Reformation, a Protestant Church, nay, not even a Christian Church. If you had been born a pagan, you would have accepted the creed of your neighbours, and explored, if you had the good luck to be made an augur, the entrails of beasts to divine the future.

Belton. Cicero did this.

Mallett. I know he did, and it never ceases to amaze me.

Belton. He was too wise to op-

pose the whole current of belief in his age; and besides, his thought undoubtedly was coloured by his early religious impressions, by the scenes in the temples, and the repetitions of formulas, and the sacrifices to the gods, and the invocations by the priests, as the thought and feelings of every man still are by the lessons and dogmas and formalities that were impressed upon his mind before he began to think and question. Besides, it is easier not to think; easier to run in the old rut than to make new paths. It saves a world of bother. And the power of words and formulas is mighty. They have always been wondrous in their effect, and the world has always believed in them—and always will. You are surprised that Cicero should gravely have performed the duties of an augur: what will you say then to Marcus Portius Cato, who believed that sprains could be cured by a formula of incantation, and seriously recommends it as a sovereign remedy? "Take," he says, "a reed of about four or five feet in length, split it in the middle, and let two men hold each end on a line with their thighs. Then let one say these words as they move towards each other, 'Motas vaeta daries dardaries, astataries dissunapiter.' At the point where they meet and touch each other let the reed be cut in halves, with a sword held in the left and right hand of each, and if this be bound on to the fracture or dislocation it will be healed. Every day an incantation must be sung in these words, 'Huat Hlanat Huat ista pista sista domiabo damnaustra.'" These are the words, if I recollect them right; though, as they appear differently in different editions, I will not be sure how they run exactly.

Mallett. They remind me of our

old calls at school, such as "Eny meny many mike, Barcelona bony strike, Huldly Guldly Boo." But it seems impossible that such a man as Cato could have believed in such nonsense.

Belton. Oh, Marcus Portius Cato was not peculiar in this belief. The virtue of incantations was universally recognised. Homer, in the 19th Book of the Odyssey, says that when Ulysses was wounded in the knee by a wild boar, the sons of Autolycus stopped the black blood by a spell; but he does not tell us what the spell was. In the *Tabulæ Decemvirales*, also, there were laws prohibiting incantations to draw away harvests from the fields—"ne pelliciunto alienas segetes excantando ne incantando ne agrum defraudanto." But this is nothing. Tibullus, Lucan, Ovid, and others make a maga pluck the stars out of the sky and change the course of a river by words of incantation. So, too, among the ancient Jews, charms and incantations were employed to cure diseases, cast out demons, dispel evil influences, and avert enchantments; and numerous forms of spells and charms are given in the Talmud to preserve those who use or wear them against the malignity of demons, and the terrors of the Evil One. Solomon himself is said by the Talmud to have been instructed in the arts of magic by the demons Asa and Asael, and to have composed the most powerful of spells and exorcisms, and even by means of them to have compelled the aid of demons in the building of the Temple itself.

Mallett. I remember in the Arabian Nights the terrible Ginn that was imprisoned in a vase sealed with the signet of Solomon, and that rose out of the vase when the seal was broken by the fisherman, and towered aloft like a vast cloud—a horrible and mighty figure

that appalled my boyish imagination. Of course I believe all this; for I read it when I was a child; but building the Temple by the aid of demons is rather strong.

Belton. Ay, and the story told about it in the Talmud is a very curious one. Solomon desired to have the assistance of the worm Schamir, but not knowing where to find him, conjured up two devils, who informed him that he was in the power of the Prince of the Seas, and gave him instructions how to secure him. Solomon obeyed the instructions, secured Schamir, and by his assistance built the Temple.

Mallett. "Tis a strange serpent," as Lepidus says.

Belton. Ay, and as the clown says of the asp, "The worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people." But who shall say after such stories as these that there is no power in words? On the contrary they are, and always have been, a mighty power, and it is not necessary they should have any definite meaning. The more unintelligible they are the better. "Omne ignotum pro mirifico" is the true rule—Credo quia impossibile. There is a mystery about the unknown and the impossible which the known and the possible cannot have. I daresay some of our old calls were originally incantations of great power once, but now fallen in the world's estate, and used ignorantly by boys.

Mallett. Do you remember any more of those old jingles that we counted out with when we were boys?

Belton. Yes, several; here's one:—

"Shu, shu, shulailu,
Shulai, shulai, shillaballa ku.
First time I saw her shillaballa cel,
Dis cum bibbololla blu slo reel."

And here's another:—

"Hoky poky wangery fum
Polevec kee ky bulum kum,

Wungery fungery wingery wum,
King of the Cannibal Islands."

Mallett. They carry me back to my old days. Do you remember this very common one?

"Onery youery ickery Ann,
Phillissy phollissy Nicholas John,
Queeby quauby Irish Mary
Buck."

Belton. Yes; that was one the girls used to say. But the boys had a variation and development of it. And here is another which you will remember:—

"One a zoll, zeu a zoll, zig a zoll zau
Bob-tail, vinegar, tittle tol tan.
Harum-scarum, virgin marum
Blindfold."

Mallett. That last is a queer mixture. The first part seems a corruption from the Dutch, and the latter part to be Catholic. And this reminds me of a curious book, published in 1837, and written by Mr. John Bellenden Ker, in which the author seeks to prove that many of the popular phrases now in common use, as well as the English nursery rhymes and nonsense-verses we learn as children, are merely corruptions of Low Dutch poems, epigrams, and proverbs, which in the original he supposes to have had in many cases a purely political significance, and which have assumed their English form by imitation of their sound in the original without regard to the sense. His book is an elaborate attempt to prove this proposition by translating these verses and phrases back into Low Dutch merely through their sound; and in doing this he shows a remarkable though extraordinarily misplaced ingenuity. For instance—let me get the book and read you one or two, and you will judge for yourself. Here is the sailor's phrase, "He has gone to Davy's locker," which he translates "Hij is ga'en toe die Eewig's luck er." "He is gone to him who is eternal (to eternity itself). May hap-

piness attend him there—luck to him.” Again, “Head over heels” he translates into “Heet over ijs,” “to be vehement beyond proper haste.” “Tit for tat” is “Dis vor dat,” This for that. These do indeed seem to have a certain correspondence; but what do you make of this? “To die in one’s shoes”—meaning to come to the gallows—which he translates, “T’u d’ hacye in wan sjwys;” that is, “when you have caught the shark it is of no use to you,—implying a bad job, a hard pull, and nothing caught but carrion.” This last is the general character of the translations into Dutch, excessively curious and ingenious, and equally absurd. But the nursery rhymes are still more ingenious. For instance—

“Hey, diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle—
The cow jumped over the moon;”

becomes—

“Hye, died t’el, died t’el,
De quit end de vied t’el—
De kauw j’hummt Hoeve eer; dij mod
aen,
De lij t’el doghe laft tot sij sus sport,
Hou yt te dies; ‘Ran haft er dij spaë
aon.’”

The meaning of which is, Mr. Ker says, “You that work hard for your bread, do contrive among yourselves to shame the thief and the mischief-maker. This jackdaw (priest) kept on repeating, ‘Plough the land duly; be painstaking, my man;’ and this curse to every virtue he continues harping on in the same strain until he is cut short. Be sure you salute him at once with ‘My active fellow, take you this spade and get your own bread with it honestly, and don’t filch from others.’”

And here is one more of—

“Little Boopeep has lost his sheep,
And cannot tell where to find them;

Let them alone, and they’ll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.”

This would seem intelligible nonsense enough in the English; but he makes of it this Low Dutch rhyme—

“Lettel Boopeep oes lost is saijpe;
End kanie nood t’el wêer te vand om;
Lette hin al hone! t’heel kom hou’ em,
End beringh! teer t’heels hedend em.”

“Little Boopeep,* his food and delight are drink. It is this love of the cup which has invited him again to go out on a fresh visit—keep to yourselves all reproaches on this head! The whole of you come and do him honour, and form a circle round him. Provision has been procured, and will be offered to all of us.” I think these will do as specimens. Many of the nursery rhymes, he seems to think, are satires against the priests, and among them are those I have read.

Belton. A more amazing perversion of talent and ingenuity I never knew.

Mallett. Are not these nonsense or baby rhymes intelligible enough as they stand?—many of them charming in their rhythm; some full of grace and freedom of flow; and some essentially songs made to be sung; as, for instance—

“Little Boopeep has lost his sheep;”

or—

“Hush-a-bye baby on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle
will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle
will fall,
And down come baby, cradle and
all.”

Or that striking and mysterious one of the Beggars—

“Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.”

* “Boopeep” is the Limitour—the begging friar.

Belton. Or this, which has a grand rhythm—

“London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
And a gay ladie.”

Or—

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And fair maids all in a row.”

One can sing any of these. In fact, one cannot help singing them—they carry their music with them.

Mallett. Much of their charm, I doubt not, comes from old associations; but still there is a charm about them beyond all this, otherwise they would not have lasted so long and delighted so many children.

Belton. There is nothing more difficult than to write a good song. It requires a lightness and delicacy of touch which are rare. It must be musical in its flow, open vowelled, and, as it were, born in a moment, and not produced by patient elaboration. Some of Shakespeare's songs are exquisite—light as a breath, yet full of feeling and grace. Herrick also wrote charming songs—easy and careless, and with a sort of wayward grace—as, for instance, his night-piece to Julia, beginning—

“Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee,” &c.

Or—

“Gather you rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying;”

which one cannot help singing; or,

“Goe, happy Rose, and interweave
With other flowers bind my love—

Tell her that she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft hath fettered me.”

Or—

“Faire daffodills are mess to see,
You haste away so soon.”

Mallett. Some of the songs of Sir Thomas Wyatt have a certain manly character of song about them which pleases me, and so have Lovelace's, and Waller's, and Carew's, and Wither's. Ben Jonson always seems formal and stiff in his songs; and even his “Drink to me only with thine eyes” is far-fetched, and has not the easy grace and naturalness of the others. Herrick, however, seems to me the freshest of all the song-writers of his period, and his song to Anthea, who may command him anything, is delightful.

Belton. I don't agree with you about “Drink to me only.” It seems to me a charming song. No Bacchanalism could be more refined. Indeed, a friend of mine once heard it sung at a great temperance and teetotal celebration. It may be far-fetched, as you say, in its images, but it is so familiar to my mind, so associated with old memories, and so closely wedded to the delightful music to which we always sing it, that I cannot judge of it as if I heard it for the first time.

Mallett. Ah, yes! that is true; one cannot separate the music and the words of a song. They become finally one in the mind.

Belton. In our minds we hear them, though sometimes the poet is jealous of the composer. And there are cases when it is “hard lines” for the poet. For instance, it is by no means easy to write a good libretto for an opera; but, good or bad, no one ever asks or cares who wrote it, so utterly lost is it in the music.

Mallett. Probably because all

librettos are so execrable. But this, by the way, reminds me of our friend L——, who has a pretty taste for music, and wrote airs for several of T.'s songs. One evening he was singing one of these songs to some friends, and T—— himself was among them. In the midst of it he was interrupted by the poet, who cried out, "Stop, stop! you have not got that line right." "Who the deuce cares for the words?" retorted the singer; "it is only the music that any one cares for."

Belton. I am afraid he was nearly right. If not, how is it that we can listen to such rubbish as the general run of songs are without the music? And even when we have the best, we cannot help feeling the music more than the words. Really, to enjoy the poetry of a song, one should read it to an ideal melody of its own—a phantasm or dream of music in the mind—and not hear it actually sung.

Mallett. There are some songs which read very well and sing very badly. No song sings well unless it is open-vowelled, and has the rhythmic stress on the vowels. Tennyson's songs, for instance, are not generally adapted to music. They are too consonant and too alliterative, and the weight of the measure is on the consonants. They are harmonies, not melodies, of words. Take, for instance, "Claribel," which he calls "a melody"—

"When Claribel low lieth
The breezes pause and sigh,
Letting the rose-leaves fall,
And the solemn oak-tree sigheth
Thick-leaved, ambrosial," &c.

It would not be possible to sing this. A poem may be very beautiful and not fit to be sung. It may be very poor as a poem and very singable. Some of Tennyson's songs are really singable—as, for instance, "Sweet and low."

Belton. Of late song-writers Burns had the truest and most natural gift. Some of his songs are delightful. What could be more sweet and natural than the "A fond kiss and then we sever"?

"I'll not blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever."

Or these pathetic lines—

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly;
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Or the whole song to "Mary Morrison," or "My love is like the red, red rose," or a dozen others. But he is quite as happy in his other veins—as in "Scots wha hae," or "Duncan Gray."

Mallett. What do you say of Shelley's songs?

Belton. Some of them are exquisite, and sing themselves. What can be more charming than "One word is too often profaned," or "Swifter far than summer's flight," or "When the lamp is shattered," or "Wilt thou forget the happy hours?" or "As the moon's soft splendour," or "Oh world, oh life, oh time," or "Music when soft voices die;" or, last, those lines to an Indian air—"I arise from dreams of thee"? And, by the way, do you know the Indian air to which these lines were written?

Mallett. Very well; and the words are admirably adapted to it. The air is slow, languid, and a little monotonous in its movements, but of a tender, dreamy character, like the flowing of a stream by moonlight. No wonder Shelley was impressed by it. I remember being shown many years ago, at the Baths at Lucca, the original MS. of this song, in Shelley's handwriting. It was then in the possession of Colonel Stisted, and, according to his account,

was taken from the pocket-book which was in Shelley's breast-pocket at the time he was drowned off Lerici. The MS. was worn, stained, and somewhat obliterated by having been so long in the water; and not only from its being in the handwriting of Shelley, but from the circumstance of its being found on his body after death, had a very sad and peculiar interest.

Belton. That was an autograph worth possessing. Poor Shelley! what a delicate and refined nature he had—how full of pure aspiration, and how misunderstood! The world now does him justice—but too late to comfort him. Is it not strange that the public should have almost refused to listen to him while he lived—that they should have thrown aside and trampled in the dust these almost perfect little poems, while the most trivial verses of Byron were cherished and applauded, and went sounding through the world?

Mallett. They judged him by his opinions, not by his poems. He was what they called an infidel, because he would not accept the dogmas of the Church. Yet where will you find higher aspirations towards all that is pure and exalted; more passionate longings for universal Love, Truth, and Justice; or a stronger insistence on all that is noble and refined in humanity?

Belton. But Byron was not a whit less of an infidel in their sense than Shelley; and yet they accepted him, and did more than justice to his poems: and as for his life, it was anything but moral.

Mallett. Shelley was too refined and spiritual in his poems for the age in which he lived. His muse had only wings, and not feet. It could soar into ideal heights, but it could not walk on the earth. Byron, on the contrary, appealed to the passions, the senses, and the senti-

mentality of the day, and hit the taste of that *Sturm und Drang* period. Besides he was Lord Byron, which was a power in itself. After all, I cannot but think Brougham was right in his bitter criticism of his "Hours of Idleness." Is there in these poems anything above mediocrity? They give almost no promise of the power that he afterwards developed. Who could have dreamed that the same person who wrote them would afterwards write "Childe Harold," the "Pirate," "Lara," and the "Siege of Corinth"? The sting of Brougham's whip roused all that was dormant in his nature; and perhaps we owe to that bitter criticism the real awakening of his genius. It is quite possible that without this he might have droned on in the same strain all his life. But he woke up suddenly, and with a vengeance—and the world caught a Tartar indeed. Not indeed that I can see anything remarkable in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is very abusive; but with few exceptions its satire is weak as it is violent and unjust.

Belton. How sweet and noble Shelley's character shows in contrast with that of his companion fellow-poet! Byron. The nature of the one was as coarse as that of the other was refined.

Mallett. What always disgusted me in Byron is that he simulated vices which he did not really possess—at all events, to the degree he pretended. He thought it a fine thing to have the reputation of being a Don Juan. There was nothing high and earnest in him; and he was constantly posing for effect.

Belton. You will not deny that he was a great poet, notwithstanding.

Mallett. He was a poet, certainly, and had remarkable genius, but with little culture and scholarly training.

There is great energy in his writings, though it is often false and spasmodic, and he undoubtedly had, so to speak, great go; but he was careless in his language, and rarely wrote choice English. His epithets, for instance, are almost always poor and unselected, and his style is far from close and clean. It was, on the contrary, slipshod and swelling. As for his philosophy, it was very poor. But, despite all this, his intensity and energy gave a power to his poetry which is undeniable; it stimulates you and carries you on with it so rapidly that you leap its defects. But there is nothing vexes me more than to hear foreigners couple his name and Shakespeare's together as the two great English poets. It plainly shows, what we were speaking of the other day, that it is impossible for a foreigner to feel those distinctions of style, and those sympathetic touches, which are so plain to every cultivated Englishman. Even the most cultivated cannot feel as we do, who are to the manner born.

Belton. Some of his descriptions of nature are grand as well as beautiful; as, for instance, his description of summer on Lake Lemán, and of the thunderstorm in the Alps.

Mallett. That last is undoubtedly a grand passage, though deformed by a monstrous simile of mountains rejoicing on a young earthquake's birth. But—

"From peak to peak the rattling crags
among
Leaps the live thunder," &c.,

is very fine.

Belton. Do you know any other description of a thunderstorm half as impressive?

Mallett. Yes; one at least—very different in character, but at least equally fine. It occurs in a letter written by Shelley to Maria Gis-

borne, and is accurately true to nature and full of power. It is not a thunderstorm raging round the poet in the Alps, but coming on in the Apennines, seen from afar. The scenery is Italian, and not Swiss. I think I can remember the passage. It runs thus:—

"The thunder-smoke
Is gathering on the mountains like a
cloak
Folded athwart their shoulders broad and
bare;
The ripe corn under the undulating air
Undulates like an ocean; and the vines
Are trembling wide in all their trellised
lines;
The murmur of the awakening sea doth
fill
The empty pauses of the blast; the hill
Looks hoary through the white electric
rain;
And from the glens beyond in sullen
strain
The interrupted thunder howls; above
One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye
of Love
On the unquiet world."

Belton. Very fine, and very true. What a sense of nature and truth! The *awakening* sea—the *hoary* hill—and more than all, the *white electric* rain! how true, how choice, and how new these epithets are! One seems to see and feel the whole landscape. The undulating corn—the wide, trembling vines—the interrupted thunder—the chasm of blue sky—the hoary hill—the thunder-smoke gathering on the mountains. How Italian, as you say, is the whole scene! Yes, that is indeed a wonderful picture by a great artist.

Mallett. Let us have another thunderstorm by Browning, also very remarkable. It occurs in "Pippa Passes," when Sebald and Ottim are recalling a storm in the pine-forest:—

"Buried in woods we lay you recollect—
Swift ran the searching tempest over-
head,
And ever and anon some bright white
shaft

Burnt through the pine-tree roof. Here
burnt and there
As of God's messenger through the close
wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a
venture,
Feeling for guilty me and thee ; then
burst
The thunder like a whole sea overhead.

Is not that very striking ?

Belton. It is, indeed, a very remarkable passage. How admirably he uses the final alliteration in those words—bright white shaft burnt through the pine-tree roof ! It gives it a quick, sudden vividness to the lightning. Then, too, the image of God's messenger plunging his weapon at a venture to find the guilty ones, is also very poetic. But let me give you another by Browning, short and terse as Dante—

" In at heaven and out again
Lightning ! where it broke the roof,
Blood-like, some few drops of rain."

There !

Mullett. That is very close, quick, and true. Shall we add one or two of the storms out of the " Tempest " and " King Lear " ? Shall we give our face, like Lear's—

" To be exposed against the warring
winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted
thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ?"

Or shall I, with Prospero, say I have—

" Called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure
vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling
thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout
oak
With his own bolt ?"

Belton. On the whole, suppose we let it clear off now, and let the sun break forth, and sit down under the trees, and begin again the songs that we were singing when these

thunderstorms came on, and remember Wordsworth :—

" There was a roaring in the wind all
night,
The rain came heavily and fell in floods.
But now the sun is rising calm and
bright ;
The birds are singing in the distant
woods ;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove
broods ;
The jay makes answer as the magpie
chatters ;
And all the air is filled with pleasant
sound of waters ;
All things that love the sun are out of
doors ;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
The grass is bright with rain-drops ; on
the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth."

Mullett. Or let the storm pass, as it does in the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven. Do you remember that wonderful passage when, after the roar and rattle of heaven's artillery, the soft wind-instruments breathe forth their pastoral airs, and nature smiles again, and the blue sky again broods over the world ?

Belton. Ay, I remember it well, and wonderful it is. Well, let us sing then, since the storm has passed.

Mullett. One moment more. Let us have two night-scenes first, of peace and beauty. Good poetry provokes repetition,—and first Shelley's Italian night :—

" Unpavilioned heaven is fair ;
Whether the Moon into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or
wan
Climbs with diminished beams the azure
steep ;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse
deep,
Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
And the rare stars rush through them,
dim and fast."

Belton. Charming !

Mullett.—

" I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit
BUILT round dark caverns, even to the root
OF the living stems who feed them, in
whose bowers

There sleep in their dark dew the folded
flowers.
Beyond, the surface of the unstekled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air; and,
borne
In circles quaint and ever-changing dance,
Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and
glance
Pale in the open moonshine, but each
one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed, a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the milky way.
Afar the contadino's song is heard,
Rude but made sweet by distance, and a
bird
Which cannot be a nightingale, and yet,
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour:—and then all is still."

Belton. What sweet fancy, and what an eye for nature he had! Now, if you have it on your memory give me Byron's night-scene on Lake Lemana as a pendant,—“It is the hush of night.”

Mallett. I do not accurately remember it. Pray repeat it yourself.

Belton.—

“It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk yet
clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly
seen
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights
appear
Precipitously steep, and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from
the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on
the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended
oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night
carol more.
He is an evening reveller who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the
brakes
Starts into voice a moment—then is still;
There seems a floating whisper on the
hill,
But that is fancy—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they in-
fuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of
their hues.”

Mallett. I am sorry you did not stop with the “floating whisper on the hill.” The latter lines are, ex-

cuse me, mere twaddle; and throughout there is a strange mixture of poetry and prose, of feeling and triviality, of carelessness and truth, which jars upon the mind. The epithets, too, are anything but felicitous in most cases. *Darkened Jura, capt heights* (capt with what?), *living fragrance* (why living?), *flowers fresh with childhood, starlight dews*,—then *darkened Jura's capt heights appear precipitously steep—appear, indeed—they are precipitously steep, or steeply precipitous, or precipitously precipitous.* “Sings his fill,”—how common! Then can there be anything more prosaic than to state of the floating whisper on the hill, that it is “fancy”? By the grasshopper, I suppose he means the “grillo” or cricket; and think of his chirp being a “carol,” and a “good-night carol”!

Belton. Granted. *E pure si muove.* After all your criticisms, there is something in these verses which charms the ear and the sense, and gives you the feeling of night.

Mallett. I admit it. But there is no precision of observation, no real truth to nature, no exact use of language or epithet, though there is a certain charm which one cannot but feel. Do you remember how Byron begins ‘*Parisina*’—

“It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard?”

It almost makes me think he never heard the nightingale. “High note” indeed! Think of calling the nightingale's low bubbling tones and liquid trills “high notes”! I know of no other poet who would have been so carelessly untrue. Imagine for a moment Shelley or Wordsworth or Keats, or Coleridge or Tennyson or Browning, applying such an epithet to the nightingale's

song. Remember Coleridge's description in his charming poem to the nightingale.

Belton. Byron wrote almost nothing which can justly be called a song. They are all rather poems, and what used to be called stanzas; some of them are, however, singable, such as "When we two parted in silence and tears," of which the first four lines are the best, and "Though the day of my destiny's over" or "Remind me not," which I like best of all, though it is less known and quoted than many. His 'Hebrew Melodies' are not truly melodies or songs, but verses, though they have been set to music, and sing fairly well. Do you remember "Remind me not"? I will repeat the first two verses:—

"Remind me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanished hours,
When all my soul was given to thee—
Hours which shall never be forgot
Till time and all these mortal powers
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget, can I forget, —
When playing with thy golden hair,
How quick that fluttering heart would
move?
No, by my soul, I see thee yet,
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
And lips, though silent, breathing love."

This is a song, and full of feeling, too, with nothing that is far-fetched and stilted.

Mallett. I can match it with Shelley's—

"Wilt thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould:
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves the hopes that still remain."

Belton. More sad and fanciful, but less passionate than Byron's.

Mallett. What do you say to "There's not a joy the world can give like what it takes away"?

Belton. It is all artificial, and I

do not like it. Some of the images are frigid conceits, as bad at least as even Moore's worst. What can one think of such lines as these—

"The heavy chill has frozen o'er the
fountain of our tears;
And though the eye may sparkle still,
'tis when the ice appears"?

Mallett. I think it is as bad as bad can be. Scott had a better sense of song, and some of his songs are very spirited,—such as his "Waken lords and ladies gay," the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," or "A weary lot is thine fair maid"—or his Coronach, "He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest," or "Where shall the lover rest whom the fates sever?" So, too, Campbell gives us some sonorous and vigorous battle-songs, as "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic."

Belton. Can you recall anything like a song in all Wordsworth's poems?

Mallett. No, I do not think he ever attempted to write a song; and, what is still more singular, there is scarcely a poem of his breathes anything of the passion of personal love. His love seems to have been given to nature, not to persons. Yet there is one sonnet which forms an exception to this rule, and an exquisite poem it is, so full of feeling and pathos that it makes one regret that he did not do more in this vein. It is this—

"Why art thou silent? Is thy love a
plant
Of such weak fibre, that the treacherous
air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
As would my deeds have been with hourly
care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could
spare.

Speak ! though this soft warm heart, once
 free to hold
 A thousand tender pleasures, mine and
 thine,
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
 Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with
 snow,
 'Mid its own bush of leafless cglantine.—
 Speak ! that these torturing doubts their
 end may know."

Belton. A beautiful sonnet truly,
 but I think you do not repeat it
 right. The sixth line reads in my
 books—

"Bound to thy service with unceasing
 care."

And in the fourth line I think also
 you have made a variation.

Mallett. I repeat from memory,
 but I am sure, or pretty sure, that
 the sixth line used to read as I spoke
 it. Wordsworth may have altered
 it in later editions—and I think he
 did—but I like the old line best.

Belton. It is lucky you are not
 printing this sonnet for the public,
 for the critics would be down upon
 you for this as an egregious blunder,
 and at once accuse you of ignorance
 of the author and of taking the
 whole at second-hand, or at least of
 being guilty of excessive and un-
 pardonable carelessness. Luckily
 for you this is only a private con-
 versation.

Mallett. It is said that almost no
 one can repeat nineteen consecutive
 lines from memory with perfect
 exactness—without some trivial
 mistake, at least; and I believe this
 is true. I have heard it tried re-
 peatedly, and with almost constant
 failure.

Belton. Probably the very ner-
 vousness created by the fear of
 failure troubles the memory, and
 creates hesitations and doubts.

Mallett. A curious story was told
 me by one of Wordsworth's friends
 about this sonnet. It seems, ac-
 cording to my informant, that there
 was an old lady and friend of

Wordsworth who lived near him,
 and just before St. Valentine's Day,
 some friends of his proposed to him,
 as a joke, that he should write her
 a valentine. He was amused by
 the proposition and consented, and
 this sonnet was the valentine he
 wrote.

Belton. It seems impossible, it is
 so tender and impassioned.

Mallett. I tell the story as 'twas
 told to me; I wish he had written
 her a valentine every year.

Belton. You were saying that
 this is the only poem of Words-
 worth which breathes of passion
 and love. There is one other at
 least, is there not?—that entitled
 "Desideria,"—

"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,
 I turned to share the transport."

Mallett. Yes, I allow that; and a
 beautiful sonnet it is, though more
 elaborate in diction in some places
 than I could wish. The lines,
 "That spot which no vicissitude
 could find," and "Even for the
 least division of an hour," are far
 from happy. Still it is a beautiful
 sonnet.

Belton. I was trying to recall
 anything like a song by Words-
 worth, and this is the nearest ap-
 proach to one that I remember.
 Whether song or not, it could be
 sung, I think, and it is a charming
 poem:

"There is a change, and I am poor;
 Your love hath been, nor long ago,
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,
 Whose only business was to flow,
 And flow it did—not taking heed
 Of its own bounty or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
 Blest was I then all bliss above!
 Now, for this consecrated fount
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living love
 What have I?—shall I dare to tell?
 A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep;
 I trust it is, and never dry;
 What matter? if the waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity.

Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor."

Belton. Moore's songs sing well, and are married to such charming old Irish airs that they seem better than they are. Generally he is too artificial and strained in his imagery, but sometimes he strikes a note which is natural and happy, as in "Oft in the still night." The second line, "When slumber's chain has bound me," is bad; but it goes on very sweetly:—

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me,
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's
years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone now dimmed
and gone,
The cheerful vows now broken."

And again—

"When I remember all the friends once
linked together
I've seen around me fall, like leaves in
wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose gar-
lands dead,
And all but me departed."

Mallett. Yes, that is charming, and the music to which it is set lends it an added grace; I cannot separate the air from the words. So too, "I saw from the beach," has one verse which is very happy in its expression:—

"Give me back, give me back the wild
freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth
evening's best light."

Now that, I repeat it, does not seem very charming after all, but with the music it certainly is, and so is "Love's young dream."

Belton. I should like to have heard him sing. His voice, I am told, was weak and small, but he managed it with skill, and threw into his songs great expression, sentiment, and feeling.

Mallett. Oh! the voice is nothing, or next to nothing, compared with that. I have heard many a beautiful voice which left me utterly cold, while I have been profoundly touched by others which, though little in themselves, had the art of winging the arrow straight to the heart. If the singer does not feel deeply, and lacks true expression, the best organ will not compensate for the deficiency. There is one celebrated singer who gives me no pleasure. She has a wonderful voice, perfectly trained, and endowed with extraordinary flexibility. I have no fault to find with her voice or execution, but it never touches me, and I hear it as I would a perfect piece of mechanism. There seems to be no soul in it. I do not care so much to hear any one sing, as the phrase is, like a bird. What I desire is to hear one sing like a human being, with expression, passion, and feeling, and out of the depths of her nature. There must be a heart-beat in a voice, or it is a noise.

Belton. I know to whom you refer, but I differ from you, and you have the world against you. "My voice is my fortune, sir, she said." Her royal presents of jewellery are as numerous as a dentist's decorations. She coins notes with notes, and her execution is wonderfully rapid. She has the great seal of success upon her, and her popularity is unbounded.

Mallett. I know, but I am nevertheless "convinced against my will, and of the same opinion still." What does popularity prove?

Belton. Present success, and that is all a singer needs and asks. It is not the meed which poets and artists desire solely, for their works look to the Future as well as the Present, and they can wait. At all events, with them immediate popularity is not a necessity as it is with an actor and a singer. But the ac-

tor's and singer's prosperity lies in the ear of those who hear him. His success is a flash of the present. There is no record left in the air of the voice, and the tones of the expression, and the action. It is not like a picture, or poem, or statue, which may live for centuries to enchant generations yet unborn—which, neglected or scorned to-day, may be recognised, loved, and enjoyed a hundred or a thousand years from now—which, dead to those who now see and hear, may spread hereafter into a large life, and delight nations. Swift popularity with poets and artists has generally a short life. Fame grows slowly; and the most popular poets and artists of to-day are often neglected and forgotten to-morrow. Cowley ran through seven editions, Norris of Bemerton through nine, Flatman through four, and Waller through five in less time than Shakespeare and Milton through two. Yet scarcely even the names of any of these, except Cowley and Waller, are known now, while Shakespeare and Milton shine like great planets in the firmament of literature. For forty-one years there were only about a thousand copies printed of Shakespeare's plays. Shadwell and Little were as popular with their contemporaries as Dryden and Pope. But where are they now? Darwin was thought a genius in his day, and his 'Botanic Garden' esteemed a great poem. Dryden's jejune transcripts of Chaucer delighted the world, who would not read the originals; and one may safely say that he touched nothing of Chaucer which he did not spoil. Percy's 'Reliques of English Ballad Poetry' were ridiculed by the great autocrat Johnson; and Percy himself bowed to the spirit of the age in the poems which he avowed as his own. The turgid bombast of Macpherson's 'Ossian' was received with enthusi-

asm by those who laughed at the old ballads. Present popularity, in a word, is no guarantee of future fame.

Mallett. And a blessed fact it is for all bad poets to console themselves with. If you do not admire their verses, if the cold world turn a deaf ear to them, they range themselves in their own imagination with the great poets who were not recognised at first, and thus salve the wounds of criticism.

Belton. Thus far the most popular poet of to-day is Tupper, or rather was Tupper, for the ungrateful world begins to look upon him with a cold eye. But fifteen years ago his 'Proverbial Philosophy' was on nearly every drawing-room table, and there is probably no other writer of our age whose poems have gone through so many editions, and of which so many copies have been sold.

Mallett. They had a sort of moral and religious twang about them that gave them vogue—a sort of bastard Old Testament form, which produced an effect on the pious. He "said an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," that the world absolutely believed that there must be something profound in his utterances. You have only to put any kind of self-evident moral and religious statements into verse, and you are sure to find readers, no matter how feeble the twaddle may be. Look at the hymns we sing in church if you doubt this. How many of them are there that, were it not for their catchwords of religion, any human being would read? How much real feeling, real piety, real aspiration do they breathe? Are they not, as a whole, a mass of affected phrases, unreal sentiment, and very bad writing?

Belton. Oh, that is going altogether too far. But I agree that, however much piety there may be in them, there is, for the most part, very

little poetry. The world would not endure verses on any other subject so wanting in all that constitutes poetry and truth of sentiment. They are machine-made, without a breath of inspiration or a glow of feeling. The cold-bloodedness with which the most offensive images are introduced, the doggerel in which the commonplaces of the pulpit are rehearsed, and the strange unreality of the thoughts, are so foreign to any true religious sentiment, that one cannot help wondering how they can have been written by earnest minds. Let me not sweep them all, however, into the same net. Some of them are real, simple, and devout, give expression to natural feelings of piety and supplication; but these are exceptions. What a satisfaction it is to come across such a one at long intervals, as, for instance, "While Thee I seek, protecting power!"

Mallett. What do you think of these four lines, which are all I can remember of an old hymn? Absurd as they are, I have no doubt they were sung with earnestness and feeling:

"For Faith is like a rusty lock
Anointed by Thy grace;
We rub, and rub, and rub, and rub,
Until we see Thy face."

Belton. It seems scarcely possible that they should have been written with a serious intention.

Mallett. It is all a matter of taste. Many things seem ridiculous to one age which delight another. Our notions have very much changed as to what poetry is within this century. Look simply at the list of Lives of the Poets by Dr. Johnson. Cowley is the first name. Chaucer, Spenser, Sydney, Shakespeare, and all of their time nearly, are omitted; while Phillips, Stepney, Spratt, Walsh, Duke, Smith, Broome, and others of the same stamp, are thought worthy to be recorded as among the poets of England.

Belton. Oh, that was editor's

work, and Johnson probably wrote the lives of those whom his publisher selected. At all events, let us hope he did. Some of them he could not possibly have deemed to be entitled to the august name of Poet.

Mallett. At all events, Johnson himself informs us that it was by his recommendation that the poems of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden were added to his collection of English poets, and that he wrote their lives of his own free will.

Belton. Poets indeed!

Mallett. I think I could give you a recipe for making poetry which would be sure of at least present popularity.

Belton. Pray let me hear it.

Mallett. In the first place, you must not be original. You must attempt nothing new, and you must not put too much mind into the composition. This is preliminary. Then take equal parts of weak self-evident morality and the commonplaces of religious sentiment. Mix them well, and dilute them with poetic verbiage. Flavour them with sentimentality and sadness. Add if you can a few phrases from the New or Old Testament; put in a few images from the fields; sprinkle here and there a faded rose or a violet, and then set them in a mould of rhymes. Double the rhymes if you can—it produces a good effect. Be careful to keep them out of the sun, and it is more to the general taste to colour them strongly with melancholy; but sometimes you may vary the flavour by a stimulating essence of work and self-sacrifice and encouragement to active benevolence. The less real meaning you put into them the better. Serve them up on cream-coloured paper, with fantastic emblems on the border, and the dish will be sure to be popular.

Belton. Let me add one thing

more. Give the dish a good well-known name. Names stand for a great deal. The Harp of Patience, Dead Leaves, Faded Roses, for instance; alliteration is even better—Hymns of Humanity, Gleams of Grace, Dreams in Darkness.

Mallett. I accept the suggestion. Now for an entirely different recipe for entirely different minds. To make a popular romance. Take a number of characters, some supernaturally good, some supernaturally bad, and roll them up in a mass of mystery and crime. Dash in murder, and poison, and secrecy *ad libitum*; and if this be not sufficient, add a flavour of bigamy and madness. Be careful not to stint your heroine of masses of golden hair and full pouting lips, magnetising eyes and subtle fascinations of every kind. Give your central hero a muscular and brutal force and figure, under which is concealed a tender and sensitive heart. Do not care for nature; but the more sensitive he is in his honour the more harsh and bad let his manners be. Add a weak-minded clergyman, a helpless girl, and a detective who sees through everything with supernatural acuteness. Put the whole into a wild and ghastly country, and serve the dish up to your readers at midnight.

Belton. A capital dish to sleep on, if it does not give one a nightmare.

Mallett. Do women like brutal men? They are certainly fond of drawing them in their novels. They generally either give us as their hero a consumptive clergyman, devoted to the poor, and constantly investigating slums, and getting a typhus

fever in consequence, or a fellow with brutal manners, large muscles, and an infinitely tender heart, which he displays in the most peculiar and unexpected moments. It would seem as if, by contrast to their own natures, they preferred a touch of brutality and violence in our sex. If they do not take to this, they go in for the Lara and Conrad style—a melancholy creature, who has suffered terribly, who loves to skulk into the shadow, who avoids society, and cultivates his wounded heart.

Belton. Women's men and men's men are very different; as men's women and women's women also are. We cannot understand the reason why certain men have great success with the other sex, who to us are blanks, or at least without attraction.

Mallett. I am afraid we shall get on the subject of women's rights and the difference of sex—a subject I detest.

Belton. Oh, I am a great advocate for their rights. I wish them to do everything they can; and it seems to me they are not very much oppressed in the present day. I am also a great advocate of men's rights and there's nothing less agreeable than a mannish woman, except a womanish man.

Mallett. You shall not seduce me into any discussion on this subject. Women are the most charming and delightful creatures in the world. I really don't know what we should do without them. But there is the bell of the old monastery ringing, and the nuns are going to vespers—shall we go and hear them sing at the Trinità dei Monti?

Belton. Agreed.

LEFT-HANDED ELSA.

I.

"PATIENCE!" said Elsa.

She was carrying a whole armful of white crockery from the cupboard to the table. But before the word had fairly left her lips, down smashed the whole load upon the brick floor.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "this is too dreadful! The things are bewitched, I think, for all the Herr Pastor may say: only last Sunday the sugar-basin, and the water-jug on Friday; that's the worst of breaking anything on a Friday, it never comes to an end. But those were nothing to this—it's all gone now! Oh Max, it must be true what father says, and I've got two left hands instead of one; what a scolding I'm in for!"

Max was soon busy among the pieces. Elsa was between laughing over her own awkwardness and crying over her domestic trouble—the humble room looked like one in which the breaking of a coffee-cup might be more serious than the loss of a porcelain vase elsewhere. The table and the few chairs were of the plainest and commonest kind, the stove made no attempt to disguise its natural ugliness, the atmosphere derived its aroma from soap and glue, the tools of a wood-carver lay about, and the only ornaments were a few flowers in the window, two or three sketches nailed against the plaster wall, and the girl herself—Elsa. She was little and dark, and pretty enough, as German girls go—which is not very far—in spite of her poor clothes and the exceedingly hideous style in which she had combed and tied her thick brown hair. Her style of coiffure had one advantage, however: it

left a pair of ear-rings in full sight of all beholders. On the third finger of her left hand she wore a real gold ring. For the rest, and taking her altogether, she was of an age when a girl must be plain indeed not to look more than pretty enough in some man's eyes: and in addition to the beauty of girlhood, she wore that of bright brown eyes and a ready smile.

Perhaps, too, Max may be considered as not wholly unornamental. If not, why should Elsa have been minding him instead of the crockery? He, too, was young, and though his features were by no means distinguished, his eyes were as dark and as bright as hers, and more intelligent—the eyes of a man who sees with his mind. He need not be farther described, because he was considered—at least by Elsa—to be a remarkably handsome young man, and the English reader might not altogether agree with the judgment of a German *bourgeoise*. Let us accept her verdict in a matter that, after all, concerns her more than anybody else in the world. It is enough for us that he looked an honest, straightforward, and good-hearted young fellow, with something inside his skull that was active enough to look out at window and to see something more than a pretty girl. At present, however there was a cloud upon his brow.

"Yes, Elsa," he said, when he had industriously picked up the last fragment of the last saucer and had placed it on the deal table,—“yes, Elsa: it is all very well to preach Patience, but I *have* been patient—for two whole years. And then, you see, Impatience is apt to take

its turn. Never mind the cups and saucers—I'll make that all right with the father; and he is no model of Patience, any way."

"There, then—it's no good crying over spilt milk-jugs. There's one comfort—now there's nothing left to break, I can't break anything more. But don't go spending your money in buying new things like you did last time—do you hear? That isn't the way to get rich; and you shan't say, Oh, if I had only thought twice before I betrothed myself to a clumsy girl with two left hands! You promise? Then I don't care any more. And you *must* be patient, Max—you must indeed. Why, I'm not nineteen, and you're not twenty-four: before I'm twenty and you're twenty-five you'll have painted your grand picture; and then—and then—if you're not too great and grand to care about Elsa any more, why, we shall have lots of time to get old enough to keep our golden wedding."

"My darling, how can you say such things? If I were an emperor—if I were a Titian—you would be my wife and empress, always and always. Don't you know yet how I love you, Elsa? But it's just that, it is my great love, that makes me impatient, and—afraid."

"Afraid, Max! What of? I assure you *I* don't mean to run away."

"Ah, Elsa, my own darling, you are the dearest girl—but you don't understand these things. If I were a workman like your father; if I lived in one of the great cities where a man has daily chances; if—if—a thousand things,—I should be able to make even your father see that he might give you to me at once without fear. But I can't give up my art, Elsa; that is my nature: it would be like giving up you. My only hope of getting known in

my art is to get this travelling prize that would send me to Rome or Munich——"

"And that would part us, Max."

"Yes—but bring us nearer. Five hundred gulden, Elsa! Well, you know how I have worked for it, how we have hoped for it, how we have made sure of it—for well I knew, and everybody knew, there is no student here who had a chance against me. And now, my darling, just when I felt myself on the point of success, it is dashed from my lips—my cup is broken, yes, just like one of those saucers, Elsa."

She turned pale. "Why, Max, the competition is not for a whole month; what has happened—what can you mean?"

"I mean this, Elsa—that, at the last moment, the man whom we all thought nothing of—Adolf Meyer—has found out how to paint. It is the tortoise and the hare, Elsa—Adolf Meyer is the tortoise, and I, Max Brendel, am the hare. In a month's time I shall be no nearer to you than now, my own little girl, and shall have the reputation of a beaten man."

The colour stole back into her cheeks, while once more the tears in her eyes strove for mastery with a tender smile.

"Then not Patience, Max," she said—"not Patience, but Courage! Who fears a hundred Adolf Meyers? You have been working too hard, my poor Max, and worrying, as you promised me never to: just as though the clever men who have to decide won't see the difference between him and you! Why, I am not clever; and yet even *I* know whose picture will win the prize!"

"Ah, Elsa, but the judges won't see with your eyes. You haven't seen what Meyer is painting. Elsa, I feel almost as if I could hate him; but his picture—it is glorious: if I don't hate him, it's because his pic-

ture makes me hate my own. My darling, if it wasn't for your sake—if it wasn't that the judges might turn out to be fools—I'd go home and thrust my poor Cleopatra into the stove. And if the judges are owls enough to give me the prize, I must say No: praise me for hard work if you like; but the crown of successful work—that is for Adolf Meyer."

She knew her lover; and there was something frank and generous in his very confession of jealousy, and in his determination, in spite of it, to be magnanimously just, that touched her. Some women would have said, "You are not the judges; take the award of those who are." Such advice would have been both

blameless and natural. She, however, only said—

"You will be the best, though, all the same. But do what is just and right. I will wait for you a thousand years, but will never ask you to do an unfair thing for me. Only remember, Max, it's just as wrong not to fight bravely as not to fight fair. Don't think of Adolf Meyer any more; do your best, and then see who's the better man. Ah, here's father!" she exclaimed, looking with a sudden return of her childish dismay upon the broken crockery. "Oh Max, Max, to think that a clever man like you should want to marry a girl with two left hands! Is it because you have two right ones, or why?"

II.

After the example of the painter who concealed the face of Agamemnon during the sacrifice of his daughter, let a veil be drawn over the emotions of Herr Frohmann, the journeyman wood-carver and gilder, when he found himself welcomed home by a set-out of broken cups and saucers. He liked Max, and dearly loved his awkward Elsa; but he was tired of her singular talent for breakages, and, as Max had said, he was anything but a model of patience. Moreover, as a good and careful workman, who often had to deal with fragile and delicate materials, he regarded manual-clumsiness much as, in another walk of life, he might have regarded mental stupidity. Max Brendel waited to divert as much of the storm as he could to his own broad shoulders, and then said good night to Elsa at the street door. Her cheeks were wet with her own little troubles, but she gave him her parting words—

"Patience and Courage!"—

with a loving smile that turned her tears into April rain.

The young man's heart grew full of love. But his love—as it should not have done—made him take an almost morbidly cross view of the sordid, despicable difficulties that stood between him and Elsa. He had not told her their full magnitude; indeed they were of a kind that could not be told by an uneloquent man to an unimaginative girl. All his earnest love of art, all his resolute devotion to it, was embittered by one drop of fatal poison. He was in that condition of life from which Genius alone can soar into glory and the gilding of glory: and the more he toiled, the more assured he became that the divine wings were not his own. He could feel all the beauty that he saw—he could copy it with skilful fidelity; but of original creative power, he owned to himself he had none. His instructors encouraged him, his fellow-students spoke well of him—too well: Elsa believed in him. But

there was no living to be made by the brush and pencil in that little town; and in the great world, he knew, every art-centre contained minnows that were Tritons to him. He might, he supposed, scrape together, in the course of many years, enough to keep Elsa without giving up his art; but in how many years? and what right had he to make her waste her youth for him? There was this travelling prize—that would have given him at once a certain position and prestige which would have entitled him to farther aid and patronage—and now this, he knew more surely than he could explain to Elsa, was lost to him. Adolf Meyer, the dark horse, had suddenly developed a long dormant creative power: Adolf Meyer's German Prophetess after the defeat of Varus was as superior to his labour-ed Cleopatra as cheese to chalk. Meyer had one day mysteriously asked the future prize-student to look at a picture that he was going to enter for the competition, and to tell him whether it was good enough to be beaten without disgrace: Max had gone to patronise, and had been dismayed. It was as much as he could do to refrain from saying, "This will do you harm: by no means send it in." Poor Max! It was like cutting his own throat to say—"Send it in, Adolf: it is better than mine." But he had said so, bravely; and it was while fresh from this act of suicide that he had come to visit Elsa. It may seem a trifle; but a sudden blow like this to one full of eager love and ambition, and with his whole future seemingly set upon a losing die, made him feel half broken-hearted.

Poor Max! and poor Envy! That very unbeautiful passion is not always deserving of very bitter blame.

"Adolf Meyer!" thought Max. "*He* is not in love. *He* is not

poor. *He* doesn't want to marry Elsa. *He* is clever enough to make his own way without aid. *He* doesn't want a travelling prize—it is nothing to him—but it is my all, my only one path to reach my only one ewe lamb. And he never expected the prize: he does not expect it now—his triumph will astonish him while it humiliates me. Why do those who don't want always get, and those who do want always lose? Why, why is a girl like Elsa to suffer just because an Adolf Meyer happens to have been born? Things looked long and black enough before, but to set out in life as a branded failure!—I shall never be able to redeem myself. People will say, Oh, Max Brendel! that's the man who was beaten at some trumpery competition in a country town. I shall be worse off than Sleinitz or even Rothkopf, who won't be branded at all just because nobody ever expected anything from them. I will fall ill—I will have my Cleopatra burnt by accident—I will do anything rather. But then—no, Elsa must not love a man who turns tail and runs away. I doom her to a weary waiting—but she must not wait for a coward. Oh, I would sell my soul to the devil for a quick road to fame and fortune—for one original idea that would cut out the Prophetess and throw Adolf Meyer into the shade!"

Suddenly he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. But it was not the devil—it was only his friend and fellow-student, Hans Rothkopf.

"Ha, Max—how wags the world with thee? At play so early? I thought daylight was burnt at both ends over thy Cleopatra. Take care, or I shall beat thee with my Boreas, to which I've only got to put just a—beginning—to make it a wonder of the world. But what thinkest thou, Max? They say that poor

dunderhead, Adolf, has caught a craze that he's going to get the prize! No one knows what he's after, but he shuts himself up, locks his door, and daubs away like a madman. I got hold of his old hat this morning, and painted a laurel wreath inside the crown. A good joke, eh?"

"Excellent! He really works, then?"

"I suppose so. We've pumped him for the name of his picture, we have chaffed the very life out of the poor boy; but not a word: he blushes like a girl, tosses up his head, says 'Oh, nothing,' and stalks off with his coat-tails spread out like a peacock's. Sleinitz pinned them together yesterday: a good joke, but not so good as my laurel crown. Yes, there's no doubt that the frog is aping the ox, and that Adolf Meyer is trying to beat Max Brendel and—Hans Rothkopf."

"And nobody has seen his Pr—his picture?"

"Nobody has seen anything, except Sleinitz. Fired by the noble thirst for gratifying curiosity which is the mark of his noble mind, he looked through the keyhole and saw—Nothing."

"Well, we must all be on our mettle," said Max, with a poor attempt at a smile. "And," he thought to himself, "I won't betray Adolf's secret—he shan't be frightened out of the field by the silly wit of Sleinitzes and Rothkopfs, as he most assuredly would be. No, no, Elsa; you and I fight fair."

But there was no doubt, then, that Meyer was really trying, and that Meyer would win. The Cleopatra was as much out of the field as the Boreas, which had not yet been begun, and never would be.

There was time indeed before the competition to paint another picture to rival the Prophetess. But there was not time, even in a lifetime, for Max Brendel to create

a new idea—to enter upon a rivalry, not in workmanship; but in the promise of future greatness, to which the judges would, of course, look first of all. It was singularly careless on the part of the legendary buyer of souls not to take him at his word; for most assuredly, if there was ever an honest and honourable soul ripe and ready for buying it was Max Brendel's, and that for the cheap price of an obscure painting prize. No—not for a cheap price, though: for Elsa must be thrown in.

He was seized, before he reached his lodging, with a burning desire to visit the Prophetess once more, and to see for himself how far Meyer's burst of energy had aided his newly-fledged genius. The Prophetess was like a magnet to him and drew him as men are always fascinated by what they most hate and fear. Her painter might shrink from the jests of the other students, but it was not likely he would refuse admittance to the generous rival who had encouraged him to enter for the prize. And so it proved.

There were few distinctions in the way of living among the people of the quiet South German town where Max Brendel and Elsa Frohmann had been born. The little knot of art-students, whom poverty and an art-school with some prizes and honourable traditions had gathered there, lived as their fellows live in larger art-centres. They formed a sort of brotherhood in friendship and rivalry, took their pleasures in company, cultivated as much eccentricity as they dared, and looked down upon the *bourgeoisie*. Among them, Max Brendel, owing to a certain unobtrusive strength of purpose, was king; and it speaks well for this rather thoughtless society that the arrival of a young man like Adolf Meyer,

who in comparison with the others was actually rich, had made no difference in its allegiance. Indeed, Meyer, just because he carried a purse, was treated as an outsider, an amateur—as one beyond the pale of sympathy; while his sensitiveness, his solitary ways, and his supposed stupidity marked him out for the butt on all occasions. But Max Brendel was not inclined to despise Meyer for his purse when he ascended the stairs of a house where the rent of a single room would have been a small fortune to him, and knocked at the door which concealed the Prophetess and her creator from prying eyes.

"Who is there?" called out a gentle, almost feminine voice, in a high key.

"I—Max Brendel. May I come in?"

"And welcome, if it's you. Come in—I don't hide my Prophetess from you: if it hadn't been for you, her beginning would have been her end. I can't bear to talk about my work among the others while it's going on—it's like letting in common flaring daylight between one's self and one's dreams; do you ever feel what I mean? It is so wonderful to feel this new sort of life boiling up in one; it's meat and wine to me, and I've scarcely slept since you said of my Prophetess, 'She'll do!' I spend the night in waiting for daylight. Now, tell me honestly—will she do?"

Max looked at the picture long and earnestly.

"It's not nearly finished," he said slowly, "and it's lucky for you you've taken a wild sort of subject, for your anatomy is queer. But—she'll do. You will be a great man, Adolf—a very great man. Tell me," he added suddenly, as he saw the lad's eyes sparkle with pride and pleasure, "do you so very much care about this trumpery prize?"

"The prize! Do you mean I have really a chance of the prize? Oh Max, it would be too glorious to conquer you!"

"Too glorious!—You are set upon it, then?"

"Why not? I am greedy of fame. I must go to Rome with honour. I feel I have genius, Max—you have told me so; and if it has come late it will last long. Yes, I *do* want the prize—it's nothing to you, and it's everything to me. You will stay at home and work on here—I must spread my wings and fly abroad. So you admit my Prophetess is better than your Cleopatra? Ah, how proud you must be to have discovered a genius greater than your own!—and when I am rich, Max, you too shall come to Rome."

So he, too, had used the words "It's nothing to you—everything to me." Max recognised the repetition of his own thought, and smiled scornfully. Adolf Meyer had no Elsa: Max Brendel would have been ashamed to indulge openly in such a display of selfish vanity. Nevertheless, greedy and selfish as his rival might appear to him, two stubborn facts were clear—the Prophetess *was* better than the Cleopatra, and Adolf Meyer did not mean to yield the prize. And Max was far too proud to sue like a pauper for charity to his rival's generosity.

"So be it, Adolf," he said, holding out his hand. "I, too, want the prize. When that is adjudged we will be friends; till then we are rivals, and nothing more. I will do nothing to discourage you, but I will do nothing to aid you—I will not even see your Prophetess again for fear a hint that might help you should drop from me unawares. You must work on alone, like me. If you fail, your genius will soar up again, never fear. If I fail—but that's nothing to you. Good-bye, Adolf, till we meet at Philippi."

"Ah, I see you are not generous," said Adolf. "I was mistaken in you, Herr Brendel. You would rather earn a beggarly prize for yourself than help genius into the world. You are jealous—but you

have taught me my strength, for which I thank you; and if I do not use it, if you crush it down, the loss will be the world's."

"Till Philippi, Adolf Meyer," repeated Max Brendel.

III.

Max went home, with a new and dogged determination—to prove that strength of will may rise even superior to genius when it draws on all its powers. The winning of Elsa for his wife had by this time identified itself in his mind with winning the prize. He felt as if he were playing dice with fate, and that this was his last throw. He was excited by his challenge, but not with the champagne-like excitement of Adolf Meyer. He knew that his strength lay in hard work, and he was resolved this time to prove himself the tortoise and Meyer the hare.

He walked up to his Cleopatra with set lips and a firm brow. Without a moment's compunction or hesitation he took a knife and deliberately destroyed in a moment the anxious labour of many months. Then he drew a deep sigh of relief. He had a whole month before him, and the field of action was cleared.

But, as the dog in the fable lost the substance by grasping at the shadow, even so was it with Max Brendel. What subject should he take? It would employ his unimaginative mind more than the month to think one over, and every moment now was more precious than a pearl. How do artists invent—poets, painters, musicians—it matters not which, since all are akin? He racked his brains to think over all the different ways of work of which he had read or heard—how some men walked about the streets till the fancy came, how others wandered alone into the

fields, how others listened to music, how others drank, how others smoked, how others lay in bed watching the dances of the flies, how others took up the pen or brush and let inspiration flow as it were, not from themselves, but from the dead instrument of their labour. How he spent the next day or two he hardly knew, except that he more than once saw Elsa, whose society gave him transitory hope and courage, but not the inspiration that he required. He put in practice every receipt in turn. He went out into the streets, and met nothing. He wandered far afield, and Nature smiled at him in silence—she yields no secrets to anxious minds. He lay on his bed and watched the flies, and saw—the flies. He went into the public garden, smoked, drank beer, and listened to the concert; but his friends came and chatted to him and drove away any idea that might have been suggested by waltzes and *pot-pourris*. Finally, in desperation, he stood before his bare canvas and dashed at it at random—nothing came.

Meanwhile the month became a month no more; and every day that perished gave him a stab as it passed by. He thought over histories, legends, myths, poems, and rejected them all—they were all old, he could give them no original treatment, and the Prophetess was new.

One day he met Adolf Meyer.

"How goes on the Cleopatra?" asked the latter. "Let me see—who was it that was beaten at Actium?"

You are looking pale—don't work for defeat too hard."

He felt himself so degraded that he could not even invent a false boast in order that his rival might at all events get the worst in a skirmish of words. Meyer's taunt was one of the jests that kill.

Max Brendel lodged in one of the oldest, oddest, and most dilapidated houses in that medieval town, where all the houses are odd and old. It was dark, black, and rat-eaten, and has probably tumbled down by this time. The ground-floor was occupied by the landlord himself, a dealer in miscellaneous articles of every sort and kind, of which the less saleable strayed into every nook and corner of the lofts and stairs. Max paid less rent than would otherwise have been charged, on the understanding that he should not object to share his one room with a considerable quantity of lumber. His articles of furniture accordingly changed themselves pretty often, so that he seldom knew what chairs and tables stood in his room from one day to another; and it was therefore nothing new to him to see some unfamiliar movable in his room. Nothing but his easel was really his own: he often found himself without a table, and sometimes without a chair. His fellow-students used to date their visits to him from the epoch of the ebony cabinet, the wicker bird-cage, or the stuffed chamois. Elsa could never come to him there—at least he thought not, and her father, Herr Frohmann, was sure not: the dust, litter, and darkness alone would have killed one who was used to live in moderately pure air. But he was acclimatised to all its peculiarities: and so, after his last encounter with his rival, he was not surprised to find a greater change than usual

in the appearance of the room. His landlord had been selling, buying, or bartering—that was all.

All indeed—for the month had dwindled to four-and-twenty days, and the canvas on his easel was as barren as it had been seven days ago. He threw himself into a new arm-chair—an unwonted luxury—mechanically filled a china bowl with tobacco, and sought to evolve a fancy upon the canvas out of the smoke-clouds. His mind was calmer than it had been during the whole week before; but that meant nothing. Nothing is calmer than the despair which is on the point of turning into apathy.

"So Meyer thinks I'm looking pale. Well, it's a long time since I saw myself; I daresay I am." Trivial thoughts always mock the man who is deliberately trying to be inspired. "Elsa—Elsa—Elsa—" he thought, half aloud, as he rose and stood before a mirror, framed in carved black oak, that had been newly imported into the room with the arm-chair. Most pieces of furniture have a hidden history—new ones sometimes, old ones always. Who can say what occult effect may not be produced by some accident of manufacture—by some slight predominance of one element over another in a chemical mixture—some slip of the craftsman's hand? That mirror, with its antique and curious frame, must have had a story—it must have reflected innumerable persons and scenes, some, it may be, indelibly, just as walls may remember what they hear with their ears. Who can tell? Only one thing is certain. Max Brendel looked in the looking-glass and saw a face. In that there was nothing strange; and yet he suddenly started from head to foot.

The face he saw was not his own.

IV.

Nor, by any possible caprice of twilight or of imagination could the face of the looking-glass be twisted into the wildest distortion of the homely features of Max Brendel. It was that of a woman, who was not otherwise reflected, even in the inmost recesses of his memory. How can it be described in the instant that measured his first bewilderment? It took many long bewildered moments before he himself saw all that there was to see. To say that the face was beautiful is as little as to say that Elsa was not beautiful—beauty lies in the eye that sees, not in the thing seen. It was a new face—unlike any he had ever seen before: it was foreign, and he had never to his knowledge seen a foreign face out of a picture: it was a face belonging to other times, although it was still young—youth was set upon it as upon jewels that never grow old. Nor was it a recollection reflected in an excited fancy from any of the pictures in the gallery that he knew by heart: it was not the memory even of a dream—Max never dreamed, except of Elsa. In spite of the astonishment, not far removed from terror, that so sudden and unaccountable an apparition could not fail to cause, the painter's eyes were fascinated: he caught every detail long before he had recovered from his first surprise sufficiently to rub his eyes.

What he saw was the living picture of a lady, seemingly of high rank, emerging from the shadowy background of his own room, and dressed in one of those costumes that may be seen in many old Italian portraits, stiff and squarely cut in amber-coloured silk and point-lace, that covered the bust up to the throat and the arms down to the elbows. The slender neck wore a

necklace of large pearls: the arms below the elbows and the figure below the waist were not visible.

These were the surroundings. The features themselves were of exquisite regularity; but their marvellous delicacy, even transparency of hue and texture, saved them from the statuesque lifelessness which people choose to call classical. She could have sat for no marble nymph or goddess, despite the perfect symmetry of every feature from brow to chin. The profuse and luxuriant hair thrown back freely from the brow, and waving down till it disappeared behind the shoulders, was of the colour of gold, but not like gold—it sparkled and shone in the candle-light as though spun into silk from diamonds. The lips were tender and girlish, neither full nor thin, neither scarlet nor pale. The dazzlingly fair complexion was ringed with an ever-varying rose, that never faded for a moment, and yet, never for a moment remained the same. It was as if, in some exquisitely delicate masterpiece of Venetian art, one looked at sunlight through sparkles of clearest wine. Some subtle association of ideas reminded him who now saw this face for the first time of almond-blossoms and snow-crystals. There was no thought, however, of the coldness of snow: the image that rose unconsciously in the painter's mind was that of the almond-bough in full bloom, and at the same time hung with frost-jewels in the full light of the sun. The idea was both vague and discordant; but it was a discord of the kind without which an otherwise too harmonious musical phrase would lose the crown of perfection: it was an outrage upon harmony from which a new and more wonderful harmony seemed to

spring. Her eyes, too, were at once both a concord and a discord—they were dark, of the grey that is often taken for brown, and looked forth gravely and softly from under firmly arched brows, just as the warm inner soul of the Spirit of Winter may sometimes look forth through her disguise of snow. It was these eyes that fascinated and changed his own.

How other men would have received such a vision, each must judge for himself. Max Brendel, even before his first bewilderment had passed, was seized with a horrible fear—that of a sane man who for the first time in his life sees what is inconsistent with sanity.

"*Mein Gott!*" he exclaimed, as he grasped his head with both his hands, "the Prophetess has turned my brain!"

Even as he looked, the hitherto unseen hands of the apparition rose into sight and clasped her head, just as he had clasped his own, while the grave eyes still regarded him fixedly.

He dropped his hands to his side—hers, simultaneously, passed out of sight again.

"This is too horrible! These hideous seven days have sent me mad—Elsa is betrothed to a madman! I have heard of such things: how men may brood over one thought, and try to draw water from an empty brain till reason goes. I am Max Brendel—yes," he said aloud, as if arguing with an adversary, "Max Brendel the painter, the betrothed of Elsa Frohmann, who lives in the Adler-Gasse, who tried to paint Cleopatra—I am not a woman; I have neither golden hair nor grey eyes, I wear neither yellow silk nor a necklace of pearls. What! you are still there? You insist on making me disbelieve my own eyes? They see true enough—the candles, the easel, the books, the stove, the pipe that was given

me by Rothkopf, my own coat, my own hands—and to be tricked by an accursed looking-glass into seeing a face that I never saw the like of all my life before!" He took several rapid turns about the room, drank a glass of water; rubbed his eyes violently, and came back to the mirror. The strange face was still there.

"It is some trick of Rothkopf or Sleinitz," he exclaimed angrily,—"some villany of Adolf Meyer." He searched the room all over, and discovered that no trick was possible. He shifted the position of the mirror, and the face still remained—only changing its aspect as he changed, and moving as he moved. In all things but in dress and in feature it was still as much his own reflection as if this were the most ordinary of mirrors.

He nervously exhausted every experiment by which he might decide whether he really saw anything so incredible, or whether he only thought he saw. At last a crucial test struck him. He ran quickly down-stairs to the ground-floor, where his landlord kept the bulk of his miscellaneous stock-in-trade.

"Herr Elias!" he called out, bursting without ceremony into the broker's shop or den, "come up instantly—I mean if you're not busy. I want to ask you about the price of something."

Herr Elias, Max Brendel's landlord, was a little old man, with a black skull-cap, a wrinkled face, twinkling eyes, and a ragged white beard. He bowed politely to the only tenant in the world who would have paid him any rent whatever for a partial possession of his rat-eaten lumber-room.

"Eh, eh! you want to buy, my good Herr Max? You want some more handsome china for the good Herr Frohmann? Well, I have some quite new, my good Herr

Max, that you shall have a bargain. But there is none in your apartment: what is it you want me to see?"

"Only a looking-glass—it struck my fancy—that's all."

"Eh! The looking-glass! That will be for the good *Fräulein*, then? Yes—it is a good looking-glass, a beautiful looking-glass, a wonderful looking-glass, and I will sell it you cheap, my good Herr Max—a handsome marriage-gift for the Elsa; it is to come off soon, then, eh, eh? Ah, when I wipe the dust off you will not grudge what I shall charge; and you shall pay me by just putting a few kreutzers you won't miss on to the rent, if you'd rather not pay down."

"Well, come and show me all about it, Herr Elias. Where did it come from?" he asked, while the old broker climbed slowly up-stairs.

"Aha! where it came from? I am a little deaf, my good Herr Max—that is as may be. Such things come and go, my good Herr Max, mostly when people owe more than they can pay, and don't like their names known. Ah, I could tell you strange things. Now that looking-glass—but no, my good Herr Max, there are things to be told, and there are things not to be told. But never you fear, my good Herr Max; it is mine, and it shall be yours—a real bargain." They were now in front of the mirror. "It is beautiful, my good Herr Max—it is fit for a queen. Look at the carving—not the good Herr Frohmann could beat that, if he tried a hundred years. They knew how to carve when that was made. And see—now I wipe the glass it shines like silver. It will make the Elsa look like the daughter of a burgomaster. Ah, my good Herr Max, I'd rather the Elsa would look into it than any great lady of them all. You shall have it dirt cheap; and if you pay

for it with the rent, you won't feel it more than if I gave it you for nothing at all."

But the ingenious contrivance of Herr Elias for raising the rent of his lumber-room was lost upon his tenant. The broker was looking intently into the glass all the time he was speaking, and said nothing to show that he saw anything but his own withered face and white beard. Max, too, saw clearly the reflections of Herr Elias. But by the side of the broker, and opposite to himself, he saw, not himself, but the Face—unchanged, down to the minutest detail of dress, expression, or form.

"Look, Herr Elias!" he said wildly; "what do you see there?"

"Where, my good——"

"There—in the mirror!"

"In the mirror? I see the room—I see you—I see me. Ah, one sees everything in that mirror, my good Herr Max—everything!"

"Nothing—no one—more?"

"Eh, eh! what should be more?"

"Then I *am* mad," groaned poor Max in despair. But he only said, "Oh, nothing—only a shadow, I suppose."

"Ah, you painters are curious people—you see what nobody else sees, and don't see what everybody sees. Yes, that is a famous mirror—you see everything there, and get it a bargain besides. Only a trifle on to the rent—leave it to me, my good Herr Max, and it's done. Shall we say done?"

"Let us say good night, Herr Elias," was all Max, now that his last hope was gone, could say. "We'll talk about it to-morrow. I don't feel quite myself—if you could trust me with a *schnaps*——"

"Trust you, my good Herr Max!—with the bottle—and add it to the trifling charge for the looking-glass, so you won't feel it at all. You shall have the *schnaps*, never fear. Good

night, my good Herr Max, and sleep well. The good Herr Max has been working too hard," thought Herr Elias as he went down-stairs again. "We must make hay while the sun shines."

V.

Which is best—to believe thoroughly in one's self or to have somebody else who thoroughly believes in one? The self-doubting Max Brendel had at all events the latter privilege—he was believed in most implicitly by Elsa Frohmann.

To her, Max Brendel was already the greatest of all painters, living or dead: and so would he remain to her ever, though he should lose five hundred prizes. To be loved is to enjoy, in one's lifetime, imperishable fame. She looked forward to the great competition—a really grand event in that out-of-the-way place, more especially as it took place only once in three years—with the certainty of triumph: her lover's doubts and fears were in her eyes but signs of the modesty which is supposed, more popularly than soundly, to go hand in hand with genius. As the days went on, however, even she began to grow anxious, if not, as yet, to fear. Max, though as loving as ever, was not quite the same to her as of old. That he was working desperately hard, she knew; but her idea of work was of something that made people strong and cheerful, and did not chain their tongues and cover their brows with gloom. Her Max was her all, and she watched him jealously. They had vowed to be like daylight to one another; but even she, though assured he would keep nothing from her, began to fear that he had something on his mind besides his chronic poverty and this terrible contest that was now so close at hand.

If only that could be leapt over by wishing, or if, at least, they

could know the best or worst at once and beforehand! Why could not the great people give everybody who deserved it a prize, without making a dozen people anxious and wretched in order to make one man anxious and happy? For the first time in her life, had any one asked her if she was happy, she would have said No. As the days still crept on, she began to catch the fever of impatience, and, though she would have waited for Max till the end of time, found a single week of waiting not less hard to bear than Max or Meyer.

Yes—it now wanted no more than a single week to the day, and the two chief rivals still shut themselves up alone. Adolf Meyer, in spite of his self-sufficing genius, had taken his rival's hint and was working hard to strengthen his drawing: Max was engaged no one knew how—not even Elsa. She would have been wounded by this want of confidence had she not the most infinite respect for the peculiarities of the artist nature, and were she not sure that Max had some sufficient reason for his secrecy: he might have set his heart upon giving her a surprise, or he might be under a vow. She herself had made a vow. If the judges gave the prize to Max, she would give up wearing her beautiful ear-rings for a whole year.

And now it was six days—five days—four days to the time. Now to-morrow it would be the day after to-morrow, now it was actually to-morrow—now, in six hours, it would be to-day. Elsa hoped that Max would spend the eve of the competition with her. But, to her bitter

disappointment, he excused himself on the ground that he still had something left to do.

"But Patience?" once more said Elsa—to herself this time.

Adolf Meyer, like Max Brendel, remained at home during these last hours. No cowardly self-distrust marred the coming triumph of the Genius who was to be revealed. It was far more than a triumph to him. He, the despised of his fellow-students, would to-morrow show them Whom they had despised—what angel they had been entertaining unawares. All their jests would be avenged at one blow; and in a few short years—a few months, more likely—the world of art would resound with the name of Adolf Meyer. The judges came by invitation from a greater city. They would, of course, carry back news of the genius whom they had discovered in a corner: his picture would at once lead to profitable commissions. The Prophetess would find a home in some splendid gallery to which pilgrimages would be made from far and near—and the journals would speak of "that rising young painter, Adolf Meyer—the German Raphael." What would Rothkopf and Sleinitz say then? And then—with the praises of the judges and the plaudits of the spectators still hot in his ears, he would be generous. He would hold out his hand to his defeated rival and would say, before them all, "I am the artist, but you are the critic, Max—my glory is your noblest prize,"—and then the applause would ring out again. All this and many more such thoughts crowded into the young man's mind as he stalked up and down his room, already intoxicated with the untasted flavour of fame. While Max was the disbeliever in himself in whom somebody believed, Meyer was the man in whom nobody be-

lieved except himself—and this added an intense zest to his coming victory over his rival, over public opinion, over everybody and everything.

Thus, then, the eve of the competition was passed by all who were most interested therein—by Max in seeming sullenness, by Adolf Meyer in solitary castle-building, by Rothkopf and Sleinitz in beer-drinking, by Elsa in hope disguised as fear.

Meanwhile the Prophetess was finished, and the Cleopatra, on which her hope was built, had been destroyed.

She did not close her eyes all night, except once; when she fell off into a dream. Max was being tried for his life, and Meyer was standing by with the town headsmen's sword. She had never seen Adolf, but she knew it was he. She woke with a start, and found the hour still too early even for a German girl, who was her father's sole housekeeper and servant, to rise.

At last came the terrible hour when she might calm her impatience by putting on all her finery to see the show, to which Max had obtained admission for her. But as she put the ear-rings into her ears her heart sank—she thought how she had looked forward to being present at her husband's triumph, and now she repented that she had ever undertaken to go. Would it not be best to wait at home for the tidings of good or of ill? What should she do if she heard the judges read out the name of Adolf Meyer? But then staying at home would prolong the suspense, and that would be worse still; and perhaps her presence might give some little strength to Max. Any way she must not begin her career as a wife by hiding herself away from her husband's fortunes, whatever they might be; and, as a last reason for

not staying at home, she could not keep away from where her heart would be.

Max came early to take her to the *Rath-haus*, or town-hall, where the pictures of the several candidates were to be examined and compared. He looked collected and firm, though his face was pale, and though there was an odd, dreamy sort of look about his eyes—not altogether new to Elsa during the last few weeks, but never so conspicuous as now.

"Thou must indeed have been working too hard, my poor Max," she said, softly: "thou must not be wretched and unhappy for a poor little girl like thy Elsa. But that shall not be when I take thee in charge, and get thee away from that ugly old Elias."

She took his arm as she spoke, and looked up in his face with what was meant for a courageous smile. But he only answered—

"Come, Elsa."

The old *Rath-haus* was beautiful only in the eyes of antiquarians, but to her it was the very type of all architectural magnificence, next to the cathedral; and to actually enter it, with real business there, was almost awe-inspiring. No criminal, innocent or guilty, ever felt more reverence for the judges of his life or liberty than did Elsa for the two gentlemen who had been invited from far away by the Burgomaster to decide what young man should be fairly launched into the world of art, there to become famous, or to break his heart, or to starve, or, more probably, to become one of a crowd of nobodies. Half-a-dozen pictures stood in the hall side by side, all carefully covered over, and each bearing a distinguishing number. All the students and the two or three professors were there, some with outside acquaintances, some

alone. There was Rothkopf: there was Sleinitz: there, apart from the rest, stood one, with an eager light in his girlish face and with his hands working nervously, who Elsa's heart at once told her was Adolf Meyer. He looked towards Max and smiled: Elsa could have killed him for his smile.

The friends of Max—that is to say, almost all who were present—came up and spoke to him,—some jestingly, but all as if his success were a foregone conclusion. Meyer looked on and smiled again. Elsa felt proud of her lover's popularity, which she watched from a chair among the privileged spectators at the end of the room—all these people must be right, surely! Max was impassive.

At last, the town beadle, in official costume and bearing a long white wand, heralded his worship the Burgomaster, a fat little lawyer with a jolly round face and good-natured eyes. He was followed by two strangers to the town: one a tall, black-bearded, black-headed, handsome man of about five-and-forty, who strode in like a soldier; the other a shabbily-dressed, elderly man, with a skin like parchment, bald and grey. These were the two judges upon whose verdict hung the future of Max Brendel and Elsa Frohmann. How she studied them from head to foot—their eyes, their hair, their very boots—in search of some hidden oracle!

The form of procedure was in the nature of a lottery. Numbers corresponding to those marked upon each covered canvas were placed in a box, drawn out in order of chance, and called; and each picture was uncovered and examined when its number came. There were six pictures, and Elsa knew that Max Brendel's number was five.

A little girl, the Burgomaster's daughter, was to draw the numbers, and the beadle was to call them.

So formal a ceremony was as good as a play to all the spectators, save one.

"The competition is opened," said the Burgomaster.

The parchment-skinned man stood up by the box, patted the little girl on the head, and said a few words in the voice of a raven: then the tall man made a few remarks to his own beard. It was all intensely awful and imposing to Elsa. Then the little girl drew a number.

"Number Four!" cried the beadle.

Elsa was relieved—somehow a first-drawn number never wins. But—was Number Four Adolf Meyer's? It was a fairly-painted landscape. The judges inspected it for a moment in silence, and the parchment-skinned man croaked "next number."

"Number Two!"

Before Number Two the judges did not pause even for one moment.

"Why, Hans," Elsa heard Sleinitz whisper to Rothkopf, "you hadn't the impudence to send in that sketch you didn't begin till yesterday after your thirteenth pint of beer?"

"Why not? Giotto was recognised by drawing a simple circle—why should not the genius of Hans Rothkopf be apparent in the smallest outline from his hand? *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*—and if Max must be Cæsar, I'd sooner be Nullus than Nobody."

"Number Three!"

"Why, Sleinitz," said Rothkopf, "you hadn't the impudence to send in that thing?"

"Why not?" asked Sleinitz. "There's no knowing what accidents may happen. Suppose the Cleopatra hadn't turned up, you know, and then Sleinitz would have come in as a *pis aller*."

"Number Six!"

"Ah, that's —'s," said Rothkopf. Elsa could not catch the name, but it was not Meyer. There were now but two numbers left—one and five. Five being Brendel's, one must therefore be Meyer's. How Elsa's heart beat when the child's hand went into the box for the fifth time!

"Number Five!"

The number was Max Brendel's, but the picture was not the Cleopatra.

VI.

The two judges, hitherto so impassive, started—they looked at one another. The students crowded round.

"That is not Max Brendel's," said one.

"That *can't* be Adolf Meyer's," said Sleinitz.

"That must be the Devil's," said Rothkopf.

"Silence! Silence!" cried the beadle.

"Next number!" croaked the parchment-skinned man.

"Number One!"

But, before the cover could be

drawn from Number One, Adolf Meyer rushed forward and stood before it with outstretched arms, his back to the picture and his face to the two judges. His wild eyes were wilder than ever, his hair almost bristled on his head, and his cheeks were deadly pale.

"No!" he said. "No; not Number One. It is withdrawn."

"Stand back, sir!" said the Burgomaster. "Who are you, and why do you interfere?"

"Number One is withdrawn," persisted Adolf Meyer, in a sort of scream. "It is mine—Adolf

Meyer's—and I may do what I please with my own. It is withdrawn, I say. It is unfinished—it was brought here by mistake—it is—anything, but it shall not be seen.”

“What folly is this?” asked the parchment-skinned painter. “We are here to decide—not you—and we will see all.”

“If you are afraid of being beaten,” said the dark man, with sombre good-nature, “that is a mistake that those only make who are——”

His eyes suddenly fell upon Number Five, and he did not add, “likewise to win.”

“I am not afraid,” said Adolf Meyer. “But this picture *shall not* be seen.”

“And I say it *shall*, sir,” said the Burgomaster, angrily. “Beadle, remove this man.”

“Herr Burgomaster,” said Adolf Meyer, with a sudden change of tone, “it is no longer in the competition, even if it were not withdrawn. I stand upon the rules. The judges must be ignorant of the painter's name till they have decided which picture is the best on its merits without suspicion of favour. If a student lets them know his name beforehand, he is disqualified, and his picture is out of the field. These gentlemen now know that Number One is painted by Adolf Meyer; and if I choose to insist on a rule to my own disadvantage, what is that to them or you?”

“That is true,” said the Burgomaster. “Gentlemen, we must observe the rules.”

“This is too bad,” grumbled Sleinitz. “We shan't see Meyer's picture after all.”

But Max Brendel came forward.

“My fellow-students, Herr Burgomaster,” he said, “will, I am sure, waive such a rule. Far be it from us to throw suspicion on the impartiality of our honourable judges.”

Elsa was bewildered; but this was like her own Max, and her heart beat high again. She leaned forward to listen with all her ears.

“Hold your tongue, Max Brendel,” shouted Meyer, “or I will make it the worse for you—this is no affair of yours. I have a right not to show my picture unless I please. I don't please, and the rule I have intentionally broken shall not be waived. I appeal to the Herr Burgomaster, who knows the law. I say that to compel a man to show an unfinished work is unfair.”

“Enough of this,” said the Burgomaster. “Herr Meyer is in the right: we break no rules here. The drawing is closed.”

The two great painters conferred together for an instant. Then the parchment-skinned man said—

“And not only the drawing, Herr Burgomaster, but our deliberation. I speak both for myself and my colleague when I say that the prize is awarded, without hesitation, to Number Five. We are impatient to learn the name of the young man who has begun his career with a masterpiece. Whichever of you gentlemen he may be, we hasten to congratulate him on having combined the work of a thorough artist with an originality of conception and treatment very rare in modern times. We formally award him the prize, as the first and the least of the distinctions he will achieve for himself, for this town, for German art, and for the glory of our Fatherland.”

“Max Brendel—his name is Max Brendel,” cried out a dozen of voices as Max came forward, almost trembling. The hall rang once more with his name joined to loud hurrahs. Elsa was weeping tears of joy—she longed to throw herself upon his neck before them all.

But there was one envious soul

to whom this triumph was worse than terrible. Unable to bear the mortification of open defeat—for the first sight of Max Brendel's picture, so glaringly superior to his Prophetess, had overthrown in a moment his Palace of Alnaschar—he had given up the contest in a rage. But to see his rival in the actual enjoyment of the glory he had promised himself, was too much for his flesh and blood to bear. He was still the scorned Adolf Meyer, and now doubly scorned. His nervous, morbid temperament allowed him to see nothing beyond the humiliation of the hour—he had become the laughing-stock not only of his fel-

low-students but of fate, and was conscious of no latent strength wherewith to renew a lost battle. None can despair so easily and so utterly as the young. No one thought of, or looked at him; his apparently unaccountable caprice was set down to natural folly; but every cheer for Max Brendel came upon him like a jeer for Adolf Meyer. He slunk away in the midst of his rival's triumph with his invisible Prophetess under his arm. His new-born genius, his hopes, his pride, his vanity had all received a mortal wound—and he had no Elsa to teach courage and fortitude to one who had none of his own.

VII.

"At last, then, dear Max!" exclaimed Elsa, as she linked her arm into her lover's at the *Rath-haus* door. "Ah! I knew you would win: the idea of Adolf Meyer or Adolf anybody daring to think he could beat you; why, the very sight of your picture frightened him away. But what *is* your picture, Max? That was not the Cleopatra, I know, that you used to tell me about; she was dark, like me," she added, with a passing touch of loving jealousy. "I didn't think you cared to paint grey eyes and yellow hair—you used not to. But never mind—I shall love grey eyes and yellow hair now, as they have brought us nearer. What will father say now, when his awkward Elsa is betrothed to the greatest painter in all Germany?—Oh Max!—But what is it? Are you not well? It has been too much for you, my poor boy! Yes, when they said Number Five had won, I too found there is nothing so hard to bear as joy. But you look so pale—and your arm trembles——"

"It is joy, Elsa—joy does not kill." But though he spoke of joy,

it was not with the air of a joyful man. His eyes still dreamed, and the cloud had deepened on his brow. "But you are right, Elsa—I am not well; I suppose the excitement has been too much for me, and I have been working too hard."

"Then you must take a good long holiday, and you shall begin it with me this very day. We will have a feast, and you shall take me to the coffee-garden—father will spare me, and I may wear my ear-rings now. We are to be always together now, you know, and we'll lose no time."

"Ah, Elsa! you forget; this prize obliges me to go to Rome. I must do much still before I can win you."

Her face fell.

"Oh Max, that is cruel to make me think of our parting in the midst of my joy! It is that, then, that makes you so sad and grave? Must you go soon?"

"It is too true—I fear I must lose no time: every day's delay will eat into the prize. It is hard, Elsa, but——"

"Is there no happiness that does

not taste bitter when it comes? But no, I don't mean that, dearest, dearest Max—I won't think a word that shall trouble the other life of yours that isn't me. I am so proud—so happy! Think how miserable we should be if we were not going to part—if you were not going to Rome. It is what we have prayed for, and we mustn't find fault with what God gives us. It will be easy waiting now."

Max kissed her, but coldly. They were now at her father's door, but he would not come in. "I am fit for nothing to-day," he said. "I have a splitting headache—I must get some sleep at once, if I can. Don't worry yourself though, dear Elsa—it's only excitement: I only want a good long sleep, that's all. Good-bye, darling: I must get well at once—I have so much to do before I leave for Rome."

It was a sad disappointment to lose her pleasure after her triumph. But there was no help for it, since Max was really unwell, and she dried her eyes. Had all her little plans been fulfilled she would have had too much happiness for a single day. It was hard that he and she would not spend together this day of all days, in the face of their coming separation; but she felt how much Max must need rest, and was half relieved to find that over-work and over-anxiety might be taken to account for his changed ways.

He embraced her again, more warmly, it seemed to her, than ever, and again said "Good-bye." Then he hastened home, ran quietly up the gloomy staircase, entered his room, and slowly removed from the mirror a cloth with which it was covered.

Poor Elsa! How can the truth be told?

Through the whole of the night in which that mysterious face had appeared to him he had sat in a

mental maze, doubting the truth of his eyesight and the soundness of his brain. He tried every test he could think of to prove himself the victim of a passing illusion, but it was all in vain: the vision was as real, at least to him, as if it had been a living form. At last there was nothing for it but to let his eyes and his brain have their own way. Perhaps satiety of sight might cause the phantom to disappear. He examined, one by one, every point of form, hue, and feature, every fold of her dress, every movement of her eyes. Sleep overcame him; and, when he awoke, the phantom, unexorcised even by slumber, was the first object on which his eyes fell. It was proved, therefore, to be no offspring of a weary brain. The light of returning day and the waking sounds of morning did not affect his midnight apparition. He made himself some strong coffee, and then, moved by some impulse with which conscious intention had nothing to do, he went straight to his canvas and began to sketch rapidly. If any definite idea had a share in what he did, it was a desperate sort of fancy that an attempt to reproduce a brain-phantom on canvas would be a crowning test of its reality. He had learned too well his lack of all creative power, and that he could not express what he could not really see.

But, as he worked and as he became familiar with every detail, every turn and trick of his model, his interest grew. He had the unprecedented experience of finding his idea ready to hand without the effort of thinking, and was thus enabled to concentrate his whole mind upon overcoming the mere technical difficulties of reproduction. Never had painter so obliging a sitter. He had only to change his attitude in order to place her at once in any position or aspect he pleased. Nay, he had

only to frown to make her frown too; and doubtless he could have made her smile had he himself been in a smiling mood. His work grew under his hand; and when darkness came he left off with a new fear—the fear lest the vision should fade away before another morning came.

Like Adolf Meyer he spent the night not in sleep but in waiting for daylight. He sat up the whole night through, to see that the face did not vanish, and was rejoiced when, at sunrise, he found it more clear and perfect than when it had first appeared.

Some may think that the long-continued effort to create had at last succeeded, and that his association of his fancy with the looking-glass was an accidental and not unprecedented hallucination. He did not think so, however—he had ceased to think at all. He only worked, toiling on and on at his no longer barren canvas till the form and features of his model became more deeply fixed on his mind than even those of Elsa. He would have given up half his hopes to hear her voice, or at least to be able to read the unspoken language of her deep eyes. He spoke to her at last, in the half hope that a mirror which reflected a non-existent face might be able to effect the scarcely greater marvel of reflecting a voice also. But, though her lips parted and moved in answer, not a sound came.

Such work as this soon becomes a passion. An artist seldom loves the forms that he consciously invents: they are only the daughters of his soul. But the fancies that he cannot refer to his own mental parentage, and which come upon him as it were from an unknown world,—these are his soul's wives. His work gave him no pride of genius, like Adolf Meyer's: self-love could not be born from what was

not his own. Some sort of love, however, could not fail to spring.

When he was with Elsa he dreamed of her whom he had left at home: when he painted, he did not think of Elsa. Few and rare are the souls that are large enough to contain two ideas at once and to blend them into one: seldom may human love survive when a man is seized with the enthusiasm of an idea, whether of art, fame, or gold. There cannot be two all-sufficing things—even the few diviner spirits must blend the two loves into one before they can contain the two. Max Brendel's spirit was very human, and it had been seized with the fullest enthusiasm of a new idea. The Max who had seen this face could not be, even to Elsa, the Max who had never seen it; no wonder she thought him changed.

When his picture was finished, he almost felt as if his life had come to an end. When the prize was won, he felt as if such a result had degraded his labour of love. When Elsa wept for joy, he felt as though he had suddenly fallen to earth from the heights of a glorious dream. How, in his heart, could he sympathise with her childish joy? He had been wandering among regions wherein the foot of no mortal wife could bear him company, and which he must travel alone.

But how should he travel them, seeing that man is not made to be alone? His mind could henceforth conceive but of one face and form fit to occupy his dreams: and that was now on canvas: it could be nothing to him any more. It had done its work, and must be thrown aside. When he returned to his room after saying good-bye to Elsa, he felt as though he had come to say a yet longer farewell to her whom his mind had married—to the one new form in all the universe of art

that he should ever be able to call his own. Never would he be able to live in such a rapture of soul-absorbing work again; such a divorce as this emptied all value from a common money-prize that brought him, at best, the power to win a mere earthly wife by dull and plodding toil.

"Good-bye—good-bye," he exclaimed, as he pressed his lips to the mirror so closely as to feel, in what seemed more than fancy, the pressure returned. He took a last look, and let the cloth fall over the face like the corner of a lifted shroud.

So ended this grand contest for Adolf Meyer, Elsa Frohmann, and Max Brendel. Victors and vanquished were alike disappointed; only those got any gratification from it who, like Rothkopf and Sleinitz, never expected any at all.

"Eh, eh! my good Herr Max," coughed a voice at his elbow.

He started; it was only Herr Elias, in his black skull-cap and ragged white beard.

"Well, Herr Elias? Here I am, if you want me."

"Yes, my good Herr Max, there you are. Before that beautiful glass—so cheap, too, for you! So you have got the great prize, and are going to Rome? There are all sorts of curious things in Rome, my good Herr Max—all sorts, they say. If you find any old heathen temples to be sold cheap, or mummies a bargain, or any old red hats going begging, think of Herr Elias, my good Herr Max—it's all in his line. You are a clever young man. But that mirror? will you buy? If you are going to Rome, you see, I can add it to the rent no more, eh?"

How—was not his phantom his own even so much as this? He had forgotten that when he bade it farewell. It was too true; his vision was the property of an old broker,

and might be thrown into a bargain with a suit of old clothes.

"Well, well," he said; "you are in no hurry about such a thing as this, I suppose. I should like to have that—mirror—I own; but one doesn't go to Rome in a day."

"Eh, eh! my good Herr Max—but one may sell a looking-glass in a day. For example: you know the old castle just outside the town?"

"Castle Regenstein? What then?"

"Aha! the tumble-down old castle is to be made to tumble up again, brand new. It has been taken by a great foreign baroness who loves the antique and has come to Herr Elias to help her."

"And that mirror——?" asked Max, feeling himself turn pale.

"And that glass, as you rightly say, my good Herr Max, is just the thing for a great foreign baroness with a taste for the antique, the cheap, and the beautiful. On my word, it will make the Elsa look like a baroness, but it will make a baroness look like the Elsa! And to-morrow, my good Herr Max, that beautiful, cheap bargain will be at Regenstein, and in the *Adler Gasse* no more; here to-day, gone to-morrow, as they say, and even so are we all."

It only wanted this to prove to him how the face had by this time grown to be a part of himself—how its loss would fill him with an eternal hunger. True, it was nothing more to him as a painter, but it had been the soul of his soul: its very shadow was his life's one reality. It would have been easier to part with Elsa than with her.

"And the price?" he asked in a fever.

"Dirt is dear to it, my good Herr Max. I shall charge the good baroness five hundred little gulden—not a kreutzer more."

"Five hundred gulden!"

"And dirt cheap, my good Herr Max! It is not one per cent on what I gave."

"Five hundred gulden—for what I was to pay for in kreutzers?"

"Eh, eh! but you will pay me no

rent in Rome: and you are not a baroness, my good——"

"The devil take your good Herr Max and your five hundred gulden!"

"Eh, eh, eh! not so fast, my good Herr Max!—Perhaps he may."

VIII.

It may be remembered—or forgotten—that five hundred gulden, a fortune to a poor German art-student, was precisely the amount of the prize.

Max Brendel had not been to bed for weeks, nor did he lie down to-night, though his head really ached almost as much as he had professed to Elsa. He paced up and down his room, from midnight to morning. If it had not been for this accursed prize! It was not in nature to bear the thought that his genius-wife should be made a matter of vulgar traffic between a baroness and a broker. It would be profanation, sacrilege, to allow this masterpiece of supernature to be hung up in a fine lady's boudoir, far away from the only eyes that could penetrate its secret and comprehend its wonder. After all, was the prize itself, morally speaking, his own? Did it not belong to the vision who had, as it were intrusted it to him? Would not Adolf Meyer have won it but for her? Was it not a debt to be repaid? Elsa might have vowed her ear-rings a thousand times over, and nothing would have come of it: the lady of the diamond locks came, was seen, and conquered. It was to him alone she had revealed herself; and now, for the sake of a paltry five hundred gulden, she, the mistress, genius, and poetry of his life was to be sold from him to—a baroness! To lose her for the sake of keeping five hundred gulden, would be literally to sell his blessing for a mess of pottage.

And Elsa?—Well, he would be true to her, of course: but would is not could, and Elsa was not his soul. This was his soul: and to sever himself from his soul is the one thing that man cannot do. It did not strike him that selling Elsa for an old looking-glass was at least as much like Esau's bargain as the other alternative.

At last, having worked himself to that pitch of fever-heat in which men are most prone to make irrevocable decisions, he put the matter into the hands of destiny.

"I must see Elsa at once," he thought: "if I see Herr Elias before I see Elsa I will keep the mirror: if I see Elsa before I see Herr Elias I will keep the prize." At any rate, he threw the advantage of probability on the side of Elsa.

It was early, but not too early to visit his betrothed: the sun was up, and she was always up before the sun. He took a last lingering look at his shrine, covered it again, and prepared to leave the room and the house.

"Eh, eh, my good Herr Max," coughed Herr Elias in his ear. "I am come to take away the glass, for the baroness at Regenstein. Ah, it is the early bird that picks up the worm."

It was decided, then. With the best will to see Elsa before there was any apparent chance of seeing Herr Elias, he had seen Herr Elias before Elsa. It seemed to him less his own voice than the voice of the chance he had invoked that stammered out—

"Not so, Herr Elias. With five hundred and one gulden I outbid the baroness. The mirror is mine."

"Aha! I thought you would buy," said Herr Elias, nodding his head sagaciously. "You are wise, my good Herr Max, and I wish you joy."

So ended the struggle for the prize of Rome. It was gained only to be thrown away for a fancy—for a dream. Max had obtained his heart's desire, but he threw down his hat and cloak—he could not go to see Elsa now.

There would be time enough for him to think how he could keep the prize, so as to pay Herr Elias, and at the same time get out of going to Rome. Meanwhile, for at least one morning, he would revel in his dream—now his very own. Partly to kill thought, partly from impulse, partly to make work an excuse for not visiting Elsa, he placed a fresh canvas on the easel, took a crayon and began a bold sketch of the same figure in another form.

He soon became so absorbed in the work of giving a new shape to his one idea that he failed to hear a quick though gentle tap at the door. It was repeated before he answered "Come in."

"Elsa!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"I couldn't help coming, Max," she said. "I was dreaming all night long you were ill. Nobody knows I'm here, and if they did I shouldn't mind, so long as you're well."

He stood up with his back against the easel, so as to hide the subject of the sketch on which he was engaged.

"Quite well, as you see, Elsa. I was only waiting till it was late enough to come to you. I wish though—I hope you have not been seen coming to me—Herr Elias is——"

"Late enough, Max! Why, it's close on noon. Do you think I should have come to you unless I thought you were never coming to me, and that it must be because you were ill?"

This was the first reproachful speech she had ever made him since their betrothal two years ago.

"So late? Near noon? Impossible! But I have been working——"

"What! again, again? Oh Max, can't you put by your work for one day, when we have so few together now? I am anxious about you, Max: you will be really ill, and then though I shall keep you a little while longer you'll lose your great chance by having to stay at home. I wouldn't keep you from going away, no, not for the world. There—put down your crayon: you'll have lots of time for work in Rome when you haven't got Elsa to plague you. Why, what's this? You are drawing the same girl you got the prize for,—who is she, Max?"

"Nobody, Elsa—nobody at all. Fancy: nothing more. Why, what girl is there like that in all the town? And you know I haven't been away to look for models."

"Really—nobody? You have never seen anybody like that, with the grey eyes and the yellow hair, and the skin that looks as if you could see the light through? Not even before you saw me?"

"Really—nobody."

"I am so glad, Max! I shouldn't have liked any body real to have got you the prize but me. Only I heard Rothkopf saying to Sleinitz that you couldn't have done that without a model, and they were wondering who she could be. Then there is really nobody like that—nobody at all?"

"What a little infidel you are, Elsa! will you not take my word? There is really nobody like that—"

on my honour. Will that help you to believe me?"

"I should be so horribly jealous if there were. Not because she'd be beautiful, I'm sure, though you've made her so: a woman like that could never be quite real. She looks spun out of crystal, and as if flesh and blood weren't good enough for her. I don't like that deep look in her eyes, and she doesn't look *good*, Max—not even, somehow, about her hair. She is like what Lorelei must be in the song, or perhaps like the Greek woman you told me of who made people look at her till they turned to stone. And yet she *is* beautiful; and I'm so glad she's like nobody real—that you have never known anybody like her."

"Pictures are strange things, Elsa; they come from nobody knows where."

"I shall call her the Glass-Queen. If ever I meet her I shall be afraid to touch her, for fear she should break in one of my two left hands."

"Well, you needn't be afraid—you'll never meet her. She came from nowhere—I've looked at you so much that I suppose you have suggested your own opposite. But there—that's enough of her."

But a woman need not be of flesh and blood to inspire jealousy in the heart of a loving girl. Elsa loved so well that she could have been jealous of a cat that came between herself and Max—how much more jealous must she be of what seemed to belong to another life that she could hardly comprehend? After all, she was something of a child. She put both her hands on his shoulder, looked up into his eyes, and said—in order to hear once more from his lips the answer that she knew would come—

"Please tell me once more, Max—I won't be angry,—did you *never*—never since you were born—see

any living woman to haunt you as she must have done?"

Why he did not take her into his confidence is clear enough. Among more obvious reasons, she had ceased to belong to his secret inner life, new-born long since he had first known her; and though in his heart he no longer called himself a madman, he could not, without long hesitation, confess himself to be the apparent victim of an illusion. But, in his masculine stupidity, he was, instead of being flattered by her instinctive jealousy, provoked by her seemingly incredulous persistence.

"Never, Elsa," he said, more vehemently than the occasion appeared to need, "never, since I was born. There is no such woman. There never has been—there never will be. Never, on my honour, Elsa!"

"I am so glad! You swear it, Max?"

"I swear it, by all that is holy. There—are you content now?"

"More than content, Max—thank you for not laughing at my——"

Both were talking so earnestly that they did not perceive themselves to be no longer alone. The door, however, might easily have been opened by any stranger who was weary of waiting for admittance, and Herr Elias, or any other member of the household, might well have shown a visitor the way without being heard upon the stairs. In any case, when Elsa turned her eyes, they fell upon one who was both a stranger and not a stranger: upon one whom she had never seen, and yet had seen once before.

She started and pointed towards the visitor—she would have spoken, but her tongue felt paralysed; Max looked—and for the second time in his life nearly refused to believe his own eyes. Just within the door, with her fingers still on the handle, stood a lady—the exact double,

down to the minutest detail of feature and expression, of the picture which had, with such seeming unreason, clouded Elsa's peace of mind. Max Brendel saw, either in the flesh or in the spirit, the phantom of the mirror.

It was well for him that there was one thing he did not see—how the colour died in a moment out of Elsa's cheeks, and the light from her eyes, only to return in a new way. Here, then, was the secret of the mysterious picture that had come from nowhere; and Max, Elsa's true Max, had lied, nay, had perjured himself to her while her hands rested trustingly on his shoulder, and her eyes were looking straight into his own. Here, then, was the secret of his altered ways—not hard work, not anxiety for Elsa's sake, but a strange woman whose very name he had not dared to mention in her ears, and to conceal whose very existence he had taken the name of love itself in vain. What was the worth now of anything he had ever vowed to her? Gentle as she was, Elsa was not one to let herself be trampled upon by a rival, even if that rival were a queen. She drew up her small figure to its full height, and, poor little *bourgeoise* though she was, looked steadfastly upon her magnificent rival, without flinching, though her heart felt breaking in two.

As for Max, who knew how little any real woman that could be visible to Elsa had to do with a shadow that was visible to himself alone, he knew not what to think, say, or do.

What Elsa must think of it he could dimly guess, and yet it was impossible to explain at the moment, or indeed ever, without appearing to pile Pelions upon Ossas of extravagant perjuries. If he had only taken Elsa into his confidence at first, all might have been well; but it was too late now. He could only stare silently.

Meanwhile the lady herself, whoever she might be, stood gracefully just within the door and smiled graciously.

"Herr Max Brendel?" she asked, in a voice like the sound of glass bells struck lightly, so sweet, ringing, clear, yet far away did it seem. "Silence gives assent, does it not? And as nobody answered I supposed I might come in. Forgive me, though, if I am one too many. Mademoiselle is a model, I suppose? I congratulate you on finding one so pretty. I came——"

"I am no model, madame, and it is I am one too many," broke out poor Elsa, the preacher of patience, unable to contain herself longer in the presence of such hypocrisy. "Herr Max Brendel" indeed! as though she, whose portrait he had been a whole month in painting, did not know her painter's name! Then, fearful of breaking down before her rival and her false lover, she hurried from the room, ran home, threw herself on her bed, and moaned. Hitherto she had been a very April of ready tears and smiles—but now the tears came hard, as though their fountain had been scorched dry.

(To be continued.)

NOTES FROM THE CRIMEA.

To most Englishmen probably the name of the Crimea is suggestive only of a bleak and barren plateau, of cold and hunger, and all the horrors of a winter's siege. Few even of the thousands who once visited it know of the enchanted Vale of Baidar, which lay not much beyond our furthest outposts in the fatal plain of Balaclava; whilst fewer still have passed through the Gate of Baidar, and looked down upon a coast which is scarcely surpassed by anything in Greece or Italy.

Yet, apart from its special interest to an Englishman, the Crimea contains much in itself to tempt every variety of traveller. The remains of the Greek colony of Chersonesus and the tumuli at Kertch will furnish employment to the archaeologist; the vegetation of the south coast is almost tropical in its luxuriance; to the student of history the succession of races and the mixtures of religions, to the geologist the rocks of Balaclava and the crags of the Tchatchyr Dag, may well offer some inducement for a visit; whilst to the ordinary traveller seeking only a fresh interest and comparatively untrodden ground, the Crimea will afford both to an undeniable degree.

It was in this latter capacity that I steamed into the roadstead of Sevastopol early one lovely morning in the month of June last. We had started from Odessa the previous afternoon, and my first sight of land was when I came on deck in the harbour of Eupatoria. The only other Englishman on board happened to have been in command of a transport during the war, and he was coming back again after twenty years as an agent for Lloyd's.

With his help I made out dimly through the morning mist the scene of the disembarkation of the Allies, and further on, the mouth of the Alma. A little farther and Sevastopol itself came in view, unmistakably Russian in its aspect. Odessa is a modern town of fine streets and large houses, such as you might find anywhere in Europe; it is not till you actually land that you realise from the look of the natives, and particularly the droshky-drivers, that you are in a Russian port. In Sevastopol, on the other hand, the most characteristic feature of the place which greets you from afar is a church of the typical Russian shape, with the green tapering dome suggestive of a gigantic fig with its stalk uppermost. The first sight of the town is striking; and as you round the great shoal which stretches out below the massive casemates of Fort Constantine, you scarcely realise that the glory of the place is departed. The forts on the north side still stand unconquered as they stood twenty years ago; there, too, are parked the seven English guns taken from the Turks at Balaclava; and there in the centre of the Russian cemetery stands the monument to Prince Gortschakoff, where he lies "amidst those defenders of their country who did not permit the enemy to enter their fatherland farther than the place where their graves now stand." But a little further thought, and you are conscious of the ruin that has fallen on the place. The great roadstead, stretching far away till it loses itself among the heights of Inkerman at its head, is silent and deserted. The great Novgorod, better known to Russians as the Popofka, the circular ship which its friends

believe is to work a revolution in naval matters, was the sole successor and representative of the Black Sea Fleet, which lies buried under the waters. As you turn to the right into the harbour strictly so called, instead of a crowd of merchant vessels lying at anchor, you see only two English steamers being repaired upon the slips. The landing-place itself seems to sum up the history of the town. A fine broad flight of steps leading down to the water's edge, surmounted by a Doric colonnade, with the date 1846, marks the era of hope and growth; whilst the pillars themselves, scarred here and there with shot, and contrasting strangely with the mean, ruinous buildings about them, mark the downfall of the hopes and the cessation of the growth. Sevastopol, indeed, is only just beginning to emerge from the despondency of the last twenty years. The docks are still a wilderness, overgrown with grass and weeds, with old guns and anchors embedded in the earth, showing that the work of destruction was well carried out by the Allies. Fresh docks and arsenals, meanwhile, have been erected at Kertch and Nikolaieff; and no attempt has until quite lately been made to develop the commercial resources of Sevastopol. In many places you may pass through streets silent and desolate as the streets of Pompeii; houses shattered partly by bombardment, partly by the destruction wrought by the Russians when abandoning the place, principally perhaps by the want of firewood felt by the Allies during the occupation of the winter 1855-56. Add to this that the sun beats down upon the arid rock with frightful force, that there are scarcely any trees to relieve the eye, and that the dust is at least ankle-deep in all the streets and squares; and it follows that Sevastopol is scarcely more desirable

as a place of residence in the summer than in the winter. There are, however, not wanting signs of life and improvement. The old barracks at the head of the harbour, between that and the Dockyard Creek, still stand up against the sky-line a ghastly row of empty windows and roofless walls four storeys high; but there are new barracks further north, between the old cocks and the roadstead, where a large garrison is now accommodated. A railway station is now open at the head of the harbour, from which you can go direct in three days and two nights to Moscow. Fresh houses have been built during the last two years, and more are building. Churches are springing up again with all the glittering ornament that marks the Russian style of architecture. The high ridge in the centre of the town, from whence, according to Kinglake, the Russians first marked the English defiling across the heights of Mackenzie's Farm, is now laid out as a boulevard, with a *café* and club-room. On Sundays this club-room is devoted to dancing; and the sight of this boulevard, thronged with people, whilst the darkness conceals the ruins of the houses round about, makes you fancy that you are in the midst of a thriving and populous town. The most thickly inhabited part has indeed strayed down from the eastern to the western side of this ridge, away from the Man-of-War Harbour towards the creeks which Kinglake calls Artillery Bay and the Quarantine Harbour, so that a traveller on first landing is more perhaps struck by the appearance of desolation than is strictly fair. The great sea forts, however—Fort Nicholas, Fort Alexander, and the Quarantine Sea Fort—which guarded the entrance to the roadstead on this side, are an indistinguishable heap of ruins, and their site was marked only by some sur-

veying posts recently set up. The two chief hotels of the town are both near the landing-place, and though neither of them very sumptuous, will supply all that you can fairly ask.

The single word *Wetzel* will take you to the hotel most patronised by Englishmen, though you may have some difficulty in deciphering the name when you have got there. The German Jew who is proprietor can talk a little English, and other members of his family can talk French and German. The traveller who is master of the German tongue will perhaps find himself more comfortable at Kist's; but the landlady is the only person there who can help him out of a difficulty, and Russian *mens* are perplexing to English intellects.

Once established in Sevastopol, the only difficulty is the means of locomotion. The heat and the dust in the summer months make walking almost out of the question; horses are very difficult to find, and of inferior quality when found; while carriages, or, as the term there is, "equipages," deprive you of your freedom of action, and hand you over to a coachman anxious only to hurry you over the regular route as quickly as possible, and deaf to your remonstrances in an unknown tongue. One merit, however, the carriages at Sevastopol must be allowed to have—they go anywhere, and over anything. The plateau of the Chersonese, and the ravines leading up to it, are crossed in most directions by roads more or less rough, relies many of them of the besieging armies. But where these do not exist, your droshky-driver is quite ready to face a hill or drive over a ditch in a manner worthy of horse-artillery at the autumn manœuvres.

Your bargain once settled with one of these, you may start along

the high slope overhanging the harbour, descend into the ravine at its head, once known as the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and then, taking the road past the docks along the other side of the harbour, pass out by the route taken by General Soimonoff on the morning of Inkerman. Then, if you are fortunate enough to have the last volume of Kinglake with you, you may wander for hours amongst the spurs and hollows which run down from the heights to the roadstead, and the valley of the *Tchernaya*; and tales which at home perhaps seem long and tedious become instinct with fire and life when studied upon the spot. Or, stopping short of this, you may turn up the steep path which leads to the Malakoff, where the remains of the so-called Yellow Tower still form a prominent feature in the scene.

Here I was accosted by a cicerone, the only one I met with in Sevastopol, who offered to point me out an unexplored mine, and wished to sell me a rifle-bullet. I preferred to follow out my own reflections, and sat down without regarding him. Directly in front of you is the little green hill of the Mamelon, the last stage in the French advance before the decisive assault. To your right, on the further side of a ravine, lay the remains of the Redan, and in front of it, but at some distance, the siege-works of the English. All has been reduced to a shapeless mass of earth and weeds; but even to the uninitiated eye the general lines of the fortifications, as well as the trenches of the besiegers, are plainly to be discerned. Nothing has as yet been done towards restoring any of these works. As I have already remarked, there were at that time surveying posts on the sites formerly crowned by forts, but whether with reference to past history or to

future schemes one could not tell. The fact of the great increase of range in modern artillery, and that Sevastopol even in old days was commanded by the plateau on which the Allies were encamped, would seem to suggest that no scheme of land-defence could be complete on the south side without embracing the crest of the Sapouné heights overlooking the plain of Balaclava.

But to an Englishman far from home, the graves of his countrymen in a foreign land will be almost more interesting than the ruined works for the possession of which they fought and fell. In seeing these, I had the great advantage of the companionship of an officer in the Royal Engineers specially employed at the time on their restoration; to his courtesy and kindness I owe many of my pleasantest recollections of the Crimea.

Stretching in a long irregular line across the plateau from the heights of Inkerman to the port of Balaclava, these little walled enclosures meet you at intervals, some with handsome tombstones and crosses and descriptions, some discernible only by the little mounds and hillocks which mark the resting-place of unknown privates. The principal group may be considered as that on Cathcart's Hill, a point which may be easily reached either by the ravine between the Malakoff and the Redan, or by the Woronzoff road. This, which was about the centre of the English position, commands a view over the whole town and roadstead; so that, as Sir George Cathcart wrote to Lord Raglan soon after taking up his position, "we see the people walking about the streets in great consternation." The highest point here is crowned with a large cemetery, in the centre of which stands the monument, a cenotaph merely, to Sir George Cathcart himself.

Round it are grouped the tombstones of officers with the same legend over and over again: "killed at Inkerman;" "killed in the trenches;" "died of wounds received in the assault of the Redan, June 18, 1855;" "killed in the final assault on the Redan, October 1855."

Other tombstones again there are, raised to the non-commissioned officers and men of such and such a regiment by their surviving comrades, and other simple mounds with no memorial inscription. Yet, melancholy as are these records of actual death in battle, they were not so melancholy to my mind as the English cemetery at Scutari, with its tale of long-protracted disease and suffering. This, though the largest, is but one amongst a group of cemeteries, and there are altogether no less than ten groups. To give some idea of the chance way in which the dead were buried, and the way in which tombs are scattered over the country, and at the same time of the careful way in which the work of restoration is being carried out by the officer in charge, I may mention that one day we rode across to Balaclava to hunt for two outlying tombs which he had been vaguely informed were in existence. Like Cicero searching for the tomb of Archimedes, we scrambled about the steep cliffs beyond the Col di Balaclava, till we found amongst the brushwood the two tombs, one with inscription entirely defaced, the other scarcely legible. Time, the influence of great extremes in weather, and perhaps in some cases the wanton destruction of man, had brought many of these monuments almost to complete ruin. A judicious expenditure of money, a careful comparison of the reports and plans by Mr. Consul Eldridge in 1861 with the existing remains, including even the piecing together in some cases of scattered fragments,

has now placed all the larger graveyards in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. Some of the smaller graveyards, where no special tombstones existed, have been thrown open again, to do away with the necessity of constantly keeping in repair a great number of apparently unoccupied enclosures. At the same time it must always be regretted that on leaving the Crimea the English did not follow the example of the French, who collected all their dead together into one cemetery. This, with its clump of trees and house for the *custode*, forms one of the few pretty features on the barren plateau. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that the officer in charge has been allowed to carry out the object which at that time he had much at heart, of building a house for a permanent guardian of these national memorials. This he assured me he could easily do out of the funds already provided by Parliament for the general restoration of the cemeteries.

Sevastopol, of course, is the place which gives Englishmen their real interest in the Crimea; but there are other places no less worthy of a visit, and we must hurry on. We will therefore leave to the antiquarian the ruins of the Chersonesus in the north-west corner of the plateau, and the monastery of St George in the face of the cliff near Balaclava, and will ask our readers to start with us upon the road for Yalta. We had made all our arrangements overnight for a sixty-mile drive; but Saturday morning was pay-day; and the task of paying Russian workmen for building again the tombs of English soldiers prevented our starting before one o'clock. I had been told that we were to travel post, but I was scarcely prepared for the conveyance which arrived. Something like a small timber-cart, with sloping sides, guiltless of any at-

tempt at springs, with plaited cords across from side to side as the only seat, and the bottom filled up with hay, forms the orthodox Russian post-cart. My portmanteau helped us to a rather more solid seat; and then with a crack of the whip, and three horses abreast, we started off. After the first quarter of an hour, I fairly confess that I looked with dismay on the prospect of sixty miles, and thought that every bone in my body would be jolted to pieces; but you get used to everything, and so I got used to this. Still, for the next few days, I had great difficulty in turning my head; and felt what I should imagine would be the sensations of a man half hanged and then cut down, as if my spine had been driven up into the back of my head. The pace is not bad, about seven or eight miles an hour. You change both carriage and horses at each stage, and there are five stages between Sevastopol and Yalta. No *podorojna* or Government order is now required; and it is worth remarking, that coming from Odessa I was never once troubled by any passport formalities. In this respect the Crimea is an exception to the rest of Russia. The name of our vehicle, I was told, was "Periklodneia;" but I have seen pictures of very much the same sort of carriage called "Telegas."

Our route lay along the side of the ravine which runs down into the harbour, and which originally formed the division between the English and French siege corps. Then, striking across the plateau, we passed one or two smaller cemeteries, and the farmhouse or English headquarters where Lord Raglan died. Then we descended into the plain by the break in the cliffs called the Col di Balaclava, having parallel to us traces of the railway made by the English to carry up stores from the harbour to the camp. As a

general rule, the only relics of the siege now to be found upon the plateau are the remains of glass bottles, collected in some places in such quantities as to be a serious inconvenience to any one riding. There is much in the Crimea to remind you of the great Italian republic of Genoa, which, in the 13th and 14th centuries, had its headquarters in the town of Kaffa, the modern Theodosia; and the Italian preposition in the Col di Balaclava is one amongst many relics. The landlord of the little inn, too, I recollect, a Greek by birth, preferred to talk Italian rather than Russian under shelter of the old Genoese fort at the entrance of the port of Balaclava. At the foot of the Col the road divides into two. That on the right goes down to the little town of Balaclava; that on the left joins the main Woronzoff road, and is carried across the plain on the Causeway Heights. As you drive along these heights you can still see the outline of the redoubts which were taken from the Turks; and still, after twenty years, your blood warms as you pass between the scene of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" on your left, and the no less glorious, and indeed more effective though less famous, exploits of Scarlett's dragoons upon your right. With the bridge over the Tebernaya, here shrunk to a very tiny stream, and the ascent of the heights of Kamara, the special historic interest of the Crimea to an Englishman comes to an end; but it is just here that the natural beauties of the scenery commence. You wind along the slopes of hills, amongst birch and fir, not unlike some parts of the Highlands, and then descend into the softer vegetation of the vale of Baidar. The beauty of this valley had been so much extolled to me beforehand, that I confess my expectations were somewhat disap-

pointed; though, after the bleak, treeless country round Sevastopol, one's eye is gladdened by the sight of corn-fields, oaks, and walnut-trees, in all the luxuriance of early summer. The fact seems to be, that Russians have so few points of interest, and so little beauty of scenery throughout the length and breadth of their empire, that they talk of what they have with a truly patriotic exaggeration. Thus I have been told by Russians at different times that the Bay of Reval is equal to the Bay of Naples; that the dome of the Isaac Cathedral at St. Petersburg is larger than that of St. Peter's; that the fountains at Peterhof are finer than those of Versailles; and that the Falls of Immatra, in Finland, send down more water than the Falls of Niagara. These remarks, however, do not apply to the south coast of the Crimea, nor to the view which meets your eyes from the gate of Baidar. After a long ascent from the valley, a sharp turn in the road brings you to a massive granite gateway; and, passing through this, you find yourself looking down from the summit of tremendous cliffs upon the sea, laughing and dancing at your feet, more than 2000 feet below.

Around you everything is stern and wild—frowning precipices and rocks strewn in wild confusion; but the soft green line of waving foliage and luxuriant vegetation at their base, carries one back in imagination to the palm-trees of Bordighiera or San Remo—to the lemon-groves of Amalfi or the orange-trees of Sorrento.

It is indeed this union and contrast of the savage and the beautiful, coupled with a coast-line of singularly delicate curves, revealing themselves ever to the eastward, as point after point is passed, that gives to the south coast of the Crimea its claim to rank amongst the finest scenery

of the kind in Europe. At times one element, at times the other, most impresses itself upon our senses; but we never quite forget that our feeling of complete enjoyment is owing to the happy union of the two.

From the gate of Baidar the road descends abruptly by a series of short and steep zigzags, till it reaches the level of an undercliff, something like that of the Isle of Wight on a grander scale. Along this the road is carried for a great distance, amidst huge rocks and boulders, torn up apparently by some convulsion of nature, and scattered in the way.

This part of the route is more like the high and rocky part of the Cornice between Nice and Mentone, where all signs of vegetation lie far below you. The element of savage grandeur is here predominant. It was getting dark as we approached our last stage near Alupka; but fortunately the moon, which was nearly full, stood us in good stead, and allowed us to enjoy to the utmost the softer beauties which were around us.

We had been gradually descending from our rocky ledge, and the last twelve miles from Alupka to Yalta is a series of the most beautiful park scenery, with splendid trees, rich pastures, rare plants and flowers, gardens and vineyards, with the addition of grand mountains towering on your left hand, and the ever-varying sea upon your right. This is the favourite retreat of the Russian aristocracy, and their country-houses line the coast. At Alupka is the great semi-Gothic palace of Prince Woronzoff, built by an English architect, and looking like an English house. At Orianda is the large square house of the Grand Duke Constantine, with Greek porticos and frescoed courtyards, after the fashion of Pompeii. At Livadia is the little villa of the

Empress herself, with its cluster of attendant houses.

We had to wait an hour for horses at our last stage, and the clock was striking twelve as we drove up to the Grand Hotel de Russie at Yalta, not sorry to come to the end of our eleven hours' jolting. The hotel itself is large, pretentious, and expensive; but those who do not like roughing it had better make Yalta their headquarters in the Crimea. In itself it is a beautiful place. The mountains here retire somewhat from the sea, and the bright little town lies basking in an amphitheatre of hills, where it would seem no wind could ever disturb the unruffled calm. The steamer touches here twice a-week in each direction, to Sevastopol and Odessa, and to Theodosia and Kertch. The coast eastward as far as Alushta, where there is a new hotel, is of the same character as that between Alupka and Yalta. At Alushta itself are towers and walls dating from the time of Justinian, rising amidst the flat roofs of Tartar houses and the green balconies of Russian villas. Kertch and Theodosia are both colonies of Miletus. Kertch is the Panticapæum of Strabo, once the capital of Mithridates, and now one of the chief arsenals of Russia. Theodosia is the Kaffa of the middle ages, the centre of Genoese ascendancy. Many pretty excursions may be made in the immediate neighbourhood of Yalta. You may follow up the course of the little river of the Uchan Su, through an ever-narrowing valley, till you find your path blocked by frowning precipices—

"Where, like a downward smoke the slender stream,
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall,
doth seem."

Or you may wander about amongst the Tartar villages behind the town, and study the quaint dresses and

customs of the people. Several of the villas, too, are worth seeing; and should you be fortunate enough to fall in with Prince Troubetchkoy at Massandra, you will find that the mere fact of being an Englishman is a sufficient passport to a truly hospitable house. Prince Troubetchkoy, as brother-in-law of Prince Woronzoff, keeps the key of the cellars where the Crimean wine from the estates of Alupka and Margarach is stored—and these alone are well worthy of a visit.

It was after some days at Yalta that I determined to cross the hills and visit the old Tartar capital of Baktchiserai. My only medium of communication was a Jew *commissionnaire*, who, as he told me, could speak every language except English, and generally acted as an interpreter for me in French. Him I charged to make all necessary arrangements for me in the way of horses and provisions, only taking care to name my own price. Accordingly next morning, having sent my heavy baggage back to Sevastopol, I started about five o'clock in company with a Tartar guide and two horses, one for him and one for me. My guide was a typical specimen of the Tartar inhabitants of the south coast, who have for the most part lost, by mixture with Western races, the high cheek-bones and flat noses which one generally connects with the Mongolian races. I have seen such faces in some of the villages; but for the most part the Tartars of the south coast are a fine, tall, intelligent-looking set of men. The long loose trousers which they wear, fastened high up round their waist with a sash of many folds, makes them perhaps look even taller than they really are. My companion in this case was courteous and agreeable; and although he could speak nothing but Russian or Tartar, we managed

occasionally to exchange ideas. The ascent in the early morning through the wooded hills at the back of Yalta was delightful; and when one reached the summit, the view back upon the sheltered valley and the houses sparkling on the beach, was like saying farewell to the country of the lotus-eaters, and turning again to the realities of life. One step further, and we were over the crest. Yalta and its seductive beauties were lost to sight, and there before us lay a typical bird's-eye view of the Crimea—a bleak, reddish table-land, seamed and scored with deep valleys with precipitous cliffs. Only one mountain rose to any conspicuous height—the Tchatchyr Dag—upon our right. Vegetation was scanty, for the trees lie hidden in the valleys. The air, as it blew upon us from the northern steppes, seemed sharp and icy; but it soon got hot enough as we began to descend again into the long and dusty valley along which our route lay most of the day.

It was not till towards evening that we came in sight of the palace domes and minarets of Baktchiserai, lying in a hollow, with strange-shaped, fantastic rocks hanging over it. After some little difficulty I was put up at the house of a Mussulman, with beard and turban fit for the Prophet himself. I had expected to sleep at the old Tartar palace; but the commandant told me that this now required a special order from the Government, so I resigned myself to my turbaned friend, who from the first had seemed to regard me as his own. He showed me a tidy little room with a divan at one end, partitioned off from the balcony over the street, and approached only by a staircase on the outside. On the whole, I was less persecuted there at night than might have been expected; and my turbaned host and his Tartar

boy, though utterly unable to speak a word of any language but Russian or Tartar, seemed at once to divine my wants and haste to supply them.

Baktchiserai is a purely oriental town, Tartar in race, in customs, and religion. The inhabitants have more of the genuine Nogai Tartar of the steppes in them than those of the coast, and are smaller and less prepossessing in appearance. The turban is at least as common there as at Constantinople. The women do not content themselves with the thin coquettish gauze which with the Turkish ladies forms an apology for a veil, but wrap themselves closely round with linen clothes, till nothing is visible but two specks of eyes. The houses are low, and all built of wood; the shops are open along their whole front to the street, and the owner sits smoking cross-legged on the counter.

There are dancing dervishes there, like those in Pera; and, before I went to sleep that night, I heard the voice of the muezzin from the minaret calling the faithful to prayer.

The next morning I decided to start for the old Jewish town of Tchufotkalè; and, after some bargaining with the natives, I set off alone on a sturdy little horse with a Tartar saddle. This consists merely of two peaks before and behind, between which you wedge yourself in, as best you can, letting your legs hang straight down on each side. However, they are not nearly so uncomfortable as they look, and I should think it would be almost impossible to tumble out of them. Having learnt the general direction, I struck out my own way across country, which is not so easy as it sounds; for the plateau on which the deserted town stands is cut up by very deep and wide ravines, with, as a rule, perfectly

precipitous sides. By a happy instinct, I managed to avoid all these except one, where, by dismounting, I was able to lead my horse down a break in the cliff, and in about an hour's time I reached the old town. It is a most curious place, once a fortress of great strength, enclosed on three sides by inaccessible ravines, and on the fourth by a double row of walls and towers, now deserted and silent as the grave. Grass grows in the ill-paved streets—the houses are for the most part unroofed—one or two animals straying disconsolately about the ruins were the only sign of life. It was formerly, even so lately as thirty years ago, inhabited by the sect of the Karaim Jews, and their synagogue is one of the few buildings still kept in repair. This sect—which claims for itself to date from the time of the Captivity, and professes to acknowledge only the literal text of Scripture without the addition of the Talmud—though scattered about in various parts of Poland and Russia, has its headquarters in the Crimea, and from time immemorial has held to the Rock of Tchufotkalè. Outside the walls is their burial-place, in the so-called valley of Jehoshaphat, a wilderness of tombstones shaded by fine trees—a quiet, beautiful spot, where the devout Karaites still love to be laid in peace beside their forefathers. I noticed several new tombstones in the valley; there was a man at work upon the boundary-wall, and the whole place was evidently cared for with affectionate solicitude. I spent some hours in wandering about the old town, and going down steps which seemed to lead into deserted cellars. The rock on which the town stands, like other rocks in the Crimea, is hollowed out into dwelling-places, some of them of considerable size, with arrangements like stone divans

running round them. They have windows cut in the precipitous face of the rock, and from these you could look down and see the long trains of Tartar carts slowly creaking along the road which winds round the base of the cliff. This was the main road by which the Russians kept up their communications with the interior during the Crimean war, when Baktchiserai was used as a hospital and depot. Tartar carts, it may be mentioned, are made entirely of wood; no iron is used in any part of the construction, and the wheels are always guiltless of grease. The creaking which naturally follows they are very proud of, having no wish, as they say, to steal upon people unawares, like a thief in the night. Such self-justification reminds one rather of the old proverb, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" To return, however, to these caves: they are a very curious feature to be met with all over the Crimea; the heights of Inkerman—the true heights, that is, on the north of the Tchernaya river—and the rock-fortresses of Tehu-footkalè and Mangoupkalè, being particularly full of them. As to the question of their origin, nothing certain is known, and it seems generally disposed of by assigning them to the semi-mythical troglodytes or the early Christians, who seem always held responsible for any rock-dwellings in whatever part of the world they may be found. In any case, they must have been the result of great time and labour and no little skill. I left the city by a postern-gate, descended a steep path cut in the rock, and then went down one of the valleys at the foot of the cliff. In this lies the Uspenskoï Monastir, or Monastery of the Assumption, where the monks have appropriated the old rock-dwellings, and converted them into cells and

chapels. One of the monks showed me over the place. I made my luncheon in its shady garden, and then went on down the valley to Baktchiserai. The rest of the day was spent in seeing the palace, which has been restored since the war, and is now kept up in the style and condition in which it was fitted up by one of the last Khans of Crim Tartary for the reception of Catherine II. The courtyard has been turned into a public garden. On one side lies the suite of state apartments, on the other the mosque and graveyard of the old Tartar Khans. The buildings are low, quaint, and irregular in shape, fitted up in truly oriental style with rich divans, thick carpets, and brilliant colouring. In one court is the "Fountain of Tears," celebrated in verse by Pushkin, an imitation of which may be seen in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. In another the fountain of the ill-starred Maria Potoski, the Christian love of one of the Mussulman Khans. There is the bed in which Catherine slept, and the marble basin in which she bathed. Beyond is the private garden of the harem, and in the centre a high pagoda-like tower, from the latticed windows of which the ladies of the establishment, unseen themselves, could see everything which went on in the main courtyard.

Altogether it is a most curious, fascinating place, almost unique in Europe as a specimen of a purely oriental palace; there is certainly nothing in the Seraglio at Constantinople at all to be compared to it. The other sights—the graveyard of the Khans, the mausoleum with the long coffins surmounted by the fez of the buried prince, the mosque with its two singularly beautiful minarets—have none of them any special interest, beyond the fact that they bring to one's mind a race and

a power which is passing away from Europe, and that they remind one that even in Holy Russia herself it is still found necessary to tolerate other forms of religion than the orthodox faith. This it is which makes Baktchiserai so interesting at the present day. The horse-tail standards which flew in the van of every invasion from the banks of the Don to the streets of Moscow, and from Belgrade up to the walls of Vienna, have been tamed by the all-absorbing power of Russia; but the ghost of their former greatness still lingers about the scene of their

departed glory within reach almost of those ruined arsenals that mark the last great effort of the same power against their fellow-soldiers of the Crescent.

There is a railway now from Baktchiserai to Sevastopol, and I took my place that night tired and sleepy, to wake up and have a silent row by midnight down the whole length of the deserted harbour, and to muse over the fate, which has made the country of the trustiest sons of Islam the base and centre of operations against the head of the Mohammedan religion.

ELIZABETH.

I.

DURING the weary months, when Paris, all closely surrounded,

Fought with starvation within, fought with the Germans without;

When, though the master of millions, no man could leave or re-enter

Were the need ever so great, were it for others or self;

When many knew that a word, if into the city transmitted,

Ruin would surely avert, fatal delusion remove:

Greater perhaps was the suffering, deeper perhaps was the heart-ache,

Caused by the stoppage of news, than by the stoppage of bread.

Those who were pining for bread were only the poor Parisians,

Those who were pining for news numbered both them and the world.

History, when wilt thou tell, how many the mothers too tender,

Who in that endless suspense died for the want of a word?

Nothing, however, so tragical lies at the root of this story:

'Tis but a straw I picked up, drifting about in the storm.

During the period of agony, when the political centre

Wandered from Paris to Tours, wandered from Tours to Bordeaux,

I was attached to an embassy which had, with other legations,

Shared in the fortune of war, moving as Government moved.

There at Bordeaux was the capital, and there in a heap were collected,

All the official remains saved from the general wreck:

Over-worked public departments, embassies, bodies judicial,

Newspaper offices, banks, great Paris houses of trade;

Also a nondescript crowd of such as in time of invasion

Hang on the footsteps of power, feeding on public disgrace:

Place-hunters, demagogues, spies, soldiers of fortune ;

All who had nothing to lose, all who had something to gain.

Somehow 'twas rumoured abroad, the embassy could, as a favour,

Letters to Paris transmit, over the enemy's lines,

Having been granted the privilege, by the high Prussian commanders,

Messengers thither to send bearing what letters it chose.

This was a cruel mistake, for we could no more admittance

Into the city obtain than could the rest of the world.

Letters, however, and messages, all of them destined for Paris,

At our office poured in in a continuous stream ;

- Nearly all being accompanied by a most pressing entreaty,

Giving a view of the case, showing how great was the need.

Piteous, indeed, were the narratives, proving what suffering tortured

During that weary siege thousands within and without ;

When all the notes to be forwarded treated of matters so urgent,

Friends and relations to save, heartrending fears to appease,

Difficult is it to justify what my attention could rivet

On a particular note, urgent far less than the rest.

Who can dissect all the principles which our feelings determine,

Fancy who can control, sympathy who can direct ?

I know no reason to give, except individual humour,

What brings a smile to the one brings to the other a tear.

She who the letter had sent, by name was Elizabeth Burton,

Writing from England, I think much in the following terms :

" Humbly I beg of your lordship not to reject my petition,

Merely to forward this note, which I have made very small ;

'Tis to my landlord I write, but one little line of entreaty,

Just to take care of my room, saying that I shall return.

Ah ! how little I dreamt, when but for three days I left Paris,

So many months would elapse ere I should see it again !

Not until now have I realised what a home Paris was for me ;

Nor, till I saw it no more, how I that little room loved.

Carefully locking the door, I carried the key into exile ;

There on the table it lies, useless but dear old friend.

Summer was hot when I left, the window remained wide open,

Now it is bitterly cold, snowstorm and rain must drive in.

Ah ! how the scene must be desolate, where all was lately so happy !

Dead are the flowers I loved ; starved are the birds in the cage.

Would I were back in the capital ; fain would I share its privations,—

Sew for the soldiers all day—sit by the wounded all night.

Maybe of all that I left the landlord has taken possession

For the arrears of rent, thinking I shall not return."

As I this letter perused, and noted the writer's entreaties,
 Sorry indeed did I feel that she had written in vain.
 Much would I gladly have sacrificed but for the means to assist her.
 Twice I the letter re-read, then put it by with the rest.
 Who was Elizabeth Burton, who to high persons official
 Wrote in this tone of romance, and to their feelings appealed ?
 Clearly the letter showed character, and a poetical nature :
 Doubtless the writer was young—new to the ways of the world.
 Why did she live by herself, in one little room unattended ?
 All in the letter proclaimed free from all sin was her life.
 Was she an artist perhaps, and studying painting or music ?
 Or a strange runaway girl, living alone and concealed ?
 Poor the maiden was probably—poor in worldly possession—
 But all the richer in mind, if my own instinct told true.
 Thus did I let my thoughts carry me, till an ideal Elizabeth
 Grew and took shape in my mind, fair as the dawning of day.
 Beautiful power of fancy ! Such are the slender materials
 Which for a poet suffice, forming the base of his dream.
 Still dost thou live in my memory, fair little airy enchantress,—
 Such as I wished thee to look—such as I thought thee to be.
 Sickened and fagged with my work—surrounded by minds uncongenial—
 Loathing convention and forms—yearning for leisure and friends—
 Oh ! in thy plain little room, how often in thought I took refuge,
 Taking my place by thy side, tending thy flowers and birds !
 Say, wast thou not a reality, when at Bordeaux I beheld thee ?
 Comfort and friend of those days, say, wast thou only a dream ?

II.

Nearly a year had gone by, and Paris had fought and surrendered ;
 Those that were in had streamed out, those that were out had **streamed in**.
 France was again with her capital, after their long separation,
 Proud of its useless defence, eager to soften its wounds.
 'Twas but a respite from suffering for the unfortunate city ;
 Yet had the worst to be felt, yet had the Commune to come.
 Light-headed Daughter of Misery, issued of gutter and sewer,
 Perfect indeed was thy work, sure thy incendiary torch.
 When will the stateliest palaces, lately the models of beauty,
 Now shells empty and black, arise from their ashes again ?
 Shattered the trees in the Tuileries, headless the statues of marble,
 Marked by the bullets each house, close as the holes in a sieve.
 Split was the frame of society down to its lowest foundation.
 Sullen and cowed were the poor ; not reassured were the rich :

Lost was the sense of stability, gone men's belief in the future.

Everything still seemed to lurch, after the earthquake had passed.

Yet to this dreary wilderness, life was not long in returning.

Quick was the mind that creates, busy the hand that repairs.

Scarcely the ever re-echoing deep-voiced cannon was silent,

Industry took to her looms, Commerce reopened her shops.

Luxury, treading uneasily in the late home of starvation,

Slily returned in disguise, where she had openly reigned.

Pleasure, quite modest at first, shy 'mid the general mourning,

Now, by unnoticed degrees, sought her habitual haunts.

Scattered about by the hurricane, men were still seeking each other.

Friend was still looking for friend, nay, often father for son,

Doctors were seeking their patients, lawyers were seeking their clients,

Anxious to know who was ruined, anxious to know who was dead.

Tradesmen were seeking their customers, teachers were seeking their pupils.

Difficult task to retie all that the war had cut through.

Since my return to the capital, where all was still so exciting,

Seeing new faces each day, meeting again with old friends,

Seldom indeed did my memory turn to the fair Correspondent

Whom I had seen in my dreams during my stay at Bordeaux.

Still, in her youth and simplicity, fair as an opening flower,

Did she return now and then such as she there had appeared ;

And I would catch myself wondering whether I ever should meet her,

Now that she doubtless was back in her beloved little room.

As I was sitting one day engaged on official despatches,

'One of the servants came in bringing a name on a card,

Saying a lady was there who asked to see me on business.

Brief would she be, had she said ; only a minute—no more.

Carelessly taking the card, I read, *Miss Elizabeth Burton.*

Written in ink were the words, in the same hand as of yore.

As she those simple words wrote, little indeed she suspected

What an effect they would have, how many thoughts they would waken.

Little she guessed I should hesitate ere I the waiting-room entered,

Hearing the beat of my heart as I the door-handle turned.

She was alone in the room, nor heard she my step as I entered ;

But at the window she stood, watching intently the street,

Where all the opposite houses, by fire and bullets disfigured,

Still with a terrible truth told of the great city-fight.

There as she stood unsuspectingly, graceful indeed was her figure ;

Yet, ere I looked on her face, instinct had told me the truth.

Poor ideal Elizabeth ! Youthful and beautiful being !

Thou that my heart had conceived, thou wast a thing of the past !

This was the end of the mystery ! This was the end of the idyll !

Angry I felt with myself, angry—God help me !—with *her*.

How did she dare to be otherwise than as my fancy had painted ?

Or, at least, why had she come ? Why had she broken the charm ?

But as I looked on the dress, all shabby and worn, she was clad in,

And on that pale and thin face, worthier feelings returned.

Might she not once have been fair, as fair as my day-dream had seen her,

Ere she was faded by time, ere she was faded by want ?

And my ideal Elizabeth, were she now standing before me,

Would she not wither one day, would she not look even thus ?

Softened I hope was my voice, gentle I hope was my manner,

As I the window approached where the poor visitor stood :

Simple and short was her narrative : she was a teacher of English,

An I had been teaching for years when the great war-storm burst forth.

Little she earned by her work—her pupils were all of the humblest ;

Still she had managed to live, till all was wrecked by the siege.

During the long months of idleness, all her small savings had perished ;

All she had left in her room, the landlord had sold for the rent ;

Sold was her small stock of books, all presents from dear old pupils :

Sold was her small store of dress, cruelly needed, alas !

All her old pupils were gone and scattered in different directions ;

Some in the war had been killed, some in the siege had been ruined.

Vainly for new ones she sought ; who cared to take lessons in English ?

No one had leisure to learn, no one had money to spare.

Therefore she offered her services, if I required a copyist,

Or to do any small work, so as a trifle to earn.

Poor pale real Elizabeth ! frail withered leaf in the tempest !

As I looked into her face, almost my dream I forgot.

Something I gave her to do ; and secretly vowed to befriend her,

Half for reality's sake, half for the sake of a myth.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

THE SCOT AT HOME.

POETS may rave about islands of the blest in azure oceans under cloudless skies, of limpid atmospheres laden with the fragrance from the spice-trees, of the lavish luxuriance of tropical vegetation, and the pleasures of mere existence in these earthly paradises. Practical people who have gone the round of the globe, have learned by experience what all that comes to. Possibly every prospect may be pleasing, but if man inclines to degenerate, it is more his misfortune than his fault. For his best idea of recreation comes to be absolute repose, and he succeeds so very seldom in attaining it, that it is no wonder he suffers the extremities of *ennui*. The enervating air relaxes his muscles, and the infernal temperature fevers his blood. When he crawls off to his siesta, after coquetting with his wayward appetite, it is almost superhuman exertion swinging himself into the hammock. It is sustained effort courting the semblance of sleep, and his troubled dreams are turned to nightmares by objectionable realities as well as subjective phantoms. There is the buzz of mosquitoes in the drowsy air; cockroaches are crawling under his pillows; and there is a dropping shower of centipedes and scorpions from the foliage or the rafters over his head. He fancies the folds of sinuous snakes in the twining tendrils of the gorgeous creepers, and hears the stealthy tread of tiger or jaguar in each rustle of the leaves of the embowering shrubs. He may seek relief in a plunge in the curling surf, but there is slight refreshment in the simmering water: when he languidly takes his evening lounge

abroad, there may be deadly poison in the freshness of the air, and the breeze that fans his cheek from the seaward, may come charged with the exhalations from mangrove-fringed lagoons. Even Anglo-Saxon spirits and energy are dulled and paralysed under such conditions; images of beauty confound themselves with associations of torment; and life would be scarcely worth the living were it not for the hope of returning some day to the rough inclemency of his native land. For choice, if we were driven to choose, we might prefer existence towards the Arctic circle, where oil-lamps do duty for the blessed sun through the best part of the year, and you are condemned to confinement without hard labour, and to all the miseries of monotonous endurance.

As, of course, the happy mean lies between those extremes of existence, Britons in general and the Scotch in particular have special reasons for being thankful for their lot; and after a study of the fascinating volume that suggests our article, we are more than ever inclined to trace the golden meridian through the northern half of our fortunate islands, and lay it down somewhere in the latitude of St. Andrews. Heaven forbid that we should invoke invidious comparisons. England, in many ways, is merry England still, in spite of mining, manufactories, most odiferous industries, and the ostentatious wealth and prim affectation of respectability that are brought into relief by its crimes and its beggary. England has its hounds and horses, and the most glorious galloping-

* Golf: A Royal and Ancient Game. Edinburgh: R. and R. Clark. 1875.

ground in the world. Steppes and prairies are nothing to the grasslands of the midlands, with their coppices and gorse covers, their bullfinches and ox-fences. There is nothing in the way of sylvan melody like the cheery crash of the pack in full cry, as it carries the burning scent with a rush away from the hoofs of the thundering thoroughbreds. England has its pheasant preserves and partridge stubbles, and its cricket greens in every parish and village, where rich and poor may meet over the wickets and the willow with some remains of the old good-fellowship. But all these sports have their fleeting seasons; and though England has still its forests and downs and unenclosed common land, yet wealth and fertility make frightful inroads, and the picturesque is being steadily sacrificed to the utilitarian. Subsoil drainage and patent manures do their prosaic work slowly but surely. The plough is passed over the rolling crests of the Southdowns; parks are disparked; forests disforested; the secular oaks come to the axe and the hammer; breezy upland and bosky thickets, once the favourite haunt of the tramp and the gipsy, are broken up into eligible building lots; and should there be a tempting stretch of sandy sward anywhere by the shores of the sad-resounding sea, ten to one it comes to be covered with terraces, and figures as the grand parade of some young and pretentious watering-place.

We may bless her comparative poverty that Scotland is not come to such a pass, and that in all probability she never can come to it. The canny northern folk love to turn a penny as well as anybody, and are wanting neither in energy nor enterprise. But the march of improvement finds it far heavier travelling over the land of brown

heath and shaggy wood. The moors and the rocks, the links, the laws, and the sand-bents, are too *dour* to be easily dealt with. Heritable proprietors may pray the Lord Ordinary in Session for liberty to burden for permanent improvements. The waves of yellow corn may go rolling over the edges of the moorland wastes, and snipe-bogs that once were snowy with cotton-grass may break out in portentous turnip and mangold tops. High farming may be carried to hideous lengths where it is practicable; and in place of the prodigal luxuriance of English bramble and blackthorn, the divisions between each gaunt parallel-ogram may be deformed with dykes of stone and close-clipped hedges. But in Scotland there are limitless tracts that defy the reclamer, because it pays so much better to leave them alone. The most of the acreage of many of the counties is a savage exaggeration of the Yorkshire moors and the Cumberland fells. It is natural sheep-walk given over to solitude and some handfuls of scattered shepherds and gillies; and when frugal political economists denounce the iniquity of our deer-forests, the worst they can suggest is that venison should be replaced by mutton. Short of improbable convulsions of nature, Scotland must remain the paradise of the gentlemen who swear by the rifle and the breech-loader, to say nothing of the rod. After all, however, it is not every man who can afford his yearly thousands for a forest, or spare his hundreds for the ephemeral privilege of some weeks on the moors in the beginning of the season. Nor is even the bare enjoyment of the scenery of our Highland glens and lochs so very easy to the hard-worked middle classes. These lie, for the most part, remote from cities; and, waiv-

ing the doubts attaching to weather and rights of way, most Scotch men of business find recreation infinitely more profitable when they follow it with some definite purpose. They like the mountain air, and have a half-unconscious appreciation of the attractions of the wild and the beautiful; but they find it hard work keeping up their spirits upon scenery alone—and the mere inhaling of the mountain breezes is insipid as the waters of the Highland spring without their appropriate lacing of Glenlivet.

Fortunately it is one of the blessings of the birthright of most able-bodied lowlanders of every class, that, within easy reach of their ordinary avocations, they may relax in a pursuit as picturesque and exciting as is to be found among the wildest of their Straths and Bens. There is scarcely a coast town of decent size but has its golf-links somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood; and golf is a game that is made profoundly interesting by the blending of skill and strength with luck. Then harts of grease will go out of season just when work on the hill is most delightful. Grouse will pack and rise half a parish off, when you have scarcely begun to cut up the coverts; and while hares and partridges still offer you tolerable bags, the inexorable statute-book shuts your own fields to you. But golf is in all the year round; and the industrious caddie finds regular employment when the occupation of superfluous gillies is gone. The golfing annalists who have gone in for historical research, tracing their favourite game back into the mists of tradition, are inclined to conclude that it is of foreign extraction. We offer no opinion on the point; but we know that it has been in high favour in Scotland from time immemorial; and we are very sure that it must have acclimated itself naturally, and

that, in any case, we must have invented it, sooner or later. Nature, who never works without a purpose, clearly intended our links for some such social game as a *douce*, active, and earnest population should throw itself into heart and soul.

So far as our experience goes, it is but rarely elsewhere that you find anything like the counterpart of the links that are so common with us. Along the shelving beach stretches the long grey line of sandhills that break the wind if they do not turn it. Behind them, and skirted to the landward by the natural furze-hedges that fringe the struggling cultivation, is a broad belt of natural wilderness. The sandy soil soaks up the rainfall as fast as it comes down. It is covered with a wiry turf, gemmed here and there by gleaming patches of the sea-pink; and the only other vegetation that thrives are those dense thickets of the prickly furze, in which the balls of the best of us will come to such unutterable grief. Except for the sea-fowl, circling and clamouring overhead, the sole inhabitants are the mischievous rabbits, who are sadly given to undermining the greens, and who fatten where anything else would starve; with the sea-sniipe and dunlings, who pick up a living in the bits of burns that go meandering over the level. The sea may breach the bents, as it sometimes has done, but the farmers will never encroach on the golfing-grounds, and are more likely to lose in the unequal struggle. For the inhospitable waste is steeped in the brine that comes drifting in with each storm from the ocean, and hangs in heavy solution on the dripping sea-fogs. They may talk of the virtues of the salt-baths at Droitwich or Berchtesgaden; and saturating yourself in a dim cellarage may be all very well, either for innocents who know no better, or for cripples who must be

helped into the healing Bethshadas. Give us the invigorating shock of sudden exhilaration experienced by the jaded mind and worn frame as you start on the round at St. Andrews or Prestwick, staking honour and something else on the match. The face flushes, the lungs fill, and the dragging step changes into a stride and a swing. Be the day still and bright, or be it bitter and breezy, you are only experiencing enjoyment in different forms. Nothing can be more bracingly balmy than the warm fragrance of a summer morn, when the air is laden with the perfumes of the golden furze, and the hum of the humble-bee steals lazily on the ear, with the murmuring wash of the rippling tide. But then, again, nothing is more intoxicatingly stimulating, at least to the healthy man, than the biting blast that is chasing the grey seud and swarming sea-gulls across the surly lift overhead, and bending everything flexible in the same direction, from the stiff bristles of the whin-bushes to his own coat-tails and whiskers. The more he is buffeted the more vigorous he feels: he is insensibly lightened of the load of the heaviest breakfast, and looks through the vista of animated hours past the mid-day lunch, to the *forsan hæc olim meminisse jurabit* feeling, with which he will settle himself to his cosy cracks when he meets his friends over the evening dinner-table.

For golf is an eminently sociable game, and it could never have become as popular as it is, had not the Scotch been an eminently sociable people. We know it is the fashion among those who know nothing of them, to say that their manners are reserved, if not repelling. Doubtless they show something of the national caution in not precipitating themselves into the arms of silky strangers; and when they consent to

bestow "the pleasure of their acquaintance," they do it like Captain Cuttle, with a good deal of preliminary formality. But they have always been hospitable as Arabs to any guest who came to their gates with the slightest recommendation. Before the days of village hotels and cheap excursions, a single introduction passed the stranger from house to house over the length and breadth of the land. His worst embarrassment was in tearing himself away from the somewhat oppressive importunities of his kindly entertainers. Among themselves too, the Scotch have carried sociability to excess, till the national virtue came to verge on a vice. "Sixty years since," before Sir Walter was writing 'Waverley,' the good company at Tully Veolan was so loath to part, that they dragged the Baron away from his own hospitable table, to empty the tappit hens at Lucky Macleary's miserable change-house. Read Dean Ramsay's stories of Scottish humour among the Forfarshire lairds, whose native wit never showed to so much advantage as when they were doing each other the honours of their choicest bins. Or Archibald Constable's Memoirs, with the memoranda of Mr. Hunter's bacchanalian tours among the same convivial gentlemen, with the excessively wet nights at Brechin Castle and elsewhere. Perhaps the old alliance with the French laid the foundations of the social education of the Scottish gentry, as it supplied them with those famous clarets and cognac that scarcely carried a headache in a hogshead. But the middle and lower classes have always been just as friendly and neighbourlike in their instincts. Hear the Ettrick Shepherd in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' as to the quantity of "materials" for whisky-toddy that he got through in a single summer at Mount Benger. Something of an exaggeration per-

haps, and yet it was hard to say how much the strong heads of these sturdy Borderers might carry when the Dandy Dinmonts chanced to forgather over the social glass at "a ploy" or a market. The very ministers set the seal of the Church on the decent and discreet indulgences of the table, and we believe there were no merrier meetings in the country than those that came off in many a country manse on the solemn occasion of "the half-yearly preaching." See their parishioners, elders and all, gathered round the beef and greens at a curling dinner, bandying the local jests and repartees, that have generally both point and pith, and then say if the Scotch are an unsocial people. The clergymen and their flocks, when in the way of meeting on a common ground of a week-day, come to understand each other thoroughly, and the kindly tolerance of the one encourages the innocent recreation of the other; like the worthy minister, who made the following most sensible announcement among others more usually delivered from the pulpit, before dismissing his parishioners with the blessing: "My brethren, there is no more harm in saying it than in thinking it,—if the frost holds, I'll be on the ice to-morrow morning at nine." Nay, talking of churches and manses, look at the congregation collecting in the churchyard before the diet of worship of a fine morning. The men are ranged along the wall in their Sabbath black, like rows of rooks in the new-turned furrows, laying their heads together in eager converse; and the good wives go home in groups when "the kirk scails," discoursing, we fear, of other subjects than the sermon.

So the national fondness for congenial company goes far to account for the favour in which golf is held. There is plenty of exercise in it, but none of that breathless bustle

or hustle which in cricket or football make the game itself all and everything. In getting up a good "foursome," you aim of course at securing a capable partner, and opponents a shade inferior to yourselves, although not unworthy of your hickory and horn. But then they must all be good fellows, and on a footing of friendly acquaintance as well. In the clubs in the great towns, like draws naturally to like; and there need be no difficulty in making suitable arrangements with men you meet in your ordinary avocations every day of your lives. But it is a peculiarity of golf that it is enjoyed in its greatest perfection in back-of-the-world places like St. Andrews, North Berwick, or Prestwick, where amateurs gather as to a golfing Newmarket from all over the country. The system might scarcely answer elsewhere; but among Scottish gentlemen there is such a general *camaraderie* as would be out of the question to the south of the Border. If a Northumbrian squire turned up at Crookham or Westward Ho, he might make his way by his merits as a man and a golfer; but the probability would be that none of the *habitués* had heard of him before. In Scotland, not to know something of everybody else only argues yourself unknown. Every one is either somebody himself, or the kinsman or acquaintance of "kent folk;" and should any one unhappily be kithless and friendless, his fame is speedily bruited abroad, should he make himself conspicuous either by his play or his qualities. Thus the practice of golf establishes an easy freemasonry in a world of enthusiasts, embracing an infinity of circles. It has its votaries in all sets, from the man of leisure and fortune, who would leave either the grass countries or the salmon-pools for the links, when scent or

stream is in finest condition, down to the over-wrought mechanic who turns out when his work is done, his driver in one hand and his cleeck in the other. It has its hordes of confidential attendants, thoroughly at home in its theory, whom it supports in more or less comfort and decency; it has its club-houses, its wine-bins, its time-honoured prizes, its venerated memorials of departed worthies; and it has, besides, its traditions, its written annals, and its fugitive literature, more or less pungent and *spirituelle*, which now for the first time are gathered into a volume that will hand them down for the delectation of posterity.

It is a marvel that a task which should have been a glory and a pleasure was not undertaken long ago, for many of the most zealous golfers have been distinguished literary men. It might be taken for granted, however, that whoever should volunteer for it would be thoroughly at home on the links, and versed in all the niceties of the game. And Mr. Robert Clark is renowned in golfing circles for an awkward customer and veteran medallist, as is shown incidentally in the records of memorable contests that appear in his pages. Yet we venture to predict that future generations of golfers will associate him rather with his present achievement in type than with his honourable exploits in matches and handicaps. For his magnificent volume is worthy of its subject, and we could scarcely bestow higher praise upon it. It embodies in its historical chapters the most reliable of everything that could be gleaned about golf and eminent golfers, while it becomes even more fascinating when it proceeds to treat of the game in its social and esoteric aspects. Historical episodes and picturesque traditions have a value or interest of

their own; and it was indispensable that in a work of the kind they should have ample justice done them. But those behind the scenes will take a livelier interest in the lighter sketches of the links as they are to-day or have been lately; in the allusions, more or less unmistakable, to individualities and notoriety that have long been familiar to them; in the notes from the minute-books of the various clubs, with their characteristic details and often unconscious humour; and last, though not least, in the collection of the scattered fragments of golf literature, which are often so graphic and amusingly realistic as to be well worth the preserving. Nor does the artistic execution of the work fall a whit short of its conception. The thick, cream-laid paper, the clear, handsome type, and the broad margins, are in happy keeping with the luxurious associations of a game that has long been played by Scottish gentlemen with very slight regard to expense. As for the illustrations, in their profusion and excellence they leave little or nothing to desire. The various aspects and subdivisions of the subject are all only represented and honoured. In the frontispiece you find, appropriately enough, a golfing scene from the life of one of the most unfortunate of the unfortunate Stewarts. Sir John Gilbert, with his accustomed fire, has depicted the first Charles on the links of Leith, receiving the unwelcome news of the Irish rebellion. You have admirable bits of characteristic scenery from the different golfing-grounds, with glimpses at those crumbling remains of antiquity that give their charm to ancient cities like St. Andrews. You have a series of spirited sketches representing the droll incidents and desperate hazards of the game, from confidential gentlemen driving along with a run of luck in

the full swing of success, to unfortunates who are struggling in sloughs of despond, and wildly endeavouring to get their balls out of grief, with their persons distorted in most portentous gymnastics. For any one, indeed, but to golfers especially, the humour of some of the small head and tail pieces is inimitable. And for a comprehensive understanding of quaint golfing idiosyncrasies, we must most particularly call the reader's attention to the bordering of the ballad, "Wi' a hundred golfers, an' a', an' a'." It is an absurd caricature, of course, but a caricature laid so exactly over the lines of discriminating truth as to be an almost perfect example of what we may call the humorously realistic method of illustration.

As to the origin of the noble game, Mr. Clarke confesses that he was brought to a stand-still when he went groping back into the fogs of antiquity. All he has to tell us for certain is, that so early as the fifteenth century it was even more popular than now. Then it must have been in high favour with the people all over the Lowlands wherever there was level ground to play upon. For in these days of English aggression and Border raids from the southern marches, successive Parliaments fulminated prohibitory Acts repressive against it, on the ground of its luring men away from the archery-buttis, and so interfering with the national defence.

"In March 1457, Parliament 'decreet and ordaind that wapinshawings be halden be the Lordis and Baronis spirituale and temporale, foure times in the zeir, and that the *Fute-ball* and *Golf* be utterly cryit doune, and nocht usit; and that the bowe merkis be maid at ilk parochie kirk a pair of buttis, and schutting be usit *ilk Sunday*.' In May 1471 an Act was passed 'anent wapinshawings'; and for opposing 'our auld enemies of England' it was thought ex-

pedient that 'ilk zeaman that can nochta deil with the bow, that he haf a gude ax and a targe of leddir, to resist the shot of Ingland, quhilk is na cost bot the vallow of a hide; and that the *Fute-ball* and *Golfe* be abusit in tyme cuming, and the buttis maid up, and schutting usit.' In April 1491 it is ordained, 'That in na place of the realme there be usit *Fute-ball*, *Golfe*, or uthir sik unprofitabill sportis, but for the common gude of the realme, and defence thairrof, and that bowis and schutting be hantit, and bow-markes maid therefore ordained in ilk parochin, under the pain of fourtie shillinges, to be raised be the schireffe and baillies foresaid.'

The Golf and the Fute-ball held their own however, partly, perhaps, because Acts of Parliament had anything but free course in those troublesome times. The monarch himself set the example of infringing his own ordinances, and some of the golf-bills of the Stewart kings are still extant in the accounts of the Lords High Treasurers of the time. But a hundred years afterwards there came the Reformation, that did its best to repress the romantic and light-hearted elements in the Scottish character, setting its face against sports, mummings, and masquerades, and even launching its sanctimonious anathemas against the magnificent old ballad minstrelsy. In 1592, we find the Edinburgh Town Council taking up its parable against the crying sin of desecrating the Lord's Day with golf and such-like unlawful pastimes, and fining offenders to the profit of the burgh. At Perth the culprits had to do public penance in the face of the congregation; and there was a shocking scandal at Humber in Berwickshire, where a backsliding and Sabbath-breaking deacon was deposed from his office. But King James VI., Defender of the Faith as he was, set himself strongly against such Pharisaical observances. He held to the practices of the ancient Church, which

benevolently fostered play with devotion, and sent its worshippers away from the mass with a blessing to relax themselves in innocent sports.

"In 1618, on his return from Scotland, 'when (says he) with our own ears we heard the generall complaint of our people that they were barred from all lawfull recreation and exercise upon the Sundayes afternoone, *after the ending of all divine service*—for when shall the common people have leave to exercise if not upon the Sundayes and holydayes, seeing they must apply their labour and winne their living in all working dayes?' rebuked the 'precise people,' and declared his pleasure to be, that, *after the end of divine service*, our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawfull recreation—such as dauncing, either men or women, archerie for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation, but prohibiting the said recreations to any that are not present in the church at the service of God before their going to the said recreations."

On Sundays or week-days, golf must have been played very generally in those days; for James actually thought it worth while to pass a protective measure in favour of native-made golf-balls, proceeding in the preamble that "no small quantitie of gold and silver is transported zeirlie out of his Hienes' kingdome of Scotland for buying" of them; and he conferred the monopoly of their manufacture on one James Melville, who was tied down, however, to reasonable charges. The foreign balls had been imported from Holland, from which it would seem that the Dutch burghers had betaken themselves to the game; though, with such ugly hazards as were made by their water-ditches, they must have indulged in it under considerable difficulties. We do not hear that the monarch himself was a golfer. But his unhappy mother had shocked her not over-

particular subjects by playing at the golf and shooting at the butts, within a day or two of the murder of Darnley; and his son Charles was passionately fond of it. The taste ran in the family. James II. of England, when Duke of York and Viceroy of Scotland, used to relax on Leith Links from the graver duties of trying and torturing Covenanting malcontents. A house still standing in the Canongate remains a memorial of the more amiable traits in a repulsive character. It seems that a couple of the Duke's English courtiers, doubtless desiring to pay their court by giving his Grace occasion for a golfing triumph, challenged him and any Scotchman he might select to a match for very considerable stakes. The Duke took for his partner a shoemaker, Paterson, who justified the choice when he got over his nervousness, and was generously rewarded with half of the winnings. Whereupon Paterson invested them in the house in question; and a scutcheon that may now be seen on the wall bears for crest, a dexter hand grasping a golf-club, with the appropriate motto, "Far and Sure."

When we leave those old-world days for more modern conditions of society, we find golf is becoming—what it has ever since continued to be—the professional recreation of staid citizens of every class, from Lord Presidents of the Court of Justiciary downwards. Knots of gentlemen and burghers, attracted by the charms of a common pursuit, meeting day after day on the same ground, and walking home together in animated talk over the game, began to draw together in informal association. They had their favourite houses of call which they patronised for talk and refreshment: when these symposia became periodical, and the convivial associates rallied regularly to them,

it is easy for those who have mixed with the golfers of our own day to conceive how they came to be engrossed with the all-absorbing topic. Hence the origin of the numerous golf clubs. The members subscribed to laws of the game, and drew up rules of social observance, which they were always changing and modifying for the better encouragement of good-fellowship. As each man paid his own score in a public house of entertainment, the original cost was necessarily small; and the fines infinitesimal, unless when they paid in drink. With the progress of refinement, wants multiplied with the expenses. Champagne comes to figure at the banquets. Men got more fastidious about the cookery. The dignity of the president demands a caddie in club livery, and the members themselves bedizen themselves in uniform. Finally, the tavern no longer serves their turn; it is replaced by the regular club-house, which gradually becomes furnished with modern luxuries; with dressing-rooms and club-boxes, with dining-rooms and cellarage, and walls adorned with the portraits of celebrities, by way of stimulating the ambition of their successors.

In his account of the clubs, Mr. Clark gives precedence to the Honourable the Edinburgh Company of Golfers, incorporated by charter from the city magistrates in 1800, but whose actual origin, like that of the game, is said to be lost in obscurity. The minutes in its archives go back to the year before "the '45," and are signed by no less a personage than Duncan Forbes of Culloden, whose golfing exploits are mentioned with high honour in a contemporary "heroic-comical poem." About the same time, the Town Council, apparently after much importunity, consented to advance the sum of £15, to be expended in the purchase of a silver

club, which has since been played for annually down to the present time. That club was the first of those coveted distinctions which have done so much to encourage honourable rivalry and make meetings successful all over the country. There is an admirable etching of it, after a drawing made by David Allan in 1787, representing it jingling with the silver balls, that record the names of the successive winners, as it is borne along to the tuck of drum by the servants of the city in the costumes of the period. The Honourable Golfers long stuck to the Links of Leith. But modern improvement slowly spoiled the place; and at last, in 1831, the green was deserted, the club-house broken up, and—eternal stigma on the Honourable Company—the pictures were sold for what they would fetch. Some years afterwards, the members opened house again at Musselburgh, and in 1865 they built their present establishment there. Mr. Clark has some curious extracts from the records, showing the paternal administration of the club, and the laudable pains it took to enforce sociability among the members:—

"Leith, August 4, 1753.

"The Captain and his Council, considering that Mr. David Lyon, an eminent Golfer, after subscribing and engaging himself to play for the Silver Club this day, has not only not started for the Club, but has, contrary to the duty of his allegiance, withdrawn himself from the Captain and his Company, and has dined in another house after having bespoke a particular dish for himself in Luckie Clephan's, The Captain therefore, with advice of his Council, appoints the Procurator-Fiscall to indyte the said David Lyon for his above offence, and ordain William M'Ewen and William Alston to assist the Procurator-Fiscall to prepare and prosecute the same, and hereby orders the culprit to be cited to answer here on Saturday next.

"HENRY SETON."

The Scot at Home.

"Golf House, Dec. 11, 1779.

The Meeting resolve to adhere to that ancient and proper constitution by which the Preses is to call a Bill after a Chopin of Claret has been called in for person in the company; and that the Preses shall neglect to call a Bill within the proper time, and the reckoning to exceed that sum, the surplus shall be paid by itself.

WILLIAM HAGART."

"Golf House, 15th May 1819.

"Mr. Menzies bets with Mr. Guthrie that Baron Norton shall succeed the present Lord Chief Baron.

"A Magnum advanced by Mr. Guthrie.

"Mr. Menzies bets Mr. Guthrie that a member of the Club shall be the first Judge named in the Court of Session.

"Another Magnum advanced by Mr. Guthrie."

That the capital of Scotland should be the headquarters of golfing as well would have been only natural, especially considering that it has fair golfing-greens in its outskirts, and admirable links within a short half-hour by rail. As matter of fact, however, it has to yield the palm to the venerable archiepiscopal city of St. Andrews. It would be rank heresy now to question the claims of St. Andrews to the primacy, and yet it is not easy to see how they originated. We may grant that Mr. Clark knows what he is saying when he asserts that the St. Andrews Links are on the whole unrivalled. We admit to the fullest extent the social charms of the place as the golfers have made it; some savour of its ancient prestige may have clung to it, while its comparative seclusion is anything but a drawback in these days of railways and cheap excursion trains. But we must remember that its chief social attractions are the consequence and not the cause of the golfing; that few men care less for ecclesiastical archæology than those whose souls are bound up with their

golf clubs; and that the East Neuk of "the kingdom" were strangely inaccessible when the ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews made its first start in the world. Be the reason what it may, St. Andrews is become the Mecca of golfing pilgrims, the sacred city that they all swear by, sinking the claims of their particular neighbourhoods. The Club was established in 1754. In 1766, the members had established a fortnightly meeting when they played the round of the Links, adjourning afterwards to the house of one Bailie Glass, when a shilling for dinner was levied on each of them. It was in 1786 that they gave the first of the balls that helped to reconcile the ladies to the misogynistical mania before they took to golfing themselves in self-defence. "The ground gone over in a round of these Links," Mr. Clark tells us, "used vaguely to be put at five miles. No doubt it may be so to an erratic driver; but some years ago an accurate measurement was made, and the distance was ascertained to be exactly 3 mile 1154 yards as the crow flies."

Turning to the minute-books, we find an imposing list of gentlemen from the county families who contributed in 1754 to the purchase of a silver club, to be contested annually in the merry month of May. But aristocratic as was the patronage, affairs were originally conducted on strictly economic principles.

"St. Andrews, 4th May

"We, the Noblemen and Gentlemen, did this day agree once every fortnight, by Eleven o'clock, at the Golf House, on a round of the Links; to dine at Bailie Glass', and to pay a Shilling for his dinner,—the well as the present."

"St. Andrews, 27th J

"The Captain and Committee to appoint that in time

cadies who carry the clubs or run before the players, or are otherwise employed by the Gentlemen Golfers, are to get Fourpence sterling for going the length of the hole called the Hole of Cross, and if they go farther than that hole, they are to get Sixpence, and no more. Any of the gentlemen transgressing this rule are to pay two pint bottles of claret at the first meeting they shall attend.

"HENRY BETHUNE."

"*St. Andrews, 4th September 1779.*"

"It is enacted that whoever shall be Captain of the Golf, and does not attend all the meetings to be appointed throughout the year, shall pay Two Pints of Claret for each meeting he shall be absent at,—to be drunk at such meeting; but this regulation is not to take place if the Captain be not in Fife at the time.

"WALTER BOSWELL."

"*6th March 1818.*"

"The Club, taking into consideration that the Meetings have of late been thinly attended by the members residing in town, in consequence of several members giving parties on the ordinary days of meeting, and thereby preventing those who would otherwise give their presence at the Club from attending them,—Do Resolve that in future such members as shall invite any of their friends, members of this Club, to dinner on the days of meeting, shall forfeit to the Club a Magnum of Claret for himself, and one bottle for each member so detained by them, for each offence; and the Captain and Council appoint this Resolution to be immediately communicated to General Campbell."

"*St. Andrews, 16th Sept. 1825.*"

"Which day the present Captain, having imposed on himself a fine of a Magnum of Claret for failure in public duty, imposed a similar fine on the old Captains present.

"RALPH A. ANSTRUTHER."

It was in 1834 that his Majesty King William IV. was graciously pleased to become patron of the Club, presenting it on the occasion with a magnificent gold medal, and approving of its in future assuming

the style of the "Royal and Ancient Golf Club." In 1855 the medal was won by George Glennie, Esq., who holed the course in 86 strokes, the smallest number on record. Without detracting from Mr. Glennie's performance, it must be noted that Mr. Clark points out that the course has gradually been becoming easier, as whins are cleared away and bunkers filled up. On the 30th September 1863, "his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having this day gained the Silver Club (being represented by John Whyte Melville, Esq. of Strathkinness), Mr. Whyte Melville, in the name and at the special request of His Royal Highness, took the Chair as Captain of the Club."

The Musselburgh Links are perhaps the most frequented at present, and certainly the best known to southern visitors, being within a few miles of Edinburgh. The Musselburgh Club dates from 1774, and among its earliest promoters was the famous Dr. Carlyle, minister of the adjoining parish of Inveresk. Judging by the books, it came behind none of its neighbours in the attention paid to the gastronomical departments. The following are specimens of many similar entries:—

"Rev. Dr. CARLYLE, Baillie COCHRAN, and 23 others.

"The meeting chose Mr. Davidson as Secretary for the ensuing year, and then fined Mr. Gillies in Three shillings for having forbidden Mrs. Sheriff to prepare a dinner for the Club upon Friday, 8th Oct. last."

"SHERIFFS', April 21, 1786.

"Captain Fairfax was fined One Shilling for playing upon the Links and not dining.

"Paid house for 17 dinners 11s. 4d."

The Bruntsfield Club has lost the minutes of its early proceedings, if indeed it ever kept any. The first of its registers dates from 1787, and

then it was supposed to have existed for seven- and -twenty years. Though it took its name from the Links that lie immediately at the back of the old town, and had its headquarters there, it seems to have been at least as enterprising as any of the kindred societies, perhaps because the accommodation of its especial green has long been somewhat cramped. It holds yearly meetings at Musselburgh, Gullane, and North Berwick, and has a *piel à terre* at Musselburgh as well as at Bruntisfield. The worthy citizens who chiefly compose it seem always to have been a highly jovial set.

*"Bruntisfield Links,
29th August 1801.*

"There being fourteen members present, Mr. Maugham, agreeably to last minute, was admitted. No other business. The meeting as usual cracked their jokes over a glass, and enjoyed the evening harmoniously with a song.

"JAMES TOD, C."

*"Bruntisfield Links,
21st May 1803.*

"The two Clubs met and dined,—Captain Bruce in the chair, Provost M'Vear on his right, and Captain Scott of the Burgess Society on his left. The company consisted of thirty-eight, sixteen of which belonged to the Bruntisfield Links Club. The evening spent with great harmony, and some fine songs.

ADAM BRUCE."

*"Bruntisfield Links,
31st Jan. 1818.*

"Mr. Gray informed the meeting that he had received a letter from Mr. M'Candlish enclosing a biographical sketch of the late John Graham, historical painter in Edinburgh, taken from 'Blackwood's Magazine' of December last, and requested the same might be preserved in the Society's box.

CAMP GARDNER."

"The Club dined in the Musselburgh Arms Inn, and spent a very happy evening; but the meeting having been prolonged beyond the period at which the omnibus (in which seats

had been taken) started, the members found it necessary to walk the greater part of the way to town!

"W. H. C., Sec."

Mr. Clark's list of Clubs — it must be remembered that there are an infinity of others in different parts of the country—comes to a close with the Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society, which boasts the respectable antiquity of exactly 140 years. We may mention, by the way, that two of its members achieved the famous feat of force and skill which may well sound incredible to those who are ignorant of the marvellous resources of golfing science. The pair backed themselves to strike their balls from the Parliament House Square, where lofty buildings hemmed them closely in, clean over the spire of St. Giles's Church, a height of 161 feet,—and they did it. It was managed by "teeing" the balls on barrel-staves, adjusted to the easiest angle; but even with the aid of such ingenious appliances, it appears to us to throw into the shade the wonderful exploit of that other member of the Club, who drove from Bruntisfield Links up the precipitous slopes of Arthur's Seat, and over the summit, in 44 strokes.

But if practice makes perfect, and skill is to be attained by perpetual exercise, the devotion of golfers to their favourite pursuit ought to turn out many deacons of the craft. Mr. Clark or his contributors sketch the golfing biographies of certain representative eccentricities and celebrities who lived for golfing and for little else. There was Mr. Alexander M'Kellar, for instance, who figures in Kay's Edinburgh Portraits. But M'Kellar was a living proof that the most assiduous application will not always command success, especially if you have not been entered young. On Bruntisfield Links he went by the name of

the Cock o' the Green, chiefly because he was always upon them and in the habit of crowing lustily; for there were many better men among its frequenters. But with M'Kellar golf had become a monomania. He practised literally night and day, for he might often be seen over "the short holes" by gaslight, and even a heavy snowfall failed to chill his enthusiasm, and nothing short of a snow-drift stopped him.

"No sooner was breakfast over than M'Kellar daily set off to the Green; and ten to one he did not find his way home till dusk; and not even then if the sport chanced to be good. As a practical jest on the folly of his procedure, it occurred to his 'better half' that she would one day put him to the blush, by carrying his dinner, along with his nightcap, to the Links. At the moment of her arrival M'Kellar happened to be hotly engaged; and apparently without feeling the weight of the satire, he good-naturedly observed that she might wait, if she chose, till the game was decided, for at present he had no time for dinner!"

Almost equally earnest, though in a less extravagant fashion, was the gentleman who forms the theme of the amusing article "Sutherlandia," contributed in *memoriam* by an old acquaintance and antagonist. Indeed Mr. Sutherland, although more frankly outspoken than his neighbours, was no very extravagant type of a species that is far from unfrequent.

"He made golf more thoroughly the business of his life than any man we ever knew. On a Saturday he asked us to make a match for the Monday. We were reluctantly obliged to say that the month was getting on, and we must work. He exclaimed, 'God bless me! are you going to waste a Monday?' We had to think some time before we discerned the particular value of the Monday, until with fits of laughter we recollected that, after the Sunday's rest, his old

sinews must be fresher on Monday than on any other day in the week."

"One of the best young players in these days—perhaps the best—was Captain John Stewart, and when he was ordered out to India with his regiment, old Sutherland sorrowed in this wise,—'It is a shame for a man with such powers (golfing) to go out to India.' He always looked upon the game as a very serious business, and we were once the subject of one of his severest rebukes. We had been playing a foursome, in which the other two players were quite young men, and there was an undue amount of laughing and joking. After the match was over he was stalking gloomily about the Links, and met a friend, just arrived from Edinburgh, to whom he unbosomed himself. 'There was too much levity about our match to-day; I was not surprised at the others, but your brother John was as bad as any of them.' We need not say that the old gentleman had *lost his match*, and having been his antagonist we felt the rebuke."

The latter half of Mr. Clark's volume consists of a collection of miscellaneous poems and articles, all glorifying the game they describe, and most of them laying their scenes at St. Andrews. As many of the articles appeared originally in contemporaries, we shall not quote, but shall merely advert to them. Nothing can be better than the lifelike description of the *dramatis personæ* in a lively foursome at St. Andrews, where the presence of "metal more attractive" in the shape of ladies putting one of the susceptible champions off his game, sorely trying the temper of his partner. It is taken from the 'Cornhill Magazine' for April 1867. "The Links of St. Rule," from 'Macmillan' of Sept. 1863, is also excellent in its way.

In the 'Glasgow News' of September 21, 1874, Jonathan Oldbuck gets among "the St. Andrews

golfers" with an intelligent cicerone, and dashes off most of their notorieties in rough but expressive outline. Then we have poems of various periods, pregnant with personal references or allusions, which can only be fully appreciated by *habitués* who have lived behind the scenes. The earliest and perhaps the most vigorous of these is "The Golf, an heroi-comical poem," in mock-heroical measure. The poet was a certain Mr. Thomas Mathison, originally a writer in Edinburgh, who afterwards turned clergyman. The most amusing and attractive, inasmuch as it treats of men who are living now or were living lately, is the "Golfiana" of George Fullerton Carnegie, who died in 1843. The verve and swing are better than the verse, and its piquancy comes mainly from more or less kindly personalities, so that we should only do it injustice were we to dismember it in extracts, unless we could spare them ample space. But as a specimen of the style and the spirit of affectionate enthusiasm for favourite scenes and associations that animates it, as well as kindred pieces, we may give the "Address to St. Andrews," with which it precludes:—

ADDRESS TO ST. ANDREWS.

"St. Andrews! they say that thy glories
are gone,
That thy streets are deserted, thy castles
o'erthrown:
If thy glories *be* gone, they are only, methinks,
As it were, by enchantment, transferr'd
to thy Links.
Though thy streets be not now, as of
yore, full of prelates,
Of abbots and monks, and of hot-headed
zealots,
Let none judge us rashly, or blame us as
scoffers.
When we say that instead there are Links
full of Golfers,
With more of good heart and good feeling
among them

Than the abbots, the monks, and the
zealots who sung them:
We have red coats and bonnets, we've
putters and clubs;
The green has its bunkers, its hazards,
and *rûds*;
At the long hole across we have biscuits
and beer,
And the Hebes who sell it give zest to
the cheer:
If this make not up for the pomp and
the splendour
Of mitres, and murders, and mass—we'll
surrender;
If Golfers and cadies be not better neigh-
bours
Than abbots and soldiers, with crosses
and sabres,
Let such fancies remain with the fool
who so thinks,
While we toast old St. Andrews, its Golf-
ers and Links."

There is spirit enough in Mr. Carnegie's verses, yet we think they are surpassed by a rhyming epistle we received this season from a valued contributor, written on the bosom of "the exulting and abounding Rhine," but inspired by respectful memories of the bonny links of St. Andrews. The *hiatus* we have made in the middle is *valde defensus*, we know; but though the bard bursts forth in discriminating raptures over the gifts of many of our most famous golfers, we fear they would be Low German to the great body of our readers.

A VOICE FROM THE RHINE.

"ON BOARD THE
STEAMER PRINZ VON PREUSSEN,
BETWEEN MAYENCE AND COLOGNE,
17th September 1875.

"In the heart of the Rhineland! afloat
on the Rhine!
Ho! Kellner, schnell kommen! gleich
bringen sie Wein!
What? Look at the scenery? Let it go
hang!
I leave that to Herr Cook and his Cock-
neyfied gang.
Bring the hock to the cabin and leave me
alone
Till we're moored to the jetty at fragrant
Cologne.
But eight solid hours! I can't drown
them in drink;

ons in my bag; also paper and
can I better than score off a
ents at home, to whom letters
n stands first for a missive in
I'm in verse, I'll continue.
oes.
ming, dear Editor, fondly last
ival season of Scottish delight;
whole panorama of pleasure
spread
ous ether enclosing my bed;
ithersoever my eyes chanced
e—
t, or in front—or below or
—
something—some vision—sug-
to me
at have been, and of joys that
be.
ell-driven grouse-pack swept
nd low
hit bit of moorland, and blotted
w;
on the sky-line, a stag sniffed
eeze;
alker crept, cat-like, on hands
knees.
' in the turnips stood firm as
;
o' through the covert went
g the cock.
to the right trout and salmon
pheasants rocketed thicker than
t, o'er blue waters—all glitter
am—
tight little yacht with the wind
beam.
was that orb, of elliptical
ed like a meteor and whizzed
sight?
an occasion when multitudes
l by thy biceps, Tom Morris,
led.
was that flash? By my oath,
he gun
nounced to St. Andrews the
g begun.
, to be sure, was the usual
ets one each year on the open-
y.
of ladies awaiting the start,
les 'tee'd up,' and in haste to
on, Tom and Tommie, Kidd,
and Strath,
e professional children of wrath,
es of cuddies in quest of a

Except, of course, swells like 'The Daw'
or old Bob,
The apple-faced sage, with his nostrum
for all,
'Dinna hurry the swing! keep your e'e
on the ball!'
But the gun it went off, and the fun it
began,
And off to the 'high hole' in vision I
ran;
And there, where the critics and 'ring-
men' were massed,
I watched the quiet tide of the game as
it passed.
And first, with a cleek-shot, the Editor
stole,
Like a thief in the night, to the edge of
the hole;
So that gallant Mount Melville (whom
Time touches not)
Clapped his hands in applause and cried,
'Capital shot!'
And so fierce was the glare that the
dreamer awoke,
And the phantasmagoria vanished like
smoke.
But again, half asleep, at the close of the
night,
As I dreamed of St. Andrews and Scottish
delight,
I sat up in my bed and proclaimed with
a shout,
I was sick of this kingdom of beer and
sauer-kraut;
And that in the first train—this I swore
by the Rood—
I'd be off to the land of the mountain and
flood.
Brave words! But some objects took
shape in the dawn,
Which but now on the table lay shapeless
and wan.
These were mountains of foolscap, still
virgin and white,
Which sent forth a voice that said,
'Write, villain, write!'
And a mean little hillock of 'copy'
hard by,
Which could only re-echo the sinister
cry.
My portmanteaus, 'tis true—taking voice
from despair—
Whined, 'Pack us, old fellow, we pine
for home air.'
But the hungry portfolio which held
'Fair to See'
Yelled, 'Pack you! Then, damn it!
pray, who's to pack me?'
The portfolio was right, though its lan-
guage was strong,
And it cuts short a yarn that's already
too long;
For, in its fierce words the sad moral I
hear,
'For me there's no fun, no Strathlyrum *
this year.'"

L. W. M. L.

t on Fife in the skirts of the links of St. Andrews, the summer resi-
he fortunate editor.

And finally, passing reluctantly over those songs of the game, which must often have been trolled out over the convivial board, and lose the best of their bouquet in being divorced from the claret and cheery company, we conclude with some stanzas that made their appearance in 'Maga' when Byron was bard of the day, and had just given to the world the closing canto of 'Childe Harold'—

SANCTANDREWS.

" St. Andrews! name unmeet for tuneful lay,
And all unapt the Bard for tuneful part—
Be his the task thy features to pour-tray,
Thy every charm of nature and of art :
Thy bays, thy rocks, thy ruins that apart
Uplift their towers beneath the pale moon beam,
Thy colleges that form the head and heart,
Professors, which those colleges be-
seem,
Thy student, golfer-crew—a multifarious theme!

All here are golfers—strangers, natives, all
The sons of science, idleness, and war,
Who can or wield a club, or hit a ball,
Professor, Soldier, Student-lad, and Tar,
And country Laird, attracted from afar,
With some mischancy Writer to engage;
Whilst oft the rag, and spirit-chafing jur,
Provokes to sudden bet, and smothered rage,
Which twice another round will quietly assuage.

It is indeed a goodly sight to see
These red-coat champions marshalled for the fray,
Driving the ball o'er bunker, rut, and lea,
And clearing, with imperious 'fore,' the way,
Enlivening 'till the game with laugh and say,
Whilst trotting club-man follows fast behind,
Prepared with ready hand the 'tees' to lay,
With nicest eye the devious ball to find,

And of the going game each player to remind."

As we have been writing to present a volume they will delight in to devotees of the noble game, we have deemed it superfluous to begin at the alphabet of technicalities, or to supply a glossary of terms as we went along. Mr. Clark's book must remain sealed in great measure to those benighted southerners whose ignorant profanity confounds the golf with vulgar hocky; although even the *profanum vulgus* cannot fail to appreciate the cleverness and exquisite humour of the illustrations. The most intelligent strangers are slow to comprehend the profound earnestness and thrilling enthusiasm which the game so evidently excites. Not that that dulness of comprehension lasts a moment longer than the time they are able to stick to their passive rôle of spectators. Let them take the club in their hand, and light begins to break upon them, and in the more vivid flashes, the more they are sportsmen by nature. The first swings may be failures: the ball may be topped, or the sand it is resting on may suffer. But let them only go on for a couple of holes or so, and already the scales will be falling from their eyes. The first attachment of that memorable day grows speedily into an absorbing passion, which lays hold of the mature man as it never can seize on the boy; and he finds the invigorating pastime as inevitably seductive as those baleful vices of gaming and drinking. He perseveres in spite of failures and discouragement, and to his dying day he toils towards the distinction which he may long have merited, but can seldom attain. Not even at St. Andrews have we found ourselves among more thorough going votaries, than when among the mixed multitude of English, Americans, and French-

who played for the most part exceedingly indifferently, on the of Billères by the Gave of Pau.

an Englishman, too, has gone ward in missionary mood that ought vent in proselytising in ative country. From Devon orthumberland are links and s that have as yet eluded the rise of the capitalist. We are to know that many a good goes on among men who as ay have hidden their lights bushels. Unquestionably golf most catholic of sports. It reends itself to both sexes alike, o every age, rank, and calling. ave referred to the prohibitory es its popularity provoked, in oost troubled periods of Scot-istory, when men held to their by the tenure of their swords, every one's hand was against ighbour. It is a strange picve conjure up—the baron rid-down from the neighbouring ice on the cliff, with a varlet d carrying the clubs, and g the pockets of his slashed hes bulging out with the golf-

We see the worthy warrior g his sentinels, if he were pru-against surprise, and strip-off his linked hauberk, while ootpage was teeing the ball. ay well imagine that he must had many other things to of, and that the niceties of utting-green might have seem-mewhat tame to a gentleman : trade was blows, and whose s were heavily weightied with feuds. But you would be o enter more thoroughly into elings, if you paid a visit to f the favourite golfing grounds days. Money-getting, and ssional ambitions in their is shapes, are, we suppose, at as absorbing as blood-shedding, ey never wean the golfer from

his earlier and more innocent loves. He may have climbed to the highest places on the bench; he may be floundering from morning to long past midnight in an ocean of briefs; he may wag his head habitually in a pulpit, and yet so long as he remains a shadow of his former self, he may be seen in most unprofessional costume taking his pleasure gaily in the crowd of kindred spirits. Nay, in this instance only, prece-ident and distinguished patronage has been too much for deep-seated Scottish prejudices; and it shows the hold golf has established on the national affections, that a rising young advocate may venture to coquette with it, without being put to the horn by austere writers to the signet.

“A tame game” indeed! “and apparently somewhat uninteresting”! The dullest and least impressionable of onlookers will scarcely dare to re-iterate that most absurd of calumnies after his friend has taken him a round of the links. Stubborn facts convert and silence him. Among the motley groups he mixes with, except here and there in the case of some unlucky individual who is out of play, or hopelessly overweighted, is there a man about him who is not so entirely absorbed, as scarcely to have even a look or a civil word for the stranger. See the finish of some exciting match on the putting green, and mark, except in the rarest instances, the perceptible agitation of the oldest players that only habit succeeds in controlling. Case-hardened veterans will tell you, from the fulness of their experience, that men who keep their coolness elsewhere, who have learned to bear up against the vicissitudes of their fortunes, without a throb of the pulse or a quiver of the eyelid, lose their nerve altogether on occasion on the golf

ground. And is it nothing to have passed master in a game that insures you exercise and innocent excitement, stimulating the mind as well as the body up to the closing days of an existence it has brightened and prolonged? that holds men together in congenial friendship whose ties are only drawn

tighter at the age when one is most apt to grow unsocial? "Long may golf flourish" is the wish we would wind up with, were it worth the while; but we can trust its future with the most absolute confidence to the constant affections of the Scottish people.

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